In Your Midst

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“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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ON THE COVER. This 1969 work by Austrian artist Sepp Mayrhuber was gifted to the Cathedral in 2020. The artist called the medium “stuccolustra,” similar to fresco but on cement instead of plaster.
The Second Vatican Council has been a part of my life for a long time. It all began on the day in 1959 when Pope John XXIII quite unexpectedly announced the Council. My fellow seminarians and I were encouraged to pray daily for the success of this “new Pentecost.” Which we did. It continued with my four years of study in Rome in the 1960s, which happily coincided with three of the Council’s four sessions. The deliberations of the Council which were taking place just a stone’s throw from my seminary were a cause of great interest and excitement and they were table-talk nearly every day. And then there was the concluding Mass for each of the Council’s sessions when my friends and I were present—along with thousands in St. Peter’s square—as Pope Paul VI and 2,500 bishops from around the world solemnly promulgated the Council’s revolutionary teachings. In light of all this, I guess you could say that I’m a child of the Second Vatican Council!

What a great joy it was, then, during my recent vacation, to be in Rome and to join in the celebration of the 60th anniversary of the opening of the Council. The celebration involved a Mass in St. Peter’s Basilica at which Pope Francis presided and 400 or so priests and bishops concelebrated with him. I was privileged to be among them. The celebration took place on October 11—the very day in 1962 when the Council began and now, appropriately, the feast of St. John XXIII.

The Mass was quite an emotional experience for me. Looking around the vast basilica as we waited for the Mass to begin, it was not hard to picture the veritable army of bishops who met in that place each fall for three months over four years, praying, listening, debating, and carefully hammering out each of the Conciliar documents that have changed the course of the Church’s history over the past 60 years.

And then I pictured my friend, Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen, who attended the Council as a brand-new bishop. I was seated not far from where he sat during the Council, and I found myself reflecting on what a formative experience the Council had been for him. And for us, because of what he experienced there.

Just before the Mass began, two people, a man and a woman, took turns reading brief digests of the Council’s teachings and reminding us about its great achievements. I couldn’t help take note of the fact that now, at St. Peter’s Basilica, a woman has a voice. That never would have happened during my student days!

And then there was the joy of celebrating Mass with Pope Francis and hearing his stirring homily. It was sobering to witness his compromised mobility, but his energy and his passion were totally intact.

At the end of the Mass, he was taken in his wheelchair over to the glass coffin which houses the remains of Pope St. John XXIII and he prayed there in silence for a long time. I was deeply moved and found myself thanking God for the Pope who launched the “new Pentecost”—and for the one who is committed to keeping it alive!
His year, 2022, marks the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of the Second Vatican Council, which began on October 11, 1962, and concluded on December 8, 1965.

Pope John XXIII astonished everyone when he announced an ecumenical Council on January 25, 1959, just three months after becoming Pope. John did not call the Council with a specific agenda in mind. Instead, when asked what he hoped to achieve, he went to the window, and made a gesture as if to open it. “I expect a little fresh air from it,” he said. “We must shake off the imperial dust that has accumulated on the throne of St. Peter since Constantine.”

The Council opened on October 11, 1962, with a grand procession and ceremony that lasted more than five hours. Rain early in the morning gave way to glorious sunshine in time for the procession of the Council Fathers (as the participating bishops were called), through St. Peter’s Square and into the Basilica. The procession was like nothing the Church had ever seen. More than 2,500 bishops walked six abreast through a crowd of 500,000 who had gathered for the occasion. It became astonishingly clear that the Church was not simply—or even primarily—European. Well over half of the bishops were from North and South America, Asia, and Africa. Nor were all of the Council Fathers Roman Catholic: “Every now and then, the white mass was dotted with the black cassock, full beard, and conical headdres of an oriental bishop, and here and there with the bulbous gold crown and crossed pectoral reliquaries of a bishop of the Byzantine rite” (Xavier Rynne). The Church would never see itself the same way again. “That I should live to see a day such as this!” exclaimed Seattle’s Archbishop Thomas Connolly. “How good is the good God.”

Once all were inside the Basilica, the Pope intoned the ancient hymn Veni Creator Spiritus, and the bishops joined in, imploring the Holy Spirit’s guidance. Mass was said; the Gospel was proclaimed not only in Latin but in Greek as well, as a sign of the unity of East and West; and the Litany of Saints was chanted. Then Pope John XXIII delivered his address for the occasion. While papal addresses, then and now, are frequently composed by others, this one was written by the Pope himself, and drafts exist, carefully corrected in the Pope’s own handwriting.

“Mother Church rejoices,” the Pope began, “because, by a singular gift of divine providence, the desired day has finally dawned…. the Second Vatican Ecumenical Council is being solemnly opened here beside St. Peter’s tomb.” The Holy Father looked to the glories of the past, the authority and dignity of the Church through the ages—familiar and comfortable territory for his listeners. But then he spoke of the present day. And in spite of all that was happening in the world, he spoke with hope and confidence:

“In the daily exercise of our pastoral office, sometimes (much to our regret) we have to listen to people who… can see nothing but calamities and ruin...
in these modern times. Comparing our era with previous centuries, they say that we are becoming worse. By their actions they show that they have learned nothing from history, which is the teacher of life... We feel that we must disagree with these prophets of gloom who are always forecasting disaster, as if the end of the world were imminent.”

As Church historian John O’Malley, SJ has noted, the Pope’s address set the tone for the whole Council: hopeful, pastoral, open to change. “The Pope distanced himself, and therefore the council, from a scolding and suspicious approach to ‘the world.’” As O’Malley has brilliantly argued in his book What Happened at Vatican II, the style and language of Vatican II were among the most important transformations the Council wrought. The Council “moved from the dialectic of winning an argument to the dialogue of finding common ground. It moved from abstract metaphysics to interpersonal ‘how to be.’ It moved from grand conceptual schemes or summae with hundreds of logically interconnected parts to the humble acceptance of mystery.”

Late on the evening of October 11, 1962, after the events of the day were over and the Council Fathers had gone back to their hotels and residences in preparation for the morrow, a crowd spontaneously gathered in St. Peter’s Square, holding lighted candles, singing, and praying. The crowd grew to tens of thousands, and at last Pope John XXIII came to the window and spoke to them. “My dear children, I hear your voices… It seems that even the moon has hastened here tonight, to behold this scene… Returning home, find your children. Give them a kiss, and say: ‘This kiss is from the Pope.’ …Let us encourage one another: singing, sighing, weeping, but always full of faith in Christ who helps us and listens to us, let us continue on our journey.”

It was a marvelous beginning to a spiritual event which would unfold over the next four years, an event which produced an extraordinary body of teaching, and which the Church is still trying to implement, to grapple with, and to live into. As Pope Francis said in marking the sixtieth anniversary of the Council in Rome earlier this fall:

“Let us rediscover the Council in order to restore primacy to God, to what is essential: to a Church madly in love with its Lord and with all the men and women whom he loves; to a Church that is rich in Jesus and poor in assets; to a Church that is free and freeing. This was the path that the Council pointed out to the Church. It led her to return, like Peter in the Gospel, to Galilee, to the sources of her first love; to rediscover God’s holiness in her own poverty. Each one of us also has his or her own Galilee, the Galilee of our first love, and certainly today we are all called to return to our own Galilee in order to hear the voice of the Lord: ‘Follow me.’ And there, to find once more in the gaze of the crucified and risen Lord a joy that had faded; to focus upon Jesus. To rediscover our joy, for a Church that has lost its joy has lost its love… This is our view from on high; this is our ever-living source: Jesus, the Galilee of love, Jesus who calls us, Jesus who asks us: ‘Do you love me?’

“Let us return to the Council’s pure sources of love. Let us rediscover the Council’s passion and renew our own passion for the Council!”
Celebrating a Native Saint

On October 22, we celebrated St. Kateri Tekakwitha and a Northwest miracle

Celebrating the 10th anniversary of St. Kateri Tekakwitha’s canonization and the local miracle that elevated her to sainthood, Native people and others from around the archdiocese gathered for a Mass at St. James Cathedral Oct. 22.

“She was called to be a saint from the day she was born,” said Elsa Finkbonner of Ferndale, whose son Jake was healed from flesh-eating bacteria in 2006 when he was 6 years old. It was the second miracle needed for Kateri’s canonization by Pope Benedict XVI on Oct. 21, 2012.

“Her significance in Jake’s healing is clear, it’s precise and it could not have been more planned,” Elsa told the congregation as she shared the story of Jake’s miracle near the conclusion of the Mass.

After Jake suffered a seemingly minor cut to his lip during a basketball game one Saturday, Strep A flesh-eating bacteria invaded his body. Two days later he was airlifted to Seattle Childrens hospital; the next day, doctors told his parents, Elsa and Donny, “if you guys are praying people, you need to pray, because we’re just trying to save your son’s life,” Elsa recounted.

Father Tim Sauer (who at the time was their pastor at St. Joseph Parish in Ferndale), suggested they pray to then-Blessed Kateri, an Algonquin/Mohawk woman born in the 17th century, for her intercession to heal Jake, who is half Lummi Indian. The Finkbonners and many others prayed to Kateri. Elsa also recounted how St. Anne Sister Kateri Mitchell, who happened to be in Seattle for a meeting, placed a relic of Blessed Kateri on Jake at the hospital and prayed over him with Elsa.

The next day, Elsa said, doctors told the Finkbonners that the disease ravaging Jake’s body for nearly two weeks had stopped progressing.

Jake, who is now 22 and a student at Western Washington University in Bellingham, also spoke to the congregation to share an “important piece of my family’s story ... that God calls us all to be saints.”

Jake Finkbonner and his mother, Elsa, speak to the congregation near the conclusion of the Oct. 22 Mass at St. James Cathedral celebrating the 10th anniversary of the canonization of St. Kateri Tekakwitha. (Photo: Stephen Brashear)

He said everyone should be ready to respond to God’s call, whether it’s involuntary — like the call his family had to answer when he was injured — or voluntary.

The voluntary calls, he said, are “the opportunities that God gives us to serve. His grandmother is a “fantastic example” of what it means to serve, Jake said. She helped pay for Catholic education for Jake and his sisters, grew a huge garden and gave away most of its harvest, and frequently invited parish priests and church members over for dinner.
There are plenty of opportunities for people to serve, Jake said, and they can be as simple as sharing a meal with someone on the street, opening a door for a stranger or picking up a cup of coffee for a coworker.

“Going forward,” he said, “I would just like you to keep with you that message, how is God calling us to serve?”

‘A unique grace’

During the Mass, two large images of St. Kateri were displayed, including an 8-foot-tall icon that usually hangs in the sanctuary of St. Paul Church on the Swinomish Reservation. The icon was placed in a specially made box for safe transport to the cathedral and back.

St. Kateri, the first Native American saint, was orphaned at age 4 and physically scarred by a smallpox epidemic. Later, she was baptized and given the name Catherine — “Kateri” in Mohawk. She devoted her life to teaching prayers to children and helping the sick and aged. When she died at age 24, those at her bedside witnessed her facial scars suddenly disappear a few minutes after death.

During her “very short life,” Archbishop Paul D. Etienne said in his homily, St. Kateri “received Christ and she received the unique grace that God gave her and then she shared it generously with her people to build them up.”

Native peoples and culture were honored throughout the celebration. Before Mass began, a statement acknowledging that the cathedral sits on traditional Native land was read, as well as a prayer honoring “all past, present and future indigenous stewards of these lands and waters.”

The prayer of the faithful included a prayer for St. Kateri’s intercession that was recited by the entire congregation (see the prayer below). At the consecration, drumming by Emily Willard was heard rather than bells ringing. Shortly before the conclusion of Mass, the Native community presented gifts of blankets, a traditional form of honor, to the archbishop and others.

After Archbishop Etienne gave the final blessing, the congregation processed out of the cathedral, accompanied by the drumming of Deacon Scott Aikin, an enrolled tribal member of the Prairie Band of Potawatomi Nation of Northeast Kansas, who serves at Holy Redeemer Parish in Vancouver.

A reception followed at Cathedral Hall, where there was an opportunity to venerate the St. Kateri relic that Sister Kateri Mitchell brought with her to the celebration.

Prayer for St. Kateri’s intercession

O Saint Kateri, Lily of the Mohawks,
Your love for Jesus, so strong, so steadfast,
pray that we may become like you.
Your short and painful life showed us your strength and humility.
Pray that we may become forever humble like you.
Like the bright and shining stars at night,
we pray that your light may forever shine down upon us,
giving light, hope, peacefulness and serenity in our darkest moments.
Fill our hearts, Saint Kateri Tekakwitha
with your same love for Jesus
and pray that we may have the strength and courage to become one like you in Heaven.
Through Christ our Lord. Amen.
In writing on this year’s Mass for the Deceased Homeless, I am grounded in a reflection process espoused by Pope Francis, of Encounter, Disturbance, and Response.

**Encounter.** As the assembly in St. James Cathedral sat down to listen to the words of Sacred Scripture at the annual Mass for the Deceased Homeless, they heard the prophet Isaiah speaking to them: ‘Is this not, rather, the fast that I [the LORD] choose: … bringing the afflicted and the homeless into your house?’ Earlier that day, I had led a service learning class from La Salle High School on a tour of the Cathedral. Upon entering the Cathedral through the west doors, we read the inscription in the vestibule: *Domus Dei Porta Coeli*. House of God. Gate of Heaven. We had indeed entered God’s House, lovingly erected as a place to worship God, but also to serve as sanctuary for those who have no house, no home, to call their own. Moving forward towards the altar, we were serenaded by someone’s snoring, someone who had found the Cathedral to be a place where they could rest as though in their own home. We encountered God present in the Cathedral, not just in the reserved Eucharist in the tabernacle, but particularly in those who have made the Cathedral their home.

**Disturbance.** Years before I had come to the Cathedral, I had accompanied Lee. I saw him at least once a week, during those times when he was lucid enough to ask for assistance. At one point, he had been a short-order cook with a loving partner, but eventually, he ended up living under the back porch of a former convent. Like many of those we remembered at this year’s Mass for the Deceased Homeless, Lee died of a drug overdose. To this day, his gravelly voice resonates, telling one off-color joke after another.

When I receive each year’s list of those who have died, I scrutinize it, looking for other Lees who have left their imprints on my soul. I’m thankful that I know no one on this year’s list, but I still mourn for them, just as I continue to mourn for Lee, for Dominic, for Marvin...

**Response.** Throughout the course of the year, there are opportunities for the greater community to come together to mourn the dead. SHARE/WHEEL stands in vigil in front of Seattle City Hall just as we read the names of those who have died in the past month at the Cathedral’s Wednesday, 12:10pm Mass. Religious and community leaders pray together each August in a burial ceremony at the behest of the King County Medical Examiner’s Office. Ceremonies such as these would not be needed if our community would wholeheartedly heed Isaiah’s words: ‘If you lavish your food on the hungry and satisfy the afflicted; Then your light shall rise in the darkness, and your gloom...’

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Patrick Barredo is Director of Outreach and Advocacy at St. James Cathedral. Josephine Tamayo-Murray is a longtime member of the Housing Advocacy Committee as well as the Life, Peace, and Justice Commission.
shall become like midday.” Friends of mine like Randy and Sharon are so thankful that St. James Cathedral offers them some of that satisfaction. The good works of the Cathedral Kitchen, Sunday breakfast, St. Martin de Porres sandwiches, Nightwatch dinners, Tuesday food donations, and the Solanus Casey Center attend to charitable works that provide solace for the physical body. The Housing Advocacy Committee and the Life, Peace and Justice Commission strive for systemic change, calling for a better world for our sisters and brothers, and for ourselves. We all do this work together with the hope that God’s light will indeed rise in the darkness, especially for those who go unhoused this evening.

Patrick Barredo

The Mass for Deceased Homeless People at St. James Cathedral has special meaning for me. Each person whose name is listed in the bulletin and is read out loud was a human presence while they were here on earth. They touched and were touched by the people they met along their life journey—physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. And we are formed into the people we are by these touches. The deceased homeless people we remember died in the state of being unhoused. Some are now in their heavenly home. Some may be residing temporarily in purgatory. And some may be in hell. But who am I to judge?

As a former unhoused person who serves with Catholic Community Services, I know, and I have seen how the “ministry of presence”—meeting people where they are—can restore the human spirit. John has been homeless ever since he aged out of foster care. He stayed in the HOME shelter in south King County off and on. Eventually John became housed at Patrick Place, permanent supportive housing. He stated, “Those Catholics didn’t give up on me.”

The Josephinum is the former New Washington Hotel where Elvis Presley stayed when he made the movie, It Happened at the World’s Fair. Elvis may have left the Josephinum, but it is home for the poor and formerly homeless people who live there, and for Christ Our Hope Parish. One resident proudly showed a friend the lobby with its stained-glass ceiling and talked about the kitchen and pink tiled bathroom in their apartment.

Methamphetamine addiction destroyed Summer’s marriage and family, and almost destroyed her. With the community at Katharine’s House, Summer has been clean for nine months and plans to reunite with her two children soon. These personal transformations result from hope restored in people’s spirits.

I don’t know if the 289 people we honored at the Mass for Deceased Homeless People had hope. But I can pray that they did at the time they left us. I invite all of us to pray for the end of this homelessness crisis. Between our prayers we can volunteer to be present to our parish’s Cathedral Kitchen guests. The St. Vincent de Paul Society helps prevent homelessness with the rent assistance they provide with our parishioners’ generous support. We can make sandwiches for the St. Martin de Porres Shelter. And we can advocate—contacting our elected officials to better fund housing and services for people who are homeless.

The Mass for Deceased Homeless People reminds me that we must act to do SOMETHING about homelessness to restore hope in ourselves.

Josephine Tamayo-Murray
I am a nurse and an artist. As a nurse I have cared for people touched by homelessness. As an artist, I have painted portraits of the people I have cared for as a nurse. In every person I have painted, I see a hero. They are kind, brave and find joy no matter what hard times they have endured.

Many of the subjects of my portraits are homeless but some are not. Each of their lives has somehow been impacted by homelessness. The portraits that hang here are people that I came to know in Pioneer Square—just blocks from the Cathedral.

For most of my life, I have been a part of the St. James Cathedral community. As a young person growing up here, I learned to be a helper from Archbishop Hunthausen (“Dutch”), Father Ryan, and our whole parish community. At St. James, I’ve been able to help in the Cathedral Kitchen, take meals to St. Martin de Porres Shelter and help in the Winter Shelter. I hope my portraits reflect the joy that I have found in helping and the joy in the words under the Cathedral skylight that read, “I am in your midst as one who serves.”

After having been a chef in the Army earlier in his life, David became a fixture in Pioneer Square. There was a quiet presence about him. When people would come and go in Pioneer Square, David always kept an eye out for people to make sure we were safe.

2. “Felicia,” 30”x30,” Acrylic on canvas, 2011
Felicia told me that she loved Seattle. She shared a story of having grown up in a family that traveled often to different cities all over the country. She said that one of the happiest times in her life was visiting Seattle for the 1962 World’s Fair and seeing the Space Needle as a child. Many years later as an adult when she had no place to go, Felicia decided to return to Seattle where she had her happiest memories. The background of her portrait is an ad for coffee as a nod to Felicia’s love of Seattle.

3. “Jose,” 20”x20,” Acrylic on canvas, 2001
Jose made the most beautiful tamales I’ve ever seen. He made them as a token of thanks for people who helped him. He and other Spanish speaking patients in Pioneer Square took the time to teach me to speak Spanish. The background of Jose’s portrait is Spanish/English dictionary to remind me of my Spanish teachers.

Terry’s smile says all you need to know about him! Terry is buried at Mt. Olivet Cemetery in Renton through the King County Indigent Remains Program. There at Mt. Olivet is a beautiful resting place with memorial markers for people in our community who have died undaunted and without means for a formal burial. For as long as I can remember, the St. James community has been a part of the special services held at Mt. Olivet for those that die alone.

Mary Larson Mahar is a nurse, artist, and a Cathedral parishioner for many years.
Isaac was a true gentleman with a smile that sparkled. He passed away some time ago. A friend of his would often visit the wall where his painting hung after Isaac died… just to be near him. Isaac’s portrait reminds me of statistics that indicate people who experience homelessness have a shorter life expectancy by almost 20 years compared to people who are housed.

Robert was so tall and strong that his nickname among friends on the streets was “2X”. Robert enjoyed smoking Kool cigarettes. The background of his portrait is branding for Kool.

Yusuf immigrated to the United States from a home far away. No matter his struggles, he always had a smile. He wanted so badly to have his portrait painted. On the day he asked me to photograph him for his portrait, I explained to him that my camera was out of film. Yusuf disappeared only to return a little while later with a big grin on his face and a brand new roll of Kodak film. Kodak is the background of his portrait.

8. “Annette,” 30”x30,” Acrylic on canvas, 2017
When I begin the process of painting a portrait, I ask the subject what they want people to know about them when people view their portrait. The one thing Annette wanted people to know about her when we see her painting is that she’s been through some of the toughest times imaginable and “she survived…she made it.”

Instead of selling my portraits for money, I “sell” them in exchange for gifts of kindness to help others—a donation of food to a neighborhood food bank, a gift of new socks for a medical clinic or even homemade sandwiches for a community shelter. With the help of a lot of friends, an art patron in Baltimore, Maryland “bought” Ethel’s portrait in exchange for making 1,600 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and delivering them to food pantries shelters all over Baltimore!

10. “Dutch,” 30”x30,” Acrylic on canvas, 2004
Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen ("Dutch" to his friends) was someone who loved and cared for our neighbors unconditionally. He was a changemaker and is one of my heroes. The words in the background of his portrait are lyrics from one of my favorite hymns we sing at St. James called, “I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.” The words of the song remind me of Dutch’s spirit. He also inspired me to go to Carroll College in Helena, Montana! GO SAINTS!
On October 3 at SeaTac airport, members of the St. James Ukrainian Sponsor Circle Team welcomed a family of six from Ukraine. We are so grateful they are safely here! St. James sponsored this family through the Uniting for Ukraine program, and a circle of parishioners and community members will accompany them through their first months in the U.S.

Before the family arrived in Seattle, the St. James team witnessed an abundance of care for them—including a donated apartment, new mattresses purchased by St. Vincent de Paul Society, gifts of home furnishings and groceries, and funds raised by the Community Sponsorship Hub to cover the family’s airfare. These first weeks together have been full, focused on registering and enrolling the children in school and the parents in ESL tutoring; applying for work authorization and Social Security cards; accessing healthcare and other benefits; setting up a bank account; connections to churches; community orientation; public transit practice and more.

St. James parishioners offer their reflections on the experience:

When I am knocked down by the continuous stream of bad news from the media, what lifts my spirits are the encounters with our newly arrived family from Ukraine. Their resilience and hope for the future shine brightly. I feel empowered even by the little bit of good I can do for someone else, especially for a family that has seen much trauma and hardship.

Jura Litchfield

The Yaichenia—Safonik family are a warm, friendly family. The boys and Dad like playing football and eight-year old daughter loves gymnastics—she is willing to share a demonstration! Mom will attend her first ballet performance in Seattle soon. Everyone is anxious to learn English. We extend a warm welcome to this lovely family.

Tamara Goddard

The one thing that surprised me about helping this family is that the more I did, the more I wanted to help. As an empty-nester and a high energy person (people tell me), being able to use my skills and time to help them has really helped me feel “useful” to someone. It has also been eye-opening how challenging it is to do simple things like opening a bank account for new immigrants. Using Google Translate and a local translator has helped us get through some hurdles. The family is super sweet and appreciative.

Jeanne Tiscareno

I’ve been reminded of the words of Rabindranath Tagore: “I slept and dreamt that life was joy. I awoke and saw that life was service. I acted and beheld, service was joy.”

Scott Patterson

Please join us in praying for peace in Ukraine, and for healing for this family as they begin a new chapter in Seattle.

Erica de Klerk is Refugee Welcome Coordinator at St. James Cathedral. The St. James Ukrainian Sponsor Circle Team includes: Brian Beattie, Julia Gabay, Tamara Goddard, Richard Hopp, Mimi Knaak, Jura Litchfield, Scott Patterson, Lena Saba, John Simon, John Spannuth, Jeanne Tiscareno, Maureen Tucker, and Debby Walsh. If you’d like to be part of the team, contact Erica at edeklerk@stjames-cathedral.org.
The summer after I graduated from college, before setting out for a new life in the unfamiliar city of Seattle, far away from my family and friends, I took a trip to Spain with my college singing group that had us follow the Camino de Santiago, the Way of St. James. Imagine my surprise then, when having Googled the nearest church to my First Hill apartment, I was greeted at the Cathedral with a bulletin that highlighted a special event, the “Camino de Seattle”—a series of mini-pilgrimages around Seattle leading up to Feast of St. James.

Since that happy coincidence in 2013, I’m incredibly blessed to say that St. James Cathedral has become my home. I call St. James my home not because it’s where I live—though there are some weekends where it can certainly feel like that—but rather because this parish emblemizes what home is: Home is where you feel safe and welcomed. Home is where you find comfort and peace. Home is where you serve, and home is where you are transformed. I’d like to share a few stories of how St. James has been, and continues to be, a home for me.

Thinking back to the first few months of visiting St. James, I’m struck by how welcome I immediately felt. One Sunday evening, the former music director James Savage tapped me on the shoulder during an entrance procession to say, “you’ve got a great voice—keep it up!” It was a small gesture, but it meant a lot to be noticed. Within a few months, I was welcomed as minister of Holy Communion at the Noon Mass by my fellow servers who insisted I join them at the fiesta for Santo Niño, for which they had prepared a massive feast of Filipino delicacies.

This parish comforts, this parish welcomes, but above all, this parish transforms. The enriching faith formation, beautiful liturgy, and humble service opportunities abound, and dipping my toes into many of these continues to change me for the better. I’ve personally been transformed through helping the Cathedral to offer safe access to Mass during the pandemic. The wind, rain, and snow, occasional cranky parishioner, and countless hours of rearranging social distanced seating were tough (purple “no seating” and yellow “sit here” laminated cards still haunt my dreams), but I wouldn’t change a single moment of the past two years because they have also brought me the joy of talking to and getting to know so many parishioners. I’m grateful to be giving back to a parish I care so deeply about—a parish I call home.

A home is a place of welcome, peace, and transformation, but a home also requires care and upkeep, and our home is maintained and grown thanks to your gifts of funding, time, and talent. Thanks to your continued generosity, our parish is a crossroads where dialogue and encounter such as what we experienced in the Synod flourishes. Thanks to you, our parish is a hub of music, art, poetry, and prayer. Thanks to you, our parish goes above and beyond to serve those on the margins. Each year around Sacrificial Giving time I try to look back at all the blessings I’ve had in life and challenge myself to do more to support this place because, who knows, maybe my support will help another lonely new Seattleite find a home.

Every year on the Feast of St. James, we open Mass with the hymn, This is the feast, the joyful day. The last verse of that hymn always tugs at my heart: “Then let our due feet never fail to follow where he trod, and still to keep the pilgrim way that leads us home to God.” It’s a perfect reminder of what our parish embodies—not just a home, but a path. A path along the Camino of life, nourishing us, comforting us, and guiding us. May we never fail to follow that pilgrim way that leads us home to God.
I first met Father Bill Treacy in 1952. Along with Jim Dalton and Paul Magnano, I served Mass for him at the old St. Anne’s church on Queen Anne Hill. He never let us forget that—or did we want to. And as our lives unfolded and we traveled the road to the priesthood and lived out our ministry as priests, his example and his passionate love for priestly ministry never failed to inspire us—never failed to challenge us—and that was true till the day he died.

What was it about Bill that made him so unique and endeared him to so many? Why did he have friends beyond number? I suppose each of us would answer those questions differently, but I think we would all agree that Father Bill Treacy was all about relationships. He spent his life developing and nurturing relationships—friendships—many of which lasted throughout his lifetime. And that’s not in the least surprising. He was approachable, unfailingly kind, gentle, warm, and open to everyone. And he drew no boundaries. If I may borrow from that estimable organization, Doctors Without Borders, Bill Treacy was, to his very core, a Person Without Borders, a Priest Without Borders!

His embrace was broad, as we all know—breathtakingly broad—and, I think, surprisingly broad for someone who got his start in life in a small, remote Irish village in County Laois. Bill could have turned out narrow and parochial but no, he was the opposite of parochial. His parish was the world, and he had this amazing ability not only to connect with people from all over the world but to discover in everyone he encountered—young, old, wealthy, poor, bright, dull; gay, straight, liberal, conservative; Jew, Muslim, Protestant, ardent believer, atheist, it mattered not—in each person he encountered, he was able to see the light and love of God. And, of course, he revealed that same light and love to them. And, as we know so well, the God Bill saw in others—and the God he revealed to others—was not narrowly conceived or defined. Bill’s God was infinite yet approachable, available yet mysterious, divine and human, all-embracing, all-loving, all-merciful, and utterly beyond even a hint of the sectarian or the denominational. Long before ecumenism ever emerged in the Catholic world, Bill Treacy was the living embodiment of it. So often in his writings and his preaching Bill struck the theme of one human family, all of us being beloved children of the one God. I’m sure that’s why he chose that passage from John’s gospel for his funeral—Jesus’ great prayer that all might be one as he and the Father are one, and that’s what his ministry was all about, isn’t it? Bringing people together, creating places for dialogue, building respect and mutual understanding, tearing down walls that divide. That’s what Camp Brotherhood was all about. Bill and his dear friend Rabbi Raphael Levine dreamed of a place where people across many religious divides could come together as a family, a place where dialogue could be fostered—along with respect and understanding between people of all faiths and even no faith at all. Their dream was really no different from God’s dream for the human family that was pictured so powerfully in that reading from Isaiah: the mountain top with all God’s people gathered as one, feasting together on the richest of foods and the choicest of wines, the mountain top where God destroys the veil that veils all peoples, the web that is woven over all the nations.

During our last visit, he revisited with me one story after another that he had shared with me over the
years. “Miracle stories,” he called them, and I think that’s the right word, and as he related them, tears would well up in his eyes and flow down his cheek—tears of gratitude for all the unexpected and, yes, ‘miraculous’ ways God had intervened in his life from his very earliest days.

Let me share just a few of the highlights. There was that night in London in 1948 when Bill, the young priest, was on his way from Ireland to America and far-off Seattle. He had more luggage than he could easily carry and when he was about to board the London Underground train at King’s Cross station, he put the first of his bags, a small one, on the car and then reached for his large one. Before he could get it onto the train, the door slammed shut, and off went his bag with his passport, his ticket, and some other valuable documents. Bill asked the station master if his bag could be taken off at the next station, and the station master told him it was impossible—that he would never see that bag again. He did tell him, however, that he could return in a couple of hours to check, but he held out no promise. For the next two hours, Bill wandered the streets praying. When he returned to the station, much to his astonishment, he was met by a different attendant—a friendly Irish woman—who said to him, “You must be the priest who lost his bag. Here it is!” If Bill hadn’t believed in miracles before that, he did then.

Meeting Rabbi Levine was yet another ‘miracle’ that never would have happened but for the fact that, in 1960 when John F. Kennedy was running for President, there were currents of anti-Catholicism running in Seattle and they came to the attention of the Rabbi. He was disturbed and went to Archbishop Connolly to propose an ecumenical-interfaith television exchange that might help to heal some divisions and build some understanding. He had in mind a program that would involve himself, a Catholic priest, and a Protestant minister. Archbishop Connolly agreed and very astutely asked Father Bill Treacy to be the Catholic presence, and there came into being Challenge, a weekly TV program that was nothing less than a miracle here in secular Seattle. The program had a huge following, lasted for fourteen years, and Bill never missed a show.

During our last conversation, Bill spoke to me of one more miracle. It was, he said, when he awakened to the ongoing miracle of God’s unconditional love, compassion, and mercy in his life. To use his own words, “For this, Mike, I can only be humbly grateful.”

And as he said it, tears flowed down his cheek. Those tears said it all. And for me, his words were an echo of St. Paul’s words in the reading from Ephesians: “Now to him who is able to accomplish far more than we ask or imagine, by the power at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus to all generations forever and ever.”

Now, let me tell a little story of my own—not a miracle story, just a story—and then I promise to wrap this up. A few years ago, I paid a visit over at Swedish Hospital to the mother of one of my parishioners. We visited for a while, I prayed with her and anointed her, and as I was taking my leave, she looked at me and said, “Thank you so much for coming, Father Treacy.” I didn’t correct her but I wanted to say, ‘thank you so much for thinking I was Father Treacy!’ Wouldn’t we all want to be confused with him!

I’m going to let Bill have the last word here. About a year ago, he wrote to me sharing his thoughts about friendship and thanking me for mine over many years. He ended with these words: “As I come to the end of the road I keep going back to Matthew 10:29: ‘Are not two sparrows sold for next to nothing? Yet not one falls to the ground without your Father’s permission.’ So, when my time comes to ‘fall to the ground,’ I know it will be with the Father’s permission. And I shall take you with me, as I intend to imitate my patroness, St. Therese, by spending my heaven doing good on earth.”

Bill, you spent your days on earth doing good and each of us is better for it. It’s hard for us to let you go but we can only rejoice because we know that you are now sharing in Christ’s glorious victory over death. And we have no doubt that you will continue to be there for us as you always were.
Dear Friends,

Each year at this time, we publish a report on the financial condition of the parish. As you reflect on how you will support the Cathedral parish in 2023, I hope that the information contained in this report will help inform your decision. The report details not only the dollars and cents, but also some of the ministries and activities which are made possible through your support.

Our fiscal year runs from July 1 through June 30. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 2022, our total parish income was $6,046,661.

- Sunday and holy day collections (50%)
- Various gifts, grants, and bequests (28%)
- Business income (including land lease, fundraisers, Cathedral Bookstore) (22%)

Total expenses for the year were $5,529,233.

- Salaries, benefits and other personnel-related expenses (56%)
- Parish assessment by the Archdiocese (4%)
- Our annual support of six central area Catholic schools and parish scholarships for Rainbow Schools and high schools (5%)
- Supplies, operating costs for the maintenance and improvement of the Cathedral, other parish buildings, and grounds, etc. (35%)

This left us with a surplus in 2021-2022 of $517,428. You will notice that this surplus is significantly higher than what we projected at this time last year. The extraordinary surplus is owing to your incredible, ongoing and sustained generosity, which has kept the Cathedral going full steam through some challenging times. The surplus is also owing to the fact that several key staff positions were vacant for many months in the past fiscal year. We have recently filled these positions, thanks be to God!

It’s good for you to know that our Finance Council meets every month to monitor the finances of the

### Income and Expense

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Income and Expense</th>
<th>Projected 2021-2022</th>
<th>Actual 2021-2022</th>
<th>Projected 2022-2023</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sunday and Holy Day Collections</td>
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<td>Bequests</td>
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<td>Other gifts, grants, ACA rebate</td>
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<td>Restricted donations*</td>
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<tr>
<td>Columbarium income</td>
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<td>Business income (land lease, bookstore, fundraisers)</td>
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<td>Total Income</td>
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<td>$6,046,661</td>
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<td>Staff salaries &amp; benefits</td>
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<td>Supplies (including postage &amp; printing)</td>
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<td>Operations &amp; Maintenance</td>
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<td>308,446</td>
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<td>Capital Expense*</td>
<td>70,000</td>
<td>654,222</td>
<td>50,000</td>
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<td>Contracted Services (includes insurance premiums, police officers, service contracts, &amp; contract musicians)</td>
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<td>481,180</td>
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<td>Business Expenses (including bookstore and fundraising expense, hospitality, donations to others)</td>
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<td>203,684</td>
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<td>Utilities, vehicles</td>
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<td>Archdiocesan assessment</td>
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<td>Rainbow Schools and Scholarships</td>
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<td>Surplus (Deficit)</td>
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<td>$517,428</td>
<td>$361,036</td>
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*Capital expenses in 2021-22 relate to ongoing work on the Columbarium, Cathedral Crypt, and the Fire Suppression system, and are offset by restricted donations (funds raised and set aside specifically for that purpose over the last several years).
parish and to advise me and my team on financial matters. I am immensely grateful to them for the way they share their time and expertise with me and the parish. It’s impossible, of course, to know what the future holds, but we prefer to err on the side of caution when it comes to budgeting.

It has been a year of healing and recovery. In July, 2021, state restrictions on the size of gatherings lifted, allowing us to eliminate registration for weekend Masses (a happy day!). Nevertheless, we still experienced major disruptions to our operations due to Covid. The massive omicron surge in December 2021 led to the cancellation of our New Year’s Eve Gala, and to the postponement of our Holy Land Pilgrimage (now scheduled for January 2023).

In spite of these hiccups, the number of you attending Mass in person has continued to grow. An average of around 1,500 come to Mass in person each weekend, and hundreds more connect with the parish via the Sunday morning livestream Masses.

Some liturgical highlights of the past year include the inauguration of Seattle University’s first lay president, Dr. Eduardo Peñalver, in September; a special Mass with Archbishop Etienne marking the 20th anniversary of 9/11; and in November, a Mass remembering all those who had died of Covid-19, in our country and in our world. Another highlight was the blessing and dedication of our new Cathedral Columbarium in December, 2021.

Our music program has faced special challenges throughout the pandemic. However, this summer our Youth Music Choir Camp returned at last, in a safe, sane, and wonderful way. It was a delight to hear the voices of our children resonating in the Cathedral again. Meanwhile, our Cathedral Choir has returned, and what a gift it has been, especially these last few weeks, to enjoy the splendid sound of those 60+ voices.

SACRAMENTAL CELEBRATIONS
- 47 infant baptisms
- 10 youth and adult baptisms
- 10 Professions of Faith
- 136 Confirmations
- 26 Funerals
- 29 Weddings

Our Cathedral outreach ministries have continued to thrive, always putting the safety of our guests and volunteers first. A great group of volunteers prepares and serves breakfast early on Sunday mornings, while the Cathedral Kitchen continues to serve a hot meal every weeknight, with a different chef planning the meal each evening. While many now eat in Cathedral Hall, the kitchen continues to offer a takeaway option.

The colorful boxes above give you a snapshot of life at the Cathedral parish in the past year. In addition to all these programs and sacramental celebrations which make up the life of the parish, a few special events stand out in the past year.

Chief among them is, of course, the Synod, in which so many of you participated during Lent and Easter of 2022. The Cathedral’s work was called out in an remarkable way at a Vatican press conference on August 26, when Cardinal Hollerich quoted at length from the Cathedral’s synodal report published right here in In Your Midst.

Another blessing has been the return of our Cathedral coffee hour after the 10:00am Mass. The revamped Sunday hospitality has been a resounding success, and the new round tables in Cathedral Hall are a striking improvement!

All of this was made possible by your generous contributions. Your support of the parish during these difficult past two years fills me with gratitude and even awe! We don’t know what the future holds, but if there’s one thing we’ve learned in the past couple of years, it is that we can carry on, even in circumstances we could never have imagined. You’re the ones who make that possible. Thank you!

Father Michael G. Ryan, Pastor

Father Michael G. Ryan, Pastor
June 2022

1. The Cathedral was privileged to host O’Dea’s at the O’Dea Baccalaureate Mass. Congratulations to the Class of 2022!
2. In the wake of the horrific school shooting in Uvalde, St. James Cathedral joined with Temple De Hirsch Sinai and many other interfaith partners for a Prayer Vigil and March against gun violence.
9. We celebrated the Sacrament of Confirmation for 38 young people and adults. Archbishop Etienne presided at the celebration, remarking in his homily: “The Church needs you. The Church needs your youth. And most of all, the Church needs your faith.” Congratulations to all our Confirmandi!
16. After a two-year hiatus because of the pandemic, the Ministries Dinner returned at last. It was a joyful celebration in Cathedral Hall. The 120 who gathered for dinner represented just a small portion of the hundreds of people who participate in the many ministries of St. James Cathedral.
18. Members of Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy’s family gathered to mark the 25th anniversary of his death. Archbishop Etienne blessed the crypt, which has been completely refurbished thanks to the generosity of several donors.
19. The great feast of Corpus Christi honors the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist, the sacrament of his Body and Blood. We had beautiful weather for our annual procession with the Blessed Sacrament following the 10:00am Mass. A beautiful new canopy, created by artist Juanita Yoder, graced the procession.
25. Three men were ordained to the priesthood in a beautiful celebration. Congratulations to Josh Nehnevaj, Chad Hill, and John De Palma.
26. The Stuff the Truck Event accepted donations to St. Vincent de Paul Society. Thank you to all who brought items to be given to those in need.

July

5-6. St. James Cathedral was privileged to host special Vespers service for the American Guild of Organists, gathered in Seattle for their nationwide convention. In his remarks for this event, Father Ryan said: “Music is no incidental add-on, no luxury to be purchased only after all the bills are paid for buildings and their maintenance and upkeep, or after all the educational programs for children, families, and adults and all the outreach ministries to the poor and the needy are funded. No, music is integral to everything we do as church: music forms us and shapes us, it uplifts and consoles us, it gladdens our hearts and revives our drooping spirits. I can honestly say that we would never be the community we are—never be the Christians we are called to be—without the beautiful music which we make here day after day.”
24. We celebrated our patronal feast, St. James the Greater, with festive Masses (including the appearance of
the 18-foot tall puppet of St. James) and a particularly wonderful picnic.

August
8-12, 14. It was a tremendous joy to welcome children back to the Cathedral campus for the Schola Cantorum Choir Camp. The camp is a time for young people to sing, pray, and play together.

18. Our Mental Health and Wellness Ministry hosted an old-fashioned Summer Ice Cream Social, complete with barbershop quartet!

29. The 25th annual Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament was a huge success, raising around $180,000 to support our Cathedral outreach ministries, especially the Cathedral Kitchen. Special thanks go to Matt Galvin and Pagliacci Pizza, who co-sponsor this event each year.

September
6. A new Grief Support Group began, under the able direction of Nancy Granger, Parish Mental Health Nurse.

12. We hosted our first welcome dinner for newcomers in nearly three years! It was wonderful to be able to meet so many new parishioners who have chosen to make St. James Cathedral their parish home.

18. Our Children’s Faith Formation program began, returning to in-person instruction after two years on Zoom. It was a joy to welcome so many families and catechists back to Mass!

October
10. John Simpson began a six-week Bible Study on the figure of Joseph in the Hebrew Scriptures.

15. Seeing Clearly, Choosing Well, and Acting Rightly: An all-day retreat led by Joe Cotton and Father Gary Lazzeroni explored Pope Francis’ vision of the Church as field hospital.

22. A special Mass celebrated the 10th anniversary of the canonization of St. Kateri Tekakwitha. See the article on pages 6-7 of this issue.

November

5. The Celebration of All Our Saints gathers multicultural communities from around the Archdiocese of Seattle to join in a festive procession carrying images of their saints. This year the Swahili choir from Holy Spirit Parish in Kent sang at the Mass.

6. The Ministries Fair following the 10:00am Mass was an opportunity to explore the many ways to get involved at the Cathedral. Since the pandemic, many ministries have changed and there is an urgent need for volunteers, especially liturgical ministers to read, distribute communion, and serve at our weekend Masses.

6. Cathedral Youth Unite! On this First Sunday of November, Cathedral youth sported blue hoodies as they prayed, read, served, and sang at the Noon Mass. Then all gathered in Cathedral Hall for pizza, fun, games, prizes, and more. It was a fantastic party. Special thanks to all the families who turned out and to Stacey Sunde and Theresa Van De Ven for making it all happen.

7. United For Good: An Interfaith Vigil at Saint Mark’s Cathedral. Leaders from many religious traditions gathered for a simple prayer and vigil on the eve of Election Day in the United States.

10. At this year’s Mass for the Deceased Homeless, a tradition at St. James Cathedral since 2005, we remembered and named the 289 people who died while experiencing homelessness in our city. See the article on pages 8-9 of this issue.
We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses

Our giving is one way we join that great cloud of witnesses, one way we build up the Body of Christ in our own place and time. It is our giving that makes possible so many of the good things that go on here in the Cathedral parish, week in and week out. Thanks to your support, we can celebrate in a powerful and fitting way the mysteries of our faith. We can reach out in the name of Christ to the homeless, the poor, the elderly, and the immigrant. And we can share the treasure of faith with those who are seeking to know Jesus. If you haven’t yet done so, make your commitment for 2023 at www.stjames-cathedral.org.