

In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

Lent 2010

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.*

Contents

- 3 My Journey Home**
*Cathedral parishioners reflect on what brought them
back to the Church*
- 10 Angels Accompanied Us**
*Remembering Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen,
1920-2010*
- 13 Great Music for Great Cathedrals**
A photo essay
- 15 On Religious Liberty**
Fourth in a series on the Second Vatican Council
- 17 The Pew Next to You**
Five Cathedral Love Stories
- 20 From the Archives**
Sedes Sapientiae, Seat of Wisdom
- 22 Cathedral Almanac**
*Snapshots of life at St. James, September, 2009
through February, 2010*
- 24 Prayer, Pilgrimage, and a lot of fun**
*You're invited to join the parish pilgrimage to Rome,
February 2011*

ON THE COVER: *Noah receives the dove back into the ark.*
*Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen, 1994. All photos by
M. Laughlin unless otherwise indicated.*

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My Journey Home

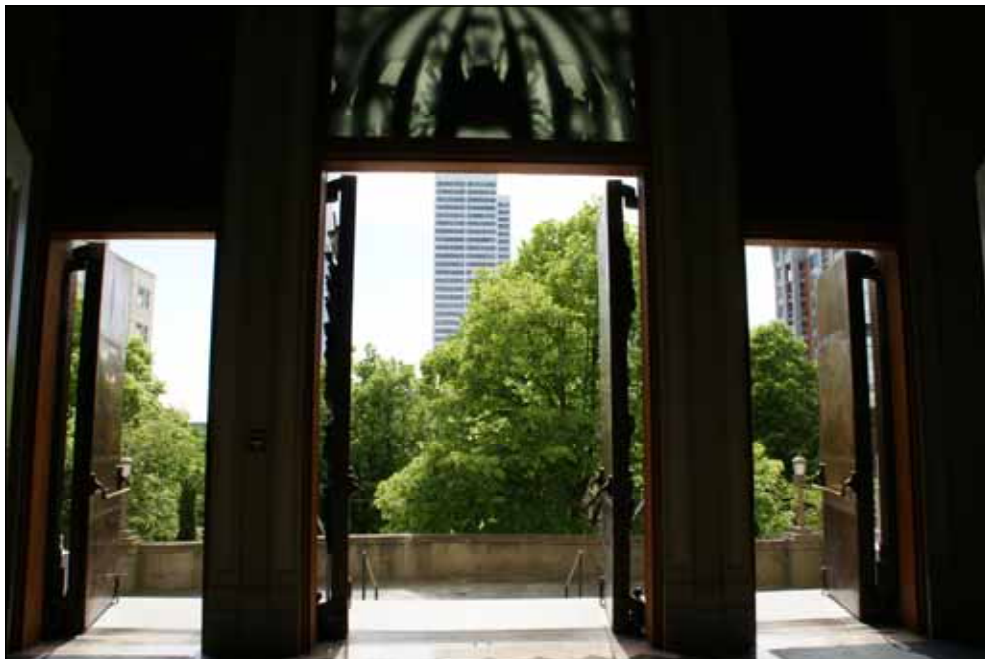
Cathedral parishioners reflect on what brought them back to the Church

Catholics Come Home is the name given to a series of television commercials that will be running throughout Western Washington during Lent. They are a way for the Church to put the word out to people who may have drifted from their faith that the Church is their home and that they are welcome. It's also a message that St. James Cathedral has been putting out for a long time as the following stories from fellow parishioners make wonderfully clear. And compelling stories they are! Each one is unique and each one is a testimonial to the mysterious power of God's grace and the equally mysterious power of our Catholic symbols and rituals to channel that grace.

I have no way of knowing how many people will respond to the "Catholics Come Home" television commercials but this I do know: those who come to St. James will find here what people have always found—a home, a warm welcome and, yes, a wonderful community with whom to walk the journey of faith, a journey into God, the God we worship in our magnificent Cathedral, the God whose face we continue to find in the least of our brothers and sisters.

Father Michael G. Ryan

I was a cradle Catholic born in Bombay, India. My dad was Catholic (his side of the family were Portuguese colonists) and we went to church every Sunday whilst growing up. I went to a protestant school run by the British called Cathedral School, where we sang traditional hymns at assembly every morning regardless of whether you were Christian or not. I joined the choir and loved it (many of the great hymns we sing at St. James are the same ones I sang many years ago in India!). When I left India as a young man and came to the USA, I pretty much stopped going to church, not for any specific



reason—I just did not seem to make it a priority. After getting married, I started to go to the Buddhist temple along with my wife (who is Buddhist) and the kids. I liked learning about Buddhism and stayed a Buddhist for many years. Then came the "conversion"—not a flash of insight, not a sudden awareness, but an inexplicable gentle force to return to my Catholic faith. This happened a few years ago, when my father died in India and we brought my mother to live here in the USA with us. My mom was very devoted to the Blessed Virgin Mary and carried a picture of her and a cross wherever she went. My mother asked me to go to church with her to remember my father each month on the anniversary of the day he died. I went to St. Jude's in Redmond with her. Attending Mass again after being away for 30 years and participating in the liturgy seemed so natural, so easy, so comfortable, that I started to feel the urge. I looked for a church near the Seattle Buddhist Temple and found St. James Cathedral quite by accident. I went into the Cathedral and felt the overwhelming force of wanting to be there as frequently as I could. My mom accompanied me to Mass at St. James. I met Father Ryan and knew this was it. I joined the returning Catholic class at St. James and was welcomed back like the prodigal son. I knew I was home. My mom died a year later with the joy of



sins—emotional baggage, issues with the Church, and bitterness—I felt the intense relief that I was held in God’s abundant love and grace.

I took that “invitation” with me, and then it took me about three weeks to screw up the courage to call about the Welcome Back program. With a new series of sessions starting soon, I called and said I wanted to come home and I needed help. I got the help I needed to bring me back into God’s family. The Welcome Back team helped me on my journey to make things “right,” including the

knowing that I had returned to the Catholic Church. I love this Cathedral and all that make it the body of Christ. I sometimes look back and say to myself, how could I have been away for 30 years? And then I thank the Holy Spirit for finding me and bringing me home.

Renan Jeffereis

Jesus came for sinners and I know he certainly came for me. I am a sinner who took my imperfections seriously. I was not “good enough” to be God’s chosen and to have a place at God’s table. I slipped away from the Church because I didn’t feel worthy and I did not fully accept God’s loving forgiveness.

For years I attended what I called, “the Holy Church of No Alarm.” I did as I pleased on Sunday mornings—slept in, drank a pot of coffee and leisurely read the Sunday paper. Ah! Sundays were a day of rest! But it never felt right. I had a nagging doubt that I was missing something. I occasionally attended Christian services with friends at any place but a Catholic Church. It was good, but never satisfactory.

I clearly knew that God was calling me back to my roots, my home, my soul. Not knowing quite how to get home, I procrastinated. Maybe next Sunday, next Easter, next year.

Through a dear Lutheran friend of mine, I was invited to attend Taizé. I entered the Cathedral on a warm August late afternoon. Intimidated by the large and beautiful space, I quietly sat in one of the pews, looked at everything around me, and what did I see? I saw God’s engraved invitation that said “Welcome Back.” With tears streaming down my face, I knew at last I was home! The prodigal daughter, with all her

opportunity to reconcile with God and the Church through the Sacrament of Reconciliation.

Yes, I am still a sinner, and I am blessed to be here and to know God’s love and forgiveness—the forgiveness that I could not take into my heart earlier in my life. And yes, I still have my issues with “the Church,” but I have courage to face those issues and to bring myself into dialogue with honor, respect, openness and prayer. And there is no more bitterness because I am loved unconditionally, just as I am.

Every time I enter the Cathedral, I am reminded of that healing grace I first experienced during that life-changing Taizé many years ago. This is my home, you are my family, and I share Sunday “dinner” at the Table of the Lord with all of you.

Theresa Van De Ven

I left the Church in deep bitterness when it failed to give comfort when comfort was most needed: denying a Catholic burial for my father, a refusal that shattered his devout mother’s heart. Five years later, she took that grief to her grave. I held on to the anger for fifteen more. I now see that the failure was entirely human: one priest trying to work within his limitations. But in those days, I scorned God and the Church with all the righteousness I could muster.

Given that contempt, I think it’s nothing short of a miracle to find myself at St. James. Some miracles take time. As I grew older, it became more difficult to explain life with the uncomplicated certainties of my youth. My heart grew softer with the admonitions of my patient wife, who thought I was better than my hostility. And, it became more difficult to summarily

dismiss the beliefs of people I respected, who valued faith as the foundation for their gift of intellect. When persistent questions of middle-age came to a critical mass, I was amazed to find I missed the comfort of our symbols and rituals. The Easter Vigil's last moment of darkness before light and chimes heralding a new beginning like no other. A bank of candles glowing under Mary's outstretched arms, as if she were gathering our prayers to take to her Son. Symbols that make the ultimate Intangible a little more tangible.

In coming back, I didn't find answers to most of my questions. That's OK, because what I did find—to my delight—were amazing people. A cathedral staff with the foresight to share their pastor's homilies online: homilies that spoke passionately of God's love expressed through people bringing justice to the oppressed. A "Welcome Back" team who instinctively knew when to step aside and let the Holy Spirit do the talking. To my greatest joy, I found you, my parish family. Without your knowing it, you help me grow in faith. You help me find my way simply by being the people you are, joyful pilgrims who do astonishing things with beautiful grace: feeding the hungry, welcoming the stranger, comforting the bereaved and forgotten. And, to my deepest gratitude, you do what I once thought was impossible: you help me see God.

Mark Schoen

I don't know exactly when I stopped going to Mass. By the time I moved to Washington twenty years ago, my practice had already begun to fade. When I started working long hours serving indigent clients, I felt very strongly that I was doing God's work ... so surely He could spare me for an hour a week.

I don't remember when I first began to feel there was no intention behind my work anymore. Why was I providing legal services to the poor? Why was I killing myself with those long hours at work? Certainly not the money, but I couldn't summon the spark that had inspired me so much in the beginning. I



remembered it, though; and the memory left me feeling lonely and purposeless and afraid.

Years later, I do distinctly remember talking to a friend who shared my feelings of emptiness, of longing, of searching for something I couldn't identify. My friend had an inspired thought ... "Let's go to Mass for Lent!" And we did.

After the first Mass, I was hooked. I loved the familiar scents and songs and readings and chants. I loved the thought-provoking and challenging homilies. And I was again inspired to serve by the many opportunities to get involved offered by the parish. I loved the renewed purpose I felt in every aspect of my life. By Easter, I knew I was home. I participated in the Welcome Back program at St. James Cathedral, and through it I was reintroduced to the loving community that is my Church.

Now, I feel blessed to be part of a parish with such a strong and loving community, in a Church with a very real commitment to serve others. I enjoy the opportunities to explore my gifts and to find ways to give them back to God through this community, whether I'm baking muffins or hosting a retreat or doing my job with intention. My faith is once again my home base, and my faith community is the people I come to see each week to share my prayers with, and Mass is a celebration I look forward to because I know it will rekindle that spark. And I am grateful every day that my friend opened herself to the Holy Spirit that day and chose to speak her inspiration.

Debbie Redford

I moved here from Minneapolis twenty years ago where I had been very involved with my parish. As happy as I was, my life, much like yours I am sure, had its deserts. Losing one of my younger sisters and my mother, not to mention 14 funerals in 8 months, three of them young people I had taught over the years in CCD, was a big desert for me. Situations like these along with my fragile faith and lack of trust tempted me to think about giving up on God and church and just running away.

In Seattle I attended my neighborhood church but as time went on and more trials occurred, the deaths of another younger sister and my father, and homilies that were not particularly good, my doubts about God and church began to come up again. Although I did not leave the Church, I did not always attend Sunday Mass. About this time three events occurred simultaneously that would affect my life. The first was God's grace awakening me to the fact that you cannot run away from much in this life no matter how tempted you may be or how painful it is. Just as there are deserts, there is also the Spirit of God at work and it kept tugging at me to stay the course, to continue to search for God. About this same time the second event occurred. A friend in Minneapolis sent me a book by a Seattle author as a gift. Space does not permit me to say how wonderful this book is; you will have to find that out for yourself, but permit me to quote one paragraph from *My Grandfather's House* by Robert Clark that caused me to rethink my faith and dig myself out of this desert I was beginning to enter:

"I do not doubt the things the church teaches and which I affirmed.... They seem plausible enough, mysteries though they are. Rather, I doubt my assent to them, my continuing ability to hold them as I feel I ought to, to believe them aright. The church understands this: Its founder, the first pope, St. Peter, was the epitome of doubt. In speaking to Jesus himself, the best he could muster by way of a credo was, *I believe, Lord. Help my unbelief...* Conversion and the practice of religion are the taking on of a perpetual labor as quotidian as housework. Faith is never complete, at rest in the same state, or located in the same place because we ourselves [are] in motion. We are forever needing to turn and be turned toward it; to discover and be discovered by it."

The third event was finding St. James. I was visiting St. James more often than attending my own parish, and because I liked what I heard from the pulpit and the diversity of the community and its outreach, I registered as a parishioner. Because of my poor attendance at my previous parish I visited with Rosanne Michaels at St. James about the Welcome Back program to see if it was something I should do. I never

did go through the program as a participant, instead Rosanne convinced me to join the Welcome Back Team! The privilege to journey with Catholics coming home who are responding to God's grace to return to the sacramental life of their Church continually strengthens my faith. Welcome back!

Ron Murphy

My story of leaving is rather ordinary; I simply drifted away. On my own for the first time at eighteen, I just stopped going to Mass. Weeks turned into months and then years, 15 total before I returned. I had no particular grievance with the church, but over time it was easy to latch onto negative views. It helped justify my falling away, my staying away. I grew up going to Mass at a large parish in Buffalo, New York. My parents were active in ministries and they made sure I had First Communion and Confirmation. Yet I drifted away so easily.

Like my drifting, my return seems ordinary as well. I do not have a single incident that set me on my return pathway. I was a restless person; in those 15 years I lived in eight states, always looking for the next thing I was going to do. I think I desired to be close to God in all those years, but I would not sit still long enough to figure this out. The Holy Spirit used all sorts of means and people to get my attention. From the few Masses I attended every year when I was visiting my parents, the prayer cards my Mom always included with her letters, the growing collection of saint medals that intrigued me, and my Grandmother's rosary I was given to keep. I felt so unworthy to have these things, but there they were, sentinel reminders that I was Catholic. I finally became aware that my restlessness was a desire to be closer to God, and for me that meant returning to the church I knew.

Returning was not easy for me; most of it was due to my feeling I had to *earn* my way back. For two years I struggled, going to different churches, throwing myself into service work. I had not taken any time to develop spiritually, my service gave way to resentment and before long I was no longer going to Mass. Six months later I was still thinking about going back and I found myself in a pew at St. James. I decided to take one Sunday at a time, I would be anonymous and let God lead me. The Sundays started to add up and I no longer counted them. I found myself in Welcome Back. I started to relearn all I had forgotten and started listening with new ears. I started to pray again and there was a chance for Reconciliation. I had finally surrendered my struggle and I found a sense of peace to calm my restlessness.

Amy Kiessling



Upon reflection, I have been fortunate in the people who helped me on my journey back to the church. I am thankful for the mentors who helped shape my life. In fact, their impact has stayed with me to this day. While in college, I found myself questioning the human shortcomings of the Church. I was disappointed and discouraged by what I saw as contradictions between the Church's teachings and the practices of leaders in the Church. I stayed away from the Church for quite a number of years.

Years later, while attending a retreat, the session leader encouraged me to read *The Return of the Prodigal Son* by Henri Nouwen. He suggested it as a reflection on the journey toward reconciliation. Around that same time, while living on First Hill, my curiosity led me to attend a 5:30 service at St. James Cathedral. Somewhere in the middle of Father Ryan's sermon, he reminded us of Christ's calling—I am in your midst as one who serves. During the mass, I picked up a "Welcome Back" card and read that a new class was starting up in a week. Again, my curiosity led me to the first session. The gentle spirit of Rosanne Michaels, the coordinator of the program, filled the room that evening. Each of us who came had a chance to tell our story—what drew us away, what drew us back. I found that I was not alone in my disappointment with the Church's ways. But over the course of several sessions, I felt the gift of reconciliation. I came to see that the Church is made up of human beings—people with gifts and faults, strengths and weaknesses. And,

inspired by the people in that "Welcome Back" class, I felt the unconditional love of the father who welcomes his prodigal son back home.

Each Sunday at the 5:30 Mass, I am reminded of the unconditional love and acceptance of the Father. It is through the people around me that I hear the call to serve others. I am grateful for the inspiration and nourishment I receive in this community of St. James Cathedral—a community of God's people.

Matt Manobianco

In my younger years, I began to have serious doubts about my faith and the church no longer seemed inspiring. I needed something more to grow spiritually and gradually turned to Eastern religions. Before I knew it, I had slipped away.

My family moved to Seattle in 1992 and I soon found a small group who meditated weekly with a Buddhist teacher. One spring day in 2001, after attending a noon concert with a friend, she suggested we visit the "Cathedral." The cathedral?! I knew where the Buddhist temples were but had no idea where the Catholic cathedral was. I dutifully followed my friend up the front steps of St. James and feeling like a stranger, I took my lead from her, kneeling and sitting when she did. It had been almost 30 years.... As I sat in that beautiful and holy place, I remembered the peace I had felt as a child when I was part of that ancient religion, the religion I had walked away from so many years ago. Serendipitously, I saw a little Welcome Back card, casually picked it up and tucked it

away. I kept thinking about it and about six months later, I enrolled in Rosanne Michaels' Welcome Back class, thinking—"I'll check it out—no commitment." The class was wonderful and very informative about the changes that had taken place in the years I had been gone. It was a very non-pressure series of lectures and discussions and I soon began to feel comfortable with everyone and what was being taught. The Catholic Church had opened many windows and was welcoming of people no matter where they were on their spiritual path. I felt I could be Catholic and still find a little inspiration from other sources as well. Returning was easy and felt absolutely right.

I have been a member of St. James for eight years and "coming back" was one of my best decisions ever. The beauty, music and liturgy, the intelligence and inspiration of the homilies and classes fill my soul. I also love being part of a community that so generously serves the needs of those in the overall community who require some extra help. As a bonus, I have met kindred spirits who have become my friends and truly feel part of a wonderful and supportive group. After a long and circuitous journey, I am Home!

Rosanne Warriner

I am a convert to the Catholic faith. I converted while attending a Jesuit college in the Midwest. When our children were very young (4 and 8) and in CCD at our parish in Southern California we had a minor dispute about scheduling our kids' CCD classes. The dispute escalated when we received a letter from a lay minister of the parish challenging our commitment and faith (at least that is the way I read the letter). As a further irritation, the efforts we had made to have our marriage convalidated in that parish were thwarted by a pastor who actually fell asleep during our initial interview (after telling us how improbable our success might be).

All of these experiences (and in particular the lack of encouragement from the parish community) combined with our exposure to a very welcoming faith community at the local Lutheran church, led to us parting with our Catholic parish. This departure lasted 13 years, until we were introduced to the Welcome Back program here at St. James.

I recall the first Welcome Back gathering I attended. We were all asked this question: Why did we leave the Catholic Church, and why did we want to come back? My answer, as best I remember it, was that I have always been Catholic and never really wanted to leave but felt unwelcome in the Church.

Not only did the Welcome Back experience bring us back to the Church but it led to the convalidation of

our marriage and enhanced our faith life which then led to participation in ministries such as Adult Confirmation, Hospitality, RCIA Sponsoring, to mention a few. I believe that the Welcome Back program at St. James is a model for all parishes, with its non-threatening, non-judgmental approach, which made us (being somewhat skeptical at the time) feel at ease.

Fred Armstrong

“Complete this novena and you will not die outside the Church, no matter what may happen in your life...”

As I had done throughout my catechism years, I ignored Sister's pronouncement.

How could someone leave the church? Would I leave my family, even though many of them were unpleasant or difficult? It was too much for a child's mind.

My childhood church, a provincial parish in Massachusetts, was obsessed with Protestants. Avoid them! Save your soul! I knew many Protestants, including my mother and her many sisters, and I noticed that when they went to church, they took pies. The extra ones usually wound up at our house because "might as well make an extra one!"

By college I had had enough. Yet another priest, this one a stranger in my college parish, but with the same old message, another anti-Protestant rant. Goodbye and good riddance, I thought!

I was a failure at being unchurched. Going to church was ingrained in me. I became an active Episcopalian and was befriended by a gifted woman priest who saw that I had no adult faith formation. She encouraged me to attend some classes, and suggested useful books. I was introduced to the Bible for the first time, although it was an academic acquaintance. I decided that, to update my education, I'd visit a Catholic parish. My expectations were pretty low. I had ignored news of Vatican II, figuring it was some kind of conference to formalize the fear of Protestants.

I arrived at St. James just before 10 on a Sunday morning, sitting near the southwest door—just in case I wanted to escape!

They say that the sense of smell is one of the last to leave a dying person. My proof that this is true is that despite all those years of nurturing my mind, my nose caught that unmistakable Catholic smell. I describe it as years of burning beeswax candles. On that morning it hit me like the aromas of my mother's pies.

As I relaxed and took in the golden lighting and the rainbow of architecture and vestments, including Father Ryan's distinctive red chalice, I had another of those forbidden little-girl thoughts:



"I wonder if Rome knows about this place? I don't think they'd approve of it."

The Welcome Back program helped me sort it out, and I have been at St. James for ten years.

It still seems like a miracle.

Lee Bedard

I left my faith after years of parochial school, of being an altar server, of dutifully attending weekly Mass and observing the days of obligation. Looking back it is plain that I had at best only a shallow sense of what faith really means. I looked at church and all I was able to see were rules and prohibitions. At some level I came to equate faith with "missing out on something." I often felt guilty, fearful. Then I began to be angry. In many ways I was not happy. And it grew easy to blame much of that on the Church. I left for college, arrogant, convinced I had outgrown any need for faith.

I thought I knew or could find what would make me feel happy, comfortable with myself, at ease in the world. But the faster I pursued that on my own, the less I was able to realize it. I was aware of a great longing underneath what I felt or did, but I couldn't name it, and I certainly wasn't able to fill it.

Years passed; much happened in my life, some of it good, more of it bad. The worst of it was a shrinking inside, a growing disconnection and isolation. My world offered many things to perhaps fill, or at least

distract me, from that void. None of them turned out to be life giving; most left things worse.

Occasionally, when something would call to me to think about church, the same guilt and anger of my past would come up as a barrier. But as my isolation grew, my need to connect with something that could change my world became greater.

At some point the call became louder than my fears. I don't know how it happened, but out of my searching I was given a gift of grace. It was a grace that both let me realize that I wanted reconciliation, the Sacrament of Penance, and that gave me the courage to approach it. I was able to reach out, fearful, anxious, but as honest as I could be. I think I expected that I might be turned away; instead I was welcomed. I left in tears, feeling forgiven, relieved and knowing a door had opened for me.

My faith today is nourished by realizing over and over the depth of my need for that mysterious grace, and how present that grace is for me when I am open and present for it. It is nourished by the sacraments, by my participating in the life of my church. It is nourished by my prayer and by my prayers with the family that is my church. It is nourished by my learning to listen

I still have a longing, but now I live with a sense that I move in the direction it calls me.

David Murphy



Angels Accompanied Us

Remembering Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen, 1920-2010

On January 8, an important member of our community passed away. Though he lived far away in the small town of Buoch near Stuttgart in Germany, and visited St. James Cathedral only twice, Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen knew and loved this Cathedral parish, and expressed that love in the wonderful stained glass windows he created for the Cathedral.

Stockhausen—whose work in stained-glass spanned six decades, with major works in churches and public spaces throughout Germany and beyond—got his start as an artist in the aftermath of World War II. As a young POW in the British camp at Tumilad in the Egyptian desert, Stockhausen began to draw: pen and ink sketches of memories from

childhood, and of his immediate surroundings: the camp with his fellow prisoners and guards, the arid landscape. Back in Germany, his work came to the attention of Rudolf Yelin, a teacher of stained glass at the State Academy of Fine Arts in Stuttgart. Yelin offered to take Stockhausen on as a student in 1947. In the years following World War II, a great number of churches in Germany were being rebuilt or restored, and this influenced Stockhausen's decision to work in the field of stained glass.

Stockhausen's connection with St. James Cathedral began in 1993. Father Ryan was in search of a stained glass artist to complete the Cathedral's east apse windows. The removal of the old high altar at the time of the renovation revealed that the 1918 windows by Charles Connick filled only the upper half of each of the three east apse windows—the bottom half of each window had simply been plastered in. New glass would be needed to complete the windows, and Stockhausen was surely the right artist for the job.

But Stockhausen did not accept the commission right away. He wanted to visit the Cathedral and experience the community before saying yes. He wrote



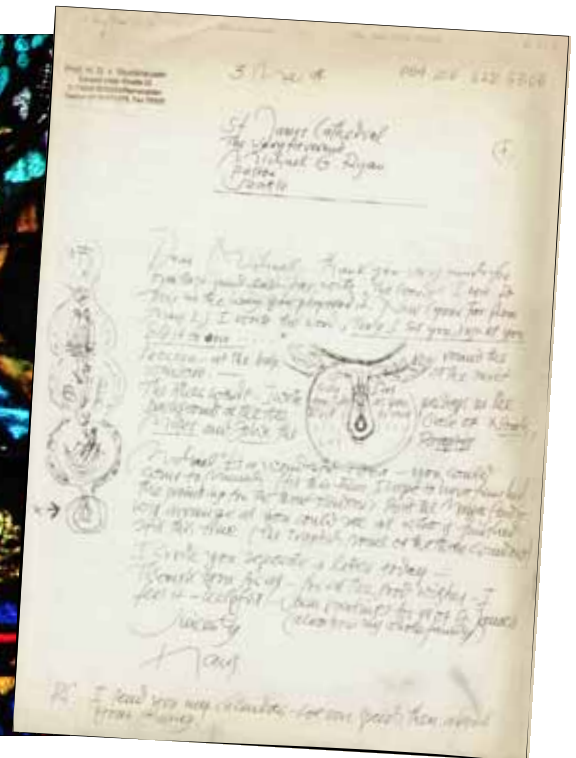
Father Ryan with Professor von Stockhausen in October, 2009, their last visit.
Photo by Ada Isensee

to Father Ryan in November, 1993: "For me it is most important to have my personal impression of the Cathedral—the atmosphere—the light, etc, and above all to have the dialog with you."

"When he visited here at St. James," Father Ryan remembers, "Professor von Stockhausen fell in love with our renovation project, but, more importantly, he fell in love with St. James Cathedral and what we are all about—with what goes on here day after day—the prayer, the worship, the service given by so many in the name of Christ." And at the end of the visit, Stockhausen knew what the subject of the new windows should be: the windows, he told Father Ryan, should tell Jesus' parable of the Last Judgment, from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel.

"When I asked him what made him so sure that this was the story the windows should tell, he told me that during his few days here at St. James he had watched people acting out this parable all day long—at the Family Kitchen, the overnight shelter, in the care of the sick and elderly and imprisoned. Then he said, 'I would like the windows to remind everyone who comes here of where Jesus waits to be found—in the least of our brothers and sisters—in the love we give them.'"

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



In a fax sent March, 1994, Professor von Stockhausen sketched out the central East Apse window, showing the flow of the window “moving from the top to the ground, and growing from the seed.” The seed is what makes sense of all the windows, with its inscription from Matthew 25: “Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me.” It was the Cathedral’s vibrant outreach to the community that inspired the windows.

In the months that followed his visit, Professor von Stockhausen kept Father Ryan abreast of the progress he made on his work. “Often I wished you could stay here in my studio and we could speak about all,” he wrote in March, 1994, as he was creating the “cartoons” for the windows. “It is a great thing for me to do this work for St. James. In my thoughts, I feel the atmosphere and it was very important to have this local impression of Seattle.” And at the beginning of May, he wrote: “End of July, St. James windows must be finished from my hand. And mid of August they must be packed. Tomorrow I begin to paint the Baptism window and hope to be at an end mid of June.”

In August, he was finally able to see the windows assembled and displayed at the Mayer Studio. The new roundels had to be incorporated into the existing field glass. (“You see it’s all a long process—also of teamwork between the Mayer Studio and me,” Stockhausen explained.) He commented on the central East Apse window, the Baptism window: “I think this window is the high point—special in the composition—the moving from the top to the ground, and the growing from the seed. I heard a lot of friendly compliments, especially from the workers out of the studio.”

That evening, he remained alone in the studio with windows as the last of the evening light faded from the

sky. “These windows are a bit like a dream—if you think just one year ago we didn’t know one another,” he wrote to Father Ryan. “But I hope that the windows now speak their own language, do a service in the Cathedral—the windows could be a thankful remembering of a happy dialog, in the spirit of *Soli Deo Gloria*—to God alone be the glory.”

Stockhausen was able to be present for the rededication of the Cathedral and the blessing of the new windows in December, 1994. Home again, he reflected on the grace of those days. “The few days at Seattle had a such high weight in my remembering. This ‘old year’ was one of the richest in my life. It seems angels accompanied us. The light of the Cathedral—the happiness of the days of Blessing—Dedication—the music—all the people who are pleased about the new-old room... It was a great thing for me to be invited for these days—to see the result of all the work. Such a warm reaction—so much people with kindly words—and to feel that behind all this was more—the common feeling—we all need the blessing of God.”

In the years following the renovation, Father Ryan remained closed to Stockhausen and to his wife, Ada Isensee (a noted artist in her own right). In 1998, another beautiful work by Stockhausen came to bless the Cathedral—the beloved “Seattle Madonna,” which has its home in the Cathedral’s south sacristy. This



In these details, we can see the artist at work. Above, left: the image of Judas' betrayal is rich in detail, including two figures that recall Adam and Eve in Eden. Above, right: Stockhausen's roundel of the Lamb of God is seamlessly joined with the original field glass of Connick. Below, the face of the Virgin seen in detail shows the hand of the artist—the glass is painted on both sides. Below, right, the moment of recognition in the supper at Emmaus. Stockhausen gave the face of Christ a green tint to point to the disciples' failure to recognize him.

past October, Father Ryan once again visited Stockhausen at his home. "The visit was a bitter-sweet," Father Ryan remembers. "I joined Hans and his wife, Ada, for dinner at a nearby restaurant and then we returned home and talked long into the evening, reminiscing about how we first met and how what could have been no more than a business relationship grew into a wonderful friendship. I reminded him of visits we had made together to German villages and towns, always stopping to see windows he had done in the local church. He spoke of his love for Seattle and St. James and of the wonderful people he met here. And woven into his words were unspoken ones that told me he was preparing to make the great journey Home." As he bid goodbye to

Stockhausen at the train station in Buoch, they both knew it was for the last time.

Stockhausen never described himself as a 'church artist,' but he saw his art as part of "the tradition of dialogue with the Bible in which Western art had engaged for centuries." The windows he created for St. James Cathedral are not just beautiful artifacts—they are themselves an invitation to dialogue. They challenge us to come to terms with our baptismal identity, to find ourselves in the Gospel, and to find Jesus in those we serve. In a certain sense, these windows challenge us to become windows: to let the light of Christ shine in our lives.

May perpetual light shine upon him! ♦

Great Music for Great Cathedrals

A Photo Essay





Color, Light, and Music: *Great Music for Great Cathedrals* is the brainchild of Dr. James Savage, Director of Music, but hundreds of parishioners work together to bring this magnificent production to life—Jeff Robbins, lighting designer; Kurt Beattie, narrator, musicians, altar servers, stage crew, vestment crew, and so many more. *Photos on these pages by M. Laughlin.*



On Religious Liberty

Part IV in a series about the Second Vatican Council

The Third Session of the Council opened with a concelebrated Mass: the first. Pope Paul VI stood with twenty-four of the Council Fathers around the altar of St. Peter's Basilica in a powerful sign of collegiality. The altar itself had to be enlarged to allow them to stand around it together. It was the perfect symbol for the Third Session, during which the Council itself would experience significant growing pains as the Fathers labored hard to stretch the Church in new directions.

The Third Session was both highly productive and highly contentious. The proceedings were even more fast-paced and streamlined than in the Second Session. Women auditors were admitted for the first time. But the rift between progressive majority and Curia-driven, conservative minority widened dramatically. That minority—fond of calling themselves the “remnant of Israel”—was praying hard, it was said, for the Holy Spirit's intervention in the Council. When he was told this, Pope Paul VI exclaimed, “But the Holy Spirit has intervened. He inspired Pope John to summon the Council and He has given us the courage to carry out the directives of the divine will.”

In spite of his own progressive leanings, Pope Paul VI found himself caught between two groups of well-intentioned, holy men who were utterly at odds with each other. “He cannot bear the thought that minority and majority should remain permanently unreconciled,” wrote Xavier Rynne in 1964. “Appreciating the merits of both sides so well, he finds all bitter-end resistance unthinkable and abhorrent.” Paul's response to this dilemma in the Third Session would earn him the nickname “The Pope of ‘Buts,’” and frequent comparisons with the Prince of Denmark.



Statue of St. Peter and obelisk in St. Peter's Square, Vatican City

The Third Session revealed all the weaknesses of the ecclesiastical institution, with behind-the-scenes machinations by the minority, offensives by the majority, last-minute appeals to higher authority, and the beleaguered Pope Paul VI playing the role of *deus ex machina*.

“The interest of the world at large,” reported the *Progress* shortly before the Third Session began, “centers chiefly on... [the] statement on religious liberty.... widely regarded as the keystone of Catholic ecumenism.”

Why was religious liberty so controversial? We take it for granted that people should be free to worship as they choose without interference—or special favor—from their governments. But the “classical Catholic position... claimed preferential treatment of the Catholic Church by the state while according only tolerance to other religions.... this was a terribly burdensome anachronism for progressives,” who demanded that the Council proclaim “the Church's total commitment to complete religious liberty” (Bokenkotter). An American theologian—the great Jesuit John Courtney Murray—had been instrumental in the formation of the Catholic

Corinna Laughlin is Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.

expression of religious liberty and in the drafting of the schema under consideration at the Council.

But the conservative minority was, as usual, loud in its condemnation. "The declaration should be entitled 'On Religious Tolerance,' not 'Liberty,'" said Cardinal Ruffini, "because those in error have no rights." And Archbishop Felici, the General Secretary of the Council, did not hesitate to use his position to influence the proceedings in favor of the minority. It was suddenly announced that the document on Religious Liberty would be handed to a new commission for revision—a commission that included some of the bishops most bitterly opposed to the concept of religious liberty.

A group of Cardinals immediately wrote to Pope Paul, a letter beginning with the words "magno cum dolore," a phrase which became associated with the whole Third Session. "With great sorrow we have learned that the declaration on religious liberty, although in accord with the desire of the great majority of the Fathers, is to be entrusted to a certain mixed commission.... This news is for us a source of extreme anxiety." The whole world, they said, was waiting for this document; official hesitation could significantly set back the ecumenical movement. They urged the Holy Father to order that the document be treated according to the rules of the Council.

Paul VI, perturbed, agreed, and the draft decree was sent to a new mixed commission for revision, with a promise that it would be returned to the Council Fathers for their vote before the end of the session. But on November 19, two days before the end of the Third Session, it was suddenly announced that there was no time for the vote on the Decree on Religious Liberty, which would be postponed until the Fourth Session. Up roar in the Council Hall! Cardinal Meyer, who was seated at the front with the other Cardinal Moderators, got up and walked around the table to argue with Cardinal Tisserant, who had read the announcement. Everywhere the Fathers were on their feet, loudly protesting the arbitrary change. Within minutes someone had begun a petition to the Holy Father, and hundreds of names were collected; but this time Paul VI did not intervene.

That was not the only the disappointment of the Third Session. When the Constitution on the Church, which included the hard-won notion of collegiality, came before the Fathers for the final vote, they found that the document had acquired an appendix full of juridical language, quite different from the rest of the document: "It is the unmistakable teaching of tradition, including liturgical tradition, that an ontological share in the sacred functions is given by

consecration. The word function is deliberately used in preference to powers which can have the sense of power ordered to action.... the Roman Pontiff undertakes the regulation, encouragement, and approval of the exercise of collegiality as he sees fit, having regard to the Church's good." In other words, episcopal collegiality was essentially another facet of papal power. The whole issue had been stripped of its controversy, and its impact.

The appendix, it was soon discovered, was a concession on Pope Paul VI's part to the minority, and it achieved its desired effect: the final vote on the Constitution was nearly unanimous. But many felt with Xavier Rynne: "in his extreme anxiety to conciliate an unimportant minority, Pope Paul seems to have forgotten that he might be doing less than justice to the majority."

The Third Session concluded in an atmosphere of gloom. "Pope Paul was carried into the basilica on Saturday morning, November 21, for the closing public session, through tiers of stony-faced bishops in white mitres and copes. There was no applause. He himself looked glum and tense" (Rynne). But in his address Paul assured those gathered that in the fourth session the schema on religious liberty would be discussed first, and that it would "crown the work of the Council." He concluded with a heartfelt address to Mary, whom he proclaimed Mother of the Church, and to whom he commended the cause of Christian unity: "O Virgin Mary, Mother of the Church, to you we recommend the entire Church and our Ecumenical Council.... intercede with your only Son, mediator of our reconciliation with the Father, that he may have mercy on our shortcomings and dispel any difference between us, giving us the joy of loving."

In spite of all that had happened during the Third Session, Father John Sheerin could write in his syndicated column at the end of November, 1964, "Today it almost seems that you can reach out and touch the Holy Spirit at work. One would have to be awfully obtuse to deny his presence. It is in a very true sense the age of the Holy Spirit.... In these exciting days, the Spirit is no longer whispering his inspirations. He is working so obviously and calling so loudly that the devout can honestly say, 'It's a great time for a Christian to be alive.'" ♦

In our next issue: Archbishop Connolly oversees the implementation of the first of the liturgical reforms of the Council's Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy: the Mass in English.

Read more: John O'Malley, *What Happened at Vatican II*. Xavier Rynne (F. X. Murphy), *Vatican Council II*.

The Pew Next to You

Five Cathedral love stories

ANGELA ARRALDE AND ROB MILLAR: Rob grew up Catholic, but after high school was never “a real, practicing Catholic.” He’d come to the Cathedral off and on, and one day, for no particular reason, he picked up a Welcome Back card out of the pew. “I went through Welcome Back with Rosanne Michaels. It was a really great group of people. At the end, she asked us, ‘So what are you going to do?’ I decided to try the Winter Shelter. There I met Jijo Jose, who it turned out was president of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference and got me involved there.”

Angela, meanwhile, had been volunteering for St. Vincent de Paul for several years. But joining the Cathedral Choir and working in the Winter Shelter meant she’d been inactive for a while. One summer a couple of years ago, she decided it was time to get involved again, and she was paired with Rob to make visits.

It was a good match from the start. They each remember one particular visit. They had got to know each other pretty well, but had not yet started dating. And they went together to visit a woman who had called St. Vincent de Paul for help with a new mattress. “We went to her apartment,” Rob remembers. “She was very friendly, but a little bit out there.”

Angela says: “She told us she’d been watching us—on the closed-circuit TV! She stopped and looked at me, and said, ‘You a fine-looking woman.’ Then she looked at Rob. ‘You two together?’ she asked. We both tried to steer the conversation back to St. Vincent de Paul business, but it did get us thinking.

“She got her mattress, and my sister told that story at our wedding reception!”

Angela and Rob were married on January 16, 2010, and the wedding is still a bit of a blur. For Angela, the music was a highlight. “Before the ceremony, we were all gathered in the west vestibule. The church was filled with people. And the Women’s Schola gathered around the font and sang a prelude. I’d always been singing with them before, never stood there and listened, and it was amazing. Father Ryan said, ‘Angela, that’s what the Schola sounds like!’”

For Rob, one moment that stands out is the nuptial blessing that takes place at the end of the Mass: “May you always bear witness to the love of God in this



Rob Millar and Angela Arralde

world, so that the afflicted and the needy will find in you generous friends, and welcome you into the joys of heaven.”

The parish community is important to both Angela and Rob. “The support we’ve felt from the parish since we started dating has been overwhelming, and very positive,” Angela says. Rob adds, “When you tell people you’re getting married, they’re always happy for you. But within the parish community, they truly understand the importance of what’s happening. They know it’s not just two people throwing a party!”

Angela says: “We’re lucky. We’ve both been single for a long time: we know how special it is, how powerful it is to find someone who is a natural fit.”

TED AND TERESA IPSEN: When Teresa moved here from Arizona in 1988, she despaired of meeting a Catholic in the notoriously unchurched Northwest. She was working as a dispatcher in the police department, and she would send both voice and text messages to the officers. One of them, Ted Ipsen, liked her voice so much that he came to the office to meet her! After one date, Teresa invited him to join her for Mass at St. James Cathedral.

It was a bold move, because, as Teresa says, she really didn’t know much about Ted at that time—other than that she liked him! After Mass, they ran into a friend (“Abundia is my honorary godmother,” Teresa says) who proceeded to ask Ted all kinds of questions



Ted and Teresa Ipsen, with Jack, Isaac, and Andrew

that Teresa didn't dare to ask. What was his background? (Vietnamese.) Was he Catholic? (Yes.) Had he received all the sacraments? (No.) And so on!

Later on, Teresa invited Ted to come with her to the Easter Vigil. A big commitment in itself! Teresa was afraid Ted would hate it. But Ted, who had grown up playing violin in the Seattle Youth Symphony, loved it: the music, the liturgy, everything about it. "It was the Easter Vigil that sealed the deal!" Teresa says.

It wasn't long after that that Ted was confirmed, just in time for the wedding. And his sponsor, head usher Patrick Martin, wasted no time in getting Ted involved as an usher!

Teresa and Ted—joined a few years later by Andrew, Isaac, and Jack!—drive from Auburn each week to worship and serve at the 10:00am Mass. Teresa says: "People ask me, how can you drive so far for Mass? But I can't imagine the Cathedral not being part of our lives. It doesn't feel far to us."

A NNA HORTON AND DAVID UNGER met through the Winter Shelter. Anna schedules Shelter volunteers, and David is an overnight host once a month. Every month they would exchange e-mails and voice mails when it came time to prepare the schedule, but it was not until an end-of-the-year party for the shelter volunteers that they officially met. David had just returned from Spain, and Anna commented that she would like to see the photos. He e-mailed her a link, and an e-mail conversation began. It wasn't long before David invited Anna out for the classic dinner and a movie. And not just any movie: *Shrek 3*. "I remember thinking, 'he laughs so loudly,'" Anna says. And David adds: "*Shrek 3* was a big disappointment for Shrek fans."

David first spoke about marriage not to Anna, but to Anna's mom, Sally, who was dying of cancer. When he told her he wanted to marry Anna, Sally immediately slipped the wedding ring from her own finger and said, "she can have this ring," and added, "have you set a date yet?" "I haven't actually asked her yet," David replied. But that night—at the end of "a really hard, really rotten day," Anna says—he proposed, and she accepted. Anna's mom died just a few weeks later.

The wedding took place in the Cathedral in July of 2009. Everyone was there: family, friends, Cathedral ushers, shelter volunteers, young adults, and many more. "It was the perfect wedding day," Anna and David agree. "The community here, even the building, is at the heart of our lives. It's how we operate as a couple."

TYRONE AND RACHAEL HEADE met in 1993: Rachael had just begun the RCIA program; Tyrone (a cradle Catholic) was a regular reader and a volunteer in the Winter Shelter, then in its very first year. Rachael remembers seeing Tyrone at Coffee Hour—"I thought he was really cute," she says. Their mutual friend Gretchen Diekmann took them out for lunch one Sunday after Mass. Gretchen left after about an hour and a half—and Rachael and Tyrone kept talking for the rest of the afternoon. It was a sunny day, so Tyrone loaned Rachael his sunglasses, then "forgot" to ask for them back as they were leaving. He figured she'd have to call when she realized she still had them. And she did.

The first official date was to see *Antigone* at the Intiman Theatre. Rachael was surprised when Tyrone picked her up in a 1963 Mercury Monterey, with a cracked flywheel that caused it to thump loudly every time he braked. Having majored in drama in college, Rachael wondered about the play, but this time Greek



David Unger and Anna Horton



Rachael and Tyrone Heade

tragedy proved an auspicious beginning.

The date of the wedding was set for January 29, 1994. Rachael and Tyrone were almost the last couple married in the Cathedral before its renovation. But though the Cathedral would not close until after Easter, the work had already begun. It seemed like every week something else was missing: first the carpet, then the stained glass. “Do you think there will be anything left when we get married?” Rachael remembers asking.

Sixteen years later, Rachael and Tyrone are still at home at St. James Cathedral. Their faith is at the heart of their lives, and at the heart of their marriage. “How do couples do it if they don’t go to church?” Tyrone wonders. “I can’t really imagine it.” “Being able to pray together, and having a network of people that you can ask to pray for you, is so important in a relationship,” Rachael adds. “Every Sunday I see the priest who married us, and so many people who were with me on the day of my wedding. It’s a constant reminder that the Church has a stake in the success of our marriage, not just me. We, and our marriage, are part of something bigger.” Tyrone adds: “We’ve never felt alone in our marriage. Our community is here.”

JEANIE WIDDEN AND WARD JOHNSON first became aware of each other at Vespers on Sunday afternoon. And both remember distinctly the first time they spoke. It was during Great Music for Great Cathedrals. Ward was singing in the choir and Jeanie was volunteering to help with costumes. “During a costume change,” Ward remembers, “the men of the Cathedral choir were furiously throwing off their robes and putting new ones on. I was struggling mightily, and there was Jeanie. I remember her saying, ‘I’m a dresser, I can help!’”

Jeanie remembers that one of the first things that bonded them was sharing the experience of the death

of Pope John Paul II, and watching the funeral together on TV. And an early date was to see the film *The Passion of the Christ*. Ward noted that another powerful bond between them was running together. “Some of our best conversations are when we’re running.”

Ward and Jeanie were married November 3, 2007. Both remember it as a perfect day. Jeanie says: “For me personally, one of the great things was that my mom and dad were both still alive. Walking down the aisle with the two of them was one of the best things for me. After the Mass, I gave my dad a hug and asked him what he thought. He was speechless: he didn’t say a word, just leaned his forehead against mine. He died only two months later.”

For Ward, it’s hard to pick out a single moment. “I remember the story of Goldilocks. The whole wedding reminded me of that bowl of porridge that’s ‘just right.’ Jeanie and I both have small families, but we were surrounded by St. James people, our Cathedral family. And I remember the choir cheered as we stepped down from the altar.”

The Cathedral remains central to their lives. Jeanie says: “One of my unattainable childhood dreams—to be an altar boy—drove me away from the Church for a while. Becoming an EM at St. James was one of my crowning achievements, the fulfillment of many dreams. I could never have imagined a parish would become so central in my life.”

Ward says: “From my first days at St. James, it’s been clear to me that a lot of people truly make this parish their home. There’s a line in an old Gospel song—*Order my steps in the world*. That speaks to me. We take steps in this community, the great moments of our lives are integrated into the life of the community. We all journey together.” ♦



Ward Johnson and Jeanie Widden

From the Archives

Sedes Sapientiae, Seat of Wisdom

The beautiful statue of the Virgin and Child in our Cathedral Courtyard has a rich history. For more than forty years, she stood on a grassy knoll overlooking Lake Washington, on the grounds of St. Edward's Seminary in Kenmore.

The Seminary was the dream of Bishop Edward John O'Dea. In fact, he bought the land on which to build the seminary with his own inheritance! On October 13, 1930, the feast of St. Edward the Confessor, the cornerstone was laid, and the magnificent building was dedicated precisely one year later, on October 13, 1931 (during the Great Depression, skilled labor was cheap and abundant). An awestruck Seattle *Times* described the scene: "The chapel of the splendid seminary, in its restful setting in the green firs and cedars overlooking Lake Washington, rang and echoed today to the sonorous Latin chants and antiphons of choristers and priests at the opening dedication rites. There was a wealth of color, impressive, almost dazzling—mitres, glinting with gold and red, flowing robes of many colors, the white of surplice against the black of cassocks, gleaming crosiers, candles, and silver incense burners."

For Bishop O'Dea, the dedication of a seminary for Seattle was the crowning achievement of a career full of notable achievements. He died just over a year after dedicating the new seminary, on Christmas Day, 1932.

St. Edward's Seminary was given into the care of the Sulpician Fathers, who already ran flourishing seminaries in Baltimore, Bardstown, Brighton, Emmitsburg, Dunwoodie, Menlo Park—and Montreal, where Bishop O'Dea had studied. Founded by Father Jean-Jacques Olier in the 17th century at the parish church of St. Sulpice in Paris, the Society of St. Sulpice is a unique community in that it is the only priestly



fraternity dedicated exclusively to the education of priests. The Sulpicians have a devotion to Our Lady under the title *Sedes Sapientiae* or "Seat of Wisdom," and they brought this devotion with them to the United States.

The statue that now stands in the Cathedral's Archbishop Murphy Courtyard was a gift to St. Edward's Seminary from Rosemary McDougall of Orillia, in memory of her father Malcolm McDougall. It was placed in front of the great seminary building, looking out over Lake Washington. On May 29, 1936 the statue was unveiled in a grand ceremony.

For forty years, St. Edward's Seminary was a thriving institution where young men from all over the Northwest who were considering priesthood got a first-rate education. Seminary life was quite strict: rising early for Mass each day, with lights out and "Great Silence" beginning at 9:00pm (strictly enforced). And the food wasn't wonderful! But there were fun times, too—athletics, school plays, and pranks. And it would be hard to find a more beautiful campus anywhere.

The image of Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom, figured largely in the seminarians' devotions, and Father Ryan (who entered the seminary at the age of 14) remembers the seminarians crowding on the front steps of the seminary and singing the traditional evening antiphon to the Blessed Mother before this statue.

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



Two moments: Sedes Sapientiae, Seat of Wisdom is placed on a pedestal on the wide lawn in front of St. Edward's Seminary, 1936. Almost seventy years later, in December, 2005, the statue is placed in the Cathedral's new Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy Courtyard. *Special thanks to Park Ranger Mohammad Mostafavinassab and the Archives of St. Edward's State Park for the historic photo.*

Due to declining enrollment, the seminary was forced to close its doors in 1976. The following year, the State of Washington bought the 316-acre property and it became St. Edward's State Park.

The historic seminary building, still stunning externally, has suffered serious decay over time. "Magnificent desolation" is how the building was described in an article in the *Seattle Times* last May. The long corridors are empty, and the dusty rooms, some still crowded with old school furniture, are damaged by water, earthquake, and time. The old dormitories are unused now, and only come to life (rather ominously) when they are used by the local police and fire fighters as a training ground.

The building is not entirely desolate, however. Park ranger Mohammad Mostafavinassab lives in the building with his wife and three children. They (along with three dogs, some hamsters, and a tank of tropical fish) occupy the old convent, where French Canadian

nuns used to sew vestments. Mostafavinassab is an eager student of the seminary's history. And there are many tokens of that history left behind. In the old chemistry lab, the names of former seminarians are scratched into the countertops, along with an occasional "I slept here." Mostafavinassab dreams of the day when the building (placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2006) will be fully restored. But with repairs needed to the roof as well as earthquake refitting, that dream is still \$58 million away!

Meanwhile, Our Lady, Seat of Wisdom, was moved to the grounds of St. James Cathedral in 1977 and has become the centerpiece of the Archbishop Murphy Courtyard. Throughout the day and into the evening, passersby stop to say a prayer before the beautiful image of the Virgin and Child—just as the young seminarians did in days gone by. ♦

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, September, 2009—February, 2010

September

9. Father Ryan offered a special Mass of the Holy Spirit with the **O'Dea High School** community as they began their new school year.

26. Our EMs, Ushers, Servers, and Readers gathered for their annual **Liturgy Day**, a time to get renewed in the meaning of their ministries.

28. The 13th Annual **Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament** was our most successful to date, netting \$72,000 in support of Cathedral Outreach Ministries, the Cathedral Kitchen in particular.

October

4. At the Noon Mass, we celebrate a **First Sunday Youth Celebration**, which included a blessing of children, parents, and catechists as they began a new school year.

November

2. All Souls Day. Father Ryan said in his homily for today: "The surpassingly beautiful music of Maurice Duruflé is a homily on death all its own, and a bold statement of faith. The haunting but comforting cadences of the plainsong, the sometimes uncertain, other times exultant harmonies, the soaring melodies, the insistent rhythms—all these resonate with our own struggles and longings to affirm our faith in the victory of life even when death seems to have the last word."

8. Parishioners David Unger and Anna Horton shared their story on **Sacrificial Giving Sunday**. After the morning Masses, we had our annual **Ministries Fair** in Cathedral Hall, a chance for parishioners



From top to bottom: Rex Wardlaw and foursome enjoying the Hunthausen Golf Tournament; images of Madre de las Americas and Simbang Gabi.

not only to volunteer for a Cathedral ministry, but also to celebrate the rich variety of ministries in our parish.

9. At the conclusion of our annual **Mass for the Deceased Homeless**, we gathered in the courtyard as the tower bell is tolled 85 times in remembrance of the men, women, and children who died homeless in King County this year.

26. At the beautiful Mass on **Thanksgiving Day**, we brought our gifts of food for the poor and placed them around the altar at offertory time. The **Cathedral Kitchen** served a magnificent feast of turkey and all the fixings to nearly 300 of our neighbors in need.

December

5. The colorful celebration of **Madre de las Americas** gathered Catholics from across Western Washington to celebrate Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Mother of the Americas.

6. We celebrated the **Rite of Admission to Candidacy** for twenty-five men who feel called to explore the possibility of ordination to the permanent diaconate.

6. Dozens participated in our annual **Giving Tree** which benefited our neighbors at Frederic Ozanam House and First Nations House.

12. We gathered for the annual celebration of **Simbang Gabi**, the Advent Blessing Mass.

17. In observance of the **Year for Priests**, Father Ryan sent a letter to the parish meditating on the gift of the priesthood. "ministry is never a one-way street. It goes in both directions. So many times over the years it has been your faith that has inspired mine, your hope that has sparked mine,

and your love that has challenged mine. That's why I am absolutely convinced that anything I have been able to accomplish through my ministry here pales by comparison with all that I have received—received from you.”

18. Today Archbishop Brunett gathered with the Chancery staff for a Mass celebrating his **12th Anniversary** of Installation as Archbishop of Seattle.

20. The children of the parish presented a wonderful Advent program of readings and songs, **Candlelight, Carols, and Cathedral Children**, which especially featured the gifts of two of our youth choirs—the Schola Cantorum and Jubilate!

21. We celebrated the vigil of the **Solemnity of the Dedication of the Cathedral**. The Cathedral was dedicated by Bishop Edward J. O'Dea on December 22, 1907, 102 years ago today. Father Ryan said: “The building, no matter how beautiful, only makes sense if it welcomes us warmly and then sends us forth to live out there what happens in here: to do out there what Jesus did as he brought glad tidings to the poor, proclaimed liberty to captives, recovery of sight to the blind, healing and hope to all. That was his call and it is ours as well. On this feast of our dedication, may we renew our commitment to that call, and may the Eucharist we now celebrate with beauty, dignity, and grace strengthen us to live it!”

24-25. Nearly 7,000 people celebrated

Christmas at St. James Cathedral. In his homily for today, Father Ryan asked: “I have a question for you:



From the top: Archbishop Brunett on Christmas Day; dancers celebrate Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; some of the “Friends of Santo Niño,” who prepared a feast for the parish to enjoy; a detail from the new Stations of the Cross.

do you believe in the Incarnation? If you believe in the Incarnation, then nothing can stay the same because you begin to see everything—and everyone—with new eyes. You begin to see the manger scenes that are all around us—the living ones—not just those on our Christmas cards and beneath our Christmas trees or on our fireplace mantels.”

31. The Cathedral was packed for our annual **New Year's Eve Gala Concert**, which this year featured the magnificent music of Handel.

January

3. We celebrated the great feast of the **Epiphany**.

9. Archbishop Brunett presided at a special Mass in Thanksgiving for the life of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.**

15. We gathered for a special prayer remembering the victims of the terrible **earthquake in Haiti**. In the spontaneous collection taken up in the days following the devastating earthquake, the Cathedral parish donated over \$44,000 to CRS for the relief effort.

17. We celebrated the **Santo Niño**—the Holy Child Jesus at the Noon Mass, which was followed by a great fiesta in Cathedral Hall.

February

12-13. **Great Music for Great Cathedrals** returned with color, light, processions, and above all—music! See photo album on pages 13-14 of this journal.

15. A new set of The Stations of the Cross, the work of Cathedral iconographer **Joan Brand-Landkamer**, were installed in the Cathedral (a special thanks to Trent Mummery, who engineered the hanging of the stations). These Stations, inspired by the work of Georges Rouault, will hang in the Cathedral each Lent. They are a powerful invitation to encounter the suffering Christ.

17. The solemn observance of **Ash Wednesday** marked the beginning of the Lenten season. ♦

Prayer, Pilgrimage... and a lot of fun

Dear Friends,
Plans are currently underway for a parish pilgrimage to Rome just a year from now—February 17-26, 2011, to be exact, and I'd like to invite you to consider joining me and the Cathedral Choir of St. James on this trip. It won't be any ordinary kind of pilgrimage, I assure you! In addition to being a prayerful experience, it should also be a lot of fun. The tour company that manages arrangements has access to important churches, shrines, and places of interest that few others, if any, do. Highlights include celebrating Sunday Mass at the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the Walls—one of the greatest of all Christian basilicas. We'll also have the opportunity to celebrate three Masses in St. Peter's, including the evening Mass on the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter (a pretty unique opportunity) and a Mass at the tomb of Blessed John XXIII (my hero). There will be ample time for visiting important tourist sites of Rome and a general audience with Pope Benedict XVI. The Cathedral Choir will also present a formal concert at the great Jesuit church of S. Ignazio. Following our days in Rome, we will have a couple of days to visit Naples and its environs, including Pompeii, Capri, Sorrento and the fabulous Amalfi coast.

This will be the third time I will have been privileged to lead a Cathedral parish pilgrimage to Rome and, unless God has some startling surprises in



Cathedral Pilgrims get close to Pope Benedict XVI in 2006

store, I'm pretty sure it will be my last!

I hope you will consider joining us. If you've never been to Italy, this is a wonderful way to experience it for the first time. But even if you've been many times, this is a unique experience of community, history, and music you won't want to miss. In the coming weeks you'll see more information in our parish bulletin. And you can learn more about the trip, including price and detailed itinerary, at www.stjames-cathedral.org/pilgrimage.

Please do consider yourself invited!

A handwritten signature in blue ink, which appears to read "Father Thomas Meyer".