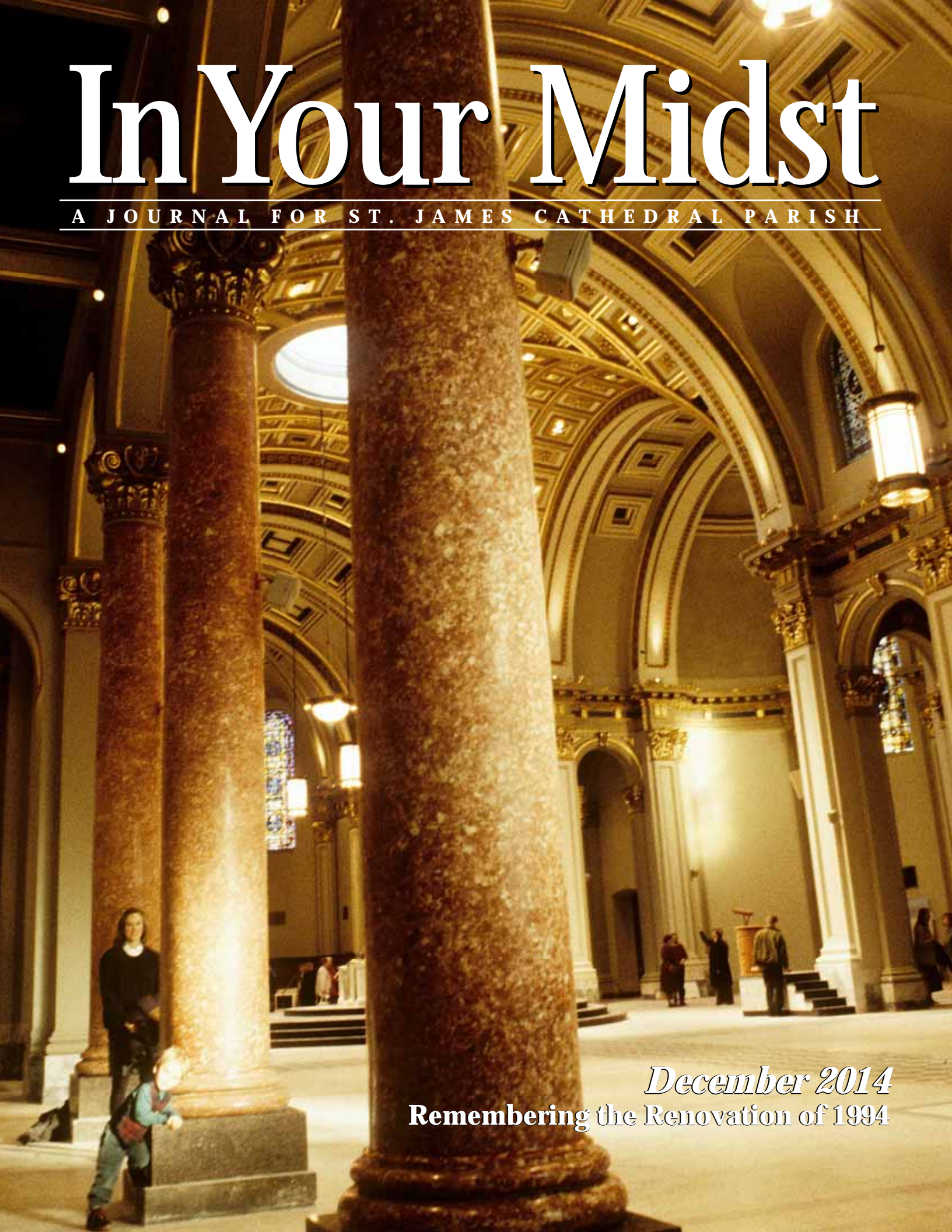


In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH



December 2014

Remembering the Renovation of 1994

In Your Midst

Vol. 20 No. 2 | December 2014

"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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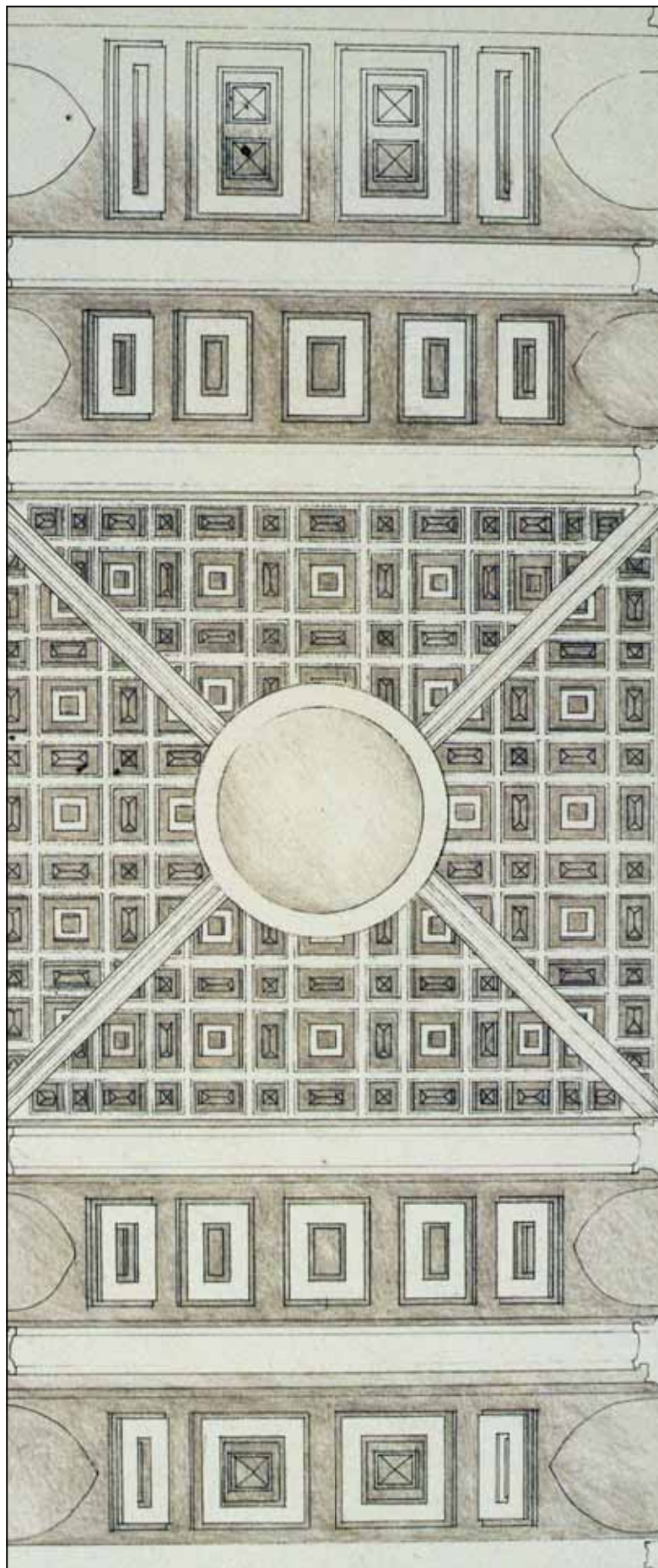
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Twenty Years Ago

The Renovation and Restoration of St. James Cathedral

When Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen appointed Father Michael G. Ryan pastor of St. James Cathedral in July, 1988, he gave him a special mandate: to restore the beauty of this historic Cathedral, and to renovate it in light of the Second Vatican Council.

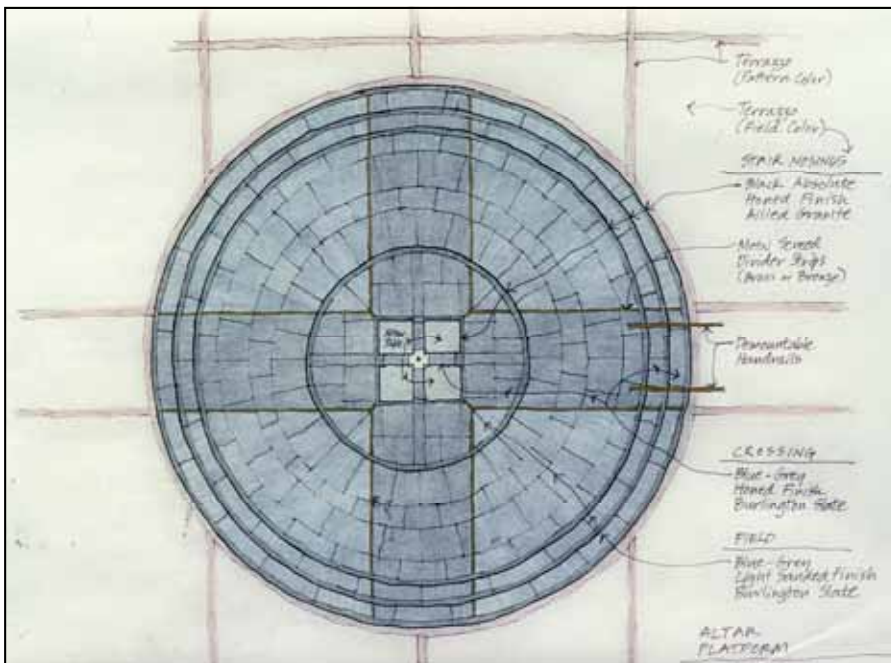
Discussions of the Cathedral renovation had actually begun many years before. In 1981, the idea was broached both in the Cathedral Parish Council and in various Archdiocesan committees, but it was decided to postpone the project.

As the years went by, however, the need for renovation became more urgent. That urgency was both practical and theological. The Cathedral was in need of major work on systems like light and heat.

Accessibility for wheelchairs was a major problem, and safety was a concern, too, as the previous renovations of the building, in 1916 and 1950, had not made any provision for earthquakes. But the theological urgency was still greater. While the Cathedral was a beautiful and well-loved building, its arrangement and décor spoke to an outdated idea of the church and of the people of God. The altar was located in the east apse, and the large sanctuary was separated from the nave by a heavy altar rail of marble and brass, and by what was commonly called “the moat.” From the transepts, the altar could not be seen. The Cathedral’s arrangement said more clearly than words possibly could that the assembly was essentially an audience for the sacred rites, performed for them by priests in the far-off sanctuary.

But the Second Vatican Council taught that it was not just the priest but the entire assembly who offered the Mass, and the “full, conscious, and active participation” of the faithful in the liturgy was the principal goal of the liturgical renewal (*Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy*, 14). The people in the pews are not spectators, but a royal priesthood offering sacrifice to

Corinna Laughlin is Pastoral Assistant for Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.



Design of the centrally placed altar and altar platform. *Bumgardner Architects.*

God. During the late 1980s, bishops, priests and people became ever more aware that St. James Cathedral—in its current configuration—was not reflecting the Council’s vision of the dignity of the people of God.

On November 28, 1990, Archbishop Hunthausen, Archbishop Murphy, and Father Ryan published a letter to parishioners of the Cathedral, announcing the decision to move ahead with this long-awaited project. In their letter, they made it clear that the cathedral building itself was only part of the picture: “The people are first and foremost the church. For this reason, any renovation that takes place at St. James Cathedral will need to be far more than a matter of bricks and mortar. At its deepest level, the renovation will need to involve the renewal of all of us who are the People of God.... we see the Cathedral renovation project as a spiritual undertaking every bit as much as a material one.”

By early 1991, the Renovation Committee had been formed. Father Ryan also engaged the services of Father Richard Vosko, a priest from Albany, New York, as liturgical consultant. Father Vosko explored the Cathedral from top to bottom, and told Father



The Cathedral was filled from floor to ceiling with scaffolding. Above, looking east in the early days of the renovation. Below: applying gold leaf to the new coffering on the ceiling. Photos by Stephen Lee.

Ryan, “This is a centrally-planned building. And that’s where the altar should be: at the center.”

A centrally-planned building! St. James certainly didn’t feel like a centrally-planned building: the Renaissance symmetry of the architecture was obscured by arcades that ran across the transepts, and the depth of the sanctuary tended to conceal the fact that the east and west ends of the building were of equal length. But Father Vosko was right. If the altar were to be placed at the center of the building—at the crossing of the nave and transepts—the architecture of the building would suddenly make more sense. Even more important, a centrally-placed altar would bring the assembly close to the liturgical action. Gathered around the altar, the people would be able to see each other; they would

become more aware of their own important role in the celebration of the liturgy.

The idea of a central altar is hardly new. Some of the most ancient churches are built on a circular plan, and St. Peter’s in Rome is a good example of a centrally-planned Renaissance building, with the altar placed squarely at the crossing. And indeed, as the design team researched the architecture of St. James, they found that the idea of a central altar in St. James Cathedral was not a new concept at all. A 1905 article in the *Seattle P-I* describing the new Cathedral stated that “under the great central dome will stand the altar”!

From that key decision flowed virtually all the other changes made in the Cathedral renovation: the placement and design of the ambo, the cathedra and the presider’s chair, the font, and the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. Though there was much discussion of each of these elements, the placement of the altar at the center of the building was such a sound decision—both architecturally and theologically—that in a certain sense the other elements simply fell into place.

After the last Mass on Easter Sunday, April 3, 1994, sacristan Jim Johnson (now Father Jim Johnson), locked the doors of the Cathedral, not to reopen them for nine long months. Then some of the staff gathered with Father Ryan at the Cathedral’s high

altar. They carefully removed from the high altar the relics of saints Adeodatus, Fortunata, and Boniface, placed there by Bishop O’Dea 87 years before. And the next morning, crews of workers descended on the Cathedral to restore and renew.

The first order of business was to lower the floor of the east nave to the same level as the rest of the Cathedral, and to reorient the ventilation tunnels that had been installed there in 1950. The reredos behind the high altar was painstakingly removed, piece by piece, as was the altar rail, and carefully stored so that as much material as possible could be incorporated into the renovated space. The statues of the saints, the font, the innards of the east apse organ, and the façade pipes

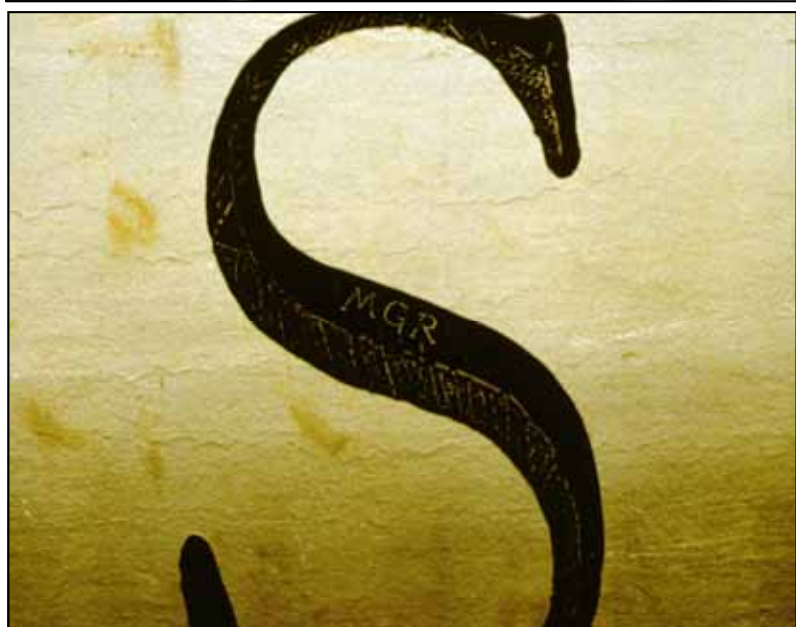
of the Hutchings-Votey organ in the west gallery were removed and stored away for safekeeping.

Scaffolding filled the entire building as expert plasterers installed the beautiful coffering on the ceiling, replacing thousands of acoustical tiles from the 1950 renovation. It was a wonderful day when the roof of the Cathedral was opened up, letting natural light flood the building for the first time since 1916, to make way for the oculus. The altar platform of slate and granite gradually took shape, with patterns inspired by the work of Renaissance master Palladio.

Father Ryan remembers being in and out of the Cathedral every day during the construction, watching the various elements of the building take shape, and forming friendships with the many workers whose skillful hands were bringing the vision of the pastor, Renovation Committee, and architects to life. One day David Wright, the architect who was painting the lettering in the oculus, called Father Ryan over. Together they climbed to the top of the scaffolding, where Wright showed him the initials “MGR,” hidden in the final “S” of the word “SERVES”!

Cathedral Administrator Larry Brouse remembers how every Friday, he, Father Ryan, and others would gather for lunch at the “Roadkill Grill”—actually the Cathedral’s west vestibule, which during construction became a lunchroom, with tables running the length of the space. For Father Ryan, these gatherings were another kind of eucharist—“a Eucharist with a lower case ‘e’.” The workers knew that this project was different—not a warehouse or a department store, but something special. They, too, became a community, as they were caught up in the holiness and mystery of the place and the project.

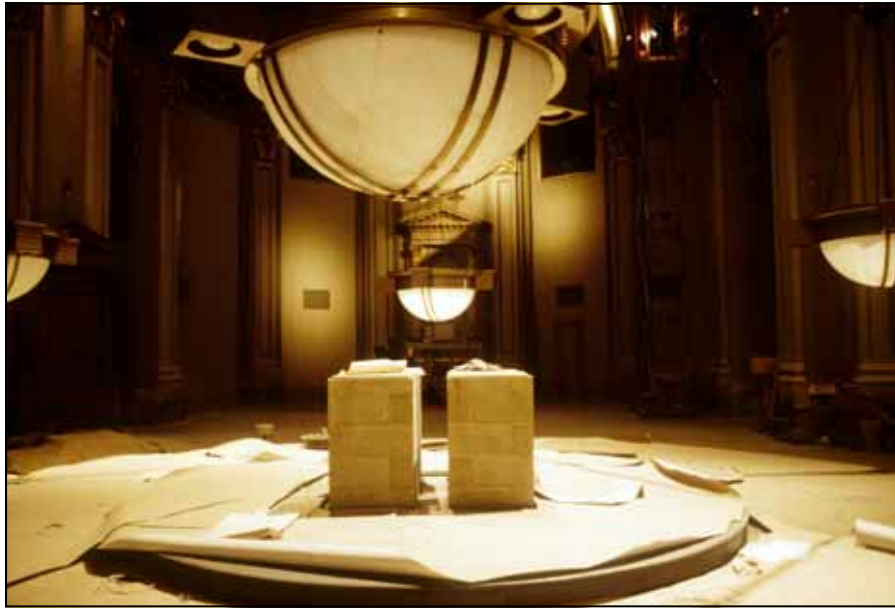
All this time, the life of the parish continued without interruption. The full schedule of weekend Masses was observed at O’Dea Gym, which was soon affectionately dubbed “St. Gym.” Getting the gym ready for Mass each weekend was the work of a crew of dedicated volunteers, who spent most of every Saturday morning rolling out Astroturf mats (to protect the gym floor), carrying in a portable altar, arranging flowers and plants, setting out hundreds of chairs, and opening bleachers. From the first, the gym was arranged to echo the renovated Cathedral, with the altar in the center of the room, and the people seated on all four sides. When the community finally



Architect David Wright paints the now familiar words “I am in your midst as one who serves” in the oculus, including a little tribute to Father Ryan in the “S”!
Photos by Stephen Lee.

entered the renovated Cathedral, Dr. James Savage recalls, “it felt like home.”

The work to complete the renovation became more intense as the day of the rededication drew near—December 22, 1994, 87 years to the day when Bishop O’Dea had first dedicated St. James Cathedral. Project architect Stephen Lee remembers long days and nights supervising the many processes that were underway simultaneously. One Thursday evening, he came in late to work on aiming lights in the Cathedral, to find the Cathedral Choir gathered around the unfinished altar, singing in the renovated space for the first time. Dr. James Savage still remembers the first piece they sang: Bruckner’s *Locus iste*. “This place is the work of God, a



Cathedral, Father Ryan realized that now St. James not only looked like a Cathedral, but sounded like a Cathedral—a haunting, reverberant sound in a magnificent space.

On December 21, 1994, the doors of the renovated Cathedral were opened to Cathedral parishioners for the first time for Vespers of the Dedication of a Church. For those who were there, it was an unforgettable night. The weather was ideal—cold but perfectly clear, with a starry sky overhead. A vast crowd gathered on the west terrace of the Cathedral, spilling down the steps and on to Ninth Avenue. The joy, excitement and anticipation of those gathered was almost palpable. In keeping with the ancient rites of the Church, the architects handed over the plans and the keys of the building to the Archbishop—symbolic of the fact that this place which had been a construction site was now to be dedicated to the worship of God. And then, nine long months from that Easter Monday when the work of renovation began, the doors were opened and Archbishop Murphy and Father Ryan led the people into their new Cathedral.

Father Jim Johnson remembers how moving it was to watch the people flood inside, to see how they instinctively looked heavenward. Father Ryan also



Above, the altar under construction while the chandeliers are lowered for lamping. Below: the solemn sealing of the relics of the saints and martyrs to be placed beneath the altar. *Photos by Stephen Lee.*

mystery surpassing all comprehension, above all reproach.”

For Father Ryan, one of the most memorable days was November 11, 1994, when Archbishop Murphy replaced the relics of the saints under the altar. To the relics of Adeodatus, Fortunata, and Boniface, a fourth relic was added, of St. Frances Xavier Cabrini. Gathered in the sacristy with some of the Cathedral staff, Archbishop Murphy and Father Ryan signed the document to be placed with the relics, with Sister Anne Herkenrath and James Savage serving as witnesses. (Another copy of this document hangs in the south sacristy.) Then the sacristy door was opened and they processed into the Cathedral. When he heard the cantors chant the Litany of Saints in the restored

remembers the awe of the moment. “It was their St. James still, but a St. James that had realized its potential.” Many had tears in their eyes as they experienced the beauty of their Cathedral in brand-new ways. Cathedral usher Azel Shackleford summed up the feelings of many when he entered the renovated Cathedral for the first time: “I’m in Heaven!” he exclaimed.

Father Ryan preached the homily. “My heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude tonight,” he said, “gratitude to all who have helped to bring about this wonderfully happy moment, most of all, gratitude to God for letting me be part of this marvelous community of faith.” At the end of his homily, he pointed to the inscription in the oculus above the altar:

I am in your midst as one who serves. “Around this altar we will, I hope, never stop getting the message that it is when we serve each other, especially the poorest and neediest among us, when we find ways to wash one another’s feet, then and only then will we be the church we are called to be. Then and only then, my friends, will we have truly built a great cathedral.”

The following afternoon, Archbishop Murphy presided at the solemn Mass of Dedication. Perhaps the most memorable moment of that great liturgy was the consecration of the altar. Father Ryan stood at the altar with Archbishop Murphy as he poured the chrism from a large flagon. “He was not sparing of the oil,” Father Ryan remembers, “and it splashed and splattered over the altar and over us. Then he and I rubbed the oil into every inch of the surface of the altar. The scent was so powerful you could probably have smelled it a block away!” Father Ryan and Archbishop Murphy then took the chrism oil and traced crosses on the walls with their hands, under each of the twelve dedication candles, which were now lit for the first time.

That evening, there was an ecumenical Vespers service which was again filled to overflowing, and then there was just one day to recoup before the doors were thrown open for the Christmas liturgies! More than two thousand people packed into the Cathedral for Midnight Mass that year, filling every seat and every available inch of standing room. As the people sat for the Liturgy of the Word that night, Archbishop Murphy leaned over to Father Ryan and whispered, “This is great.” After Mass, Father Ryan asked him what he meant. The renovated space? “No,” Archbishop Murphy replied, “being among the people.” Instead of sitting in a throne-like chair in the distant sanctuary, the Archbishop now sits in the midst of the assembly, surrounded by the people he serves.

Not only the Catholics, but also the civic community took pride in the renovated beauty of St. James Cathedral. “Gloria in Excelsis Deo!” ran one



Above, An open house as the Cathedral nears completion—but before the chairs and pews are put back in! Below: hundreds gathered on the front steps to enter the Cathedral for the first time on the night before its dedication. Here, Father Ryan greets his mother Marjorie Ryan. Photos by Stephen Lee.

headline, and the P-I’s was even more catchy: “St. James the Magnificent.” The renovation garnered numerous awards: architectural, liturgical, Catholic, and non-Catholic. In the past twenty years, the renovation of St. James has inspired the renovation of many churches in our own Archdiocese, and of cathedrals across the country.

The renovation was, of course, not an ending, but a beginning. “Cathedrals,” Father Ryan has written, “are works in progress, unfinished symphonies. Like the God they are meant to image and honor, they defy easy definition and they never run out of possibilities.” ♦

Place of Light, Place of Welcome

Father Ryan announces a new capital campaign for St. James Cathedral

It only seems fitting in this issue of *In Your Midst* which celebrates twenty years since the Cathedral's renovation that we announce a new project! I've always said that Cathedrals are "unfinished symphonies." This was certainly true in the Middle Ages, when Cathedrals took generations to build. But it's true of St. James Cathedral, too. I feel that the moment we think we've finished, that we've done it all, we'll lose our soul as a cathedral. We need to keep searching for new ways to reach out into our city and welcome people in: new ways to be "light" for our community.

And that is what this new project is all about: making the Cathedral the beacon and city landmark it once was, and making it an even more welcoming place than it already is.

Some history. Back in 1907, Bishop O'Dea and a group of prominent Catholic citizens chose the most prominent hill in the city for the cathedral. In those early days, as old photos attest, St. James was Seattle's skyline! It dominated the city and served as a beacon of hope that could be seen for miles around. For sailors, it was literally a beacon that led them into Puget Sound. The Cathedral's great dome was topped with a cross, which in those days was illuminated with electric light bulbs.

A sailor named Richard Saxe Jones wrote a poem on the subject which he sent to Bishop O'Dea in celebration of the Cathedral's dedication in 1907. The poem is entitled "The Cathedral Cross."

Its light a see,
'Tis a signal for me,
The cross of The Living God.
O'er the world's deep sea,
It outlines for me
The pathway I should have trod.



Above: in its early days, St. James Cathedral dominated the city's skyline. Below: Can you spot the Cathedral towers in this picture taken from West Seattle?

Its light I see,
It beckons to me
From the summit of all the hills.
A welcome it sings,
Good tidings it brings,
My souls with The Truth it fills.

It's not Shakespeare, but you get the idea! The Cathedral in those early days was a stunning sign of faith that stood on the city's most prominent hill,

Father Michael G. Ryan has been the Cathedral Pastor since 1988.

“singing” a welcome to all to come explore what--and who--it stood for. And for decades, the Cathedral did just that.

But, as you know, Seattle has grown a bit since those early days! The downtown continues to develop and so does First Hill. Now, it's hard to catch so much as a glimpse of St. James through the forest of skyscrapers in our downtown core.

In Europe, I have long noticed that the great cathedrals and other prominent historic buildings make the most of their situation, even when they are not visible from a distance, by some extraordinary night lighting. I am convinced that our own Cathedral needs to reclaim some of the visual prominence it once had, and a terrific way to do this will be to light the Cathedral at night. The Archbishop has given us an enthusiastic green light to undertake a relatively small (\$1 million) capital campaign that will help put St. James Cathedral back on the city's skyline. We will be working with a gifted local lighting designer, Linet Henry, to create dramatic, innovative, and energy-efficient exterior lighting that will let the Cathedral shine and make it as beautiful and welcoming by night as it is by day. It will also considerably enhance its safety by night. I see the new lighting as quiet evangelization: an invitation to the city to come explore the beauty of our historic and beloved Cathedral.

In addition to exterior lighting, we will also take the necessary – and costly -- steps to upgrade the Cathedral's now-obsolete interior lighting. In the twenty years since the Cathedral renovation, lighting technology has changed so drastically that in another two years, we will no longer be able to buy bulbs for the fixtures we currently have! This means a costly relamping of the Cathedral is in our very near future. The good news is that after the initial expense of investing in these new fixtures and LED bulbs, we'll see a significant energy savings over the next few years.

Finally, as part of this campaign we will provide improved accessibility to the Cathedral, the Chapel, and the Rectory building for persons of limited mobility. While we have accessible entrances at Marion



Above: the current exterior lighting of the Cathedral leaves a lot to be desired. Below: one of lighting designer Linet Henry's design drawings for the new lighting.

and Terry and the Columbia Street ramp, neither of these entrances provides an automatic door opener. We'll also be greatly improving our signage around the campus so visitors and newcomers will be able to navigate our campus buildings more easily.

The fundraising for this campaign is quietly underway. I wanted to give you a preview of what is coming. Anyone in the parish who wishes will have the opportunity to support the campaign in the New Year. We plan to complete the project about a year from now, in November, 2015. In the meantime, I know you'll look forward as I do to seeing our beloved Cathedral once more a “beacon of light.” ♦

Special Needs Ministry

*Sheer joy and delight is experienced
whenever we encounter each other in a new context*

In November, Father Tom Lucas, SJ preached from the cathedral ambo about his 45-minute meeting with Pope Francis at the Vatican. During that conversation, he and some fellow Jesuits asked the Holy Father what message they should bring back to the Northwest. Counting on his fingers, Pope Francis named the following five descriptors of what it means to be Church in this moment of history: (1) Witness, (2) Nearness to those in need, (3) Incarnation, (4) The Church as Field Hospital, and (5) Mercy. As Fr. Lucas shared his story, I found myself on the edge of my seat, excited to have an inside glimpse into the world of Pope Francis.

As I reflected on the five descriptors, it occurred to me that they match beautifully with our original vision for youth ministry here at the Cathedral. During the planning phase, we longed for a program that would provide something deeper than isolated service projects and fun outings. While service and fun are good, we wanted to empower our youth to develop close and ongoing relationships with people on the margins, thus eliminating the margin's very existence. We wanted to foster a sense of kinship between communities that might otherwise never connect. Only then does the Reign of God more fully break into our world. But how would we accomplish such a feat? And with whom?

The answer fell into our laps. Not long into our life as a youth ministry program, we were invited to staff the archdiocesan "Fun Beyond Limits" carnival for



Our new Special Needs Ministry is launched with a blessing on Sunday, September 28. Pictured with our youth mentors are Father Ryan Joe Cotton (left) and Deacon Larry Sutton (right).

people with special needs. Our youth leapt at the opportunity and suddenly found themselves facilitating carnival games and laughing out loud with newfound friends. Not long after, we found ourselves providing hospitality for the annual Special Needs Mass with the archbishop. What started out as isolated service projects began to grow into something more.

This year, we again facilitated the special needs carnival and also helped to lead a spiritual retreat for families with special needs. Given the continued contact, faces and names are now remembered. Relationships have taken root. Sheer joy and delight is experienced whenever we encounter each other in a new context. In other words, the Reign of God is breaking through. Distance has been eliminated and replaced with nearness, just as Pope Francis has encouraged.

As the archdiocesan Special Needs Ministry picks up steam, our youth have asked to be on the front lines of any new development. Last summer, we were

Joe Cotton is the Pastoral Assistant for Youth Ministry at St. James.



"Sheer joy and delight is experienced whenever we encounter each other in a new context!"
Left: one of our youth mentors with her "mentee." Right, forming new friendships at the annual "Fun Beyond Limits" Carnival.

invited to consider serving as the pilot parish for a new special needs faith formation model. The model was created by Deacon Larry Sutton, PhD, a psychologist from Pittsburgh who specializes in autism. Deacon Larry's model empowers teenagers to serve as one-on-one faith mentors to a child with special needs, allowing for individualized instruction and full inclusion.

Imagine for a moment being the parent of a child with special needs whose behaviors might make it impossible to engage in a traditional faith formation classroom. Imagine if your child's disabilities made it challenging to engage in standard sacramental preparation. What are you to do? You want your child to grow in our Catholic faith, just like any other parent, but what if there are barriers everywhere you turn? Is faith formation and sacramental prep simply not an option for you? Our hearts hurt for families who are experiencing such pain. And, as a means to be the very field hospital that moves toward places of pain, our youth have responded with mercy and compassion!

The faith mentor role requires an extensive weekly commitment, including much time to prepare specialized lesson plans in advance. Still, several youth presented themselves for training. Lucky for us, Deacon Larry graciously traveled to Seattle to personally prepare our mentors and promote the model to other parishes. The hope, of course, is to duplicate what our cathedral teenagers are doing in several parishes around the archdiocese. For now, the cathedral is the sole provider of this ministry in our region and all eyes are on us. Our young people are leading the charge in the quest to once again incarnate God's loving tenderness and real presence into the world.

Today, our dedicated faith mentors meet one-on-one with their mentee every Sunday morning during the regular Children's Faith Formation hour. As our mentors get very familiar with the particular needs of their child, they learn how to tailor the lessons in creative ways. They are able to go at each child's unique pace. Distractions that might interrupt a standard classroom are commonplace and embraced. Parents experience a weekly faith sharing group that affords them respite and understanding. And – perhaps most importantly – an unbreakable bond of love and affection is forged between mentor pairings, ensuring that all our children are loved, included, and cared for equally.

Funny thing about engaging in a mission like this, it wakens something inside you that pushes you further. The kinship our youth ministry has established with the special needs community is only a beginning. We have committed to other marginalized communities as well, namely the migrant community in the Skagit Valley whose names, faces, and stories are imprinted on our hearts. We're additionally developing an ongoing relationship with orphaned children in Nicaragua via our child sponsorship with NPH USA, an international organization dedicated to raising orphaned and abandoned children in Latin America and the Caribbean. We're even gearing up for a summer mission trip to meet them in person and learn from the poor.

And with every step of this journey, the Reign of God busts into being! What better way to witness to our faith than that? ♦

Good News People

Cathedral parishioners share their own “good news” stories

More than eighty Cathedral parishioners are participating in Good News People, a fourteen-week small group experience focused on justice and Gospel values. The series began with seven weeks this fall and will continue in the spring. As part of the series, participants had an opportunity to reflect upon and share a personal story connected to their own journey of faith. The following are a few “good news” stories shared by participants.

In the early 80s I found myself in working in campus ministry in San Francisco. I have often said that everyone should spend some time in San Francisco. It could be the most transformative experience of your life. At least it was for me in those years. I had grown up in a Catholic family and environment. Then I had taught for about 10 years in Catholic schools. San Francisco was a culture shock. I was now ministering in a campus setting in a secular university where they could hardly care less that I was there. For the first time in my life I was immersed in an environment that was not defined by my Catholic faith, though I lived and worked with fine Catholics. Nor had I ever lived so closely with such diversity of people from every conceivable origin and lifestyle.

Never before had I encountered the visible gay culture, or had to ask how do we as a Church minister in that culture. One of every three men in the City was gay. This was the early 80s and we in San Francisco



were experiencing the first wave of the AIDS epidemic. It was terrifying.

I first encountered AIDS when I was doing some substitute teaching in a local high school. The chemistry teacher was ill and I took his class for two weeks. When he returned I met with him. He was gaunt, barely more than skin and bones. He told me he had cancer. He was dying of AIDS, but it was so early in the epidemic that I did not identify it. He died shortly thereafter.

As time went on, you heard of more and more people dying. It became a part of everyday life. Of course you knew gay men. You just hoped that they were not going to die. And it wasn't only the guys who were dying. One of the earliest people was a sister who taught in a school a few blocks from where I lived. She

had received a contaminated blood transfusion and eventually died.

By this time I was working in a local parish. One of the men I worked with, Paul, was gay. He was living with Oscar who was gay and dying of AIDS. Paul and Oscar were not sexual partners, but they were lovers in that Paul loved Oscar deeply and nursed him through his illness. Oscar grew up in Germany. The Christmas before he died Oscar invited us to their apartment for a traditional Christmas tree candle lighting ceremony. It was lovely and they assured us that all safety precautions had been taken. I think I was more nervous about the candles than I was about Oscar's AIDS.

That spring Oscar died. We celebrated his funeral at the parish, though I am not sure Oscar ever attended Mass there. We all grieved with Paul. Then we went to bury Oscar. He had asked to be cremated and his ashes scattered in San Francisco Bay off of Alcatraz. It was iconic San Francisco, but certainly not according to Church practice.

The day was blustery with very dark clouds and rain threatened at any minute. The reception was held on a charter boat as we sailed out into the Bay to Alcatraz. The idea was that we would spend time outside on the deck, but it was too cold and threatening so we stayed inside.

When we got to Alcatraz, we sailed around the island arriving at a spot where we could look back onto the City and the Golden Gate Bridge. And lo, and behold, we saw a most brilliant rainbow against the darkened sky. It was at that place and at that moment that Paul poured Oscar's ashes into the Bay. The next day that rainbow was on the front page of the newspaper in brilliant color.

We all believed that that the rainbow was for Oscar and that it was a sign of hope—hope for us and for the City that was experiencing such darkness. We were able to return home with joy.

Beverly Dunn, SP

“Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me, I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.” Words that have been with me at memorable times, words that have lifted my spirits. My mother sang this song to my brother and me when the spirit came upon her in good or troubled times. Some days she would play the Mahalia Jackson recording and sing along. My mother, a first generation Czech from Chicago, was born at home but baptized as a infant in the Catholic Church. She was not a practicing Catholic as both her parents passed away before she was 14. She was raised by an older brother and sister while her younger siblings went elsewhere. She became an RN, working in public

health in the city during the Great Depression and later in life caring for older folks in a nursing home she and my father started in small-town Iowa, where my father grew up.

She never lost her love for Amazing Grace and whenever I hear the words I am overcome with joy and sadness. When we sang the song during the entrance at the Mass for the Deceased Homeless this year, I was struck with so much emotion I was unable to sing. I felt my mother there with me, putting her arms around me. It was profound!

The Eucharistic Prayer was said by the Archbishop. Time to go and receive communion. I smiled as the Archbishop placed the wafer in my hand as he said the words. *The body of Christ. Amen*, I responded, and thanked the Lord for this wonderful experience.

After communion a bagpiper began to play a haunting melody and led us out into the courtyard to listen as the name of each of the dead was read followed by the tolling of a bell. It was beautiful and very moving.

I noticed the Archbishop close by. Suddenly I was there looking into his kind face. I thanked him and told him how wonderful this experience was for me; he took my hand and said he was so glad I came.

As I left I thought of all the homeless folks I have cared for in my years here in Seattle, of the wonderful clergy I have worked with, of my mother who was so happy when I became a Catholic in 1962, and again of my mother and her unwavering faith in me, and her voice singing Amazing Grace so often during my growing years. I thought, I have been blessed today by this experience, by the priests, by the homeless I have known and the many who pass by.

For me this is the Good News.

Leone Mitchell

I was born and raised a Catholic. I received all of the sacraments in the proper way, at the proper time. My father was an officer in the Air Force so we lived and moved to many places during my childhood; I like to say that I grew up in the back of a station wagon. Both of my parents were very strong in their Catholic belief, we attended Mass every Sunday, no matter what. My Catholic roots and the stability they provided became important when I grew into adulthood. I think, at some point, every person is faced with the decision of faith, a time when we explore the deep questions of faith and religion, and what it means to us. What is my religion? Do I want to belong to a church, and if so, why--and which one? Those questions came to me in my early 30's; I knew I needed religion in my life, I knew I wanted to belong to a church community, and eventually, I knew I wanted to remain Catholic.

I found myself searching for a Catholic community and a good friend suggested that I check out St. James; I did. I remember the feeling I had when I first walked through the doors of the church--I knew I was in the presence of God, I knew I had found my church and what would soon become my faith home. I attended St. James for about a year before formally joining the parish. What sealed the deal for me was the blessing of a spiritual experience with the Holy Spirit during Mass on Holy Thursday. Because of work I was running late to Mass, traffic was bad, I couldn't find

parking... I squeezed into one of the last seats available in a pew in the very back of the church. I couldn't see much, I wasn't calm or settled, I was distracted when all of sudden I heard a soft voice speaking to me ... "Be still, pay attention and let's talk--it's time to get to know one another better." At that moment the church looked to me to be filled with light. There was absolutely no sense of time; when I 'came to' I was participating in the Compline service and it was after 10:00 pm. It was unexplainable, it was a gentle yet powerful experience and it changed me.

At the time of my conversion, God was busy working in my husband Sam's life as well. Sam grew up in a strict Southern Baptist home; he had fallen away from having any trust or belief in a church or faith community. Shortly after I joined St. James, Sam began exploring his faith. That journey first led him to the Greek Orthodox Church where he found that community, faith and trust can co-exist. He considered joining St. Demetrius but in the end the Greek language became an obstacle. At about the same time, he met Father Ryan and the two began a dialogue. In 1995 Sam decided he wanted to become Catholic and joined the RCIA program. His decision was a total to surprise to me but it was one that I wanted to support in every way possible, so we attended RCIA classes together. It was a time of immense spiritual growth for both us; we



learned about our shared faith together and made active decisions about how we wanted to live out our faith as individuals and a couple. Our marriage was transformed -- we went from being a married couple to being a sacramentally married couple--our union truly became a sacramental vocation.

There have been many trials along my path. Sam and I purchased a bakery, which failed. We lost almost everything: we had to declare bankruptcy and rebuild our lives financially, which meant we ended up with jobs in different states. Just as we were getting back on our feet Sam lost his job, which was a devastating blow. It nearly broke our marriage. Finally in about 2000 we were standing on solid ground. We both had found fulfilling jobs ... and both were in Seattle! We bought a home, we were saving money--we felt like we could finally exhale. Everything changed three years later; Sam was diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis in April of 2004 and was dead by October. Those six months were a firestorm; we battled. There were few victories but in the end there was immense love, dignity and learning.

Sam's journey taught me so much about my own; I've grieved losing him long and hard. I have finally closed that chapter of arid pain and loss. My eyes, my heart are being opened to all the amazing possibilities that are being revealed to me almost daily. I am

rediscovering joy; I am exploring what my purpose is going forward; I am growing in my marriage and more in love with my new husband, Gary, and discovering a new meaning of what it is to be a family; I am looking at and appreciating my gifts and talents with new eyes.

Most importantly, I am realizing that God's hand is at the heart of everything that has happened and is happening in my life. He has been there the whole time --sometimes walking with me, sometimes carrying me but always, always blessing me with unconditional love and grace.

I am very aware that He is working in my life at this moment -- it feels like every cell in my body is awake and anticipating; a quiet riot is erupting in my soul and my spirit is on fire. I am standing at a precipice; I am listening, I am open and I am ready to flourish.

Catherine Bylund

I was born into a dysfunctional and non-religious home. My dad had very negative feelings about the Catholic Church. His mother, my grandmother, had been Catholic but died in childbirth along with the baby. My mother's family were non-practicing Catholics on her mother's side, and non-practicing Jews on her father's side.

I was baptized as an infant in the Lutheran tradition. I went to Sunday School and shortly before my First Communion, I left the church due to a predatory minister. This was a hard decision. Abuse was not talked about in those days and I couldn't tell my parents the real reason I left. I had been friends with the minister's daughter, but I did my best to avoid her. I knew it wasn't her fault but I didn't want to be at her house. Years later, I found out that she had been abused by her father. She committed suicide in high school. After that, for a long time, I was done with religion.

After my Mother's death, I knew that after all of these years, I needed to find the thing that was lacking in my life most: religion. I chose to become a Catholic. Right away, I felt drawn to do something. I crocheted afghans and matching hats for the Baby Corner.

Then I was called upon to work at Solanus Casey Center. I worked there for three years and I learned so much. I also spent two years doing Winter Shelter, sleeping on the floor once a month.

I feel the need to advocate for the less unfortunate. I have been serving on the ESL Board for three years and the Housing Advocacy Group for seven years. I also enjoy participating in Dialogue for Justice and once a year go to Olympia for Catholic Advocacy Day.

Marcia Ditter

I was born in Jacksonville, Florida. My older brother died when he was just four years old from cancer. This event had a big impact on me, as my parents were grieving for a long time. I have vague, shadowy memories of my brother (named Paul after my father and paternal grandfather) and think of him still. When I was five years old, another brother was born, Luis Miguel, who has always been a great joy to me. My happiest days of childhood were playing in the woods, by the creek, in the sand dunes -- building forts and climbing trees and swimming in the neighborhood pool with friends.

We did not attend any religious institution when I was young. We had a big picture Bible at home that I was drawn to and looked at a lot, although I found a lot of the pictures scary. I was jealous of the other neighbor kids who all seemed to go to one church or another on Sundays. My mother was raised Southern Baptist and later joined the Jehovah's Witnesses with my grandmother; my father had been raised Presbyterian. After little Paul died, my father would say he was an atheist. Once my father said to me, "Every day I think about that little boy and wonder where he is." This was 15 years after his death.

During my years at the university, I remember searching for a religion or spirituality for myself. I met a young African American man who gave me his own copy of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Later that same year this young man was gunned down in Saudi Arabia leaving a mosque on Jum'ah (Friday prayers for Muslims). I read the book and was so moved by Malcolm X's life, I decided to become a Sunni Muslim. I actually had no idea how to do this, but met another young man who was to become my first husband. Yazid was an African American convert to Islam from a middle class family in Washington, DC. He encouraged me to become Muslim and we were married soon after. I took the name Latifa and found a local group of American converts. I loved being in this community that felt like family. After five years of marriage the first light of my life was born -- Ibrahim (which is Arabic for Abraham) called Ibi for short. Meanwhile the community dynamic was changing. I decided to leave with my son and husband, and a few years later our marriage ended.

When Ibi turned five, I attended a Billy Graham outdoor crusade. I received my own Bible after I walked up to be born again. I was very excited that day! I didn't know the next step until one of the prayer counselors said -- go find a good, Bible-believing church. So during that year, I visited Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and United Church of Christ, Congregational, Lutheran, Unity, Unitarian and a couple more until I just got more and more confused.



There were aspects of each place of worship I was drawn to, such as the singing hymns with the Baptists and the responsorial responses of the Lutherans, the intellectual aspects of the Unitarians and the metaphysical parts of Unity, however, none of them felt like the one. I talked to an acquaintance about this conundrum and she suggested, "Why don't you try the Catholics? They've been doing it for a long time." I took her advice and attended a vigil mass at the Co-Cathedral of St. Thomas More. I walked into the Cathedral and experienced a folk mass with acoustic guitar music and a small group singing. I felt a strange yet comforting feeling at once. Soon after I talked to one of the priests, Father Roy, who looked like one of the pictures of Jesus from my childhood Bible. He took me under his wing and one year later, in December 1987, I got three sacraments at one time – Baptism, Confirmation and First Communion. It was a very happy day!

I married again and the second light of my life arrived—Gabe.

Now in Seattle, I found a home first at St. Madeline Sophie and then at St. James in 2000. In 2008 I went to a mission trip with 12 fellow parishioners to Biloxi, Mississippi to assist victims of Hurricane Katrina with fixing up houses. It was a pivotal moment in my journey – a wonderful, moving experience working

with the family we helped and there was something about the small group of fellow believers wearing "Catholics Care" t-shirts and praying together, working together that has left an indelible mark on me. Back at the Cathedral, I attended a Just Faith class which melded perfectly with the social justice mission I had just been on. I started volunteering with Winter Shelter and Operation Nightwatch. I feel that I am doing God's will for my life – working as a social worker and helping the poor – both at work and church – but sometimes feel as if there is something else for me –

a Maryknoll lay missionary perhaps? Living in a Catholic worker house?

I thank God for my life, my family and my church and look forward to my continued journey until I see Him face to face.

Teresa Acosta

Happy is the word I use to describe my California Catholic childhood. It was full of guitars and Godspell. We crafted mobiles representing the gifts of the Holy Spirit and we crowned Mary with flowers. The world – and the church – were in turmoil. But as a kid in the 60s, and a teenager in the 70s, the winds of Vatican II brought nothing but excitement – and hope.

That wonderful feeling didn't last, as happens with some of us cradle Catholics. I went to college and graduate school, started working and got married. I went to Mass off and on, and always when my parents visited, but the curtailment of the reforms didn't sit well. I didn't leave, and I didn't drift away due to apathy, but I didn't have a place. I wasn't sure the church wanted a young woman with opinions. A woman who read.

I read the more accessible feminist theologians and scholars, I read about liberation theology, goddess mythology, and women creating their own church. A

lot of it was over my head. It fed my mind, but I missed the community of believers.

In the early 1990s, I met some people who told me about a progressive parish in Seattle, run by a woman. The first time I went, I knew I was home. John joined the church and joined the choir, I became an EM and lector and joined a women's group that met monthly in our homes. John and I took scripture classes, made lunches for overnight shelter guests, and participated in a public Stations of the Cross downtown on more than one Good Friday. Church was good for many years. It was sustaining and life-giving. Eventually, with a change in leadership came a change in the community. We stuck it out for a long time but then we discovered St. James.

God never seems to let us rest, and soon we were involved, thanks to the people who welcomed us to St. James. At the Newcomers' Reception – an event that we forced our introverted selves to attend – I met Maria, and then Corinna, women who read. We signed up to make sandwiches each month for St. Martin de Porres and joined a "Putting God First" Lent group. My struggles with the institutional church continued, but I felt that St. James was a big enough tent. There was a place for me.

Thank God for that. On Good Friday, 2007, John was diagnosed with an aggressive lymphoma. His chances were 50/50 – the flip of a coin. But our chances of support – of seeing the face of God in those around us, were much, much better. People prayed for John, they prayed for me. They weeded our garden, walked our dogs, sent funny cards, and made apple crisp. It was a horrible, scary time – but love poured out from our Catholic, Unitarian, and unchurched friends. One of the Seattle Cancer Care Alliance chaplains, a United Church of Christ minister, had a mug that said "God is Still Speaking," – "God is Still Speaking," comma. Meaning, don't put a period where God put a comma. Love goes on, and so it did.

Incredibly, although the word "cure" wasn't uttered by the oncologist until just last year, John joined the Cathedral choir in 2008, and the following



year, I once again became a Eucharistic Minister. I see the face of God in every person I have the privilege to serve. They each have a story, and in their lives, just as in mine, God is still speaking, comma.

All through my Good News Story runs this thread: I believe that we should use our gifts to be the hands and feet of God in the world. And we all have gifts. I am a crafter: a quilter, seamstress, and knitter. It's been both humbling and fun – those two concepts, I have learned, can coexist – to make quilts for battered women and their children, knit hats for homeless people, and sew at various times for the Cathedral.

My faith has been formed by struggle – struggle for equality in the church, struggle with the death of my parents and the illness of my husband. But my faith has been sustained by a practical spirituality and those early, happy guitar and Godspell roots. The child who loved making mobiles of the gifts of the Holy Spirit became an adult who loves making quilts and hats to comfort and warm. I believed then and I believe now that there is a place for each and for all. One bread, one body, one cup of blessing. That's my good news story: God is still speaking, comma,

Peggy Jarrett



Looking Back on a Long Career

Dr. James Savage retires

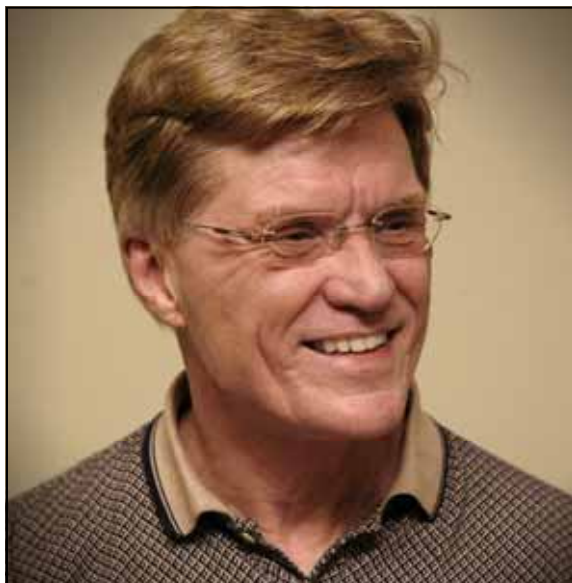
James Savage's story starts in Oregon where he grew up a preacher's kid. He got his early musical education playing piano and pump organ for the Baptist churches his father founded throughout the state, and in the best Protestant tradition, his parents and grandmother made certain he acquired a deep knowledge of Scripture.

But from his early days, Jim was already making his gradual way toward the Church of Rome. He remembers that he liked to visit Catholic Churches, where "I liked the smell of incense, the act of lighting a candle, and the choreography of kneeling and crossing myself. Even as a child I saw things were being celebrated differently in the Catholic Church where every place you looked there was something interesting to see." In high school Jim and a friend would drive down to Mount Angel Abbey to listen to the monks singing the Liturgy of the Hours, "and I understood it immediately." He also used to stop by the old St. James Cathedral in Vancouver where he would imagine playing the organ some day.

Reflecting on his own spiritual journey, Jim says, "People talk about the divine: God is truth; God is goodness; God is beauty. And for me, it was that third one that was the compelling path. Even as a child I understood that God had made me somebody who wanted to be filled with things that were beautiful in sound and music and sight and smell."

After high school, Jim earned his undergraduate and Master's degrees in music history from the University of Oregon. In the 1970s fellowships and a Fulbright scholarship took him to Stuttgart, Germany, where he taught and studied music and art history, while also working in a large Catholic church. "Those were the days just after the close of Vatican II, and it was an extremely exciting time to be involved in liturgical music."

In 1981, Jim returned to Seattle to direct music at



Dr. James Savage
Photo by Ailisa Newhall

Magnolia Presbyterian Church and to teach at Cornish. There he met a Benedictine monk, who began urging him to rescue the languishing music program at St. James Cathedral. At that time, the cathedral choir had shrunk to a handful of members, the organs didn't really work, and there was no piano. In May, Father Gallagher and Jim agreed to meet.

Jim soon learned that St. James had just 600 members, mostly older women. The numerous liturgies, including a Spanish Mass and a Sunday evening

guitar Mass, had only a sprinkling of attendees.

"It was insane to take the job," says Jim, "but I just loved it here. It was the first time in my life that I understood the word 'call' as a vocation. It was the first time that I felt called to do something."

He brought to St. James his vision of the cathedral as the center of civic, artistic and spiritual life. He also drew direction from his Gospel heritage that "you do everything you can do to encourage, support, and excite."

Taking up his new post on June 1, Jim had three months to put a music program together. He recalls, "I got a choir of 35 wonderfully trained professionals that summer. I collected all the credits I had from every place—from Cornish, the Broadway Community Chorus, Seattle Community College, and from Magnolia Presbyterian. I also put an ad in the personals section of the Weekly and I got four or five good people that way. At first, the makeup of the choir was 70% non-Catholic."

After the guitar Mass was discontinued, Jim founded the Women's Schola. Dressed in black cassocks with white surplices, the women sang medieval chant with no organ preludes or postludes. Instantly attendance at the Sunday evening Mass shot up. Young people especially connected to the music and made up the of majority of the congregation.

Suzanne Lee is Director of Family Ministry at St. James Cathedral.

Soon, Jim began to add concerts as a way to reach out to the wider community. “At that time, we couldn’t do concerts at night because no one thought this area as safe. So we tried to do mini-concerts between the Masses or on a Sunday afternoon. Finally we decided we were going to have a night concert, and it’s one of the things that changed First Hill. People started perceiving that this was a safe place to be at night.”

Father Ryan attended one of those first concerts, a performance of Britten’s *St. Nicholas*. “I still have the note Father Ryan wrote me afterward,” Jim remembers fondly. “He told me how thrilled he was that something was finally happening at the cathedral.”

A year after Jim came to St. James, he walked the final steps of his spiritual journey, concluding that he had been a Catholic all along, but just didn’t know it. On September 29, 1982, he knocked on the door of the convent chapel, and was received into the Church by Father Gallagher.

The first of many New Year’s Eve concerts soon followed. In response to violence that occurred within blocks of the cathedral, Father Gallagher asked Jim to do something that was sacred and beautiful, but not specifically Catholic, so that the general public would have a safe way to celebrate New Year’s Eve. Jim decided to perform some cantatas Bach had written to mark the passage to the New Year, and it turned out to be something people really wanted. The New Year’s Eve concert of 1982 was jammed with people spilling into the aisles, some even perching on the podium.

During those early years, Jim also produced the first Great Music for Great Cathedrals, envisioned “as a way to tell our story and to show our non-Catholic neighbors that we come to this cathedral to find something beautiful and holy and authentic.” Thirty years later, Jim believes cathedrals throughout America have regained their place in the Catholic Church and people are once again proud of their cathedrals.

By the time Father Gallagher retired, many elements of the cathedral music program were in place. The Cathedral Choir, the Women’s Schola, and the Cathedral Chamber Orchestra had been founded. The Hutchings-Votey organ was on its way to being restored, a small organ had been purchased, and the Casavant organ in the east apse had been made playable. A piano and hand bells also had been acquired.



Above, Cathedral Staff, 1980s. Jim is in the front row, on the right.
Below: A meeting of the design team during the Cathedral Renovation, 1994.

Other highlights from those early years include the choir’s trip to Rome in 1986 to sing for Pope John Paul II and a production of the entire *Play of Daniel*. St. James was also the first choir in North America to perform a staged version of *Ordo Virtutum*, Hildegard of Bingen’s sung drama. A recording of this performance garnered national attention and led to Jim’s being invited to be one of the twelve founding members of a new organization of Catholic cathedral musicians in Philadelphia, the Conference of Roman Catholic Cathedral Musicians (CRCCM).

When Father Ryan came to the cathedral in 1988, he brought his own gifts as a musician, which inspired another leap forward. The new pastor immediately proposed the ambitious goal of restoring the Cathedral building itself to enable full, active, and conscious participation in the liturgy by all the faithful, according to the principles of Vatican II.

Jim assumed leadership of the Arts and



Photo by David Rither

Furnishings Committee, and Father Ryan asked him to join the project Design Team as well. “It was my job, as it was so many other people’s, to listen to what was being proposed, to think about it from my context, and to give my ideas. It was Father Ryan’s job to take all of that information and discern where we needed to go. Father Ryan heard what all of us said in a pastoral way that enabled him to coalesce what seemed like disparate things.”

An example of this was the design of the baptismal font. Father Ryan first listened to what the architect, the liturgical consultant, and I suggested. Then he said, ‘Well, I went to a movie last night and in it there was a Renaissance palace with a quatrefoil pool.’ The minute Father Ryan said that, I remembered there was an amber quatrefoil in the Connick windows near the choir loft. That shape had already been in the cathedral since 1916, so even though the font would be new, it would feel like it was meant to be.”

“The decision to put the altar in the middle was made early on, and that decision was simultaneously radical and traditional. Father Ryan wanted to make sure that people knew this was a Catholic Church even though we had made this one radical decision. Our job was to make everything else harmonize with Catholic history and tradition.”

Jim helped make many of the liturgical decisions, including the placement of the Blessed Sacrament in a separate chapel, as well as the location of the baptismal font and the choir. He remembers that when they were trying to determine how wide the top of the altar platform should be, they realized it had to be broad enough for men to lie down on at ordinations and on

Good Friday. So they just went over to the cathedral, lay down on the floor, and measured.

From a musician’s point of view, one of the most important issues addressed during the renovation was acoustics. “The people of God need a musical instrument for their voice—and that instrument is the acoustics of the whole space. This translated into the fabulous shell we now have for the choir to sing under without amplification. It means that people all over the cathedral can hear a child singing and can hear themselves and their neighbors singing. The improvement in the acoustics is one of the reasons that our singing has become so

wonderful. And it produced the great beauty of the coffered ceiling.”

In addition to the cathedral restoration, Jim credits Father Ryan for the spectacular growth of the youth music program. The Schola Cantorum, originally directed by Jim, took off under the direction of Kelly Foster Griffin with huge encouragement and support from Father Ryan.

Another significant accomplishment in Father Ryan’s time was the replacement of the Casavant organ with the Thomas J. Murphy Millennium Organ in the east apse. Also under Father Ryan’s leadership in the 1990’s, the cathedral became a gathering place for the whole community with the celebration of an increasing number of multicultural, ecumenical, and interfaith events.

Two highlights out for Jim were Archbishop Murphy’s installation in 1991 and his funeral in 1997. “Those events were made possible because of the vision the pastor had for inviting people and for encouraging me to develop relationships with Vietnamese, African, Samoan, and other ethnic choirs, as well as musicians from Jewish and other traditions. Those celebrations around the installation and the funeral were us at our very best because they were in the new building and they showed the huge cross-section of who we are.”

Asked to name accomplishments he is most proud of, Jim instantly replies, “I am proudest of our congregational singing. It’s something people all over the United States comment on. I really love the fact that we are a great singing congregation, better than any cathedral anywhere.” Jim credits this partly to his

instincts for knowing when to repeat a particular piece of music and when to stretch the choir and congregation a bit. “If we’re going to sing something that’s out there, I want to make sure that we’ve done *Panis Angelicus* and Mozart before and afterwards so that people still trust me and know that I not going to push them off a cliff. And I think they do trust me. It’s been step, by step, by step, never getting so far ahead that I lose the congregation, but not trying to stay in the same place either because people want to grow, and grow at a rate that they can keep up with.”

Next, Jim takes great pride in the cathedral’s youth music program. And third, “I’m proud of the choirs. I made the choice not to go the way many cathedral choirs have gone—and that’s to all professional choirs. Ours is just the reverse. The cantors are paid, but the cathedral choir is mostly volunteers—inspired volunteers. And that makes a difference. They support congregational singing better. I think it’s a richer, warmer sound because they bring more than just academic training.”

Today’s Cathedral Choir consists of 75 members, 90% of whom are Catholic. They are a close-knit community that eats together, works together, and laughs together. Every Sunday two choir members bring food, often from their own cultural traditions. After the 10:00 Mass, the choir always has breakfast together in the cathedral basement. From the very beginning, the choir has also had a chaplain, chosen from among its ranks, who leads them in prayer just before they process to the cathedral for Sunday Mass.

Jim has tried to live out the mission given to cathedrals by Vatican II. “A principal job of cathedrals is to foster the great treasure of cathedral music, and I think that we’ve contributed to that. I’ve tried to expand people’s understanding that cathedral music can be medieval; it can be brand new; it can be American folk music; it can be a lot of different things. The treasure is vast and wide; we don’t need to stick to just one little corner of it. I think we have lived out the mission of cathedrals to foster that great heritage.

“Years ago, the classicist, Edith Hamilton, wrote of certain historical moments when there emerge centers of white-hot spiritual energy that bring artists, patrons, and the public together around a shared goal: moments like Athens, and Florence, and smaller places like the Palace at Urbino, and for the last 30 years, at St. James Cathedral. This has been a place where the public, the patron, and the artist could speak to one another and



Jim takes his bows following the last performance of *Great Music*

inspire one another. It has been an extraordinary moment, and it’s recognized all over the United States.”

It’s obvious to any observer that Jim Savage is a man filled with gratitude. “When I was in my mid-thirties, I thought that I was a mess. I had been the director of a museum; I had an art history degree; I had worked in a Catholic Church, and an Anglican Church and a Lutheran Church. I had climbed mountains. I thought of myself as a music historian and a church historian. And I thought, I can’t make up my mind about anything. But St. James has allowed me to bring all of those things together.

“For me personally, I have been encouraged to continue to make an inner journey by the people I minister to. They encourage me to keep trying to find a better way to be. I get huge encouragement from the choir. I am very, very grateful for 33 great years.”

Asked what he plans for the future, Jim replies, “I’ve had various offers, but I’ve told everybody I’m not going to make any decisions until I’ve had weeks of something different. When 60-70% of your time is spent in administration, what you do as an artist gets smaller and smaller. So I’m looking forward to a time of not having so many administrative duties. It’s been a very long time since I’ve had a chance to think and read.”

Jim doesn’t fret about the future of the cathedral music program. “I was called just to do this part. I’m not called to do the next part. That will be someone else’s job.” ♦

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, June-November, 2014

June

1. We celebrated the Feast of the Ascension.

8. In union with Pope Francis, who on this Pentecost prayed with the Presidents of Israel and Palestine at the Vatican, we were honored to welcome Rabbi Daniel Weiner and Jamal Rahman, who joined Father Ryan in an extraordinary moment of prayer for peace at the 10:00am Mass. Father Ryan said: "It is a rare privilege to have them here at the Cathedral this morning and a powerful reminder that we are all of us one people – children of the one God, children of Abraham, each of us. My friends, may the Spirit of God who breathed over the dark chaos at the moment of creation and brought forth light and life, breathe forth in our time and in our troubled, too violent world, gifts of wisdom, courage, compassion, and right judgment -- gifts that can heal wounds no matter how old, and memories no matter how painful; gifts that can turn adversaries into allies, and enemies into friends; gifts that can renew the face of the earth!"

14. We celebrated the Seattle University Baccalaureate Mass with faculty, family and friends of the Class of 2014. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam!*

15. Six people were received into the Full Communion of the Catholic Church. We welcome with joy these newest members of the family of faith.

22. At the conclusion of the 10:00am Mass, all joined in the traditional Corpus Christi Procession with the Blessed Sacrament. "Jesus, here present,



From top to bottom: Prayer for Peace on Pentecost, June 8; Corpus Christi Procession, June 22; Choir Camp, August 11-17; O'Dea Mass of the Holy Spirit, September 3.

our living savior, grant us your mercy, show us your favor!"

26. Bishop Elizondo presided at the annual Mass for the Deceased Bishops and Archbishops of Seattle. Each year on the anniversary of the death of Archbishop Thomas Murphy, we remember in prayer the shepherds who have led the Archdiocese of Seattle through the years.

July

27. We celebrated our pilgrim patron, James the Greater, with special festivity at Mass and with a picnic after the 10:00am and Noon Masses.

August

11-17. Our annual Schola Cantorum Choir Camp brought forty young people to the Cathedral for a week of prayer, service, and song. They have a lot of fun along the way. As one camper wrote after a full day: "Today was a very fun day! In the morning we prayed. Then we went to an art class and made comic books about Choir Camp. That was pretty cool! Then we practiced music and sang at Mass. Lunch was fun. I ate and I played jump rope with my friends. Choir Camp is so fun! I am new here and I feel very welcome. I love the activities here and look forward to more fun!"

24. We celebrated the Sacrament of Baptism for thirteen beautiful children.

September

3. We celebrated the Mass of the Holy Spirit with O'Dea High School student body and staff as they began a new school year.

4. The Choir returned after its summer hiatus for a an evening of celebration, rehearsal, and retreat. We welcomed back cantor Dan Jinguji, who came close to death this summer with pneumonia, but is back thanks to the power of prayer. Thanks be to God!

6. Two young men, Brian Thompson and Dean Mbuzi, were ordained priests for service in the Archdiocese of Seattle.

15. Our annual Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament was again held at Newcastle Golf Club. Co-sponsored by Pagliacci Pizza and an anonymous friend of the Cathedral Kitchen, this even raised a record \$115,000 this year in support of the Cathedral's outreach ministries. Special thanks to our tournament co-chairs, Mike Galvin and Matt Galvin.

28. At the Noon Mass, Father Ryan offered a special blessing for the young people who have committed to being mentors for special needs children in the coming year. See the article by Joe Cotton in this issue of *In Your Midst*.

October

5. It was a joy to have the children of the youth choirs at the First Sunday Youth Celebration at the Noon Mass.

8. Corinna Laughlin launched a four-week series of talks on Christian Poets of the Victorian Era. The series, which invited parishioners to explore poems by Rossetti, Thompson, Tennyson, and Hopkins included readings of poems by Scott Webster.

12. Dr. James Savage announced his retirement as Director of Music. In a letter to the parish, Father Ryan wrote: "The decision could not have been an easy one for Jim to make, and it certainly wasn't an easy one for me to receive. I'm sure this will be true for you as well, considering the truly magnificent job Jim has done over these many years, making incredibly beautiful music in this place, teaching and inspiring more than a generation of choristers, and helping us as a



From top to bottom: Choir Return, September 4; Ordinations to the Priesthood, September 6; Faure's solemn Requiem, November 2; Mass for the Deceased Homeless, November 13.

community of believers to raise our voices in joyful praise of God."

25. Our Cathedral Kitchen Garden prepared for winter after a long and abundant summer of lettuces, beans, potatoes, tomatoes, and so much more. Produce that could not be used by our own Cathedral Kitchen was distributed by St. Mary's Food Bank.

November

2. The Cathedral Choir and Chamber Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. James Savage, performed Faure's sublime *Requiem* during the solemn Mass of All Souls.

5. St. James Young Adults launched their fall "Theology on Tap" series, which took as its theme "Saints and Saintliness."

13. Archbishop Sartain offered the 5:30pm Mass in memory of the homeless men, women, and children who died on the streets of our city in the past year.

Hundreds gathered in the courtyard following mass for the tolling of the Cathedral bell and the reading of the names of those who died. Father Ryan preached on his occasion He concluded his homily with these words: "We remember them tonight, we mourn them, and we pray for them. With heavy hearts and uneasy consciences we commend their souls to God, confident that even though they were without a home when they were here with us, they now have a home with God; confident, too, that the peace that alluded them during their time here is now theirs forever. May they rest in peace. And may we not rest peacefully until the plight and the problems of these homeless

brothers and sisters have become our problem. And our mission!"

27. On Thanksgiving Day, the Cathedral Kitchen served a wonderful family feast to well over two hundred guests. Dozens of volunteers work tirelessly to make this delicious meal possible. ♦



Christmas Mass Schedule

Wednesday, December 24, 2014

5:30 pm

THE NATIVITY OF THE LORD—

VIGIL MASS WITH CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Entrance Procession of the Children and Crib

Figures; blessing of the Christmas Crib

The Very Reverend Michael G. Ryan,
Presider & Homilist

with youth readers, musicians, and servers.

11:00 pm CAROL SERVICE

12:00 Midnight

THE NATIVITY OF THE LORD—

MASS DURING THE NIGHT

The Most Reverend J. Peter Sartain,
Archbishop of Seattle, Presider & Homilist
This Mass is broadcast live on KING-TV

Thursday, December 25, 2014

8:00 am

THE NATIVITY OF THE LORD—

MASS AT DAWN

The Reverend David A. Brant, Presider

The Very Reverend Michael G. Ryan, Homilist

10:00 am and 12 Noon

THE NATIVITY OF THE LORD—

MASS DURING THE DAY

The Very Reverend Michael G. Ryan,
Presider & Homilist (10:00am)

The Most Reverend J. Peter Sartain,
Presider & Homilist (12:00 Noon)

4:00 pm

SOLEMN VESPERS OF CHRISTMAS

The Very Reverend Michael G. Ryan, Presider