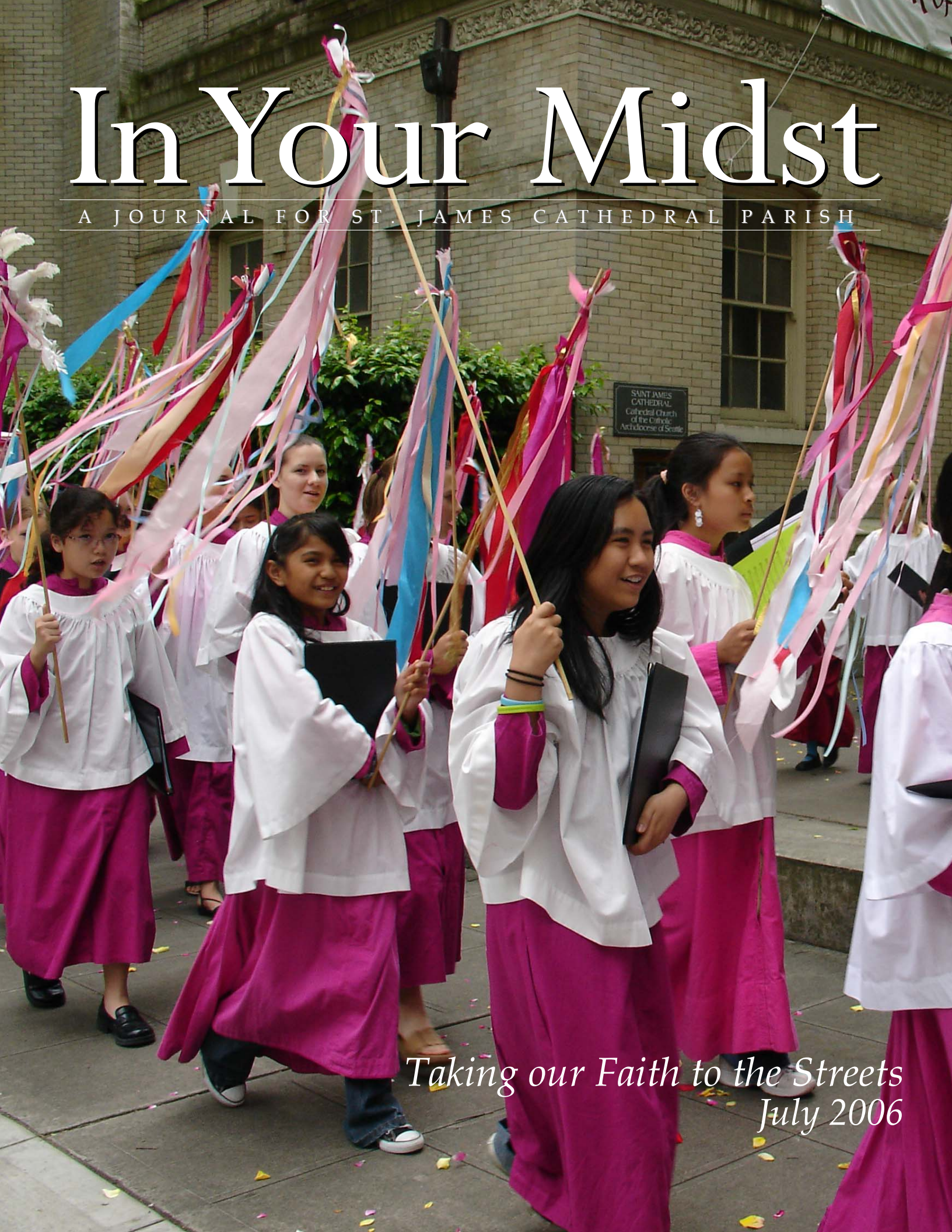


In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH



Taking our Faith to the Streets
July 2006

In Your Midst

Vol. 11 No. 2 July 2006

"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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A word to our readers

We hope you enjoy the new look of *In Your Midst*. If you would like to help offset the additional cost of going to full color, we will not refuse your generosity!

Taking our Faith to the Streets

*How does what we do on Sunday at St. James Cathedral translate into our daily life?
Parishioners meditate on taking their faith into their homes and workplaces*

Dear Friends,
A month or so ago, on the feast of Corpus Christi, we took our faith to the streets. Literally! One thousand of us left the comfortable confines of the Cathedral to process around the entire city block that frames the Cathedral. Were we talking and singing to ourselves? I hope not. I think we were making a statement – first of all, to ourselves, and then, to all the people who walked or drove by on Ninth Avenue – cars, buses, emergency vehicles, motorcycles, taxis.

The statement we were making to ourselves during that colorful and holy procession was that we know our faith cannot be confined to a place or to a day. Our faith is for every place and every day. And our faith is mostly lived outside the walls of the Cathedral, not inside – in all the messy, humdrum, challenging, demanding places we live our lives.

The statement we were making to the passers-by who witnessed this unusual display of joyful devotion – and who must have been charmed by bagpipes and brass and children strewing flower petals – is that we love our faith and take it seriously.

The lead article in this issue of *In Your Midst* is written by your fellow parishioners who share with you how their faith shapes what they do and what it means for them to live their faith those six days of the week they're not in church. Their stories could just as easily be your stories. In fact, as you read them, I hope you take a moment or two to ponder the same questions they have pondered.

This year I find myself looking back on forty years of ministry as a priest. I suppose most people think it's easy for a priest to live his faith when he's not in church. To be honest, I haven't found it so. My challenge has always been to live and to practice what I preach and only I know how far short of that I regularly fall! My challenge is also to translate the deepest convictions of my faith – convictions about God's love and mercy, God's thirst for justice and passion for the poor – into things that will make this world a better, more loving, more just, more caring place. The possibilities for that are endless, of course, and I must never grow tired of trying them. And neither must you. Together, week after week, we gather in the Cathedral to celebrate the great mysteries of our faith and to be transformed by Christ's love that



flows to us so generously in the sacraments, and together we leave the Cathedral to walk the procession that is our life, bringing hope, love, integrity, compassion, and justice wherever that procession takes us.

Father Michael G. Ryan

Summer Sunday mornings spent at Mass at St. James are a very special time for me. The bright summer sun illuminating the rich lucent colors of the saints in the beautifully leaded stained glass windows, the choirs in full voice, Father Mike teaching us with an eloquent homily spiced with many exclamation points! And then, at the end of Mass, we walk down the stairs to Ninth Avenue, and bang – we're back to the reality of life on First Hill.

A young woman approaches and asks for a dollar for some gas for her stranded car, three men are rolled up in blankets sleeping off the night on the grassy planting strip. Two blocks away many homeless are emerging from their makeshift hotel under the freeway. How can we convert our Sunday faith to a daily faith?

A few years back I signed up for a men's Cursillo Retreat and one of the charges at the end was to join a weekly prayer group, which I did. The challenge given to the prayer group was to put our faith in action. Being a restaurateur in Pioneer Square made me very conscious of the number of street people that the

overnight missions dismiss each morning at 7:00am. So our group prayed about what we could do for these folks during the day. And, it finally came to us to open a day center for Bible study, AA and NA meetings and counseling. Joe Curtis, before he was our Deacon, came up with the name, and one of our group, Gregg Alex, volunteered to run it! And I'm happy to tell you after twenty one years the Matt Talbot Center is still serving the street people of Seattle, better than ever! It's been a great blessing in my life to be part of one solution for helping Seattle's street people. I encourage you to offer to join one of the St. James's outreach ministries. You will be richly blessed in return!

Mick McHugh



At 3:30am weekdays I'm driving north on 509 on my way to work. The lights of the city are all golden as I drive down the hill. When I get to my job at United Parcel Service, I enter a concrete cavern. It is dirty, sweaty, physically demanding work.

There was a time when I cursed my fate, but kept the job for the great benefits. But then I came to the realization that the only way I could make my job meaningful was to see that this is where I am called to practice my faith.

The way I apply my faith at work is just to forgive. I've expanded my definition of forgiveness to include every form of annoying behavior. Righteous anger and outrage are my main spiritual enemies so I have to remind myself how often I've been in the wrong and been forgiven. In this way I try to keep down the barriers to knowing and caring for the people I work with and to see their basic goodness. It isn't easy, so I allow myself some extra time to hold a grudge occasionally!

When I hear about a co-worker who is

experiencing a tragic situation or an illness in their family, I'll tell them that I will light a candle for them at St. James. This is my code language for "I'll pray for you" (just so people don't get uncomfortable).

Of course I'm the main beneficiary of my efforts. Now my big challenge is to bring my faith to the freeway.

Beverly Laughlin

V*ocatus atque non vocatus, Deus aderit.* Carl Gustav Jung came across this saying and made it his motto. He even had it inscribed on his tombstone. Poetically, it can be translated: "Bidden or unbidden, God is present."

I now have a plaque with this inscription just inside my apartment door, so that it is the last thing I see before leaving for work and the first thing I see upon returning. Since my natural tendency is to see things in a large, visionary way, this helps me live in the here and now, to see the smallest encounter as a way to serve God in his people.

One of the visions I hold dear is improving the health care of East Africa, especially Tanzania. I recognize that no matter how great our efforts (I usually take a team of 4 or 5) at the care of individual patients, the only way to make a lasting difference is by training native caregivers. I teach applied musculoskeletal anatomy to first year medical students at BUCHS (Bugando University College of Health Sciences, a division of the Augustinian University). The class that entered in 2003 had only ten students. We bonded and they learned. They still greet me joyously when I return each year.

The most recent class has 51 students. The size grants them an anonymity that seems to entitle them to sleep, talk, pass notes, stroll in 20 minutes late, and blame everything on me, because of my American accent. I was tempted not to return. This is where faith comes in (faith isn't faith unless it's all you are holding onto). I'll find a way to reach them. God is present. God will help.

Barbara deLateur, Baltimore, Maryland



Saint Francis says, “Preach the Gospel at all times. If necessary, use words.” I take this to mean that Jesus’ message may be communicated in doctrinal debates and evangelizing missions, but the Gospel is best preached in works of charity and service. These acts of love go far beyond rational arguments or pushy proselytizing to continue Jesus’ work of salvation. It is this kind of radical preaching that will take the Gospel message to the ends of the world, but more importantly, to the remotest ends of our own hearts.

This summer I joined a program to teach elementary school in a low-income school in California’s central valley. During my preparation I have learned the rudiments of teaching theory and lesson planning, but I aspire to become not only an effective teacher but a “preacher” of sorts—one who spreads the Gospel not through words, but through service to the “least sisters and brothers” with whom Christ abides. My teaching commitment lasts for two years, but I hope that my work will further a larger, long-term project: using education to eliminate the drastic disparity between the poor and the rich in this country. The fulfillment of this ambitious goal, more than any amount of proselytizing, will be the measure of our far-more-ambitious faith and the social justice it demands.

Curtis Leighton



“Mama, do we drive to heaven?” my three-year-old daughter Zoe asked me recently. We converse almost daily as she tries to understand death, heaven, and God. It’s been a fascinating and illuminating experience for me, as I attempt to instruct her in our faith.

This same conversation turned to more questions about where God lives. As I’ve done before, I told her God lives in heaven and in our hearts. Asking with all the three-year-old silliness she could muster, she wondered if God lives in our mouths. Thinking about it for a second, I said, yes, God does live in our mouths, especially when we say loving things. “Does God live in our eyes?” she continued with her silliness. Yes he does, I told her, when we see others as God sees them, with love. With serious self-doubt, I reflected on how often I model that for her and her baby brother. But I also understood, like never before, the beautiful simplicity of what it means to say, “God is love.” It was awesome to see the bare truth of this “concept” through the eyes of a child.

I learn so much from my children. They teach me about love; real, joyful, merciful love. They instruct me about genuine humility and the beauty of sacrifice. As I struggle to live my faith day to day, my children remind me to keep it simple. God is love.

Elizabeth Swift

My name is Payton Buchholz. My parents tell me that I was named after the Cathedral (my middle name is “James”) because it’s always been a big part of our lives. I am 10 years old. Every Sunday, my family and I drive down to St. James from Mill Creek to attend Mass. It is a special place for me because I was baptized there and have had all my Sacraments there (so far), and because I love seeing Father Ryan, who I consider my friend.

St. James is one of my favorite places to pray, but it’s not the only place that I pray or grow in my faith. At home, there are signs of my faith everywhere. My Mama collects crucifixes that have stories. One of them is from the same place where St. Francis of Assisi is buried. I have a special one in my room that I got when I received my First Communion.

One of my favorite prayers is the Rosary. It has a lot of my favorite prayers all rolled into one, especially the ‘Hail Mary.’ My Mama taught me how to say the Rosary when I was five years old. My family says the rosary when we are happy, when we are sad, and when we just need to pray. I like the prayer so much, that I started making rosaries for my family and close friends. I hoped that the rosary would give them another way to pray and become closer to God.

Praying is important to me and my faith because Jesus taught us to pray to God, it brings me peace and brings me closer to God, it helps me make the right decisions, and it makes me feel good. But what’s even

better than praying is praying with other people. Right now, I'm trying to teach my little brother to say a proper Grace Before Meals. The rule at home is that the youngest person prays when our family eats. It's time for me to pass that job on to my little brother so he can be more a part of living our faith.

Payton Buchholz



What most struck me when I first walked into St. James many years ago were the words at the base of the cupola: "I am in your midst as one who serves." Almost every day those words, filled with grace as they are, come to my mind. They inspire me, guide me, and give my life meaning and purpose. They unify and order my daily life as a husband, a father of four (three between the ages of 17 and 19), English and Religion teacher, and Chair of the Language Arts Department at Bishop Blanchet High School.

I'm deeply grateful for the opportunity to work and play with high school students. The reality, though, is that I need lots of grace to do it! What my children and our students need are teachers who will help them develop the critical consciousness needed to identify empty values and to make choices rooted in Gospel values. They need teachers who, in the words of Jesuit philosopher and theologian Bernard Lonergan, will encourage them to "be attentive, be intelligent, be reasonable, be responsible, and be in love."

I need lots of grace to be that kind of husband, father, and teacher!

To walk with them at this point in their journey, I need walking shoes made by a master craftsman from durable materials: humility, courage, understanding, patience, a sense of humor, compassion, and forgiveness.

I can't buy those walking shoes at the local shoe store. I can only receive them as a gift. And I receive those shoes when we celebrate the Eucharist at St.

James. Here I meet Jesus, the master craftsman. Here He begins the intellectual, moral, and religious conversion that transforms my life. Here I receive the grace to be a husband, friend, father, and teacher. Meeting Him at the Eucharist inspires me to begin every day with an hour of prayer and meditation, a time when He gives me a new heart and a new spirit.

And it is here along with everyone that I meet Jesus Christ, the one whose words I find bathed in light at the base of the cupola, the One who fills my heart with a desire to serve, and the One who sends his Spirit so that, in Paul's words, my "inmost being is renewed, and [I] put on the new man." I become the husband, father, and teacher that God invites me to be.

Leo Genest



When, on any given Sunday, as reader I sing "The Word of the Lord," and you respond, "Thanks be to God" — it feels heavenly. I am known by you, and you are known by me the way we want to be known. It is the easiest and most rewarding time to be Catholic.

It is less easy in home life. Alice and I have been together for fourteen years. She has been Catholic all her life, while I became Catholic through RCIA some ten years ago. I have learned in those years that Catholics come in many shapes and sizes. Alice is diamond-shaped. She is with me at Mass every

Sunday, and yet being in a relationship with another for this length of time is not always easy.

It is even more difficult to be Catholic at work. Being in a customer-service environment day in and day out is very stressful. The customers who wind up getting the most help are sometimes those who are the loudest rather than those who really need help. And, sadly, truly being Catholic and listening to their needs often gets passed by. I left the ashes on my forehead on Ash Wednesday, and rather than engaging customers in conversation about what it meant, they insisted that it was an ink mark – something I must have forgotten to wash off!

It is even more difficult to be Catholic with my mother. My mother is Jewish, 92, and in a nursing home. It is most sad at this time in our lives not to find a *mamaloshen* (mother tongue). We spend quiet times together when I can only pray for her.

It is most difficult, however, to be Catholic when I am alone. Being someone in recovery for 13 years, I am most often challenged in my faith during what ought to be the quiet moments. It is then I read the Bible, sometimes finding – sometimes not – the reassurance of “be still, and know that I am God.”

Walt Steciuk

There are a million things I don’t know. A number of things I think I know. And, about five things I know for sure. One is that I am Catholic. Another is that I’m human. A third is that I have moments which are not spiritual (these usually occur in the car). Yet in spite of these last two setbacks, each day I venture out into my world knowing that God is with me. I have a friend who says “God is all knowing, all powerful, and thrilled with the slightest bit of attention.” So, with that in mind (and heart) I go about my business. Giving God credit, and asking for help, and griping about God’s timing, as it is often not on par with my expectations.

The one constant I work at is to invite God into all that I do. The more I do this the more joy I find in my day. Struggle and discontent diminish (as does the length of my Confiteor on Sunday). I’m not 100% successful and that’s ok. I’m on what I call the “Catch and Release” program with God. I get hooked by my pride and ego and God untangles me and throws me back in and off I swim a little more spiritual, and perhaps, a little less human, even if it’s just for a moment.

Rachael Heade



I come to the Cathedral every week to get fuel – the bread and the wine. I look forward to it. It’s a week’s supply of food. I guess you could say I’m an addict. And it’s not only for communion: I’m hooked on the people. As an usher, I get to see the regulars week after week and I get to know them. And we all have one thing in common: we’re all church addicts.

For years I’ve seen Father Ryan giving sermons – greeting people – and he’s always happy. I used to think, “Does he have any problems in life?” Yes, he does. We all do. But that’s the reason we come. Here, just for this one hour, we don’t have problems.

I’m retired now. I run my dog every day. I’ve got seven cats I take care of – two fertile cats, too. I love meeting people when I take Pony Boy (my dog) out. People at their windows will wave at me. When you have people genuinely like you, that’s like winning the Lotto!

Being an usher, the greatest reward is when a visitor comes up and says they had a good time, and they thank me. You can’t buy a cup of coffee with it, but it feels good.

A lot of people have a hard life. We all have a hard life in one way or another. How do you make it a good life? Come to Church.

Azel Shackelford



Celebrating 40 Years of Ministry

*In honor of Father Ryan's 40th anniversary of ordination to the priesthood,
In Your Midst offers these excerpts from his homilies, 1988-present*

At the time of my ordination as a priest, I was not particularly shy about telling the world who I was and what I wanted my ministry to be about. I proclaimed it rather grandly and in a way that, looking back, makes me feel just a bit embarrassed. On a prayer card commemorating my ordination I had printed the words we heard in today's first reading, words that Jesus later appropriated to himself on the day he first stepped into the pulpit of his hometown synagogue at Nazareth: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord has anointed me; he has sent me to bring glad tidings to the lowly, to heal the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to captives and release to the prisoners, to announce a year of favor from the Lord and a day of vindication by our God, to comfort all who mourn..."

As I say, I feel a certain embarrassment about having used that particular passage from the Scriptures. Not because those words don't sum up quite wonderfully what the call to ministry in the church is all about—they do—but because I realize now that when I selected that passage, I was being a bit self-centered: I'm afraid it was the "me" part I heard more than the "God" (The Spirit of the Lord God is upon *ME*). Now, after nearly thirty years of priestly ministry I've awakened to the fact that those words are about God, not about me or any minister of the Gospel. They are about grace, the mysterious and overwhelming power of God's grace, they are about glad tidings—not *my* glad tidings—but the glad tidings of God's love for the poor and the little ones of this earth. And the truth of the matter is that God can use just about anyone to deliver those glad tidings.... And I feel lucky God decided to use me!

July 23, 1995

As a college student, I spent a couple of weeks up in the Skagit Valley teaching catechism to a bunch of second grade kids. Perhaps I should say attempting to teach catechism. One of things I needed to teach them about was, of course, the Holy Trinity. I managed that in less than a half-hour one day and felt quite good about it. Good Irishman that I am, I used St. Patrick's tried and true method: the shamrock. It seemed the obvious approach to me. There was a problem, however. The



Father Ryan with Marjorie Ryan and Sister Judy Ryan on the occasion of his 25th anniversary of ordination.

kids in Sedro Woolley had never heard of a shamrock so I had to spend a fair amount of effort explaining what a shamrock was. At the end of the week when I gave them a little test to see what they had learned, I asked them to tell me what the Holy Trinity was. One little guy was quick to answer: "Some kind of a plant!"

So much for my early attempts at teaching (I'm not altogether sure they've improved!). In an effort to be true to my Irish heritage I ended up turning the Trinity into a botanical problem. And, you know, I think we often do that when we try to shed light on the mystery of the Most Blessed Trinity. Often enough we end up turning the Trinity not into a botanical problem but a math problem ("three in one, one in three"), and in doing that, we succeed in making the Trinity irrelevant—and in pushing it to the outer margins of our faith. I don't say that because I think mathematics is irrelevant—it's not, of course—but mathematics doesn't inspire adoration. Wonder, maybe, but not adoration! And the Trinity, among other things, is about adoration.

Trinity Sunday, 2005

Years ago, when I was serving as the vocation director for the Archdiocese, I heard Jesuit Father Michael Buckley give quite a remarkable talk on the qualities needed in

candidates for the priesthood. He didn't say the expected. Rather, he posed this rather surprising question for us to think about with each candidate: "Is this person weak enough to be a priest?" He went on to say what he meant by weakness: an ability to live with a certain amount of failure, and an inability to separate himself from suffering. He expressed the hope that a person approaching priesthood would have known some struggle with self doubt, and fear and inner anguish, and that he would have learned how to live, as all people of faith must live, without easy answers or absolute clarity...

Weakness. It's not something we normally view as desirable whether in a priest or anybody else, including ourselves. We tend to admire sterner stuff in a person — self-made qualities, rugged independence, quick resilience. We forget that Jesus struggled long and mightily with the demons of doubt, the demons of easy shortcuts, the demons of anxiety, inadequacy, and fear. How else are we to understand the Jesus of the desert temptations, the Jesus of Gethsemane, the Jesus who was "like us in every way but sin"?

...no day goes by that I don't experience how small I am before God, how weak, how much in need of the grace of God. I suspect the same is true for you.

July 6, 1997

Several years ago, about the time I was getting ready to come here to the Cathedral as pastor, I had the wonderful opportunity of spending part of this third week of Lent at the ecumenical monastery of Taizé. Taizé is located in the rolling hills of the Burgundy region of France, not far from a place called Cluny which was probably the greatest monastery of the Middle Ages...

Over the years, millions of pilgrims, most of them young people, have made their way to Taizé to witness this unique community and to imbibe its remarkable spirit. Among the pilgrims have been Pope John Paul II and, before him, Pope John XXIII (hardly a young person but unquestionably young in spirit). John XXIII used to refer to Taizé as "that little Springtime."

Taizé was a "springtime" for me personally when I went there. I was tired and a bit scattered at the time. As I think back, I know I was feeling somewhat anxious and inadequate about coming back to Seattle and beginning my new assignment as Pastor of St. James. My heart was racing a bit and so were my fears, but I found at Taizé an oasis of peace and quiet joy. I remember so well sitting in the church there one morning and reading the very passage that is the Gospel for this third Sunday of Lent; the beautiful story of Jesus' encounter with the Samaritan woman at



The newly-ordained Father Ryan with his family at St. Peter's Basilica in Rome, December 17, 1966.

the well. Jesus became very real to me as he spoke of living water, the gift of God, and reminded me that all my thirsting and all my restlessness could be satisfied by him, the living water.

March 14, 1993

"I am the good shepherd. I know my sheep. I lay down my life for my sheep." I believe the good shepherd is able to lay down his life for his sheep because he sees in his sheep — sees in each of us — what we so often fail to see: "the hidden beauty of God." ... I must confess to you, my parishioners and friends, how personally challenging I find the parable. I have been called to be a shepherd in the church, a pastor. To be honest, I find it pretty easy to see the face of God in many people, maybe even most people. My challenge is to see the divine face in the angry, disgruntled parishioner, the anonymous letter writer, the turned-off teenager, the disruptive mentally ill person, the rigid reactionary. Yet that is what I am called to do. And, in fact, it is what we are all called to do.

May 7, 2006

"But you are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation. God's own people, that you may declare the wonderful deeds of God who called you out of darkness into marvelous light." These are

words addressed to you, my friends—to all of us. They are reminders that we have an importance that far exceeds the grandeur of this magnificent cathedral, an importance breathed into us by the creator God, an importance that was irrevocably sealed by God's Holy Spirit in the waters of baptism. We are chosen. We are holy. We are God's own people. We are the church.

We celebrate tonight the dedication of our cathedral church, but we need to be reminded that a church building, be it a great cathedral or a humble chapel, fulfills its highest calling not by being the church, but by becoming a house for the church, a house for the people of God. And we are that people.

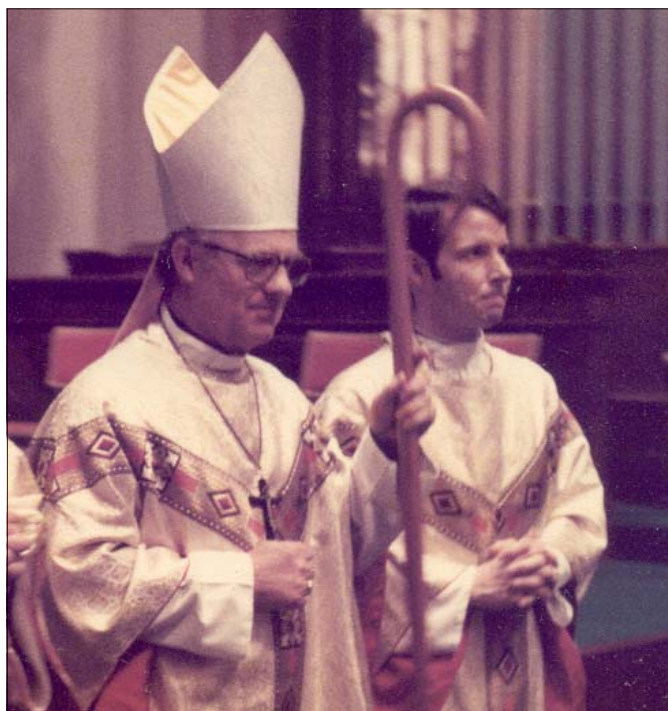
My friends, we rejoice in a building tonight, but even more, we rejoice in the building that we are: a holy temple in the Lord with Jesus himself as the capstone.

My friends in Christ, at this altar, Jesus will truly be in our midst, giving himself to us under simple signs of bread and wine. And around this altar we will, I hope, never stop getting the message that it is when we serve each other, especially the poorest and neediest among us, when we find ways to wash one another's feet, then and only then will we be the church we are called to be. Then and only then, my friends, will we have truly built a great cathedral!

*Dedication of St. James Cathedral,
December 22, 1994*

A cathedral can still work its magic even in a hostile or indifferent world, for part of a cathedral's magic lies in the way it is able to present the beautiful. Cathedrals are still places where people have a unique opportunity to meet the beautiful—whether in architecture, art, or music—because cathedrals can make the beautiful available to everyone regardless of their ability to afford it, to pay for it. You can come to a cathedral and simply take without giving. We are, of course, grateful to those who choose to give, but we always welcome those who don't or who can't. I like the way the great contemporary Italian architect, Mario Botta, expresses this. He speaks of opera houses, symphony halls, and theaters as "places of the collective imagination... people buy tickets to go there and dream," he says. That fits nicely with what one of our homeless parishioners once told me about St. James: "I come here to get lost," she said.

I have a favorite cathedral story which dates from the seventeenth century—from the time when Sir Christopher Wren was overseeing the building of his great masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral in London, after the disastrous fire of 1666. One day Wren disguised himself and went into the workshop to see how the



With Archbishop Hunthausen, April, 1978

workers were getting on. He found three of them there, all doing the same job, cutting and smoothing and preparing the stone. He asked the first, "What are you doing?" and the fellow said to him, "I am chipping bits off this stone until it's two feet by three feet by six. And a very boring job it is, too." And then he asked the second, "What are you doing?" and he replied, "I'm earning a few pence a day and it's very little when you've a wife and six children to feed." And when he asked the third the same question, he told him, "Ah, I'm a lucky chap. I'm helping a fellow by the name of Christopher Wren to build a great cathedral!"

That little story captures something of what I believe about cathedrals. It takes different sorts of people to create a cathedral and there is certainly more than one way to view a cathedral, and even to understand it. Like any work of art it is multi-layered, and like many human enterprises, it can serve more than one purpose. Some, like Wren's stone-cutters, never get past the trees to see the whole forest. No matter. They see something. And for those really willing to look and to search, there is a greatness to be discovered in a cathedral and a whole world of opportunities to be explored. Cathedrals realize a few of those opportunities, I like to think, but only a few, and I know a cathedral will lose its soul the day it thinks it has realized them all. For cathedrals, like so many other human enterprises, are works in progress, unfinished symphonies. Like the God they are meant to image and honor, they defy easy definition and they never run out of possibilities. Place of worship, icon of

the heavenly city, bully pulpit, center for the sacred arts, center for social services, crossroads for conversation and controversy, ecumenical center. The cathedral is all these and more.

Cathedral: Curiosity or Crossroads? April 19, 2004

Instead of “Woe to you rich,” how about, “Blessed are you rich, rich in money or power, talent or time. Blessed are you rich because you can do so much for the poor. With all you have, you can do so much for the poor! But blessed are you only if you have the mind of the poor, the mind of Christ, only if you realize that you are more stewards of your possessions than owners, only if you are not enslaved to your possessions and do not place your trust in them. Blessed are you rich, but only if you are willing to lose all you have for the sake of Christ and for the good of your brothers and sisters. Blessed then, but only then, are you rich!”

And how about, “Blessed are you who are full now. Blessed are you because you are strong enough to feed the hungry. But blessed only if you have the mind of the hungry, the mind of Christ. Only if you do not take your food for granted. Only if you are uncomfortable, deeply uncomfortable, as long as there is one brother or sister who cries out for bread or justice or love. Only if you experience your own profound emptiness, how far you still are from God...”

And lastly, how about, “Blessed are you who laugh now. Blessed are you because you can bring the joy of life, the joy of Christ to others, to those whose days are often drowned in tears, whose lives are one long agony. Blessed are you who laugh, but blessed only if you laugh at yourselves, if you don’t take yourselves too seriously, if human living doesn’t revolve around you and your needs, but around those for whom laughing is a little-known luxury. Blessed are you who laugh.”

February 12, 1995

One year ago we came to this place or to another like it because we had been brought to our knees by a tragedy of epic proportions and we knew that we were incapable of sorting it all out by ourselves. We needed to be together; we needed the comfort of our faith, the rituals of our religion; and we needed to cry out to God in our pain echoing the Psalmist: “My God, my God, why have You forsaken me?”

The shock and devastation of the events of September 11, seared as they are into our individual and corporate memories, awakened in us a paralyzing feeling of vulnerability that went far beyond any we had ever known. We had thought we were in charge of



Father Ryan is installed as pastor of St. James Cathedral, 1988

our lives, waking each morning and going off to work to earn our bread and our livelihood, and then, in a moment of horror and disbelief, we watched people like ourselves for whom an innocent morning turned into a freefall to eternity, and it was almost as if we were watching ourselves.

We had thought of ourselves as powerful people. Words like “weak” and “defenseless” were not really part of our everyday vocabulary. And then in one blinding moment, they became our only vocabulary as we found ourselves grieving, not only our dead, but our lost innocence, our lost security, our lost hope.

In the midst of all that wrenching turmoil we came to this place or to another like it and we found not just safety in numbers, not just an anesthetic for our pain, not even just the courage to go on. I think we also found our souls. At least for a moment we found our souls. We found, or found again, the kind of faith and hope and love without which our souls are dead. We found them by looking beyond ourselves; we found them by looking to others and to their needs; we found them by looking to Jesus Christ whose death and resurrection are alone capable of turning tragedy to triumph.

September 11, 2002

This holy Church of sinners is the only Church there is. At times we glory in its goodness and at other times we are disheartened by its flaws. In our more enlightened and honest moments we are not surprised by its ups and downs, its glories or its failures because they are our own ups and downs, our own glories and failures. For the Church is not some abstract entity way out there — some impersonal institution off in Rome — the Church is people: holy people, sinful people, people led by the Spirit of God, people dogged by the spirit of evil. We are the Church!

As we strive to live our lives together as followers of Christ we will sometimes reach the heights achieved by those first disciples who embraced the gospel without compromise and lived it in its purest form, the heights reached by Pope John Paul. At other times, we will more closely resemble Thomas, the hard-headed doubter who wanted no part of the darkness of faith. But even then—even then—Christ will find a way to break through to us as he did to Thomas: gently chiding us but never rejecting us, coaxing us to reach beyond our sins and our doubts and to touch his wounds, touch the Divine Mercy that flows so freely and abundantly in the Church, in the healing grace of the Sacraments.

Dear friends, our Church stands at a new and uncertain moment as we mourn the loss of an extraordinary Pope... but we do not stand alone. The same Lord who inspired the earliest Christian believers to the heights of holiness and who elicited from fearful, doubting Thomas a dazzling act of faith is with us now and will be with us until the end of time. We are not alone.

*The Death of Pope John Paul II,
April 3, 2005*

I suggest to you this Easter morning that all of us who believe in Jesus Christ have had a near-death experience. It's called baptism. Baptism is the Christian equivalent of the near-death experience. That's what St. Paul was saying in today's passage from the Letter to the Colossians: "*You have died, and your life is hidden with Christ in God.*" "*You have died.*" We have all died and the life we now live is not just our own, it is Christ living within us. That's what baptism is about. Baptism is our sacramental participation in the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Baptism is not a moment in time; Baptism is a lifetime!

I once heard a preacher say that everything would be different for us if we took our baptism seriously. He was right. If our baptism could have the same life-altering effect on us as a near-death experience commonly has on a person, then everything would be different: our priorities would change: our *faith* would be the lens through which we viewed all of life, not just a once-a-week nod to the unseen. And *prayer* would be our first language, the one that comes to us

FATHER RYAN MODEL OF FAITH



Portrait by a young parishioner, Blake Rassilyer

most naturally. And we would begin to see *people* differently, too—see them as God sees them. And we would come to see *our work* not as drudgery, or a necessary evil, or even as just a means to make a living, but as our contribution to the building of God's kingdom. And *our world* would look different to us, too, because the appalling violence, the terrible injustices and inequities that are everywhere apparent would awaken us to our call to work for justice and peace—really work for them. So I say it again: if a near-death experience can change everything for a person, imagine what baptism taken seriously could do!

Dear friends, could this be the Easter that will take us past all the other ones? Could this be the

Easter that, like a near-death experience, will make everything different for us? It could be, you know. It really could. The resurrection changed everything for Jesus. Our baptism can do the same for us!

Easter Sunday, 2005

On this Sunday we call Pentecost, I want to acknowledge that there is a sense in which every day is Pentecost in this place: every day there are echoes of what we heard in today's reading from the Acts of the Apostles when people from all over the then-known world, strangers all of them to one another—heard one astounding message and became one people.

Every day is Pentecost in this place as newly-arrived immigrants and refugees find their way to the classrooms of Cathedral Place where you and others like you sit down and unlock for them mysteries of the English language.

Every day is Pentecost in this place as mothers with small children and low income elderly from all round find a warm welcome and a nourishing meal at the tables of the Family Kitchen.

Every day is Pentecost here as earnest pilgrims and curious tourists from across the world walk into this splendid Cathedral and find God here, and maybe a glimpse of heaven.

I experience Pentecost here very Sunday as I look out and see you, an incredible cross-section of God's holy people: young and old and in-between; married and single and divorced and gay; affluent, and

struggling to get by, pious and not-so-pious; outspoken and timid, conservative and liberal; African American, Pacific Islander, Caucasian, Native American, Hispanic, and Asian.

I experience Pentecost each Sunday as I hear my voice chiming in with the great symphony of your voices as, together, we recite the Nicene Creed: many voices from many places professing faith in the one God. And a culminating moment always comes at Communion time when we pray together the prayer that followers of Jesus have prayed from the beginning, the prayer that Jesus himself taught us. "Our Father." Sometimes just those two words can almost overwhelm me! And moments later, as I stand ministering the Body of Christ, I sometimes find myself awestruck and nearly speechless as I reflect on what I am saying, "The Body of Christ" — and to whom I am saying it: also the Body of Christ!

Pentecost, June 4, 1995

My friends, it was important to me to be able to celebrate this anniversary not as some grand personal glorification — something resembling a dress rehearsal for my canonization. That would never do. There are just too many of you who could play Devil's Advocate in that process! What I wanted to be able to do today was to give thanks for the gift priestly ministry has been in my life, and to do so by acknowledging all the people who have themselves been such wonderful gifts in my life. And that includes each of you here this afternoon and many more, too. Each of you, for different reasons, and in different ways, has brought grace and joy into my life. You have, all of you at times, endured me; others of you, I suppose, may even have enjoyed me from time to time. But each one of you, in one way or another, has encouraged me by your incredible faith, you have enriched me by your hope, and you have embraced me so generously with your love. How blessed I have been! How blessed I am!

...Over twenty-five years, I have been privileged to experience a variety of ministries as a priest. I've loved working in parishes (St. Patrick's in Tacoma, the San Juan Islands, Our Lady of Fatima here in



Ordination Day, 1966

Seattle), — I've loved working in those parishes but I've also found it a blessing to work as teacher and counselor with Seminarians, Deacons, and Religious during my years as Vocation Director; and an altogether unique and special blessing in my life was the privilege of serving for nearly twelve years as Archbishop Hunthausen's Chancellor. I always thought Chancellor was sort of an exalted title (much more than the reality actually afforded), but there was joy in those years that far outweighed any of the pains or struggles, and the joy was the absolutely immeasurable grace of working alongside one of the truly remarkable spiritual leaders of our time, a man I will always think of as a saint, but whom I

am immensely proud to be able to call friend.

...Every once in a while someone will ask me what it's like to be a priest in these rather turbulent post-Vatican II years that have defined my years of ministry. Almost always, I find myself telling them how awesome it is to be able to minister to people in the name of Jesus, and how humbling it is when people invite me to be with them at the pivotal moments of their lives: moments of birth and death, moments of growth and pain and heartache, moments overflowing with love and joy. And then, when time and honesty permit, I share with them some of the frustrations that come from my own human limitations as well as the frustrations that I sometimes feel ministering in a church that never seems to move quite as quickly, or to act quite as wisely or courageously as I think it should: a church that preaches social justice quite well but doesn't always live it; a church that champions equality for everyone but still plays favorites; a church that calls us all to holiness but doesn't always act so holy as it does so. But then I have to be reminded that the church is made up of folks like me, and then I'm not quite so surprised to find it wanting in justice and wisdom and courage... It's not a perfect church, but it's a good church.

*25th Anniversary of Ordination,
May 17, 1992*



The Pew Next to You

Meet the “Second Pew Crew” at the Sunday 10 o’clock Mass

Since 1997 *The Pew Next To You* has profiled some of your fellow parishioners, a little bit of their backgrounds and some of what they do in and out of the Cathedral. This time, the focus is on the occupants of a single pew at the 10 o’clock Sunday Mass – the second pew on the south side of the west nave (sometimes spilling over to the front pew).

The seats are not reserved, of course, so the parishioners who regularly sit there come early. Some call it the Second Row Gang, others the Second Row or the Second Pew Crew. The perennials are Rose and Jack Southall, Breege Elkington, Margaret Callahan, Lee Bedard, Rosanne Warriner, Scott Webster, Dianne Mardon and Madeleine Betz. (But rest assured that when visitors come and join them, they are welcomed, instantly included in the interaction before Mass and invited to join the regulars at coffee hour!)

The occupants have become good friends and extended their time together beyond Sundays. Rosanne describes their conversations as ranging from the mundane to the illuminating but always leaving you wanting to meet again.

This convergence of kindred spirits developed on its own. Margaret Callahan and Rose and Jack were the first in the bunch and they were soon joined by Breege. Breege, of the lilting Irish accent, was born in Ireland and studied nursing in London. She and her husband Graham came to Seattle for his position as an aeronautical engineer at Boeing. Breege was on the Group Health Hospital nursing staff for many years. Several years ago, she participated in the Welcome Back program for returning Catholics. Later, at a Sunday Mass, she recognized Rose and Jack as fellow members of the same health club and began to sit with them on Sundays.

Rosanne and Lee also came to St. James through the Welcome Back program. Lee likes to tell the story about her first Sunday at St. James. Lee was then editor of the Federal Way News. She was raised a Catholic but had chosen another path in college. She came to Seattle from the East Coast by way of California and a few other stops along the way. St. Mark’s Episcopal Cathedral was the first church she attended in Seattle,

and she had attended there for several years when she decided to check out the Catholic Church to see if it was different from her college days. The Sunday liturgy was beyond her expectations and Lee accepted Father Ryan’s invitation for visitors to come to the hall for coffee, muffins and to meet others. Ann Jackson, an Emmaus Companion, greeted Lee and asked if she had any questions. Lee said, “I’m new at St. James, I’m a journalist and I need to know what goes on here.” Ann led Lee to the table full of parishioners from the Second Row. For the rest of the story, ask Lee.

Scott Webster had known Lee when he was a member at St. Mark’s Cathedral. Raised a Methodist, Scott became an Episcopalian and was very active at St. Mark’s. Yet he was still searching and found himself coming to St. James. Wanting to learn more about the Catholic Church, Scott entered the RCIA program. Lee was his sponsor but he really had seven sponsors – the entire second pew! During the time Scott was in RCIA, Lee suggested that she and Scott alternate Sundays between the RCIA seats in the east nave and the second row in the west. When he could join the group at the coffee hours, they would ask about his progress, answer any questions and share some of their own thoughts and feelings about being Catholic. They invited him into their homes. As Scott said, “These wonderful people welcomed me into their lives and to their church. It was quite overwhelming and heartfelt.”

The friendships deepened during the coffee hours and as a group they began having brunches in their homes and holiday parties. They discovered how many other connections they had in common, besides their faith. Boeing, for example: Rose and Jack are retirees and Breege via Graham is a member of the Boeing family. The three would meet at the company gym. Seattle University: Jack is a regent and active alum; Margaret has been active over the years with special events and development, and it is where Rosanne completed a master’s degree.

They also share a love for music: the cathedral’s own organ and choir concerts, the children’s choirs singing Readings and Carols in Advent and the pre-Lenten Great Music for Great Cathedrals extravaganza.

Joan McDonell is a Marriage Tribunal Advocate at St. James Cathedral as well as a daily volunteer in the Cathedral Parish Office.



Some members of the "Second Pew Crew." From nearest to furthest: Jack Southall, Rose Southall, Breege Elkington, Rosanne Warriner, Lee Bedard, and Scott Webster. Not pictured are Madeleine Betz, Dianne Mardon, and Margaret Callahan.

They also encounter each other at the Seattle Symphony and at Seattle Opera performances. In fact, the opera provided a special reason to gather and call "bravo!" for one of their own. Scott's day job at Catholic Community Services as coordinator for operations, development and communications, still leaves him time to be a supernumerary in the opera productions. (In his former life in advertising, Scott also was an actor in films and TV.)

After an absence of a few years, Dianne has moved back to Seattle and returned to St. James. She enjoys the companionship of the group. As an avid traveler, she especially enjoys comparing notes on recent trips.

Madeleine Betz is the group's snowbird. Most snowbirds go south of Seattle during the winter months. Madeleine, however, goes north! She has attended St. James for over 30 years while also attending Sacred Heart Cathedral in Fairbanks for 35 years. She is in Fairbanks at present and will soon be closing her home there and making St. James her full-time parish.

It's not too surprising that these parishioners are active in many ministries at St. James. Rose has been a member of the Development Committee for many years and its chair the past four years. Other members are Eucharistic ministers, readers, ushers, and volunteer for the Winter Shelter, Family Kitchen, Welcome Back, RCIA, and hospitality.

And they also gather to offer advice and support when needed. In September, Rosanne and her husband Pete are going on their own to Prague, Budapest, Croatia, Bosnia and Slovenia. Rose and Jack had been there and helped them figure on rail connections between the different stops. They even stopped in at Rick Steves' Travel in Edmonds, found some maps and had them ready for Rosanne the next Sunday!

More importantly, the group is there for each other in times of need. They came to a Memorial Mass for Rose's mother. And when Rose was still with Boeing, she was transferred to Chicago when the headquarters were moved. At that time Rose and Jack commuted back and forth for almost a year. So when Rose was away, the rest of the pew would check in weekly to make sure Jack was OK.

More recently, when Breege was injured in a car accident, she knew she had their prayers and concern. What was most unexpected was the feast they created and brought to her Mercer Island home while she was convalescing. Breege was deeply touched by their concern. ♦

A Year of Prayer and Renewal

The Year in Review... and what's still to come

Last November 20, on the feast of Christ the King, we began the second year of our three-year Centennial celebration – a Year of Prayer and Renewal. What was our goal? To prepare for the hundredth anniversary of this great house of prayer with nothing less than a spiritual renovation of our parish community. As Father Ryan said in his homily that day, “eleven years ago we splendidly renewed this cathedral and very recently we have renewed other buildings on this hilltop, but the most important renewal must be our own. And our renewal can come about only through prayer: through our being here each week to celebrate the Eucharist. Nothing is more important than that. Nothing! ... We are a good parish, a strong parish, but we have room to grow. We do. Our faith needs deepening—I know mine does—and so does our relationship with Jesus Christ.”

During the weeks and months that have followed, we as a parish community have sought to deepen our prayer lives through our regular participation in the Sunday Eucharist, and through a variety of special events and programs. It seems like a good time to take a backward glance at where we’ve been—and at what’s still to come!

On December 8, 2005, the 40th anniversary of the conclusion of the Second Vatican Council, Archbishop Hunthausen spent a memorable evening with us, sharing his memories and reflections on that great moment in the modern Church. The historic gathering of the world’s bishops for discussion, debate, and decision has shaped every aspect of our Catholic lives since. The Council has helped laypeople to understand their baptismal call, and to enter more fully into their dignity as members of the royal priesthood of the baptized. The Council is not over, as Archbishop Hunthausen reminded us. Its work has only just begun. “If we want to see the success of the Council,



then we must pray for the Spirit to come more fully into our lives and into the Church.”

Lent, always the ideal season for spiritual renewal, was an especially important time in our Year of Prayer and Renewal. There was a parish pilgrimage to Rome, and a pilgrimage at home as well, for those who were not so fortunate as to be traveling to Italy! Through a special prayer book, a place of prayer, and the Cathedral’s website, “pilgrims-at-home” were able to connect with “pilgrims-to-Rome” throughout the nine-day journey that took the Cathedral Choir and more than 100 other pilgrims to Padua, Florence, Assisi, and, of course, Rome. (You can still follow their adventures and view dozens of

photos at www.stjames-cathedral.org/pilgrimage.)

Lent in the Year of Prayer and Renewal also marked a Cathedral first, a Day of Reconciliation, with priest confessors available in the Cathedral throughout the afternoon. Ten priests and about 200 parishioners joined to celebrate the sacrament of God’s mercy and forgiveness in preparation for the great feast of Easter.

The Sacred Triduum of the Lord is always the high point of the Church’s year. There is nothing more important we do as a parish community than our annual commemoration of the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ during Holy Week. In this Year of Prayer and Renewal, we were especially blessed by the presence of Father Jan Lambrecht SJ, of Louvain, Belgium, who powerfully preached the word to us at the traditional Tre Ore service on Good Friday.

In the early Church, the weeks between Easter and Pentecost were the privileged time for learning about the faith. In this Year of Prayer and Renewal, we joined in that tradition as we explored the “Mystery of Faith.” Through special inserts in each week’s bulletin, and spoken meditations at Sunday liturgies, we slowed down to reflect on our greatest prayer, the Mass. From the procession that gathers us together as the body of Christ, to the dismissal that sends us forth to do Christ’s work in our world, the Mass is an amazing prayer, which we all too often take for granted.

Corinna Laughlin is the Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral, as well as the coordinator of Centennial events. Visit the Year of Prayer and Renewal page at www.stjames-cathedral.org/prayer.



Images from a Year of Prayer and Renewal. Above left, the year begins with our parish commitment and renewal of Baptismal Promises at all Masses on the great feast of Christ the King. Above right, the Parish Pilgrimage got close to the Holy Father in Rome. (Cathedral Cantor Stacey Sunde snapped this photo of Pope Benedict XVI!) Below, left, Holy Week begins as Archbishop Brunett blesses the palms in the Archbishop Murphy Courtyard. Below, right, Archbishop Hunthausen leads the parish in our memorable retreat on the Vigil of Pentecost.

The series helped to prepare us for our parish retreat with Archbishop Hunthausen on the eve of Pentecost. For the 250 parishioners who participated in that day of reflection, the Spirit's presence was almost palpable!

Those are just some of the places we've been in this Year of Prayer and Renewal. And there's more to come. On Sunday, July 23, we celebrate our patronal feast, and this year we also have the opportunity to celebrate with Father Ryan the 40th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. In August, another special series in the weekly bulletin will explore different facets of prayer, our "bread of life." And from October 4-7, we will be privileged to welcome to Seattle once again Brother John of Taizé, who will lead us in some days of prayer and reflection.

In his homily for Pentecost Sunday on June 4, Father Ryan asked, "My question is: come Advent, when this Year of Renewal ends, will we be any

different?... Will we be a stronger parish? A holier parish? More aware and alive in our prayer? More attuned to the works of the Spirit? More engaged with one another? More committed to the poor? More passionate for justice? More outspoken for justice? More aware of all that our Baptism calls us to?... This day of Pentecost is a good day to be asking such questions and a good day to be trying to answer them, too. The Spirit unleashed on the infant Church on Pentecost is still lighting fires, still shaking the foundations, still working wonders."

May we enter the Centennial Year of St. James Cathedral with minds and hearts renewed. May every member of this parish be ready to open wide the doors of our Cathedral to pilgrims and visitors, to friends and strangers, that all who come here might find the grace, peace, and hope which we have found in this great Cathedral! ♦

Image of the Divine

Blessed Marie Rose Durocher: A Life in Pictures

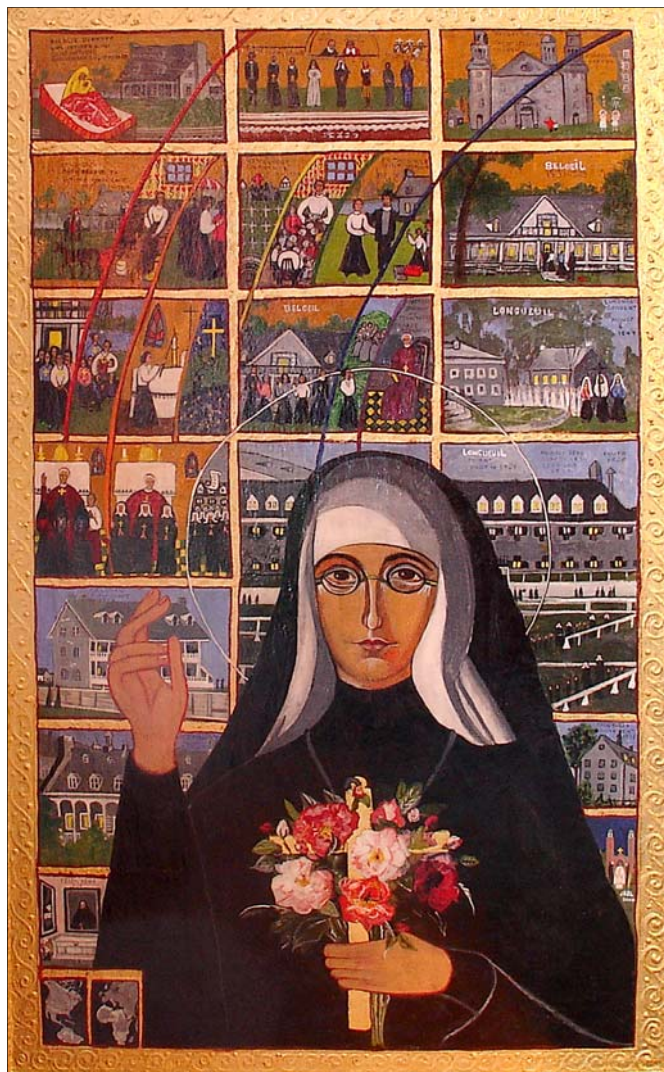
The Cathedral's latest art treasure now hangs in the Mother Mary Rose Conference Room at the new Pastoral Outreach Center. The icon was commissioned as part of the Centennial Campaign as a tribute to the Sisters of the Holy Names who have ministered in the Cathedral parish for nearly 100 years.

The icon, created by Cathedral iconographer Joan Brand-Landkamer, tells the story of the life of this young French Canadian nun through vignettes — scenes of her life, places she lived. The story begins in the upper left-hand corner of the image, where we see the birth of Eulalie on October 6, 1811 in the village of Saint-Antoine-sur-Richelieu. In the next panel we see Eulalie with her numerous brothers and sisters, three of whom died in infancy (and who are represented by little tombstones). The family was pious and five of the eight children dedicated their lives to service in the Church — three as priests and two as religious.

Eulalie's First Communion is depicted in the upper right, then her ministry in her brother's parish, where for twelve years she worked hard at everything from organizing the Legion of Mary, and teaching the catechism to children, to ironing altar linens! All this would be great preparation for her own life's work.

It was the saintly Bishop Ignace Bourget who invited Eulalie to found a new religious community, the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, based on an order of the same name in Marseilles, France. She faced much opposition but eventually founded the first house at Longueuil along with her new sisters, Melodie Dufresne and Henriette Cere. It wasn't long before new recruits were begging to join the community. In 1844, after a year of preparation, the three foundresses received their "holy habit" and made their vows. They also received their religious names, and Eulalie Durocher became Mother Marie Rose.

New houses quickly followed while the number of sisters grew. A biography describes Mother Marie Rose as "a methodical, orderly woman... a capable administrator, dynamic and creative." "She was the artisan of a light-hearted feeling in the house." A sister described her as "a cultured lady." She was a gifted teacher and (not surprisingly) had a genius for



communicating the mysteries of faith to young people. She explained things "in a clear, precise way, that was lively and practical, and with such fervor that the smallest girls one day asked their teacher: 'Are the angels holier than the Mother Foundress?'"

Thirty-two at the time of her call to religious life, Mother Marie Rose died on her thirty-eighth birthday, after only five years as a nun. "God will take care of you," she told the community gathered around her deathbed. And she was right. Today there are more than 1,500 religious working in Canada and the US and many parts of the world. Mother Marie Rose was beatified by Pope John Paul II in 1982. Blessed Marie Rose Durocher, pray for us! ♦

Maria Laughlin is the Associate Director of Development at St. James Cathedral. Explore more of Joan Brand-Landkamer's beautiful icons at the Cathedral website, www.stjames-cathedral.org/tour.

Cathedral Almanac

March

1. Ash Wednesday. We began the holy season of Lent with the traditional observance of Ash Wednesday. Father Ryan noted in his homily for today: "Lent is about our own change of heart, it's true, but it is human hearts changed one at a time that will ultimately change the world!"

6. Rite of Election. Archbishop Brunett presided at this liturgy in which those to be baptized at the Easter Vigil are "elected" or chosen for the Easter Sacraments.

12. Blessing of Pilgrims. On the eve of their departure for a pilgrimage to Venice, Padua, Florence, Rome, and Assisi, some two-hundred choristers and parishioners received a special blessing at the conclusion of Mass.

14-26. Pilgrimage to Rome.

Highlights of the pilgrimage were an evening concert for the city of Rome at the church of Sant'Ignazio, singing at the Holy Father's Mass for Workers on Sunday, March 19, and singing for the Holy Father and a crowd of 30,000 pilgrims at the General Audience. Pilgrims-at-home prayed along with the pilgrims every step of the way. Relive the pilgrimage at www.stjames-cathedral.org/pilgrimage.

April

1. Day of Reconciliation. As part of our Year of Prayer and Renewal, this day was set aside for the celebration of the Sacrament of Penance. All day, priest confessors were available in the Cathedral. About 200 parishioners took advantage of this unique opportunity to celebrate the sacrament of God's mercy.

9. Palm Sunday. This year, for the first time, the blessing of palms took place in the new Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy Courtyard.

14. Good Friday. At the traditional Tre Ore meditation on the Seven Last Words of Christ, we were privileged to welcome Father Jan Lambrecht, SJ, of Leuven, Belgium. The prayer of Saint Richard of Chichester served as the theme for the seven homilies: "O dear Lord, Three things I pray, to see thee more clearly, love thee more dearly, follow thee more nearly, day by day."

15. Easter Vigil. Ten adults and nine children were baptized by Archbishop Brunett at the great Easter



Ordinations, June 10, 2006

Vigil, the most solemn celebration of the Church year.

16. Easter Sunday. In his homily for today, Father Ryan said: "on this Easter Sunday of 2006, let us let go of lukewarm, token declarations of faith that trip lightly off the lips but fail to engage the mind or to move the heart; let us let go of timid, anemic, safe statements of belief that skate around the reality, settling for symbol and leaving little or no room for divine initiative, divine power, or divine love. Let us, instead, hear the Easter message the way those brave women heard it from the angel: 'Do not be frightened; you seek Jesus of Nazareth. He is not here. He has been raised!'"

29. Annual Catholic Appeal.

Each year the Cathedral parish responds generously to the

Archbishop's Appeal. Nearly 1,000 parishioners (about 40% of our registered households) participated.

May

7. First Eucharist. Twenty-three children made their first communion this year at the Noon Mass.

21. Blessing of the Archbishop Murphy Courtyard.

Father Ryan blessed the beautiful new courtyard, naming it in honor of our late beloved Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy. We were privileged to welcome Archbishop Murphy's brother and sister, and other members of the Murphy family to the celebration.

June

3. Mystery of Faith and Parish Retreat. During the weeks of Eastertide the parish explored the Mass through spoken meditations and bulletin inserts. On the vigil of Pentecost, we welcomed Archbishop Hunthausen, who led us in a morning retreat.

10. Ordinations. On this memorable day Archbishop Brunett ordained seven men to the priesthood, the largest number of ordinands in thirty-eight years.

18. Corpus Christi. We "took our faith to the streets" as about 1,000 of us participated in the traditional procession with the blessed sacrament at the conclusion of the 10:00am Mass. See photos on pages 3-7. ♦

—M.L.

Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament

This year the Archbishop Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament celebrates its tenth anniversary. The tournament supports the ministries and the mission of St. James Cathedral, particularly its outreach programs for children, the elderly, and the homeless.

The Tournament will take place on **Friday, September 22** at the **China Creek Course** at the **Golf Club at Newcastle** in Newcastle, Washington.

The entry fee of \$250 per golfer includes golf cart, tee prizes, beverage tickets, box lunch, and dinner in the clubhouse. Best of all, a significant portion of your registration fee is tax-deductible and supports the mission of the Cathedral! Put together a foursome, or register as a single player.



Archbishop Hunthausen's foursome in 2004

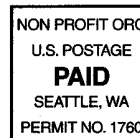
The tournament is not just for golfers! Non-golfers can support the tournament by becoming a sponsor (sponsorships range from \$275 up to \$10,000). Or join in the excitement by signing up for the **Rendezvous at Newcastle** (\$100). Join us at the beautiful clubhouse for dinner and a live mini-auction (always fun!) together with spectacular views of the city and the Sound. The Rendezvous is a great option for spouses of golfers as well.

Your support is essential to make the Tournament a success! Please consider becoming a part of the Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament this year.

For more information and registration forms, visit www.stjames-cathedral.org or call Maria Laughlin, 206-622-3559. ♦

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

804 Ninth Avenue, Seattle, WA 98104-1296



**A Year of
Prayer and
Renewal**