

In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

Encountering Christ
December 2010

In Your Midst

Vol. 16 No. 3 December 2010

*"I am in your midst as one who serves."
From the great oculus high above the altar of
St. James Cathedral, these words of Jesus
communicate His abiding presence among us.
This inscription gave us the name for our
Journal and continues to be our guiding
inspiration.*

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In Your Midst is published three times yearly by
St. James Cathedral, Seattle, Washington.

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Photo by Craig Harrold

Encountering Christ

*During this Advent season, Cathedral parishioners reflect
on where they meet Christ in their lives*

As I read through the following contributions of some fellow parishioners on the subject of “encountering Christ,” I found myself thinking about two favorite poems. The first, the so-called *Breastplate of St. Patrick*, might more properly be called a prayer. The second, by the great 19th century poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, is poetry at its highest and best.

First, the *Breastplate*:

*Christ in the heart of everyone who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of everyone who speaks of me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.*

Then, a few lines from Hopkins’ poem, “As kingfishers catch fire”:

*...For Christ plays in ten thousand place,
Lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes not his
To the Father through the features of men’s faces.*

Even if we wanted to, we couldn’t escape Christ!

At Christmas we celebrate the Christ who became one of us, “pitched his tent” among us, to use the vivid language of John’s Gospel. Thanks to Christmas, the distant God is no longer distant but in our midst. And not only in our midst: in our very flesh and blood. Both St. Patrick’s *Breastplate* and Hopkins poem say this in striking ways. And so do these parishioners who share with us personal encounters with Christ that are both striking and memorable.

We celebrate Christmas on one day each year but the truth is that Christmas is every day.

Father Michael G. Ryan

Crawling into bed on a dark Advent night, I glimpsed Christmas lights twinkling from the house next door. Lights shining in the darkness, symbols of Christ’s light soon to come into the world. I prayed for Christ’s light to come soon to drive out the dark depression that had long engulfed my 22-year-old son.

At 4 o’clock the next morning, Patrick, my 19-year old, knocked at my bedroom door. “Sorry to wake you, but something has happened to Chris.” Patrick had received a voicemail from the Seattle police asking him to retrieve his brother’s car from a parking lot at Greenlake, but they had provided no other information. “And I found a suicide note on his bed,” Patrick added. During the next few hours of frantic

phone calls, we finally learned that Chris was at Harborview in the psych ward. My husband and I rushed to the hospital to find Chris in a small room, wrists bandaged, sobering up.

Sometime in the night Chris’s demons had seized him. He wrote a demanding letter to God, begging for relief, for proof of His existence, for a reason to live. The letter devolved into a suicide note. Chris swiped several of our kitchen knives and drove to a MiniMart where he was a regular customer, stole half a case of beer, and went to the banks of Greenlake to consume the beer and slice his wrists.

By the time he was drunk and ranting, two young men came strolling by. Recognizing that Chris was in trouble, they called the police. They stayed with Chris until the police arrived, trying to talk sense to a troubled soul.

Chris spent the next week in a psychiatric facility. When I went to the MiniMart to talk with the storekeeper and pay him for the stolen beer, he smiled and said, “Chris’s younger brother came already and paid for the beer. Please, how is Chris? I am praying for him.” I explained what had happened, surprised that the Somalian storekeeper’s chief interest was my son’s well being, not his theft. “I am so sorry,” he whispered. “I pray. I pray.” This man’s compassion lit a candle of hope in my heart.

As Chris began to recover, he had to admit, begrudgingly, that maybe God was not absent in his darkness after all. The light of Christ protected him when God sent the rescuers, anointed him when the storekeeper prayed for him, and supported him when his brother paid his debt.

Six years have passed since that Advent experience. Through the loving light of family, friends, and the medical community, my son Chris is recovering from substance abuse and depression. Now, during Advent, I contemplate our world’s desperate need for the coming of Christ’s light, and I am hopeful when I light my four Advent candles: one to bless the Greenlake rescuers, one to bless the storekeeper, one to bless my just son Patrick, and one to give thanks for Chris’ healing.

“...[T]he light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.” John 1:5

D.W.

Advent is a season of:
Beginning – of the new Church year
and a time to renew and deepen my
faith,

Anticipation – of the coming of Christ at
Christmas, and Christ's second coming,

Penitential reflection – on why Christ came to
die, and my need for confession and repentance,

Hope – in the promise Christ brings to His
Church.

We live in the "between" time – between
Christ's first coming at Christmas, and Christ's
second coming. Christ is, however, among us now,
in the Holy Eucharist, and He also is present in
others in his body, the Church.

Like the prophet Isaiah who lived with the
hope of the future Messiah, but not the fulfillment, I
wait. "The virgin shall be with child, and bear a son,
and shall name him Emmanuel, which means God
is with us" (Isaiah 7:14). "All the ends of the earth
will behold the salvation of our God" (Isaiah 52:10).
I try to wait both eagerly and patiently trusting in
God's promises. I sing and reflect on the great
Advent hymn, "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel."

During the penitential season of Advent the
message of John the Baptist guides me, "Repent, for
the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" "Prepare the
way of the Lord, make straight his paths" (Matthew
3:2, 3). I also seek to become more Christ like. "He
[Jesus] must increase; I must decrease" (John 3:30).

Like the Blessed Virgin Mary – "May it be done
to me according to your word" (Luke 1:38) – I strive
to live and follow God's living word.

The ideals I have described seem unattainable. I
may not succeed, but in the season of Advent there
is always the hope of a new beginning, and
anticipation of the time when God's promises will
be fulfilled. Fortunately the Church gives strength and
comfort in the sacraments of Eucharist and
Reconciliation. I know that I am not alone, and gain
support from others in the parish. We are all on a
pilgrimage and faith journey together. We pray for,
support and encourage one another. As one more
candle is lit on the Advent wreath each Sunday, I am
reminded that we move toward perpetual light where
"night will be no more... for the Lord God shall give
them light" (Revelation 22:5).

Jerry Wiesner

When I was 8 months pregnant with our
third child, August, I developed
appendicitis and had an emergency
appendectomy. I had to remain
hospitalized for a time because of the resulting pre-



term contractions so I could successfully carry August
to term. During that week of trauma, intense pain,
worry and isolation, I received a phone call from my
mother-in-law to encourage me and commiserate. At
the end of the call she said, "Let's pray," so we did. Just
as I was replacing the receiver, I saw from beneath the
privacy curtain a pair of black shiny shoes approaching.
I inwardly prepared to receive a visitor, rather
humiliated to be in such a wretched state, but there
before me stood a priest, ready to give me the Body and
Blood of Christ. I was astounded. There in the midst of
my suffering and emptiness came Christ Himself, borne
by one of His priests, to bring me peace and healing in
answer to my prayer.

From that experience I understood that no earthly
obstacles can keep Christ from us – He is capable of
finding us no matter where we are. What a comfort that

was during my long recovery and during subsequent times of suffering and duress. I am aware of Christ coming to me in other ways, some just as powerfully and some very quietly, but just as intimately. Sometimes it's through the actions of others, always through Scripture. Sometimes He comes in prayer, always through the Eucharist.

As Christ comes to me, I feel a quiet, insistent pull to go to Christ. I simply want to be in His Presence, whether at Mass, Eucharistic Adoration or the Sacrament of Reconciliation. All of this would not be possible without our priests. I am tremendously grateful for the sacrificial gift of their lives to bring Christ to us. Without them we could not experience Christ on earth as profoundly as we do.

Michelle Bruno

Although I feel Christ a lot during my life I probably feel Him the most during communion at Mass. When I was little Mass really didn't mean anything to me. It was around when I had my First Communion that I truly felt Christ. I still remember sitting in the pew waiting to go up and receive my first Holy Communion. But it wasn't just bread and wine I was receiving but Christ.

During Advent I also feel Christ's presence; he's always with me. While praying around the Advent wreath it feels as if He's among us. I feel closer to Him during Advent than any other time of year. When I prepared to receive my First Reconciliation I felt a bit nervous, but when I went into the room and saw Father Ryan sitting there I felt a little more confident. Afterwards I felt so enlightened as if God was with me! Then on Sundays when we pray the rosary He's still there with me.

And when I'm sad or frustrated He's still with me. I love going to Mass on Sundays and whenever we're not able to I feel all empty and don't feel like doing anything.

The Easter Mass is definitely THE Mass I feel him the most. To quote Father Ryan in his homily on November 7: "Do you think I should attempt some humor?" Seriously I don't know how Atheists live!

August Bruno, age 11

Usually when I think of seeing Christ in other people two things come to mind. First, respecting others, that is looking closely at another person. Respect means seeing the divine creation that is another person, and treating that person accordingly no matter what their situation or appearance. For instance, we see Christ when we stop ourselves from seeing an enemy as merely an object of

hatred, or we look at a homeless person as worthy of our love. Second, we see Christ when we witness others acting in a Christ-like manner, with mercy or love. Nevertheless, I often find it hard to act as Jesus did, or to always see the Christ in others.

Recently however, I found Christ in my life in a third way. In today's society it often seems like people are disconnected. We don't necessarily have to interact with our neighbors or those we meet on the street. This is why I found it so amazing how many people offered to help me upon the birth of our second child. It was not necessarily the individual efforts that impressed me as much as the collective effect. Even if as individuals we might not always be perfect models of Christ, sometimes our feeble human efforts combine for something greater.

As I reflect on Christ in my life while pacing the floor with a newborn at three in the morning, it strikes me that perhaps I was experiencing the mystical body of Christ. Of course, not everyone that was helping me was a member of the Church, and yet, I could see how the collective, imperfect efforts within a unit, such as the Church, become instruments of the divine. A summation of parts helps individuals experience Hope, Love and Mercy — to experience Grace.

Perhaps one cannot completely save or help those in need; perhaps we can't all be heroes. But that doesn't mean that we don't act with Christ. As members of the body of Christ, we can be Christ's instruments in His mission in this world often without being completely aware of it. The worldly members unit and execute the Divine action, even if it's only offering to make soup for someone.

Thanks for all the soup God, I'm going back to sleep...

Marina Alvarez

When asked to write about where I meet Christ, my thoughts kept returning to Taizé prayer. On Friday nights, the Cathedral becomes a quiet, intimate place where people gather to pray together in the manner of the monks at Taizé. Often a classical guitarist provides peaceful music before the prayer service begins. The music helps center me. I'm able calm my harried thoughts, and put the cares of the day away, into Christ's hands.

The Cathedral is darkened. Votive candles provide soft, flickering light which leads one's eyes up the steps of the altar to the large crucifix icon. The atmosphere is peaceful, and there is Christ on the cross, welcoming us, drawing us in.

During Taizé I find I'm able to keep my mind focused on Christ, in a way that is different from Mass:

in listening to the lovely sound of our voices blending in chant, and prayer, and during the silences. Sacred Scripture is read and draws my thoughts ever nearer to Christ.

While we're chanting, the cross is brought down from the altar and placed on cushions on the floor to be accessible for us to gather around. We're given time to go to the cross to pray. It's comforting to be kneeling around the cross with others in the congregation as I offer up my wounded self to Christ, and thank Him for the His healing presence in my life.

Taizé prayer is offered every Friday night at the Cathedral, and at Holden Village, a Lutheran retreat center up in the mountains at the north end of Lake Chelan. I was at there with our dance group a few months after I'd lost my mother. As I was kneeling by the cross at Holden a fellow dancer came over, knelt beside me, and placed his hand on my shoulder. At that moment I knew that Christ was there right beside me and I felt His physical presence. What a gift that was! That moment reminds me, every time I attend Taizé prayer, of how near Christ is to me, in the flesh, in the others who are praying by my side.

Vicki Nelson

Advent is no ordinary time! While there is something of a pun in this first sentence, it is true for me as I find a time to refresh my spiritual life, a time to contemplate the coming of Christ, and a shelter from the commercialization of Christmas.

Because Advent is the start of a new liturgical year, I look at it as a way to focus on Christ. When Advent begins, I sense a fresh start, come out of routine and contemplate my faith. The Sunday reading and hymns of Advent have become my favorites. I go to Mass anticipating the beautiful hymns such as "O Come O Come Emmanuel" and "Wake, Awake, for Night is Flying."

The coming of Christ is emphasized during Advent. I look to the coming of Christ as a child born in Bethlehem and in his glory at a second coming. As we are reading about John the Baptist preparing the way for Christ's ministry during Advent, I am praying to have my heart and mind in the right place for the coming of Christ. The anticipation and excitement of the Christ's coming are manifest on Christmas Day but it is Advent that has prepared me spiritually.

Since I separate the time of Advent from Christmas, a tradition for Advent has developed in our household. The day before Advent begins, I will be pulling out a box in my closet to find an Advent wreath to place on our dining room table and I will choose an Advent calendar or two that I have saved from

previous years. Each night we will light the number of candles that correspond to the week number of Advent (for example: one candle on the first week, two candles on the second week, etc.). After dinner we will take time to use the Advent Calendar. One of our favorite calendars contains small booklets to read starting on December 1. It gives background of the Bible's account of the circumstances of Christ's birth. Of course, I use some of Advent to get ready for precious family gatherings on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, but I do not allow Christmas to come until December 25. And I like to remember that Christmas is twelve days long. Our culture seems to start Christmas prior to Halloween and end it on December 26. But that's when Christmas is just starting for me!

Jo Ann Wiesner

I am blessed to have been born Catholic because I have known God my whole life. I am even more blessed to have been raised at St. James and to go to school at St. Francis of Assisi so I am always surrounded by God. I see God everywhere. I look in nature and see Him. When it's raining He blesses me and I feel Him covering me with an umbrella. When the sun shines He warms my skin and it's like He is hugging me. When I'm at the beach I feel the water and the sand and I know God is washing my sins away.

God is in the faces of my family, friends, and even in my dogs. I try to be kind to everyone because I know if I hurt anyone I am hurting God and that's not what he wants for us. God has helped me learn to make good choices by following his rules for us, like the Golden Rule. I try to treat everyone they way I want to be treated because that's how we should treat God.

I know that God is always with me and protecting me, He helps me when I am hurting or sad, like when my Basset Hound, Heloise (the best dog ever) died. Even if I miss the people in my life who have died I know they are in Heaven with God so I am happy too. I am very excited about receiving the Body and Blood of Christ at my First Communion this year because God will be with me in an a more special way and I will really be a Child of God!

Eavan Siobhan Macquarrie, 2nd Grader

Christmas is the easiest season of my faith year for me to recognize and welcome Christ. The image of a tiny, vulnerable baby is so appealing, and the idea of the young mother seeking a place to give birth to her child has such charm, that I can imagine opening my house and my heart to them. As I light the candle on Christmas

Eve, inviting the Christ child to be born in our home, I can believe I would really do it, actually open my door in the dark of night and usher in those strangers who need help.

In other seasons, when the magical feeling of Christmas has passed, this is not so simple. It's challenging to see the face of Christ in a panhandler "flying a sign" at a street corner, in the driver who cuts me off at an intersection, or in the none-too-clean person who sits

next to me at Mass and mumbles all the way through the Eucharistic prayer. It can be tempting to turn off the television so I don't have to watch a Haitian suffering from cholera, or see the distorted face of a heartbroken Indonesian weeping for her lost family. The Gospel tells us to see Christ in these people, but it's not easy. I remember a stranger who asked me for a ride, who I turned down—because we're trained to do that—and left standing on the sidewalk in bad weather. What if that were Christ asking me for help? Would I know Him? Would I welcome Him into my busy day? Into my life?

I've never forgotten a tableau I witnessed one busy Easter weekend. Father Ryan must have had a thousand people clamoring for his attention, but despite all the activity swirling around him in the Cathedral courtyard, he stood with a homeless young man, head bent, listening as intently as if there were nothing else in the world that mattered. Fr. Ryan, I feel certain, saw Christ in that young man, at that moment, and welcomed him.

I wonder if I would recognize Christ if He stood before me? I can only hope that I would. I pray that the eagerness I feel in welcoming the infant Christ at Christmas will extend beyond the season of crèches and colored lights and candles, and sustain my faith through all the seasons of the year.

Louise Marley



What if Jesus lived to be 90 or so? What would he look like? Like his eternal Father, only with a somewhat shorter white beard? Or would he look like my Dad before he passed on? Or my Mother who is currently 89?

I am sometimes challenged to see how Christ reveals himself in my current environment. What opportunities do I have that are similar to the apostles, who saw "the real thing"? Wouldn't it be easier to follow a flesh-and-blood person who glows with compassion, tenderness, grace and unconditional love for everyone? Wouldn't it be easier than searching the faces that present themselves to me, trying to find the Christ in the encounter?

What I cannot escape is the century in time I was born into. But if I had seen the actual face of Christ, would I react any differently than I do today? There are the faces of my parents, siblings, husband, co-workers, the homeless, the neighborhood unfortunates without food or opportunity. They are "flesh and blood." With a slip of the imagination, their faces can show me what Christ looked like and, suddenly here—now, is the face of Christ I desire to encounter.

And then I ask myself, how do I appear to them? Am I a person easily recognized by others as the face of Christ? Do I present to them a face of compassion,



is the suffering Christ that can be more difficult to recognize.

As a Catholic, I cherish the fact that Christ is always present in the tabernacle. There is an adoration chapel near my home that is always open. Imagine the presence of Christ, always accessible. An unbelievable gift!

I am Catholic because of the Eucharist. What an incredible privilege to receive Christ into my body and to enter into His presence during Mass. It is an awesome, intimate moment for me. Together, as a community, we become walking tabernacles.

As walking tabernacles, can we see Christ in each other? Can we see Christ in the poor, the

non-judgment, commonality, no matter how different we may seem?

After 60 years of hearing the Gospels, I've had a new introduction to Christology in Pope Benedict XVI's *Jesus of Nazareth*. Getting quiet with a Pope's thoughts and instruction has surprised me. Learning about Jesus as a person, who was like me in every way, except failing, feeds the space between the gray matter and the skull. In his baptism and temptation, I meet Christ as a sacramental participant; but I also hold His hand in angst when He was offered gifts and gains of no value.

There is one other opportunity to meet Christ and celebrate the gift of his coming this Advent: the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist. During Mass the bread is transformed into the spiritual food I receive to keep nourished in this life. His blood is the life force that joins my blood. He becomes one with me as I live the covenant of my baptismal promises to love and serve.

Jeanie Widden

When I began to ponder the question, "How does Christ come into my life?" I realized that Christ is always present; it is I who fail to notice His presence. For me, it can be easy to recognize God the Father, the creator. I can easily see the beauty of the created world. I marvel daily at my family, especially our precious children. I can also see the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the multitude of unmerited graces in my life. It

marginalized, those who are different from ourselves by race, religion or sexual orientation? Can we see Christ in our own families? In joyful moments, that can be easy, but all families experience difficulties. Do we honor Christ within the other or do succumb to our fallen human nature? We can all remember a time when a loved one has held onto anger or a grievance. When we ourselves have judged others. When we chose not to respond with patience and love when that was what the situation needed, and what was required of us by Christ.

Finally, can we recognize the suffering Christ within ourselves? The times when we experience a great loss or disappointment, when we feel discouraged and maybe even hopeless? Do we succumb to despair or do we follow in the footsteps of Christ and surrender ourselves to God? Will we enter into the mystery of suffering or will we turn away? By embracing our suffering, we can experience the magnitude of Christ's love and know the depths He was willing to suffer for us. That we, each and every one of us, share in His dignity. We can begin to know that we are, at every moment, sustained by God's grace and enfolded in His love.

Laura Manns Arcuino

God has painted the world so many colors
The brilliance of the golden sun
The silver clouds,
When God truly comes the color will be
indescribable

A color that will bring all colors together
 There will be no color left out
 And any one who may have doubted will know God is
 here
 The happiness and joy spread by this color will be
 infectious,
 The doors of opportunity will open,
 And our meaning of life will become clear.
 People will understand the unity of humanity,
 And how we all deserve equality.
 The hatred and sadness will be swept away
 Forgiveness will overcome those in need.
 Then God will have come again,
 And God will have shown us his full power.
 His full love for us,
 And we will have nothing to say
 But he will know our thanks

Mairead Corrigan

Although I have gazed at the oculus of St. James Cathedral many times since I began coming to Mass nearly five years ago, the true meaning of the words of Jesus inscribed high above the altar, "I am in your midst as one who serves", had not penetrated my heart until a dear friend called my attention to them a couple of years ago. As I reflected upon these words that I had so often looked upon without understanding, I realized the beauty and simplicity of Christ's example, and understood in a deeper way their imprint upon my life.

As a teacher and a coach at Bishop Blanchet High School here in Seattle, my days are filled with numerous tasks and situations that many sane adults would find terribly stressful, if not downright nightmarish. Entering a classroom of nearly thirty adolescents every morning and being charged with capturing their attention while simultaneously attempting to impart information would strike many as a futile endeavor. To make the task even more daunting, I teach religion, a subject that the prevailing culture tells us is of diminishing interest to adolescents and increasingly irrelevant to the American public as a whole. Add in long hours and little sleep and you have the recipe for a profession that offers little in contemporary American social currency.

In such circumstances, where do I find God? Through God's grace and the mysterious workings of the Holy Spirit, I count myself blessed to encounter Christ on a daily basis. On those days when I awake anxious and burdened by the afflictions of the modern human condition, I have come to know that when I get to school and encounter my students, I will be graced with a profound sacrament. It is in the presence and community of those I serve, as I seek in my humble

and flawed way to live out Christ's love that I realize I am the one who is being taught and shaped through a personal encounter with Christ. My students remind me regularly of the Church's faith in the resurrected Christ, as they expectantly cling to the hope for redemption in a broken world. So, I thank God for placing me in the midst of high school students, as in my serving and loving them, I am reminded of the mystery of the Gospels in which the servant is the served and God's grace is revealed.

Jason Odem

Advent this year feels something like the time I wait in my studio for a sunrise or wait in front of a work in progress, a blank canvas, page or computer screen, something like the shepherds waited, gazing up at the stars.

Whenever I pick up my pen or brush, make marks, or begin to type, I'm beginning a journey, like the wise men, following a star to an unknown destination, yet I also want to be as open as the shepherds waiting motionless under the night sky.

This year, Advent's gift to me is the insight that my work, whatever it is, is about waiting and going towards a destination that I can share with my fellow Christians. All I have to do in return is remind myself of what my real work is and believe we all converge at the place where God became human.

During Advent I make a confession, something like cleaning the clogged up brushes I didn't take the time to clean. I have to recall the ways in which I've forgotten how awesome and mind-boggling the thought of God choosing to become human is, how easy it is to forget this and how difficult it is to comprehend. Really comprehend. If that's possible.

I have to lay out my paints, purple, rose pink and sap green, and a white canvas, literally and metaphorically, to be ready for the Arrival.

Making an Advent wreath this year, I understand with my heart for the first time since my conversion that I am creating a shrine in my home. I'll keep the circle of green foliage, the reminder of the promise of eternal life, fresh. The colors of the candles speak eloquently to me now about their essential Christian meaning. The three purple candles will illuminate the meaning death has during Advent, the state of being 'in waiting' for Christ's never-failing return. The tender rose-colored candle's flame will remind me not to let go of hope.

When I light the candles this year, I'm 'lighting up' their meaning in my interior life and inviting Christ to make his appearance again, in spite of....

Elizabeth Winder

Mission Trip to Haiti

An invitation to encounter Christ

When the Haiti earthquake hit, the massive loss of life and the images of destruction and devastation stirred the hearts of the world. For Jennifer Ibach, Pastoral Assistant for Social Outreach at St. James Cathedral, the disaster was a call to action. "We had a precedent for mission trips here at St. James," Jenn says, "the Youth Migrant Project, and our trips to Biloxi to rebuild in the wake of Hurricane Katrina. It seemed a logical thing to organize a trip to Haiti. It's the poorest country in the western hemisphere, it's a predominantly Catholic country, and geographically it's pretty close to the U.S."

The need was immense, but finding a way to help was difficult. There was no infrastructure following the earthquake; nor were food and lodging available for volunteers, since all resources were being directed to the refugees. Jennifer remembers: "I started looking at Catholic organizations already in Haiti—CRS, Caritas. By chance, at a Cathedral Mass honoring Archbishop Oscar Romero, I met Sister Susan Francois of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace here in Seattle. We got into a conversation, and I found out that the Sisters had a community doing work in Haiti." Jenn connected with the Center for the Rural Development of Milot (CRUDEM), an organization founded in 1968 by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Their primary venture in Milot is the Hôpital Sacré Coeur, built in 1986. All year round, the hospital hosts volunteer doctors and nurses and other medical professionals from around the world.

Jenn placed an ad in the Cathedral bulletin, inviting interested parishioners to an information session.

Maria Laughlin is the Director of Stewardship & Development at St. James Cathedral.



The St. James group that traveled to Haiti September 2-12, 2010 were Elizabeth Thybulle, Shelagh Lane, Mali Main, Jennifer Ibach, Teresa Acosta, Donna Clifford, Sophie Jeannot, and Pete Lundquist.

Cathedral parishioner Donna Clifford saw the ad. "It had been a dream from the time I was in Catholic high school—more than 50 years ago!—to go to a poor country to work as a nurse. But the prospect was, frankly, frightening, and the information session came and went without my doing anything about it. Then Father Ryan gave a homily about leaving home, leaving our comfort zones. That was the motivation I needed to sign up." Donna's granddaughter, Sophia Jeannot, a nursing student, joined her. "We went with a lot of trepidation, not knowing what to expect."

Jenn continues: "It was a lot of work getting it all coordinated, but in the end we put together a team of eight volunteers, four with medical expertise to work in the hospital, and four of us to help out generally and renovate the hospital chapel." With miles donated by generous Cathedral parishioners as well as Angel Flights, the group was able to travel to Milot in Haiti and to work from September 2-12, 2010.

Arriving after four laborious flights at the tiny



A view of the main street of Milot, with the Cathedral's dome visible in the distance. *All photos of Haiti courtesy Jennifer Ibach.*

airport in Milot, the group was swarmed by people selling souvenirs, by others wanting to help with luggage, and by children with their hands out, begging with stock English phrases they had mastered – “I’m hungry,” or “Give me a dollar.” It was an immediate – and overwhelming – experience of the tremendous need of the people of this impoverished nation.

The group stayed at a compound a mile or two outside of town. They were comfortably accommodated with other volunteers from around the world. Because Saturday was a quiet day with not much going on, they took advantage of the time to explore the town. The visit to the cemetery was powerful, and they witnessed more than one funeral procession that day. “It was 85 or 90 degrees, with 100% humidity, and yet the people in the funeral procession wore starched, formal clothes. Professional mourners wailed – a haunting sound. The sight of these processions moved some of us to tears.” Mass was at the Cathedral of Milot, and the priest was kind enough to translate snippets of his homily (from

Creole) into English for the benefit of the St. James group. The group was able to visit the Palace Sans-Souci, a striking ruin, and the Citadelle Laferriere, a UNESCO World Heritage Site situated five miles uphill above the city of Milot. On Monday, it was time to get to work.

Those with medical expertise worked in the hospital, and the others began renovating the hospital chapel under the direction of Sister Ann Crawley, a Sister of St. Joseph of Peace from Ireland. The pews needed refinishing, some of the windows wouldn’t shut right, plaster was flaking away in places, and the whole chapel needed to be painted. They set to work with a will. Meanwhile, they had many opportunities to visit different facilities in the area, including sharing time with UN representatives; visiting the nutrition center at the hospital; witnessing surgeries in the hospital itself; and visiting an orphanage run by the Missionaries of the Poor.

Donna remembers: “One of the dilemmas we medical volunteers encountered right away was that



The poorest children in Milot suffer from hunger and malnourishment. These children are invited to Sacré Coeur Hospital to have a healthy breakfast and lunch. A highlight of the trip for our St. James volunteers was visiting and playing with the children.

the on site staff had trouble finding things the volunteers could do. We soon found that we had to find our own ways to help. It didn't all go as planned, but we all found a way to do what we needed to do; each of us took the initiative to find a way to share our gifts.

"Sophia and I took care of the basic needs of earthquake victims – the hospital was full to overflowing, so about a hundred were lodged in tents on the hospital grounds. It was odd to do dressing changes in a tent with chickens running in and out! We took care of these patients until Dr. Harry Sax, a volunteer physician arrived. He invited us to assist him with surgeries in the hospital."

Dr. Sax wrote in his blog: "While it is not unusual for parents and children to serve together, this was a grandmother, who attended nursing school in the 50's, and her 26-year-old granddaughter, who was a nursing student just starting out. Donna remembered dodging flying instruments and starched caps, while Sophie was idealistic, excited, and scared of what she would be asked to do."

Each night the volunteers gathered to reflect and share on their experiences. "One of the most touching experiences for me was our evening reflections," Jenn

says. "When we got to Haiti we invited the other volunteers to join us. This turned our reflections into an ecumenical and interfaith time, which was deeply enriching. We took turns leading reflection with one of the highlights being a Rosh Hashanah reflection led by the two Jewish volunteers in our community. It was wonderful to hear how others describe their experience of God. Taking time out each night for reflection helped the group process the joys and pains of the day as well as build community and trust. On our last day in Milot, we all attended Mass together in the newly renovated chapel. It was a joyous occasion and a fitting end to our week together."

"I've never lived in the moment the way I did that week," Donna says. "I focused on what was happening that moment, not what happened yesterday or what might happen tomorrow. And the stars aligned. I don't know how else to put it. It was an incredible trip. I realized as never before that the prosperity we Americans enjoy is nothing more than an accident of birth. The people of Haiti are born under a failed government that gives them nothing – no public education, no clean water, no infrastructure.

"It's been hard to come back home. I'm still trying to process it all – where do we go with what we've



Above, the ruined Palace Sans-Souci ("without care") in Milot, destroyed in an earthquake in 1842 and never rebuilt. Above right, Jenn Ibach and Sophia Jeannot visit with UN Representatives. Below, Jenn and Pete work with locals on refurbishing pews from the Hospital Chapel; below, right, painted glass in the Chapel.

learned? How do we even explain what we experienced?"

Looking back on the trip, the most memorable moment for Jennifer was a visit to the hospital. "A young man came to the hospital with terrible burns over 80% of his body. This man had walked miles, with his wounds, to get there. We were invited to watch him being treated. So we all trooped in, in our scrubs, looking on as a team of doctors rubbed his burns with cream. He was lying there, naked, surrounded by strangers. Though it must have been incredibly painful, he didn't make a sound. 'This is a human being,' I kept reminding myself. I asked if I could hold his hand. I could feel him flinch when his wounds were touched, but he never made a sound. He was incredibly brave. It was a very powerful experience for me. It was a moment where I was powerless; I couldn't do anything at all; but I could hold his hand, I could be present.

"To me, it was also symbolic of the whole trip. We

didn't go to Haiti expecting to change the world, or much of anything, in a week. We went to be there, just to be present, trying to bring the love of God with us, and that's about it. We couldn't make a huge difference for the people there, but at least they could see that we were there, that we remember, we care, we want to help in any way we can. While we all did a few concrete things for the people of Milot—nursing in the hospital, fixing up the chapel—we all took away more than we gave. Those words from Matthew 25—'As often as you did it for the least of these, my brothers and sisters, you did it for me.' Those words are a promise that when you serve others, you encounter Christ.

"We didn't go to Haiti expecting to change the world, but rather hoping to shine some light in a dark situation. In the process our hearts were opened, our community grew, and our faith was strengthened. It was a life-changing experience." ♦

Thank you, Archbishop Brunett

for thirteen years of faithful ministry in our midst



Archbishop Brunett was installed as the 8th bishop, 4th Archbishop of Seattle on December 17, 1997. The Cathedral has a special relationship with the Archbishop. He presides at our parish masses on great feasts—Ash Wednesday, the Sacred Triduum, Easter, and Christmas. In addition, we host large Archdiocesan events throughout the year. Images below, clockwise: the procession of palms on Palm Sunday; adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday; ordination of permanent deacons; baptisms at the great Easter Vigil (photo by Mike Penney).





Archbishop Brunett has shared many moments with the Cathedral parish over the years. Above left, our parish celebrates its Centennial in 2004; right, the blessing of the Pastoral Outreach Center, 2005. Below, celebrating Christmas, Chrism Mass, and Ordinations to the Priesthood.



Welcome, Archbishop Sartain!

Historic days at St. James Cathedral, photographed by Mike Penney

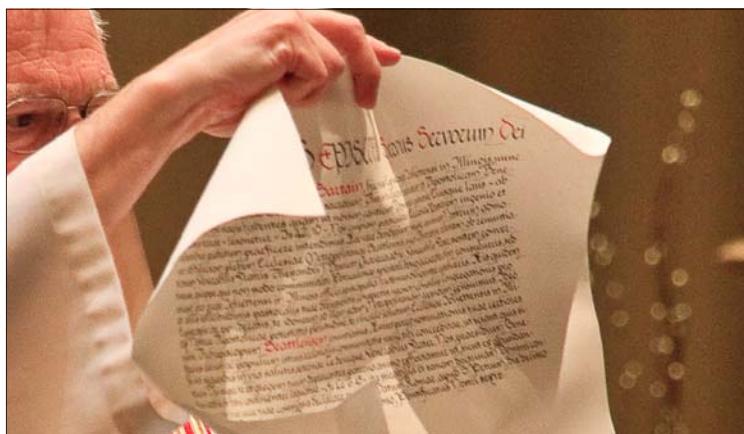


On this page, images of the Rite of Reception into the Cathedral Church on Tuesday, November 30. Above, Archbishop Brunett invites Archbishop Sartain to try the weight of the crozier. Right and below: memorable moments in a beautiful liturgy.





At the solemn Mass of Installation, the representative of the Holy Father reads the Apostolic Mandate, which is the official letter of appointment from Pope Benedict XVI. In keeping with ancient tradition, the letter is then shown to the clergy and people of the Archdiocese. Archbishop Sartain is then seated in the Cathedra for the first time. Archbishop Sartain said: "Pray that I will be a good Shepherd who watches over the flock with vigilance, who lays down his life for you, and who leads his flock to the pasture where we will feast on the Bread of Life."



A Blaze of Glory

The final installment in a series on the Second Vatican Council

The Fourth Session of the Second Vatican Council began quietly but ended in “something like a blaze of glory” (Rynne). When Pope Paul VI entered St. Peter’s Basilica on September 14, 1965, to open the last session of this historic Council, there was little of the pomp of previous years. He walked at the end of the procession, wearing a miter, like all the other bishops. “The elevated throne and the giant ostrich feathers were not in evidence,” wrote Archbishop Connolly, who was in Rome for the Fourth Session. The simplicity of the Pope’s entrance was a quiet but revolutionary sign of collegiality (he was also the first modern Pope to carry a crosier, the traditional symbol of the bishop’s office). The address he delivered following the concelebrated Mass was equally precedent-shattering. The Pope announced the formation of a new Synod of Bishops which would outrank, but not replace, the Roman Curia, and which would make collegiality a permanent reality in the Church. That stunning announcement was followed by another: the Pope declared his intention of traveling to New York to plead the cause of world peace before the United Nations. Both announcements were received with tremendous enthusiasm.

The Council’s work began without further ado the next morning. At the disappointing end of the Third Session, Pope Paul had promised that Religious Liberty would be first on the agenda in 1965. And so it was.

Corinna Laughlin is the Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral. To read the rest of this series on Seattle’s experience of the Second Vatican Council pick up a copy of *Century of Grace*, available in the Cathedral Bookstore.



Archbishop Connolly procured tickets to the Council Mass for Seattle seminarians studying in Rome, among them third year theologian Michael Ryan (second from the left) and second year theologian Paul Magnano (far right). The Archbishop was rather proud of his ability to finagle tickets to the Council sessions. He wrote: “Did you ever hear of One-eyed Connolly, the champion gatecrasher of all time?” *From the Catholic Northwest Progress*

And as before, Cardinals Ottaviani, Siri, and Ruffini led the *intransigenti*, attacking the schema from various angles in hopes of getting it sent back to commission for rewriting. These filibustering tactics had worked wonders in the Third Session, enabling them to table not only the *Declaration on Religious Liberty* but the major schema on the Church in the modern world. But not this time. The voices of many of the bishops from behind the Iron Curtain, including that of Archbishop Wojtyla of Krakow, helped to tip the balance in the other direction.

In the end, though, it took papal intervention to keep the Religious Liberty schema alive. On the morning of Tuesday, September 21, after a week of debate, the Cardinal Moderators arrived late in the Council Hall. Immediately, they called for a vote, asking whether the Fathers wished the current text to serve as the basis for revision – thus making it impossible for the document to be more substantially

changed, as the minority had hoped. The response of the Fathers was resoundingly in favor of the document. The word was soon out: Pope Paul, knowing what was afoot, had called the Moderators to his office, and instructed that a vote be taken immediately. He would depart for New York in a matter of days, and he knew he could hardly expect the world to listen to him unless this essential teaching on the basic rights and dignity of every human person had been proclaimed.

While the Fathers began to debate on "Schema 13," which would become the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*, Pope Paul VI was on his way to New York, on a trip that would change the church—and the modern world. Pope Paul VI's first trip to the United States set the pattern for subsequent papal visits, which under John Paul II and Benedict XVI have become a familiar attribute of the papacy. He visited St. Patrick's (he pronounced it *Paytrick*), said Mass at Yankee Stadium, and gave blessings and audiences in abundance. But his real purpose was to address the United Nations, and the words he spoke that day have never been forgotten: "No more war, war never again! Peace, it is peace that must guide the destinies of peoples and of all mankind.... If you wish to be brothers, let the arms fall from your hands. One cannot love while holding offensive arms."

Upon his return home, Pope Paul came directly from the airport to St. Peter's, where the Council was in progress. The bells of Saint Peter's rang out, the Holy Father entered the *aula*, and the bishops cheered as, full of energy, Paul VI made his way down the great central aisle. He gave them an impromptu account of his journey, which thus became part of the official records of the Council.

The very day after the Pope's return from New York, the Council Fathers began to discuss the critical chapter on war of "Schema 13." On this subject, the Council Fathers were of one mind with Pope Paul VI. Cardinal Liénart said, "in our time, the classical theory of the morality of war is unrealistic and inapplicable... The Council should refrain from mentioning 'just' wars." Bishop Rusch of Innsbruck went farther: "The Council should solemnly declare that all aggressive wars are unjust under today's circumstances." Bishop Boillon of Verdun, France, site of one of the bloodiest battles of World War I, reminded the Fathers that a group of laywomen were staying in a house in the Via dell' Anima, fasting and praying that God might enlighten the Fathers in their deliberations—among them Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker Movement.

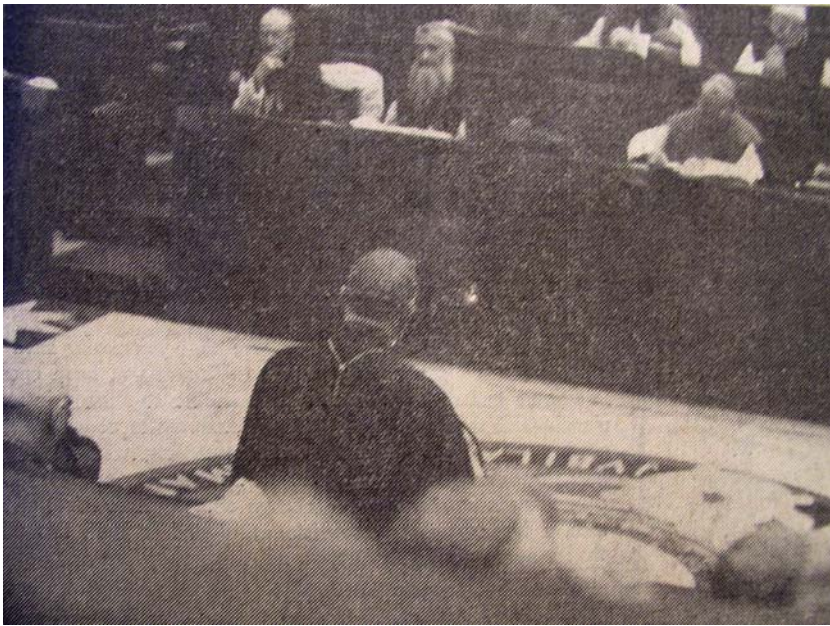
Cardinal Ottaviani had managed to stir things up in almost every session of the Council, and when he rose to address this issue he created the greatest stir of

all: for he approved of this chapter of the document! "War would only be a memory," he said with great feeling, "if the words of Pope Paul spoken at the UN were fixed forever in the hearts of rulers and people alike." He urged that the definition of the very word *war*, as used in the text, "be broadened to include such things as armed revolution, guerrilla activities, and subtle acts of sabotage and terrorism." He wanted the document to include "a sharp reproof of war waged to impose a particular ideology." And he ended with an impassioned plea not only for world peace, but for world unity: "The Council should give its vote to the creation of one world republic composed of all the nations of the world, in which there would no longer be strife among nations, but an entire world living in peace!"

"Such eloquence," writes Xavier Rynne, "of course was greeted by tremendous applause, said to have been one of the longest at the Council." It was Cardinal Ottaviani's last address to the Council Fathers.

Our own Archbishop Connolly had been an attentive participant in Council proceedings from the beginning. He had not yet addressed the Council himself, but he was a man of decided opinions. He heartily approved Schema 13: the Church should be "like Christ Himself, humbly knocking at the door of human hearts, fully respecting their freedom and dignity even when they are in error." And he was a little disappointed when "John the Good," as he called John XXIII, was not made a saint by acclamation in the Council Hall. Sometimes he disagreed: "Last week, one of the council fathers rose to point out the fact that due to the exploration of space we should do away with our former concepts of heaven and hell, that they were outmoded in this interplanetary age. What a development. If they do away with hell, it will make serious inroad into my miserably meager vocabulary." He was even less sympathetic to "St. Joan's International Alliance," a group lobbying for women's ordination. "They have been passing out literature since this session began and of course, they have every right to a hearing. But, bless me mother, for I have sinned, or maybe madam. Oh! Brother!" (He was only a *moderate* revisionist, after all.) Nor was he fond of the new habits some of the religious communities were contemplating: "as a couturier of some note," he said, "I could do much better myself."

The last decree to be debated in the Council was the revised document on the life and ministry of priests; and on the second-to-last day of regular proceedings, Archbishop Connolly rose to speak on the subject of priestly obedience. He spoke with his usual



An historic moment for the Archdiocese of Seattle: Archbishop Connolly addresses the Council Fathers on the subject of priestly obedience, October 25, 1965.

rhetorical flourish, and his usual tendency to land, in spite of himself, among the 'moss-backs': "A crisis of obedience seems to have developed here and there owing to a false notion of freedom and independence, of a new atmosphere generated by this Council. Some priests, pseudo-existentialists, denigrate authority as such; each one wants to be a law unto himself." Harsh words; but, Archbishop Connolly wrote home to his loyal *Progress* readers, "I took great pains to inform my confreres that I had no trouble on that score in the Archdiocese of Seattle, that my remarks were not personal nor were they aimed at the loyal, God-fearing, hard-working priests of the Archdiocese. Something had to be said along this line and my remarks were considered to be quite apropos, as it were." Xavier Rynne wryly observed, "Fortunately for the archbishop, the bishops were by then so benumbed by rhetoric that his slur on the Council passed virtually unnoticed."

The last word went to the Archbishop of Turin, who spoke in quite a different vein from Archbishop Connolly. He urged bishops to nurture the intellectual life among their priests. "In the post-conciliar period," he said, "there will be two dangers: that of watering-down the norms of the Council which change old customs, and that of passing over everything that is old and of undertaking whatever is new only because it is new. To avoid these pitfalls, priests will need not only humble obedience and a vigorous interior life, but also a clear view of problems and the historical reality within which these problems are to be solved." It was the perfect ending to the debates in the Council.

The last speech was made on October 26; the

Council itself ended on December 8. The intervening weeks were among the duller and yet the most important of the entire Council. For the Fathers, there was endless voting — 48 important votes took place in one week — and a good deal of time off. "One could almost go home and come back for the money that it is costing just to stay put here," moaned Archbishop Connolly. "Besides, this enforced idleness can make a Father somewhat 'stir crazy,' as the cons in the clink at Walla Walla say." (The time off did allow him to make a pilgrimage to what he called the "holy land" — Ireland, of course.) Meanwhile, the various commissions charged with the different schemata worked long and late to get the final versions of the documents ready on time. On October 28, Pope Paul VI promulgated several documents, including the decrees on Bishops, the Renewal of

Religious Life, and the Training of Priests, as well as the Declaration on Christian Education, and (perhaps most important of all), *Nostra Aetate*, the "Declaration on the relations of the Church to Non-Christian Religions," which once and for all absolved the Jewish people of the charge of 'deicide.' And on November 18, he promulgated *Dei Verbum*, the Constitution on Divine Revelation, which some felt to be the most revolutionary statement to come out of the Council.

Before the Council began, Pope John XXIII had called for a worldwide novena of prayer to the Holy Spirit for its success. As the end of the Council drew near, Pope Paul VI echoed that gesture in calling on all Catholics to join in a triduum of intense prayer beginning on December 5, so that the whole Church might be united in supplication to God when the Council concluded on December 8.

The Council's work was done. It had been a time of progress and compromise. For some, it went too far; for others, not far enough. But as Cardinal Suenens said, "Perhaps we can say that we have not yet reached May but are only in April when night frosts still occur. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that spring has come."

Pope Paul VI asked: "Now that the Council is finished, will everything go back as it was before? Appearances and custom say *Yes*. But the spirit of the Council says *No*. Some things, many things, will be new for us all....The period following the Council cannot be one of back-to-normal or the good-old-days. It must be a period of immense labor." ♦

From the Archives

Peter Fitzgerald, the Apostle of Skid Road

The Church of Our Lady of Good Help, Seattle's pioneer church, had a long connection with St. James Cathedral. First established at Third and Washington in 1870 by Father Francis Xavier Prefontaine, it was moved to Fifth and Jefferson in 1904 when the valuable land where it stood was sold to help fund Seattle's new Cathedral. In 1912, it became a station of the Cathedral, staffed by Cathedral priests, and for many years it served as a center for the Cathedral's outreach to the poor of the city. There was a free clinic in the basement, operated by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul – and there was Peter Fitzgerald.

Peter Fitzgerald was the sacristan at Our Lady of Good Help Church for decades, as much a part of the place as the statue of Our Lady of Seattle which stood above the altar (and which now stands in the Cathedral Chapel). The soft-spoken Irishman had come to Seattle in 1907 in the wake of the Alaska Gold Rush. Working as a surveyor near the Chilcoot Pass, Fitzgerald had known a few who got lucky and went home rich; but he had known many more who had gambled and lost everything, ending up on the streets. As sacristan of Our Lady of Good Help Church, he did not forget those experiences. In addition to his duties as sacristan – maintaining the church building and preparing for the Masses – Fitzgerald ministered to the down-and-out of the city with quiet dedication. He scoured the waterfront and made regular rounds of the hospitals, jails, and cheap hotels, armed with copies of the *Catholic Northwest Progress* ("It's a Catholic paper," he would say, and then add with a smile, "you're Catholic, I presume?"). He would bring the sick to the free clinic at Our Lady of Good Help, and when people were too ill to come with him, he would bring the Church to them, leading



In this 1940 image from the *Catholic Northwest Progress*, Peter Fitzgerald receives the Benemerenti Medal, awarded by Pope Pius XII, from Bishop Shaughnessy.

one of the Cathedral priests up dark tenement stairways to bring the sacraments to the dying. In 1940, Fitzgerald was awarded the Benemerenti Medal by Pope Pius XII, an honor rare enough to be reported in *Time* magazine.

The Church of Our Lady of Good Help suffered serious damage in the earthquake that hit Seattle in 1949, and had to be torn down. Less than a year later, Peter Fitzgerald, known throughout the city as the "Apostle of Skid Road," died at St. Luke's Infirmary in Centralia.

Fitzgerald was buried from St. James Cathedral on April 10, 1950. Bishop Connolly was present, Msgr. Gallagher, Cathedral pastor, presided, and twelve other priests filled the sanctuary, while hundreds gathered to remember him. It was Easter Monday, wrote Sister Bernard, one of the Sisters who had cared for him in his last illness, "so he was buried among lilies... He was buried near the priests of the diocese whom he loved and who loved him. His reward will be great. We find ourselves praying to him, instead of for him."

Special thanks to Matthew Whalen, great-nephew of Peter Fitzgerald, for sharing the story of Peter Fitzgerald with us. ♦

Corinna Laughlin is the Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral. **Do you have a memento of Cathedral history?** Please consider sharing it with the Archives. Information, Maria Laughlin, 206-382-4284.

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, July – December 2010

July

10. Two sisters **Lovers of the Holy Cross** of Go Vap made their solemn profession during a special Mass in the Cathedral.

18-22. A dozen of our Cathedral teens participated in the **Youth Migrant Project**, spending a week learning about the challenges faced by migrant workers and their families in our own state.

25. We celebrated the Jubilee year of our patron, **St. James the Greater**, with festive Masses and our annual Parish Picnic on Terry Avenue. In his homily for today, Father Ryan noted: "The fact that this is a jubilee year doesn't make the feast any greater (any more than calling James 'the greater' makes him any greater), but perhaps it can make us stand a little taller, pray our prayers a little stronger, and sing our hymns and acclamations a little louder. And most of all, perhaps it can challenge us to roll up our sleeves a little higher as we do what James did: let go the dreams of glory and make the long pilgrimage from selfishness to the selfless service of others."

August

7. Twelve Sisters of Providence celebrated their jubilees of religious profession during a special Mass in the Cathedral.

9-13. Our annual **Choir Camp** gathered thirty young people for a week of music, fun, and learning. At the end of the week, they were invited to sum up their experience in one or two words. They described camp as: *Fun, welcoming, challenging, interesting, tiring, awesome, joyful, different, amazing, inspiring, cool, entertaining, helpful, singaful,*



From top to bottom: celebrating a solemn religious profession in the Cathedral on July 10; celebrating the Feast of St. James on July 25; children participating in our Choir Camp singing a recital for our neighbors at Skyline at First Hill; the Galvin foursome at the Hunthausen Tournament.

rejoiceful, friendship, adventure, grace.

14. The Cathedral's Eco-Justice group co-sponsored a tour of the **Duwamish River**, one of the most contaminated sites in the U.S. The day included prayers and reflections on our call to practice environmental justice.

15. We celebrated the great feast of **Mary's Assumption** and the conclusion of Choir Camp.

September

11. The **Cathedral Choir of St. James** returned in all its glory after its summer hiatus.

16. A red-letter day in the history of the Archdiocese of Seattle: we received word that Pope Benedict XVI had named the **Most Reverend J. Peter Sartain** the next Archbishop of Seattle. Archbishop Sartain spent the day meeting with the press and the Chancery staff, and celebrating a simple Mass of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral. In a statement to the press, he said, "I love being pastor, and I look forward to my ministry as shepherd of the Church in the Archdiocese of Seattle. I especially welcome the opportunity to get to know the priests, deacons, religious women and men, and the dedicated laity of the archdiocese, because I know you will teach me about the countless accomplishments of the Church and the opportunities now before us. This archdiocese traces its roots back to 1850, and I have much to learn about its history, its faith, its growth, and its heroes and heroines."

20. The 14th Annual **Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament** raised \$68,000 to

support the Cathedral's outreach ministries, especially the Cathedral Kitchen. Special thanks to Jeff Meder, who chaired the tournament for the 14th straight year!

25. Archbishop Brunett presided at a special Mass remembering the **deceased women religious** of the Archdiocese of Seattle.

October

3. Children, parents, and catechists received a special blessing at our **First Sunday Youth Celebration**.

31. Thanks to the generosity of hundreds of Cathedral parishioners, the Cathedral's worn-out **kneelers** were replaced this week with comfortable new ones.

November

2. We observed the Commemoration of the Faithful Departed with the **Solemn Mass of All Souls** with the sublime music of Mozart's *Requiem*. Father Ryan noted in his homily for tonight: "In an age often called secular or 'post Christian,' Mozart's *Requiem* is nearly always performed as a concert piece – a magnificent work of art but a slightly quaint relic: a leftover from another time and place, a glorious form lacking substance. But tonight we dare to say something different. We dare not only to perform a Requiem but to celebrate a Requiem. In doing so we are making a statement, an act of faith. We are allowing a magnificent musical composition of Mozart to help us plumb the depths of the great Christian mysteries of life, death, and resurrection, to help us transcend the limits of time and space, to put us at table in an Upper Room."

6-7. In his homily for this **Sacrificial Giving** weekend, Father Ryan challenged parishioners to increase their giving if possible, as the parish faces a deficit of \$375,000 in the coming year. Our annual **Ministries Fair** in Cathedral Hall highlighted a few of the many ministries made



From top to bottom: Archbishop Sartain celebrates Mass in the Cathedral for the first time on September 16; children celebrate All Saints Day; the Cathedral Choir sings Mozart's Requiem on November 2; we honor Archbishop Brunett at a special Mass on November 19.

possible by the generosity of our parishioners.

11. A special Mass honored and remembered the fifty-four **homeless men and women** who died on the streets of our city in the past year.

12. The Chancery Staff gathered in the Cathedral for a special Mass honoring Archbishop Alexander J. Brunett.

19. Priests and people from across the Archdiocese of Seattle gathered to honor and thank **Archbishop Brunett** as he prepares to retire. In an interview, Archbishop Brunett said, "When you're a bishop, you don't think of yourself as doing anything other than what you're called to do: to minister to people and to serve them. When you say 'somebody's legacy,' that's for other people to decide. They have to look and see: Does this mean anything? Has it made any impact on the life of the church here? Are there more people who are committed to their faith? Are there more people that are reaching out to help the others? Are the poor being better served? Are Catholic schools stronger?"

20. At our annual Liturgy Day, more than 150 readers, ushers, altar servers, and "E.M.s" (Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion) gathered for a day of workshops and renewal in ministry.

25. We celebrated a beautiful (snowy) Mass on the morning of **Thanksgiving Day**.

30. The Cathedral was packed for **Evening Prayer** with our new Archbishop, J. Peter Sartain.

December

1. In a joyous celebration, **Archbishop Sartain** was

installed as the ninth bishop, fifth Archbishop of Seattle. See the album on page 16. ♦

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

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Leaving a Legacy

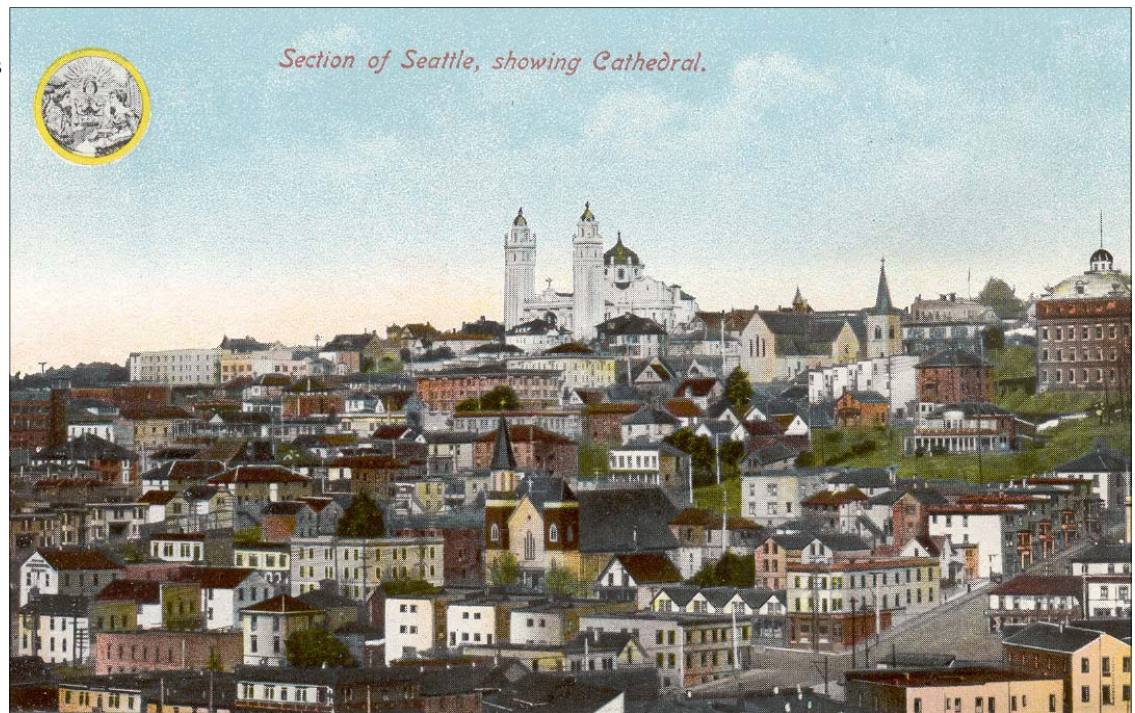
Each November, as we pray for all our beloved dead, our bulletin covers feature the names of deceased benefactors to the St. James Cathedral. These are people who over the past twenty-three years, through gifts both large and small, have made it possible for us to carry out our mission of prayer and service here on First Hill.

Their bequests have supported every part of our ministry, from our outreach to the poor and

homeless, to our splendid music program, to the maintenance of our Cathedral, and much more.

By remembering the Cathedral in their wills, these people—some of them wealthy, others quite poor—have continued to make a difference in the lives of many people (including ourselves!) long after their own lives have ended.

What will our legacy be? Remembering St. James in your will is a way to say something about what you



Antique postcard of St. James Cathedral, 1907

value the most, after you're gone.

In 2006, we established a Legacy Society to recognize and thank those who have remembered St. James in their estate planning. If you have remembered the Cathedral in your will, please let us know. If you would like more information on estate planning, contact Maria Laughlin in the Stewardship and Development Office, 206-382-4284. ♦