

In Your Midst

CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR ISSUE

JULY 2007



In Your Midst

Vol. 12 No. 2 July 2007

"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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The Angels that appear throughout this issue are the work of Steve Harrold.

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Your comments are welcome!

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*The Cathedral illuminated
for the Centennial
Lighting designer, Jeff Robbins.*

THE MOST REVEREND
Alexander J. Brunett
ARCHBISHOP OF SEATTLE



July 25, 2007

Dear Friends:

This special issue of your parish journal, *In Your Midst*, chronicles significant moments during these last 100 years. The pictures and texts show how you as Cathedral parishioners have imitated the words of Christ, "I am in your midst as one who serves."

When reviewing materials for today's celebration, I was struck how in the aftermath of the Cathedral dome's collapse in 1916, it was none other than the *Seattle Times* that noted the sense of loss, not only by Seattle Catholics but the entire city. It was as though the Cathedral had become a fixture of Christ's presence for a religiously diverse city with a comparatively small Catholic presence.

The same might be said today in reverse as you rebuild the presence of Christ especially among the poor and the destitute. Each day, I can look out my office window and see the line of those waiting to enter the *Cathedral Kitchen*. Yet even as I look at those faces, I am keenly aware that they line up with you precisely because it is Christ himself who stands in their midst and serves.

I would like to express my gratitude to Father Michael G. Ryan and his wonderful staff for bringing us to this day of celebration. Likewise, I would like to extend a word of congratulations to all of you, the Cathedral parishioners, for your witness today to those timeless words of Jesus Christ, "I am in your midst as one who serves."

With warmest regards and wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours in Christ,

+ *Alex J. Brunett*

Most Rev. Alex J. Brunett
Archbishop of Seattle

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PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the city of Seattle draws immense strength from individuals and organizations dedicated to the well being of our community; and

WHEREAS, in 1907, Bishop Edward John O'Dea solemnly dedicated St. James Cathedral atop Seattle's First Hill neighborhood; and

WHEREAS, from the very beginning, this splendid cathedral crowning the young city became a sign of hope for Catholics and a source of civic pride for all of Seattle; and

WHEREAS, in 1984, the city designated St. James Cathedral as a landmark and placed it on the historic register of important Seattle buildings; and

WHEREAS, through the chances and changes of the past one hundred years, St. James Cathedral has served as the mother church for Seattle's archbishop and nearly one million Catholics throughout Western Washington, as well as a beacon and a gathering place for the entire city in times of great grief and great joy; and

WHEREAS, for one hundred years, the people of St. James Cathedral have reached out in service to others by ministering to immigrants, feeding the poor, sheltering the homeless, and caring for the elderly, the sick, and the dying; and

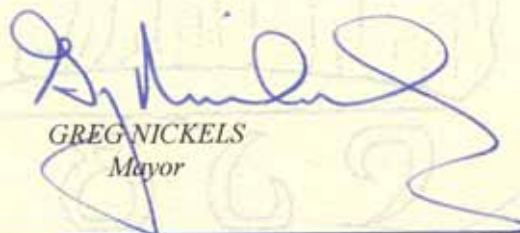
WHEREAS, the Cathedral has become noteworthy for its outstanding contribution to the musical and cultural life of the city; and

WHEREAS, in 2007, St James Cathedral celebrates its Centennial and commits itself to a new century of service in the heart of the city of Seattle;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, GREGORY J. NICKELS, Mayor of the city of Seattle, do hereby proclaim July 25, 2007 to be

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL DAY

in Seattle, and I encourage everyone to recognize St. James Cathedral as it celebrates one hundred years of service and dedication to our community.



GREG NICKELS
Mayor

Building the City of God

Father Michael G. Ryan

St. James Cathedral was in its early forties when I made my first visit. The year was 1950. My grandparents were parishioners of the Cathedral and, at their apartment at Summit and Madison, they lived almost within the shadow of the towers. Long distance memories are bound to be a bit foggy but a nine-year-old boy doesn't soon forget a vast, mysterious space filled with a forest of scaffolding. That's the St. James Cathedral I first remember. Bishop Thomas Connolly, newly arrived from San Francisco, was putting his mark on the Cathedral which, during the years of the Great Depression and the Second World War, had deteriorated rather badly, inside and out. By September of that year, just in time for the one-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Diocese, the scaffolding had disappeared and a multi-colored, startlingly neo-rococo Cathedral had emerged.

My next memory of the Cathedral dates from three years later when I was part of a long khaki line of boy scouts who walked in procession to the Cathedral from the Knights of Columbus Hall one brisk spring afternoon to receive the coveted *Ad Altare Dei* award. A year later, I came with my family to attend the installation of Father Thomas E. Gill, a close family friend, as pastor of the Cathedral, and two years after that, we came again to attend Father Gill's consecration as auxiliary bishop. Over the ensuing years, there were annual trips to the Cathedral from St. Edward's Seminary to sing for Holy Week liturgies and to attend priestly ordinations, and on a few occasions during my college years I even played relief organist for the Monday night Miraculous Medal devotions.

Looking back, I guess I could say that St. James Cathedral was a fixed point on my compass all during my growing up years, but never in my wildest imaginings did I ever dream that the Cathedral would one day become the 'true north' of my life as a priest!

But my St. James story is but one among many. For one-hundred years now, the Cathedral has been stimulating stories: stories of faith, stories of discovery, joyful stories, comforting stories, challenging stories, humorous stories, life-altering stories. A few of those stories are told in the following pages of this special centennial issue of *In Your Midst*, but only a very few. Some are headline stories, others are the quiet



"A glorious building that was once the pinnacle of Seattle's skyline..."
Detail of historic postcard of St. James Cathedral

reflections of a private journal. Taken together, they tell of a remarkable place: a glorious building that was once the pinnacle of Seattle's skyline, a building that one-hundred years later, while far less visually dominant, is still a dominant force in the lives of many people and in the life of our city.

But it's not just the bricks and mortar, the marble, stained glass and bronze that make St. James Cathedral the remarkable place it is. It's the people who make it truly remarkable—the people who gather in the Cathedral to celebrate the Eucharist and the other sacraments, who come to find solace in time of grief and to give thanks in times of joy. The people are a living cathedral, "the dwelling place for God in the

Spirit... built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets with Christ Jesus himself as the capstone." (Eph. 2: 20-21). The people, shaped by God's Word and sanctified by the Sacraments, take the seeds of holiness and justice alive within them and plant them in the messy soil of the world outside the Cathedral's walls.

When Bishop Edward O'Dea dared to dream his exceedingly bold dream of a great cathedral crowning the hilltop above a still rather sleepy provincial city, he couldn't possibly have imagined what that city would one day become or what his beloved Cathedral would one day become. But in my more sanguine moments, I allow myself to think that he is smiling at the things that have happened and are still happening at St. James. And I think he would tell us to go on dreaming boldly, no longer of a splendid temple—we have been given that, and we have labored mightily to make it even more splendid!—no, our dreams can be even bolder. We can dream of a people awakened, a people rising to their full stature as builders of the City of God. We can dream of a world transformed.

The awakening begins within the great temple, thanks to the power of Word and Sacrament and thanks also to the power of all things beautiful—art, artifact, music—to ennoble and fire the human spirit. But the transformation takes place beyond the temple's walls—in homes and hovels and hospitals, in malls and marketplaces, in the corridors of power, in the high rises of commerce, and in the streets and back alleys of our city. For this earthly city of ours, great as it is, has miles to go before it will even begin to look like the City of God. We do have our work cut out for us! And the work is a holy work.

It is hard to think of St. James Cathedral without thinking of the holy work of two saints whom I will



In the niches of the façade of St. James Cathedral are our two great patrons: St. James and St. Frances Cabrini.

always think of as the Cathedral's patrons par excellence. They are separated in time by nearly two-thousand years but linked by a bond stronger than time—the living bond of the gospel of Christ. The first, of course, is James, Apostle and Martyr, who, according to tradition, took the gospel as far as possible — to the remote Northwest corner of Spain, to a place ancient maps call *finis terrae*, "the end of the earth." There is a nice symmetry in the fact that, one hundred years ago, when Seattle was itself the *finis terrae* of this great land of ours, James should have been the one called upon to inspire the preaching of the gospel in this time and place.

Our other Cathedral patron is one of our earliest— and surely one of our holiest— parishioners—a plucky Italian immigrant woman by the name of Frances Xavier Cabrini. In the Cathedral's fledgling years, Mother Cabrini traveled to this "end of the earth" more than once and, while in Seattle, often took her place among the worshippers at St. James. Like so many over the years, she walked out of the Cathedral on fire with love, a love that led her to seek out the poor, the needy, the sick and the lonely and, against all odds, to build hospitals and orphanages that gave Seattle a heart. Mother Cabrini's was a love that made Jesus Christ come alive in this city. She is the perfect partner for our patron, St. James. With the two of them as

our companions and our inspiration, we have every reason to believe that stories great and small will continue to be written on this holy hill, and that God, who one-hundred years ago, began a very good work here, will bring it to completion! ♦



Voices of the Cathedral

Parishioners and friends offer meditations on St. James Cathedral

Coming to St. James for me has been all about stretching myself, stepping out of my comfort zone and doing things even when I don't want to. The first time I came to the Christmas Readings and Carols service, I almost did not make it. It had been a very difficult year for my family and me and I was feeling very drained. The Sunday of the service, I was told my little brother had AIDS. I went numb. I remember feeling like a zombie. I was not angry, sad, or scared. I felt nothing. I could not even pray. This was too much, too much death, too much illness, too much strife for our family to bear.

As the afternoon turned to evening I had decided not to go the service, but a gentle, but very persistent urging inside made me change my mind. I dragged myself out of the house and drove to the church. I arrived as the service was beginning and so I sat in the very last pew. There I sat, barely listening and growing ever more annoyed by the mother sitting next to me who was letting her child jump up and down on the pew with her very noisy shoes. I decided to leave as soon as a good moment came. Instead, she left.

"Finally," I thought to myself, and then started to feel guilty for my feelings. As I sat, I thought about the coming Christmas. All my friends had decided to leave town that year and I would be alone. I turned my thoughts back to the service and decided if nothing else I would try to sing "Silent Night" with some effort. With the church darkened and the candles lit, I remember feeling as if I was dead on the inside. "How can something this beautiful not even move me?" I sang along with everyone.

I am not sure when it happened. All I know is that by the end of the song, I was filled with so much peace and so much love and joy beyond words. I did not talk myself into feeling this, it just happened. I left the Cathedral euphoric. I floated through Christmas as



Easter Vigil 2007. www.photobymike.com

though I were floating on a cloud. I realized then, He takes what little we can give Him and returns it to us multiplied by a million. The candlelight service has become one of my favorite services at St. James. It reminds me of this night when Jesus filled me with His love, even when I could not give Him much.

Anonymous

A musical thread ties together the varied aspects of St. James Cathedral life for my family. We have had three baptisms, four weddings, one funeral, and provided one altar server, two choir members and one organist over the years. Music always plays a part.

I was eight years old in the winter of 1943 when my great-uncle Pete was dying in Harborview Hospital. Mother brought my brother and me on the bus one evening after work to visit him. Walking the last few blocks, we passed the Cathedral.

"We'll go in so you can see it."

The building was mostly dark, with a light showing from behind the high altar -- and the organ was playing! I was thrilled, and I still remember the feeling of that first visit. Turns out it was Carl Natelli

(still a parishioner of St. James Cathedral in 2007) practicing on the Casavant.

In the spring of 1956, at age 20, I was invited to be organist at a pontifical Mass which was part of a national convention. Vilem Sokol from the University of Washington was conducting a choir made up of singers from all over the city. I was really thrilled.

The thrill today comes from the wonderful, remarkable music program now alive at St. James. The quality and breadth of the music, and the skill of the performances are unmatched by anything we have heard in this country or Europe.

When illness brought my performance days to an end, my recuperation is built on the music in St. James Cathedral.

James Impett

My grandmother, Florence Ryan Agen, came to Seattle as a young woman from Helena, Montana, with her mother. She later married John B. Agen, a pioneer businessman in Seattle and Mount Vernon. He was also one of the nine men on Bishop O'Dea's building committee for the Cathedral.

Their house, six blocks from the Cathedral at Seneca and Boylston, was where the first meeting of the Building Committee was held. They drew a sketch of the planned Cathedral on my grandmother's white damask tablecloth about which I've been told she wasn't too thrilled! Grandmother Agen had a devotion to the Virgin Mary and the statue of Our Lady in the north transept was her gift to the new Cathedral.

J. A. Baillargeon, my father's father, was one of the nine Building Committee members as well. He had a great interest in architecture and also knowledge and love of music, and he gave the gallery organ. Grandfather Baillargeon met Dr. Franklin Sawyer Palmer—the Cathedral's first music director—in Paris, at St. Sulpice, and was instrumental in bringing him to St. James.

The Cathedral always has played an important role for all the generations of our family. My father kept a photograph of the Building Committee displayed in a prominent place in our home.

I was baptized here in the Cathedral's font, and even though we grew up in the country, I remember coming occasionally to Christmas Eve Mass with my brothers and sisters and our parents, Katherine A. and Cebert Baillargeon. Later I lived in New York for a few years and also had some job assignments in other countries, but on returning to Seattle began coming to St. James and became an active parishioner in the 1980s.



I was fortunate to be on the Renovation Committee in the early 1990s and thought the renovation was beautiful and Father Ryan's vision of the altar in the center was wonderfully successful.

To me St. James embodies what it means to be a Cathedral. I never cease to be impressed by the pervading spirituality of St. James, Father Ryan's inspirational leadership, the concerts, and the extensive outreach ministries to the broader urban citizenry. It is a community gathering place, and it is a place of prayer and tradition and beauty and social action. I think the Cathedral plays an enormous role in the life of this city, and it is a privilege to be a parishioner here.

Pat Baillargeon

The first truism to know about St. James Cathedral is that the building has a ministry of its own.

Depending on mood or circumstance, the cathedral can be a refuge from the workaday world, a destination for solace in times of trial, a venue where the mind is engaged to listen and think, and—of course—a place to ask God's blessing and assistance.

On Wednesday of Holy Week, always in competition with doings elsewhere, I find my way to Tenebrae. Its music is stirring, of course. What's most important, however, is that the darkened cathedral is a place to pray and reflect on the central experience of the Christian faith.

A few years back, a person I loved lay stricken with an aneurysm a block away at Virginia Mason Hospital. Numb and despondent, I walked with friends to Mass at St. James—praying for a miracle, of course, but for wisdom and strength in my family.

With the cathedral's ministry, I endured the litany of the emergency room—the 58 intimate questions that precede organ donation, and the awful decisions on what to donate. In our case, a kidney from the dying was to keep alive a carpenter in Montana.

The cathedral is also a place for stating convictions, whether you are deeply religious or part of Seattle's "unchurched" majority.

St. James was a place to pray for the dead of 9/11, and the nation, a year after the terrorist attack. At the same time, from the pulpit, Archbishop Brunett reviewed the Catholic doctrine of just war, making the point that justification for an invasion of Iraq had not been shown.

On the eve of war, in 1991 and again 2003, two of America's largest marches for peace have extended from the Episcopal to the Catholic cathedrals in "unchurched" Seattle.

Are we really that unchurched?

I was in Paris four years ago, and went to Notre Dame Cathedral for Mass to mark the 59th anniversary of the City of Light's liberation from Nazi occupation.

The number of worshippers in Paris that day was substantially less than the average turnout for 5:30 Sunday Mass with the Women of St. James Schola.

Joel Connelly is a columnist with the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*

My name is Frances Kelly. My sister, Mary Beth Kelly, and I are parishioners of St. James Cathedral since 1985. Nothing is more important to us than our precious Catholic faith, and we dearly love the Cathedral. What better place to nourish our faith than in its unsurpassed aura of beauty and peace, the truly wonderful sense of devotion, the most glorious liturgies and extraordinarily beautiful music?

Our family has had quite a connection with St. James. Our great-grandmother, Mary Roe Booth, was a parishioner in the very early 1900s and there is a lovely stained-glass window to her memory in the east nave clerestory.

Our aunt, Alice Fairbairn, played the violin (with other children from St. Rose's Academy on Broadway) at the groundbreaking ceremony for St. James in 1905.

Our parents, John Kelly and Elizabeth Fairbairn, were married in the Cathedral in 1911.

We are very blessed for your dear presence as our pastor, Father Ryan. You always offer Holy Mass most devoutly and are very helpful to all in many ways.

On this, our Centennial anniversary, our beloved Cathedral stands as a welcoming sentinel on a high hill overlooking the city, bidding all to come, adore, and receive countless blessings. We thank God for past years' blessings and pray that the coming years will be equally blessed.

Deo gratias! God be praised!

Frances Kelly & Mary Beth Kelly



Pentecost 2007

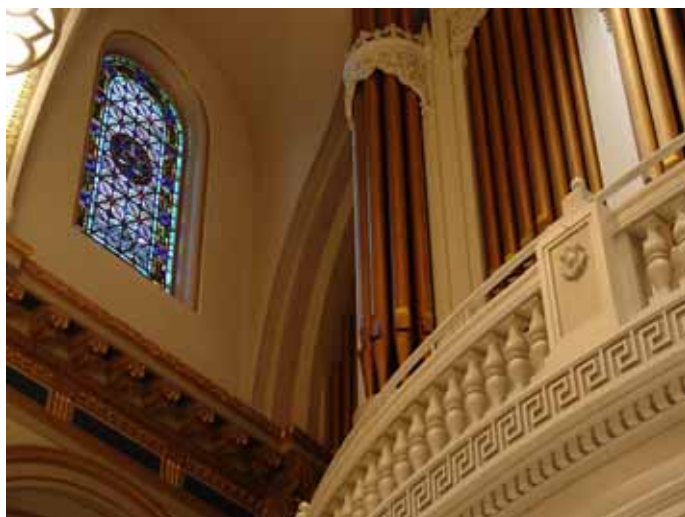
Two years ago, I started thinking about returning to the Catholic Church. I was looking for answers to questions like: Is there really such a thing as transcendence or is what I see before me all there is? I had attended St. James for a short time after moving here in 1984 and my memories of it were mixed: grand but decaying, growing old well before its time. But it was the only church I knew in Seattle, so one December night in 2005 I darkened its doors for the first time in over twenty years, curious and apprehensive.

Once through those doors, I was—in a word—astounded. This was not the drab, aging cathedral of memory. I confess I can't remember a word of Father Ryan's homily that night, so distracted as I was by the beauty around me. It was a feast for the senses and, to my delight, the spirit.

A deep awareness of the transcendent was clearly here for the asking. That would have been enough, if not for something else. I had never before seen a centralized altar surrounded by a full cathedral of worshippers. A dinner table, if you will, surrounded by family and friends.

The true transcendence to be found at St. James is not in just in the Cathedral, as glorious as it is. I find it in the men and women I see around that luminous altar week after week: a community of believers committed to fulfilling a demanding Gospel. A family of joyful faith that says, yes, there is so much more to life! I came here asking questions and I found a home.

Mark Schoen



It has been sixty-four years since I first stepped into St. James as a new sixth grade student at Cathedral School. I was greeted and welcomed on the steps of the Winter Chapel by Father Walter Morteck, one of many dedicated priests that I was destined to meet during a lifelong connection with this Cathedral—a connection that has pulled me back time after time over the years.

My Cathedral memories are many. I remember traditions like the Christmas Eve procession to the north transept where the entire space was full of trees framing an almost life-size nativity scene; singing for Tre Ore on Good Friday, high up in the choir loft. We climbed the stairs to the choir loft numerous times in a school year—the view from the loft was inspiring. After I entered high school, the pastor, Monsignor Gallagher, asked me to help out in the rectory after school and Sundays. I received an invitation to the installation of Archbishop Connolly, newly arrived from San Francisco; I was excused from classes that day but did not see the installation because somebody had to answer the phone in the rectory! I was in the church often on one errand or another during “the rectory years.” At times, I was even a witness for a wedding or baptism. On February 14, 1953, I was married myself in the sanctuary at the main altar (to my Cathedral school classmate). A couple of years later, we had a baptism at St. James.

While we eventually moved to a north Seattle parish, coming back one day to St. James remained a goal, when the time would be right. Alone now, I came back to First Hill and St. James Cathedral in 2003 and every time I go into the church, I am still, after all these years, awed by the beauty and peace and the liturgy. The sense of protective calm is pervasive, as if the walls just gather me in. I glance up for a second or two to look at the choir loft and then take my place near to the area where my mother always prayed (actually, the Archbishop’s chair is exactly where she knelt years ago) and I can feel time melt away.

I am home, again.

Anne Comer

Most of us remember where we were and what we were doing when we encountered a signal event: an assassination, falling in love. I will always remember the first time I encountered Archbishop Hunthausen. I was a 12 year old Jewish boy living in Pennsylvania reading a *Look* magazine on a dreary afternoon. I was thrilled to read of a bishop who lived in a basement and subsisted on soup. I wasn’t quite sure where Montana was, but Bishop Hunthausen found his way into my heart, and brought the Gospel with him.

Shortly after we moved to Seattle 30 years later, my wife Kathy, who works for Catholic Community Services, got me an invitation to a retreat given by Archbishop Hunthausen. I had a chance to tell him that his witness for peace and justice was one of the reasons I became a Catholic. He had tears running down his cheeks as I told him. So did I. I had no idea when we moved to Seattle that we would be blessed with the great gift of having as our pastor Father Ryan, the friend and confidant of my childhood hero, nor of the wonderful way Father Ryan would continue the inspiration Archbishop Hunthausen had begun for me so long ago. I may no longer be young, but my heroes are!

Max Lewis

St. James Cathedral is alive with a community open to the Spirit. I am home. I am at peace. I am grateful for the invitations and opportunities to stretch, deepen and validate my faith.

I came to St. James Cathedral one evening in 1991. The war in the Persian Gulf was looming and I was longing to pray with like-minded folks. An invitation to come together to pray was sent out to the city and surrounding parishes. To my surprise I found myself

among 30,000 other people who came to pray and walk to St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral in a silent peace march. A parish willing to stand and pray so publicly for peace was a place that believed in the power of prayer and the connection between peace and justice. I knew I was coming back!

Over the past 17 years I have been affirmed in my call to work for justice through the Peace and Justice Committee where Sr. Terence's phrase "Be open to the Spirit" kept us grounded, and Mary Segrave Mulhall charged our discussions with passion for justice. I recall being invited to serve the vulnerable at weekend Masses with the First Hill Doorkeepers group and, then the Emmaus Companions. In the time spent companioning with others after Mass I understood better what discipleship felt like and how blessed I was to have been invited into this challenging and faith-deepening ministry.

The growth I experienced and witnessed throughout the parish over the past 17 years leaves me turning in gratitude to Father Michael Ryan. Thank you, Father Ryan, for your visionary leadership, gentle guiding way and belief in reaching out to those most in need within the parish, as well as Seattle.

I also want to pause and remember St. James' excellent and deeply devoted staff. It has been great serving with you and watching you help make this incredible faith community grow.

Finally, when I let my mind wander through the interior of the Cathedral what I recall is the warmth of the candle flames and the fragrance of wax in the Mary Shrine, a cantor's angelic voice at Mass, words of wisdom during a homily and a deeper understanding of scripture, and the reverence of those receiving Eucharist. In one word: Peace is what I feel when I think of the Cathedral.

Ann O. Jackson

St. James Cathedral is truly *Domus Dei, Porta Coeli*. The house is welcoming; the gate is open. I feel welcome and included here, which is not always the case for an elderly person. St. James is also a beacon of beauty and serenity in the Seattle community. I am proud to be a part of it, even a small part.

My uncles worshipped here during World War II, and I promised them that if I ever came to Seattle, I would attend St. James. I never expected to live in Seattle, but that's how things worked out. I can't imagine feeling as close to God in any other church. There have been times when I thought the homily had been composed especially for me and times when the choir took us as close to Heaven as we can expect to be in this world.



St. James does the most serious work in the world, but it doesn't lose its light touch or its sense of humor. Best of all is the effect on my behavior and personal life from Sunday to Sunday. I pray to be better and stronger, worthier of my surroundings, opportunities, and loved ones. I believe that St. James enhances my ability to grow spiritually, and I send my thanks to all who have made possible this place of refuge in my old age.

Anonymous

I want to share, if I may, a brief story of my encounter with St. James Cathedral and Father Ryan. Shortly after Father Ryan became pastor, I was going through a major spiritual and physical challenge. I had taken my "party life" to its end and it was becoming most apparent. One of the ways I would overcome my struggles is I would walk and walk and walk. It just so happened to be Good Friday around 6 or 6:30 pm when I noticed the Cathedral in my sight. I decided to check if it was open not realizing (pagan at that time, I guess!) it was in fact Good Friday. When I entered, Archbishop Hunthausen had just walked to the pulpit and began to give one of the most inspirational homilies I had ever heard.

"I would not look to God out of fear; out of shame; I simply would not look towards God as a *person*. One day I decided I would look towards God and I was amazed. All I got in response was... I love you... I love you." This is the a very abbreviated version, but you get the point at least as far as where I was coming from.

Several weeks passed and I came upon the Cathedral again on one of my walks, late on a Sunday afternoon. I decided to enter approximately 4:00pm. Father Ryan was just processing in for Vespers. My thought was, Can I never find this church during a quiet time? Vespers was absolutely the most beautiful service which brought tears to my then

bloodshot eyes; yes—I was still struggling. Vespers was held in the south transept and as Father Ryan began to process out after the service, he turned back and came to me where I was sitting in the main body of the Cathedral. He briefly explained the history of Vespers and we proceeded to have a significant, for me anyway, spiritual bonding of sorts. It was *this* Sunday evening that I reached out to a support group.

These two episodes changed my life profoundly but I must say they would *not* have happened if I had not had that glimpse, on my searching walks, of St. James Cathedral.

God bless you all during the Centennial Celebration of our GREAT St. James Cathedral!

Joe F.

“Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, and for ever!” This final prayer at the end of the Taizé service, in the evening shadows, came as a call that drew us into the rich spiritual experience that is St. James. The simplicity of the repetitive mantras, the candle light in the darkened Cathedral, the time for personal prayer helped us on our quest for Jesus Christ. We placed the busy week behind us, we were encapsulated in the beautiful sacred space, seeking peace and taking refuge from the city around us. We were enticed by sacred beauty. Taizé was just the beginning. Ten years ago we began a journey that has led us to places we never imagined.

Shortly after joining St. James Cathedral Parish, Pauline and I were married in the Cathedral. We were privileged to have the Cathedral choir and soloists sing at our wedding Mass. Special moments and experiences at the Cathedral are countless. Singing the Biebl *Ave Maria*, the Mozart *Requiem* on All Souls Day, the extraordinary, faith-filled Funeral Mass for Father Ryan’s mother, to mention just a few.

Thank you, Father Ryan, for your exceptional leadership, to your staff who make things happen, and to the many hundreds of laity who truly make St. James the community of God’s people.

Father Ryan put it quite simply in his recent Pentecost homily: “God’s spirit is moving among us at this moment—prodding us, waking us up, stirring us, sending us.”

Patrick White & Pauline Smetka

It’s 5:30pm on Wednesday, and the bells chime the Mass call. I enter the Cathedral. This is my daily ritual. I’m on automatic pilot from Horizon House, the retirement community where I work. The holy water is still on my fingers as fatigue exits and energy enters.



Taizé Prayer in the Cathedral

I first came to Seattle from Chicago fifteen years ago to celebrate my Easter birthday. I asked the taxi driver where I’d find the best homilies and music. His response: “There is only one place—St. James Cathedral!”

Eight years later I returned for one year as a Jesuit Volunteer. In addition to the homilies and music, I found a renovated cathedral, a strong pastor and a vibrant community. I couldn’t leave.

Seattle Magazine calls our pastor, Father Michael G. Ryan, “a calming presence, leading people back to normal, such as he did after 9/11 and Hurricane Katrina.” He has also been a stalwart anchor and a compassionate listener in my life storms.

Praying is effortless at St. James. My eyes leap from the soaring columns to Moses’ bronze burning bush. I inhale the incense in the swaying censer and the scent of the roses perched on the altar steps in a lone vase. And I think of Isaiah’s well-trained tongue as I listen to Father Ryan “speak to the weary a word that will rouse them.” After the Our Father, I reach out to the homeless woman and then to the dot.com CEO in my pew.

On Fridays, I read scripture from the ambo. Then I light a candle at my favorite niche—Mary’s Shrine. I thank her for her Son’s ambassador—the taxi driver who led me here.

Helen Goehring

I started first grade at Cathedral School in 1921 and stayed there through fifth grade; after that our family moved up to Capitol Hill. Margaret Downey and I made our First Communion together. We were both ready for First Communion well before the usual age—we were only six. Out of our class, Father Stafford decided that five of us would make our First Communion. It was a First Friday Mass. I had a little blue coat; Margaret had a little plaid coat. You can picture us—Margaret, so pretty, with her brown hair hanging down—and me with my Buster Brown bob.

Well, Margaret had never told her family she was going to make her First Communion. And her older sisters were in the choir—big high school girls. So little Margaret Downey goes up to the communion rail with Mary Elizabeth beside her to make our First Communion. And her sisters went nuts up there—just nuts. “What’s Margaret doing?!” So that was our First Communion—talk about adventures!

Father Stafford was a very fatherly man, though he was a young priest. He visited all the classrooms, and knew all the kids. He was like the pictures you see of Christ with all the children clustered around him. Cathedral at that time was an elementary, secondary, and a high school. (O’Dea High School wasn’t built until I was in third grade.)

Bishop O’Dea used to preside at all the big ceremonies in the church. The big highlight for us was that we got to carry our baskets of rose petals—not just on Corpus Christi! We’d have a procession any time we could think of a reason for it!

In fourth grade I remember our teacher was Sister Edburge, who was a *lady*. She introduced me to the finer things in life. She showed us how to set the table when we were having a nice dinner at home—where to put the silver, how to fold the napkin. That was fourth grade and I, too, became a *lady*.

Another favorite was Sister Carmen Dolores. She used to make little oval plaques, beautiful little relief plaques out of plaster. She’d make the model, and then pour rubber cement over it to make a mold. I was curious, and she taught me how to make them. Afterwards, she even taught me how to tint them.

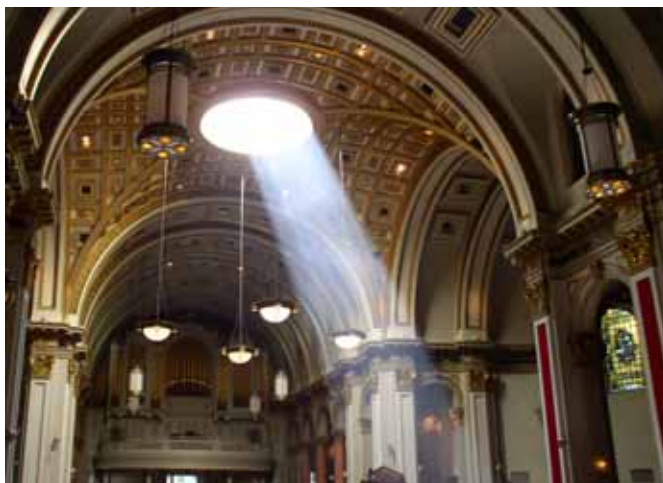
These were some of my favorite teachers; these were people who really had an impact on me.

Cathedral wasn’t a ‘village’ in the same sense Immaculate was. Immaculate had the church, the parish house, the school, the playground, all these Catholic families, and its own grocery store. It was a ferment of Catholicity; out of that village came a number of vocations.

Cathedral wasn’t like that. People came from quite a distance to go there, and they were from all different

backgrounds and social classes. But it had a very warm, friendly atmosphere. I recall that from my earliest years. There was such a sense of warmth, of belonging. Part of it was the priests, and then the Holy Names sisters were so warm and friendly. The warmth of the sisters: nobody was excluded; they took care of everybody. And they did it joyously. As I look back on it, I understand what is meant by belonging.

Sister Mary Elizabeth Dunton, SNJM,
interviewed in October 2004



Light streams through the oculus on a summer afternoon.

For me the Cathedral has a long history. I served Mass for Bishop Gill in the early fifties and watched the Rambusch transformation that lasted about forty years. I have rejoiced in the recent restoration, worshipped, celebrated Mass, and preached in this wonderful space. The vibrant life of the parish community, its outreach to the poor of our own city and victims of natural and man-made catastrophes around the world gives meaning to the words in the oculus above the altar, “I am in your midst as one who serves.” I have used the Cathedral as an extension of my theology classes. The tours given to my students through the docent program have opened their eyes to an architectural beauty and symbolic richness that is, for most of them, entirely new. The Cathedral’s music program, extraordinary organs and talented performers, has provided Seattle with one of its most significant centers of culture. On many a morning or afternoon I have slipped into the church, lighted only by the sunshine coming through its stained glass windows and the skylight above the altar, to get in touch with the silent place where God’s Spirit renews my life each day. I love this “House of God and Gate of Heaven.”

Rev. Peter Ely, SJ

Here are some random thoughts from my fourteen or so years at St James.

Probably my favorite activity and the one thing I miss the most (with the exception of the Sunday 5:30 Mass with the Women's Schola) is the Friday night Taizé service. I found it incredibly peaceful and relaxing—the chants still linger in my brain (*Ubi Caritas...*). One image that remains with me is looking over at the L'Arche community during the finale of "Jesus Christ, yesterday, today and forever" and seeing two young people, on their knees, arms stretched out

to the sky, singing the song—what an act of true faith!

I also enjoyed the Mary Shrine and the chance to light *real* candles—what a special place.

One sermon that changed my life as a Catholic, was delivered by Father Ward on the subject of stewardship. It was like having someone turn the lights on in my head. There were so many things that I was thankful for and there were so many ways that I could repay those gifts by giving my time for others.

Peter Cassidy, New York City

What brought me to St. James Cathedral? The short answer is Death.

Long-time Washingtonians may recall the late State Senator Cal Anderson. I had known Cal and his partner, Eric, since the mid-1980's. Around the time that he won the primary election for the state senate in 1994, Cal told me he had AIDS. We agreed that I would work for him as his aide for what turned out to be his last legislative session.

Cal made it through the session, though he was hospitalized for several weeks of it. I cherished the time we had to visit while he was sick. Cal expressed how wonderful Michael Ryan had been and I didn't get what the big deal was about this priest. Late one night after regular visiting hours at Providence Hospital, the nurse told me I had to wait because Father Ryan was visiting Cal. I told her to tell him to hurry up (she gasped and, having some sense, didn't



do it). I was in the waiting area, crying, when Father Ryan came around the corner from Cal's room. I stopped crying and watched, mouth agape, as he strode down the hall toward the waiting area at a brisk clip, made a 90 degree turn at the corner and was gone. This was not the priest I had imagined!

Cal lived and served his constituents through the spring and summer until he died at home on Friday, August 4, 1995. The following Monday Cal's mom Alice, good friend John, partner Eric, and I met with Father Ryan. We were all a mess, in shock, even though we had known Cal would die sometime. After our meeting, Father Ryan showed us the recently renovated Cathedral. By this time, I was falling under the spell. I watched as Father Ryan connected with and welcomed each of us. As he touched my forearm he said to me, "I like your spirit, Alison." Nice effort, I thought.

The funeral was truly perfect. I cried. I laughed. I prayed. It was so full of love, community, and reconciliation. It makes me tear up just remembering it.

For weeks thereafter, I felt a yearning to go to the Cathedral. I wondered if it was a phase, part of the grieving. I went to a Mass in September and visited with people during the coffee hour afterward. Father Ryan saw me, but kept his distance. No heavy sell. What kind of place was this?

After two years of observing the Catholic life at St. James Cathedral and struggling with my emotions, I finally began going to RCIA in September 1997. After



Children of St. Gregory and St. Cecilia Choirs, Corpus Christi Procession, 2007

my confirmation in January 1998, I looked forward to experiencing my first Easter Vigil and fully participating in the Mass. At the vigil, Archbishop Brunett splashed my face during the sprinkling rite. I laughed with joy and rejoiced.

Alison Warp

A memory of which I am particularly fond, one that recurs each year, is a special moment of the Easter Sunday morning liturgy. During the lengthy procession (too lengthy for some, just right for me) the choir and people sing “Jesus Christ is Risen Today” accompanied by organ, tympani, and brass. Then, the third verse arrives, and all except the choir are silent. Softly they sing: “But the pains, which He endured, (Alleluia) our salvation have procured (Alleluia) . . .” I cannot describe the feeling—by definition, the ineffable cannot be put into words—but I would make the trip from Baltimore for that verse alone.

Barbara deLateur, Baltimore

The first time I set foot in Seattle, it was a Saturday night. I was just off an airplane, and, as I checked into my hotel, I asked directions to the nearest Catholic church.

They sent me here. So, on Sunday morning I walked up the hill, wondering which St. James was the Cathedral’s namesake. That was forty years ago.

That wasn’t a bad question to ask, you know. Which St. James? There are many in our church’s history. Even the twelve people closest to Jesus, after his mother, included two. The one we honor today is older brother to John, and one of Jesus’ first followers. He is definitely the first of the twelve to be martyred. He was beheaded in testimony to his faith in Jesus. And there is more that we could say of him. But when we are done we’ll still be asking the same question: “Which St. James?”

It happens that in my former career as a banker, I traveled the whole world over: east, west, north, south. It is rare in any big city, in this country or anywhere else, that I know of, to find a church like this open and

welcoming to any and all at all times. The doors open early in the morning and don't close until after the last Mass in the evening. That's every day of the year. No guards. Virtually no restraints.

My wife and I have lived in eight parishes in our 52 years together, and have served four more as deacon. Never have we found such joy in an assembly of people as here at St. James. My answer—our answer—to the question “Which St. James?” The one on the hill, and well worth the climb.

Deacon Joe Curtis,
Feast of St. James, 1996



My first time at St. James was the Noon Mass on Easter Sunday of 1987. I was fascinated with the music and solemnity of the Mass. My family and I went to St. Edward's Parish for so many years but I kept coming back to St. James on special occasions like Easter, Christmas, and New Year's. In the fall of 1999, I signed up my son Kassey for First Communion classes. I thought that it would be wonderful to celebrate my son's special day at the Cathedral. I asked Marianne Côté if there was anything I could do to help out while Kassey was in his class. She suggested that I could help deliver snacks to the younger children in their classroom and answer the door. That was fun and easy. In 2000, Rosanne Michaels asked me if I could assist in the children's RCIA class. I was delighted but somewhat worried—would I have to memorize the Bible? Melina McCombs was the teacher at the time and was incredibly good at her job. I sat in her class and learned a lot from her. I was on the children's RCIA team for three years. Meanwhile my son Kassey trained to become an altar server after his First Communion, and loved the job. And just recently during Lent, I was invited to join a small group of parishioners to explore the concept of Christian Stewardship. It was a profound experience and great opportunity to meet with people. It is a blessing and honor to be part of St. James.

Loida Santos

Arriving here in 1955, the first Catholic church I spotted was this Cathedral. The black and gold window out front impressed me with its local touches of

lumberjacks, miners, fishermen, Mt. Rainier, and with Christ blessing it all. After attending the Easter Vigil of 1957 at St. James, I decided to try becoming a priest. Entering St. Edward Seminary, a prominent feature out front was a white marble statue of Mary and her Infant. It is now here in our Archbishop Murphy Courtyard. So I like to look at it and realize: here marks where I began the journey to priesthood, and where I hope to be able to end it.

Father David A. Brant

I first came to St. James in April of 1991. It was a very happy occasion for our family, the wedding of one of our daughters. A year and a half later, I was back again on the saddest day of my life, the funeral for my husband of 30 years. As it is with death, it was also a beginning, because in the days, weeks, and months following, I found myself drawn back here again and again. I was not Catholic, but I kept coming, always sitting in the back, listening and looking. Looking for what, I do not know. I just needed to be here.

And what did I find in this marvelous place? First I found a space that was incredible to behold. And that was before the renovation! Since the renovation, the beauty, design, and majesty of this great cathedral are almost beyond description. Yet, what gives it life and spirit are the loving, caring people who gather here to worship. I found a community where everyone is welcome. A community of young and old, rich and poor, from every culture and language. A community where faith is an everyday thing. A community which

calls people to live this faith through countless ministries. A community that helps the hungry, the hurting, and the homeless, but also feeds the mind and soul with great teaching and extraordinary music. A community at its best when it comes together as one, around one table to hear God's word and be nourished by the Eucharist. A community where Christ is truly in our midst. A community of healing, hope, and peace.

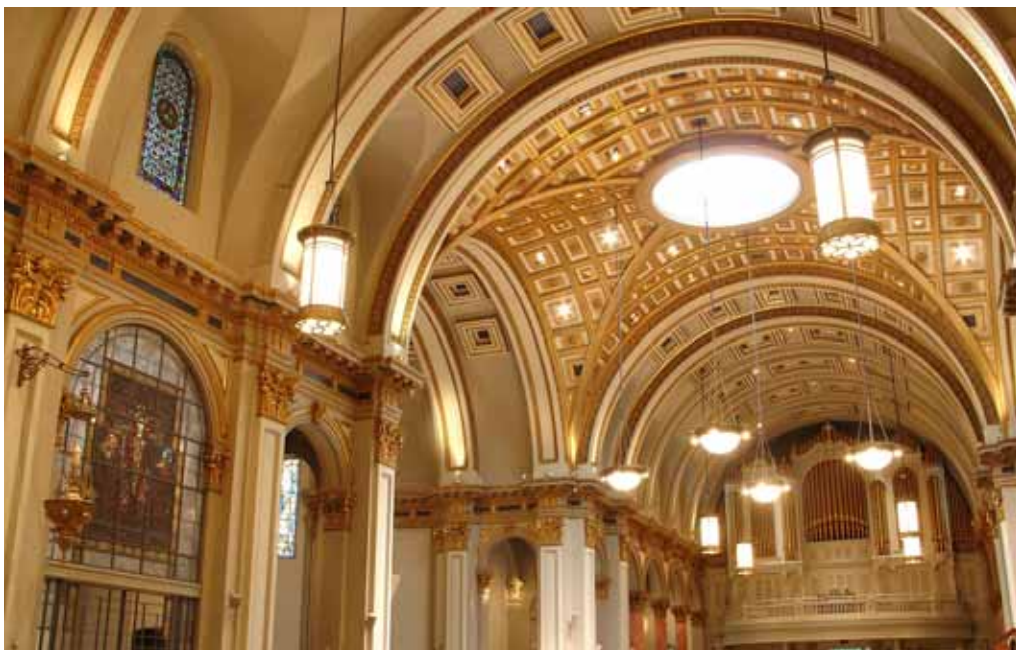
These are just a few of the things I saw and felt as I hid in the back pews. Soon I found my way to the RCIA. In the years since then, as my life has changed, one thing has not: I need to be at St. James! I need to continue to put God first in my life. In the good times and the bad and all the ordinary times in between, I need to be here, sharing in the work that is being done, God's work, because that is what we as church, especially this church, are all about.

Bev Mauser

In the mid-1990's when the proposal was brought forward for renovating St. James Cathedral the standard objection arose, "Why spend so much on a building when this money could be used to help the poor?" At that time my sister was living on the streets of Seattle and frequenting the Cathedral Kitchen. Her response to the controversy was, "For me and many others on the streets, that (St. James Cathedral) is a beacon of hope."

Father Dave Rogerson

The very first time I came to St. James I was very nervous. I had not been to a Catholic church since I left St. Peter's on Beacon Hill as a boy. I sat down, and almost before I could get settled a gentleman in front of me turned around and introduced himself. He was welcoming, kind, and interested in the beginning of my journey back to church. The man, David Wright, soon became my sponsor in the RCIA process. He not only became my sponsor but one of my best friends. He was just one person of many who have always gone out of their way to be gracious and welcoming. I have now been a parishioner for over six years and I always make an attempt to introduce myself to people who look to be



nervous or uncomfortable. With such a large parish it would be easy to feel lost in the sea of people.

Recently my mother passed away. She had been to St. James a few times and to some events—the parish picnic and the monthly senior trips. When the word got out that my mother had passed away it seemed as though everyone in the Cathedral—staff, volunteers and parishioners—were there to support me. People that I was not aware even knew who I was, were coming up to me very graciously offering their condolences. My mother was not a member of the parish but I felt she was treated as one of the most important people at the Cathedral. In preparation for the funeral Sister Anne Herkenrath took care of everything. From a few comments I gave to Father Ryan and only a couple of times meeting my mother he gave a funeral homily that was directed at giving her respect and me comfort and that is exactly what he achieved.

I have been coming to St. James for six years and in that time I have been lifted up spiritually and made to feel welcomed and loved. During the worst period of my life St. James was a haven of peace and comfort. For that I will be forever indebted.

Bert Landreth

Sixteen years ago, my husband had just died, and in my grief, I wanted to get away from my home setting to think things over. I came to Seattle and went to the 10:00am Mass and was awed by the beautiful music and prayerful liturgy. After that first visit after my spouse's death, each time I came to Seattle for business and shopping, I attended Sunday Mass at St. James.

One Sunday in particular, I came into a St. James Cathedral that smelled of smoke while all the walls were covered in black soot. I realized there had been a fire and heard that the congregation had a plan for reconstruction. The place looked dismal and in a sorry state.

A year or more later, I showed up again, and now the congregation was celebrating liturgies in O'Dea High School Gym. Several years passed before I returned to St. James. And lo! the church had been fully restored and remodeled. The building was more beautiful and more accessible. I said to myself, "This place is for me." It was around this time I began praying for guidance as to where I should be living now that I was alone. My children had homes and families of their own and I was looking for a parish community where I could feel spiritually nurtured and that also had worthwhile volunteer activities.

I faithfully attended the 10:00am Mass on Sunday, and always sat in the second row on the west because I liked facing the altar. One Sunday not long after my arrival, a lovely lady named Breege Elkington greeted me warmly. And, on each successive Sunday, she was always there in the second row with her cheery smile and welcoming heart. Breege invited me to sit next to her and soon a friendship developed. She introduced me to several others who were regulars in the second row behind the ambo. Very soon, these welcoming parishioners invited me to coffee with them in the Hall after Mass.

I was warmly welcomed at St. James and it felt good. I feel lucky to have been guided to the welcoming and nourishing parish of the faithful at St. James. I left Alaska for good in 2006 and now make Seattle my home—thanks to St. James Cathedral and its welcoming presence in downtown Seattle.

Madeleine D. Betz

I love the music, especially the Women's Schola as they gather by the baptismal font before the 5:30pm Mass.

I love sitting in the pew and seeing the shadows cast by the columns, the changing light through the windows, the candles flickering by the statues.

Amy Kiessling

Because of the location of the Cathedral, the people who come to church here are a very interesting assortment—perhaps not as 'sanitized' and neatly packaged as churches in other neighborhoods.



Blessing of the Archbishop Murphy Courtyard, 2006

One day in the chapel for daily Mass, we had an even more noisy and disruptive group of people than usual. None were malicious; it was just a lot of people with difficulties of various kinds. It was hard to stay focused. I prayed that they would cease their noisy behavior and prayed that it would not distract Father Ryan, who was saying the Mass.

During the Liturgy of the Eucharist, I looked around the chapel and noticed what an odd and funny assortment of people we were. I felt an impression in my heart that said, "This is what heaven looks like. If you do not like this, you won't want to be in heaven with me, because it is a jungle up here." This made me smile. Instead of being angry, I felt love for them. I had to laugh at myself and at us. For this is what heaven looks like. God helped me to see the people there through His eyes. I have always appreciated the diversity at St. James, but he helped me to feel more than appreciation. He knows that the quickest way to my heart is through my funny bone. He helped me to see the humor in a situation I would normally be annoyed at, and feel love for people who are challenging. I hope I never forget this lesson.

Anonymous

These are just a few of the stories of St. James Cathedral. Read more Cathedral stories online at www.stjames-cathedral.org, or share your own!





St. James Cathedral Kids

The young person's point-of-view

St. James Cathedral is one of the most beautiful places that I have ever sung in. The very air feels holy. The instant you enter, it is obvious that this place is holy. God is present here. It inspires me to sing my best every time. I am so privileged to have a chance to sing at a great cathedral like this.

Sarah Fish

St. James has been a very big part of my life, from the time I was baptized here as a baby, and almost 12 years later, my first Holy Communion. When my family and I moved to Bainbridge Island, it was difficult for us to come to St. James on a regular basis. We actually stopped coming and went to church on the island.

When I was in fourth grade, a friend of mine and I auditioned for Schola Cantorum. We both went to the Choir Camp and sang in Schola the next season. This is now my third year in choir and I really love it! I enjoy the other kids and it's a lot of fun. I've also had a great experience chanting the psalm for many services, although sometimes I'm a little nervous to do it. Altogether, the music at the Cathedral is amazing, from children's choirs to adult choirs and everything in between.

On April 22, 2007, after many months of training and studying, I took my first Holy Communion. I went through the Children's RCIA program, which brought my family back to St. James on Sundays. I plan to be there a long time as St. James is my church home.

Lilly Wingate



St. James Cathedral is... huge, amazing, welcoming, holy, and the only place to receive the holy body and blood. *David Barnes*



I like the burning bush. *Isabelle Berry*



St. James Cathedral is really cool because of all the celebrations. *Jake MacDuff*

I love being at St. James during Pentecost, and seeing the beautiful, bright hangings. I also love being in the Cathedral pretty much any time the sun is coming through the stained glass windows. That is when I truly feel God.

Haley MacDuff

St. James Cathedral is a wonderful church that I truly love! The music is beautiful and so are all the sermons and homilies. I truly enjoy having Father Ryan as a priest here, too; he is sooooo kind. The decorations are amazing for every occasion, Christmas, Easter, etc. My favorite moment here was Easter day Mass, with the beautiful singing, the decorations, the bright sun shining in from the skylight, everything bright and happy making me want to lift into



Mama Mary
Jocelyn Daniels

the air and fly away to be free! What I love best about St. James is the beautiful music that rings through the Cathedral halls, so beautiful and sweet sounding. It is quite entrancing. It is very beautiful and I wouldn't miss it for any other church around!

Violet Bruno

I like the windows. I like the music. I like the seats. I like the views. I like Sunday school. I like the statues.

August



One Hundred Years Ago

The Dedication of St. James Cathedral

A not insignificant portion of the Old Testament deals with the Temple, the center of the life and worship of the Hebrew people. The psalms praise the beauty of God's house, and sing of the joy of those who go up to Jerusalem; the prophets lament the destruction of the Temple, and envision a time when it will be rebuilt. The historical books are full of incredibly detailed information about the Temple—its measurements, its decorations, its materials; who built it, how long it took them, and how much it cost. Second Chronicles even includes Solomon's correspondence with the king of Tyre, inquiring about supplies (cedar and cypress, gold and silver, the finest of fabrics) and the availability of skilled workers. For the Israelite chroniclers, no detail about the building of the Temple was considered

unimportant. For the Temple was the visible reminder of the people's covenant with God. It was the gift of their ancestors to the generations that would follow. It was a reminder of tremendous struggles and sacrifices, a tangible testament to their love for God.

God does not need temples. The Lord of heaven and earth needs no house made by human hands to dwell in. But *we* need temples. We need sacred places, holy ground to stand on as we offer our prayers to God. And God yields to this human desire for a holy place. As God told Solomon: "Now I have chosen and consecrated this house that my name may be there forever; my eyes and my heart also shall be there always" (2 Chronicles 7:16).

Bishop O'Dea understood that in building a new Cathedral in Seattle, he was doing more than



Bishop Edward O'Dea in later years. He proudly declared St. James Cathedral to be "the greatest Catholic Church building west of Pittsburgh and unequalled for beauty of architecture and design in the world."

completing a complex construction project, more even than creating a new center for the Catholic Church in the Northwest. He knew that in building a Cathedral, the people of the diocese were making a statement of faith, not only to their contemporaries, but perhaps even more importantly, to subsequent generations. And so they worked on a large scale, an ambitious scale, just as King David had. "I will not offer to the Lord a sacrifice that cost me nothing," David said (1 Chronicles 21: 24).

And they were part of a tremendous movement, an inspired age of cathedral building. For Bishop O'Dea was not the only bishop building in 1907. No fewer than *twenty-eight* other Catholic cathedrals were in various stages of construction around the country, including the cathedrals of Newark, Pittsburgh, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, and

Denver. And Seattle was building, too—in fact, 1907 was a record year in which almost twenty new churches were built.

By the beginning of 1907, the scaffolding on the outside of the Cathedral was mostly gone, and people were already getting used to the sight of the magnificent temple rising from the top of First Hill. The work of Heins and LaFarge was complete, for their designs were limited to the outside of the building. For the decoration of the interior, Bishop O'Dea was on his own. Throughout 1907, he carried on a detailed correspondence with Benziger Brothers, the firm which supplied almost all the interior furnishings. January of 1907 found the Bishop inquiring about altars and altar rails. He wanted a double gate for the altar rail, measuring seven feet wide; but was informed that fifty inches was as much as Benziger Brothers could manage. The gate would be equipped, however, with "patent hinge

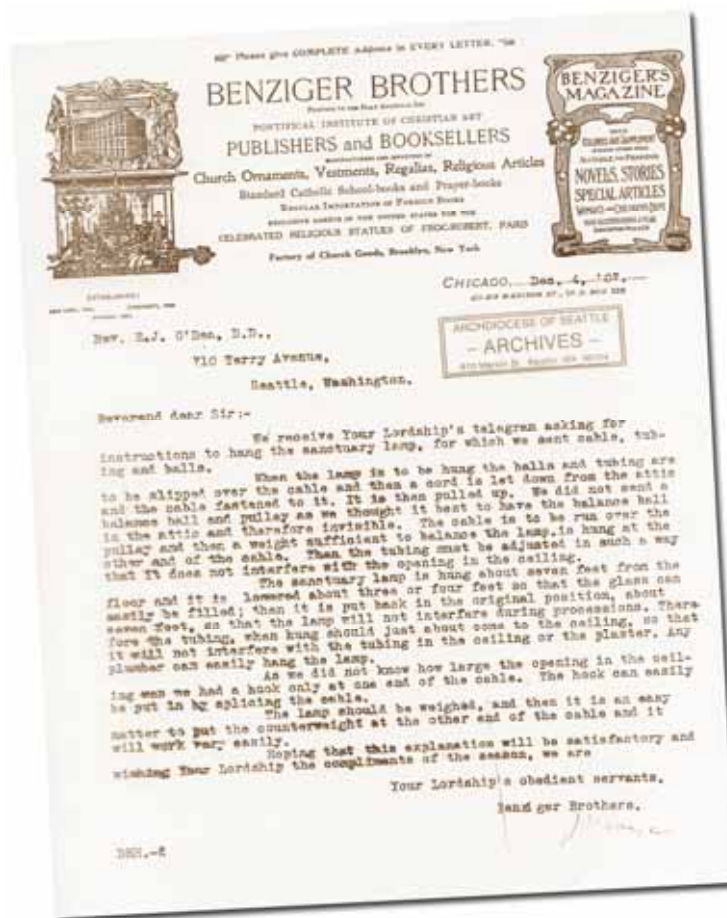
Corinna Laughlin is the Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral. This article is indebted to Archbishop Harry Flynn of the Archdiocese of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

swings... We do not know whether your Lordship has ever seen these patent hinges especially made for heavy brass gates, but we guarantee same to give satisfaction in every detail... a child can open or close them.” In February, Bishop O’Dea looked at designs for a baptismal font, “in the Renaissance style.” In March, Mr. Haye of Benziger Brothers came to Seattle from Chicago to talk with the Bishop in person. But in May the “Rt. rev. dear Sir,” as the letters from Benziger Brothers were usually addressed, still had not made up his mind about the altar rail. “The sooner we have your answer the better we like it,” wrote Mr. Haye frankly. Bishop O’Dea promptly sent him a wire.

Bishop O’Dea ordered angels holding electric-powered candelabra, which Benziger Brothers assured him were “in the best Renaissance style.” In July, he placed a huge order which ranged from major purchases like the sanctuary lamp, processional cross, and Tenebrae candelabra, to smaller items—tabernacle keys, pew numbers, collection boxes, not to mention 1,000 hat holders with nickel finish, priced at 25 cents each.

When Bishop O’Dea returned from a brief holiday in mid-August, he received some distressing news. “We are sorry to state that the men who have been working on the Pulpit and Lamp left us before the work was completed and this causes the delay of these two articles until October 1st, or perhaps one week sooner.” Mr. Haye then inquired as to the date of dedication of the Cathedral to ensure that the two items would arrive in time. On the top of this letter is a notation in Bishop O’Dea’s handwriting: “Dedication probably Nov 28, 1907, Thanksgiving.”

But as November drew nearer, it became clear that the Cathedral would not be ready in time. There was Rome, for one thing: Bishop O’Dea still had not



Last minute details: Benziger Brothers writes from Chicago to give Bishop O’Dea instructions on installing the sanctuary lamp. The dedication of the Cathedral is less than three weeks away! *Courtesy of the Archives of the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle.*

received the formal permission from the Holy Father to remove his see to Seattle, and to change the name of the diocese from Nesqually to Seattle! (It finally came through on September 11, 1907, reaching Seattle about a month later.) And then there were more delays of various kinds. A recession hit, and Benziger Brothers was suffering: “It is impossible in the East now to get any advances from the banks, but we hope it is much better in the West and should Your Lordship be therefore in position to send us another payment shortly, we would certainly be under lasting obligations, for we feel that we are asking too much, especially as the Cathedral is not dedicated.”

The correspondence became increasingly urgent as the day of the Cathedral’s dedication drew near (Bishop O’Dea had finally settled on December 22—the Sunday closest to his ordination anniversary). On November 15, Bishop O’Dea wrote that the keys of the new tabernacle were nowhere to be found. Mr. Haye responded sympathetically but not helpfully: “We are sorry that we cannot send your Lordship any duplicates as same do not exist. We hope you will find the set in the meantime.” On December 4, Bishop O’Dea wired in a panic that the sanctuary lamp could not be hung properly. Haye’s response to the “Reverend dear sir” could hardly have clarified the situation: “When the lamp is to be hung the balls and tubing are to be slipped over the cable and then a cord is let down from the attic and the cable fastened to it. It is then pulled up.”

Everything must have worked out to Bishop O’Dea’s satisfaction, however, for on December 20, just two days before the dedication, he sent to Benziger Brothers the last check for the many, many items he had ordered from them. Mr. Haye responded

promptly with thanks and a request—"Your Lordship would greatly oblige us with a testimonial for the special articles, Pulpit, Altar Rail, and Baptismal Font, as also for the Marble Statues imported especially from Italy." And so closed the voluminous correspondence.

In the meantime, anticipation was building about the approaching ceremonies, and the local papers were very interested in the goings-on on the hill. The arrival of the decree from Rome was much discussed. "ROME DIGNIFIES QUEEN CITY," ran the headline in the Times. And the Seattle P-I announced that "SEATTLE WILL BE CATHOLIC CENTER: ROME YIELDS TO FACTS." Bishop O'Dea must have spent a good deal of time answering the questions of journalists during those final days before the Cathedral's dedication. He certainly was not reticent in expressing his opinion of his new Cathedral. "Catholics have been waiting since the early part of 1904 for the completion of a building which Bishop E. J. O'Dea declares to be the greatest Catholic Church building west of Pittsburgh and unequalled for beauty of architecture and design in the world." The proud Bishop sent invitations to the dedication ceremonies far and wide. The Times observed, appreciatively, that "it was notable that in the special invitations sent out by the church authorities, the religious views of the recipients were not regarded." Fully one-third of those who gathered for the dedication of the Cathedral were non-Catholic.

The new Cathedral was so much larger than any other Catholic church in the region that it was not until very late that Bishop O'Dea began to wonder if perhaps they might run out of seats. On December 21, 1907, a



This historic photo shows the crowds gathered outside the Cathedral on the day of its dedication, December 22, 1907. Thanks to Paul Dorpat for the photo.

headline ran: "Getting Ready to Dedicate. Problem of How to Seat All the Applicants for Admission Perplexing the Ecclesiastical Authorities." (As it turned out, seating was indeed a problem. People packed into the Cathedral, filling the side aisles and even cramming into the center aisle, while hundreds more stood hopefully outside in the December weather.)

On the eve of the Cathedral's dedication, John B. and Florence Agen hosted a dinner at their home not far from the new Cathedral, at Seneca and Boylston. The guests included Bishop Carroll of Helena, who was to preach the dedicatory sermon, and who was staying with the Agens. Bishop O'Dea was there, of course, as were the members of the Building Committee, who now assembled for the last time. As Mrs. Agen looked over this

august gathering, perhaps she remembered another night, more than three years before, when the Building Committee had gathered around that same table for one of their earliest meetings. One member, caught up in the moment, had taken up pen and ink and sketched his vision of the new Cathedral on Mrs. Agen's spotless white tablecloth. According to the family story, she was not particularly pleased when she discovered the ruined tablecloth. But tonight, there was no sketching of plans. For now the dream had become reality.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the ceremonies began; they would not conclude until well after two in the afternoon. Only the clergy assisted at the first part of the ceremony—the consecration of the altars. "In the dedication ceremonies ancient customs will be followed and what will be seen tomorrow will be a repetition of every ceremony of its kind that has taken place since the first Catholic church was dedicated,"

wrote the reporter from the P-I with more enthusiasm than accuracy. "Bishop O'Dea says customs may change, men may change, but the church never."

The huge crowds outside waited patiently for more than two hours before they were rewarded with a glimpse of Bishop O'Dea, as the procession came out of the Cathedral, and the

Bishop blessed the exterior of the building, pausing at each of the four corners to chant a prayer. Then, at last, the doors were thrown open, and the people flooded in for the solemn Mass. The interior of the Cathedral was not yet complete—in fact, only the altar and the organ case could be described as finished. And yet, with its airy interior, flooded with light through the many clear windows, and its impressive, forty-foot dome ("practically indestructible," the Times reported) the interior did not disappoint. And simple as it was, the sanctuary was most impressive when filled, as it was today, with the visiting bishops, many of the priests of the diocese, and no fewer than 32 acolytes. "Clothed in their rich and varicolored robes, from gold and purple to pure white, the assemblage presented an imposing spectacle." (P-I)

The music—conducted and in part composed by the Cathedral's gifted new music director, Dr. Franklin Sawyer Palmer—was extraordinary; but the most thrilling part of the day was the sermon, delivered by Bishop Carroll of Helena. The Times—at that time, not always entirely sympathetic to Catholic causes—was completely won over by Bishop Carroll's eloquence. "Bishop Carroll enjoys the reputation of being the greatest Catholic orator in the West and he lived up to his reputation in a speech of forty minutes' duration. He spoke extemporaneously. At many of his periods the audience evinced an intense desire to applaud and appeared to be restrained only by the sacred character of the proceedings." The P-I agreed that Bishop Carroll's discourse was "one of the most statesmanlike sermons ever delivered from a Seattle pulpit."

Bishop Carroll, like other orators of his day, had no use for understatement. He traced the remarkable



The interior of St. James Cathedral at the time of its dedication... airy and full of light.

growth of the Pacific Northwest since 1850 in grand terms. "Irrigation has made the desert blossom as the rose, and from Europe, from Asia and from the islands of the sea men have come and by their intelligence, their industry and their fidelity, have built up this territory until today it is one of the brightest and

most beautiful spots on the face of the earth." And Bishop Carroll was confident that St. James would prove a worthy Cathedral for such a city. "It is your privilege to build up a church that will be in keeping with, and even outstrip the growth of this wonderful city and state."

But Bishop Carroll was never one just to congratulate; his sermon also challenged his hearers. "If the child doesn't receive religious instruction daily he begins to think religion is not a thing for everyday use, but only for special occasions, such as Sundays, when we enter the house of worship. This is the great scandal of American civilization. When all men begin to realize that religion must go hand in hand with intellect, then will be built up in this country a truly great republic.... then we need have no fear that Seattle will not become the queen city of the Pacific coast." The historic day concluded that evening with Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Bishop O'Dea received telegrams of congratulation from Archbishop Falconio, the apostolic delegate to the United States, and from Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, the most respected prelate in the country; but he understood well that the work now triumphantly accomplished was not his alone. The priests and people of the diocese, both Catholics and non-Catholics, had made tremendous sacrifices to build their new Cathedral. They could say, with David, "I will not offer to the Lord a sacrifice which cost me nothing." ♦



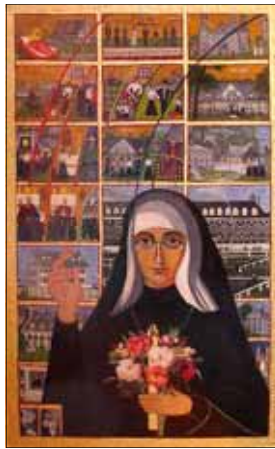
Centennial Album

In November, 2004, St. James Cathedral launched a three-year centennial celebration, marking the centennial of three great moments in our history: the founding of the Cathedral Parish (November 13, 1904), the laying of the cornerstone (November 12, 1905), and the dedication of the Cathedral (December 22, 1907)



Above, left to right: We marked the centennial of the founding of the parish with a great "Cathedral Fair" in Cathedral Hall; festive outdoor lights and decorations. **2nd row, left to right:** real-life Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary gather with Helen Oesterle, who modeled the old "holy habit" during the Fair; Archbishop Brunett poses with a life-size image of Bishop Edward O'Dea; the conclusion of the Centennial Mass. **Below:** right, Celebration of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, January 2005; left, Neri Di Bicci Renaissance Parade and Pageant, April 2005.





Top, left to right: Great Music 2005 celebrates the centennial in music and light; an icon of Mother Mary Rose, foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Names, created by Joan Brand-Landkamer for the dedication of the new Pastoral Outreach Center; Craig Schuck of Ferguson Construction presents Father Ryan and Archbishop Brunett with the keys to the new building, November 2005. **2nd row, left to right:** the blessing of the new Archbishop Murphy Courtyard, May 2006; visit of Brother John of Taizé for three days of "prayer and renewal." **Right,** the Cathedral Choir of St. James during the parish pilgrimage to Rome, March 2006. **Below, left to right:** ministers of many Christian denominations bestow a blessing at the conclusion of the Citywide Prayer for Christian Unity, January 2007; an interfaith service remembering the Holocaust, April 2007.



The Story of a Cathedral

Memories of frugal beginnings, of pioneer struggles, of unsung heroism on the part of bishop, priest, and people alike—memories of growth, of heartaches, of tears; of sacrifice and steadfast loyalty.

—Archbishop Connolly, 1957

1890s. Building a Cathedral in Seattle was the dream of Seattle's pioneer priest, Father Francis Xavier Prefontaine.

Immediately after young Edward John O'Dea of Portland was appointed Bishop of Nesqually by Pope Leo XIII in 1896, Father Prefontaine wrote to him, urging him to move his seat from Vancouver (where Bishop Junger had just put the finishing touches on a new Cathedral) to Seattle. "Seattle has become and will remain the headquarters and chief battleground of all the elements hostile to the church. The morale of the church militant requires the inspiring presence of her leader where the battle wages fiercest." At the time, Bishop O'Dea was cautious in his reply; after all, he had not yet been ordained a bishop! "To make any premature advance in any direction might be imprudent."

1900s. The young city of Seattle was growing rapidly. Already it was the center of the state's commerce and industry. And Bishop O'Dea came to agree with Father Prefontaine that it was where the Cathedral needed to be as well. He purchased a beautiful property above the city, on First Hill. He hired one of the premier architectural firms of the day, Heins and LaFarge of New York City, to design his new Cathedral. And he brought in an old friend from Portland, Father Edward Casey, to help raise funds. A "Cathedral Fair" raised nearly \$20,000 for the building fund in October, 1903. On November 13, 1904, Bishop



O'Dea established the Cathedral parish at St. Edward's Chapel, a temporary "pro-cathedral" erected at Columbia and Terry.

1905. On November 12, the new cathedral's cornerstone was laid. More than 5,000 people gathered in the unfinished structure, whose roof was open to the sky. It was the largest religious gathering in the young city's history.

Bishop Carroll of Helena preached the sermon, which lasted more than an hour, and according to newspaper accounts, held the immense crowd spellbound. "When the cathedral is finished," Bishop Carroll said, "it will be the finest edifice of the kind in the west."

1907. The doors of the new cathedral were thrown open for the first time on December 15, 1907, for an organ recital by Dr. Franklin Sawyer Palmer, who would be the Cathedral's director of music for nearly 30 years. The Cathedral was dedicated on Sunday, December 22, in a ceremony that lasted more than five hours. *See the article in this issue.*

1909. Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini became a U.S. citizen in Seattle. Mother Cabrini prayed often in the Cathedral in its early years. She was canonized by Pope Pius XII on July 7, 1946.

1911. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary established the Cathedral School, moving into a new school building shortly after Easter in 1912. Within three years, enrollment leaped from 96 pupils to over 300.

1916. The winter of this year was particularly severe, and at the beginning of February, Seattle experienced a record snowfall that shut the city down. On February 2, the heavy, wet snow caused the dome to collapse about three in the afternoon. The



Maria Laughlin is the Director of Stewardship and Development at St. James Cathedral. The text of this short history is adapted in part from *House of God, Gate of Heaven*, a new documentary history of St. James Cathedral available on DVD in the Cathedral Bookstore.



dome brought much of the roof with it. Providentially, no one was in the Cathedral at the time (though the Sisters of the Holy Names and the children of the school had knelt under the dome for Mass only a few hours before!). The Cathedral, only nine years old, was virtually destroyed. But Bishop O'Dea said: "While we feel greatly afflicted, we must accept it from the hands of God, who will in his own good time convert our sorrow into joy."

1917. On March 18, the Cathedral reopened with a strikingly altered interior (and dramatically improved acoustics). The *Progress* noted: "The whole occasion was marked by a feeling of satisfaction much similar to that experienced when the building was first completed."

1918. Father James Gordon Stafford was appointed pastor. Father Stafford, a brilliant fundraiser who even lectured on the subject across the United States, is credited with introducing the parish envelope system on the west coast. He also broadcast the Sunday Mass on KOMO radio each week.

1924. O'Dea High School was dedicated, named in honor of Bishop O'Dea "as a token of grateful respect from the parish."

1932. Bishop O'Dea celebrated his Golden Jubilee of ordination; he died only a month later, on Christmas Day. His last words to his family and to his brother priests gathered around him were, "God bless you all." "He died as he lived, with the blessing of God on his lips," Father Joseph Doogan says.

1933. Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy was installed on October 13. Bishop Shaughnessy led the church in Washington through the years



of the Great Depression and World War II. Much of his effort was devoted to paying off the massive debts under which the diocese labored. He also spoke out courageously against racism and prejudice after Pearl Harbor.

1935 was a year of major changes at the Cathedral, as Dr. Palmer died and Monsignor Stafford was reassigned to Bellingham. It was the end of an era at St. James Cathedral.

1948. Thomas Arthur Connolly of San Francisco was appointed coadjutor after Bishop Shaughnessy suffered a series of strokes. He succeeded to the see on Bishop Shaughnessy's death in 1950. Meanwhile, he had already begun improvements on the Cathedral, which was refurbished from top to bottom in honor of the centennial of the diocese of Seattle. In 1951, the Holy See elevated Seattle to an Archdiocese.

1956. Thomas Gill, the Cathedral's pastor, was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Seattle.

In **1957**, the Cathedral celebrated its golden jubilee. Archbishop Connolly celebrated the Mass and Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York "presided from the throne," while Bishop Thomas Gill preached the sermon. "Through the whole cycle of this community's human vicissitudes—wars and peace, gold-rush prosperity and depression-born poverty, exuberant health and epidemic illness, youth and age, birth and death—it has been a monumental



symbol to generations past and present of the only true security in this transient world."

1962. Archbishop Connolly and Bishop Gill joined the world's bishops in Rome for the beginning of the Second Vatican Council.

Archbishop Connolly shared his experiences with the people of Seattle through a regular column in the *Progress*. "That I should live to see a day such as this!" he wrote of the opening of the Council. "How good is the good God. Mere words, even the gigantic, colossal, stupendous of Hollywood usage are so inadequate to describe the scene and the experience itself." Archbishop Connolly had the privilege of addressing the Council Fathers himself during the last session in **1965**. Then the work began: implementing the teachings of the Council in the Archdiocese of Seattle.

1970s. The First Hill neighborhood underwent dramatic demographic changes. The Cathedral school, which was thriving when it celebrated its golden jubilee in 1962, was forced to close only ten years later due to plummeting enrollment.

1975. Archbishop Connolly retired and was succeeded by Raymond Hunthausen of Helena. Archbishop Hunthausen had been one of the youngest bishops to participate in the Council, and he brought a new energy to Seattle, and a passion for peace.

"Nonviolence requires at least as much of our lives as war does," he once said. "I am challenged by the nonviolent truth of the cross, by the calling of the God of love to lose our lives for peace." During Archbishop Hunthausen's years, lay ministry flourished. Lay ministry also flourished under a new Cathedral pastor, Father William E.

Gallagher. Father Gallagher encouraged the involvement of lay ministers in the liturgy, and he

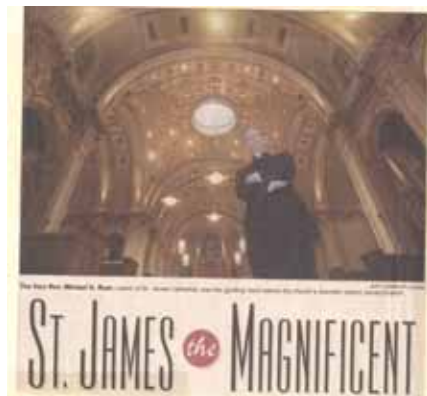


installed the Cathedral's first lay Eucharistic ministers. He also dreamed of restoring the glory of the Cathedral's music program, and hired Dr. James Savage in 1981. Meanwhile, the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary continued to play a vital role in the Cathedral parish, ministering to the homebound and the homeless, to children and to seniors. In 1975, Sister Terence Maureen Reilly established the St. James ESL Program to serve the needs of a flood of refugees from Vietnam.

1988. Archbishop Hunthausen appointed Father Michael G. Ryan the Cathedral's eighth pastor. Father Ryan was given the task of renovating and restoring the Cathedral in light of the teachings of the Second Vatican Council. When Archbishop Murphy succeeded Archbishop Hunthausen in 1991, he enthusiastically supported the plan to renovate the Cathedral.

1994. The Cathedral closed for the long-awaited renovation on Easter Monday. For eight months, hundreds of workers—carpenters, steel workers, plasterers, painters, stone masons—descended on the Cathedral to restore and renew. At last, the Cathedral was rededicated on December 22, 1994—eighty-seven years to the day of its original

dedication by Bishop O'Dea. "St. James Cathedral is a late bloomer," the *Seattle Times* reported. "It took 87 years to come into its own." The most important change made was to move the altar to the center of the space, at the crossing of the nave and transepts. The placement of the altar gathers the assembly around the Lord's table, making the Cathedral a



dynamic space for the celebration of the liturgy.

1997. Archbishop Murphy died on June 26, 1997, and was succeeded by Archbishop Alexander J. Brunett, appointed in October and installed in December of the same year.

1994-present. In the years since the renovation, the cathedral parish has continued to grow, and new projects have supported the prayer, music, and outreach of the community. Ceremonial bronze doors, the work of German artist Ulrich Henn, were installed for the great Jubilee Year 2000. In 2003, the same artist was commissioned to create a magnificent new tabernacle for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. A new organ in the East Apse was built by Manuel Rosales organ builders and dedicated in the year 2000. In 2005, the Cathedral's treasured 15th-century Renaissance altarpiece by Florentine Neri Di Bicci was magnificently restored by the Seattle Art Museum. And in 2005, on the anniversary of the laying of the cornerstone, Archbishop Brunett blessed a new Pastoral Outreach Center for the Cathedral Parish. ♦



PHOTO CREDITS. Antique postcard of Our Lady of Good Help Church and Father Prefontaine. *The Fair Bulletin*, October 1903. The Cathedral during construction, 1906. *The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary*, 1920s. Seattle P-I headline for February 3, 1916. The high altar after the collapse of the Dome. Bishop O'Dea and acolytes on the steps of the Cathedral, late 1920s. Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy. Portrait of Thomas Arthur Connolly, fourth bishop, first Archbishop of Seattle. Episcopal Ordination of Thomas Gill. Centennial Celebration of the Diocese of Seattle, 1950. Facsimile of the Catholic Northwest Progress describing Archbishop Connolly's address to the Council Fathers. Archbishop Connolly and Archbishop Hunthausen celebrate the Cathedral's 70th anniversary. Cathedral pastor William E. Gallagher celebrates Mass. Cathedral staff in the early 1980s. Archbishop Hunthausen and Father Ryan, 1980s. A craftsman inscribes letters around the Cathedral's font in 1994. Seattle P-I headline on the Cathedral's 1994 renovation. Archbishop Thomas Murphy. Archbishop Alexander Brunett. The new Pastoral Outreach Center. Photos courtesy of St. James Cathedral Archives, Archives of the Catholic Archdiocese of Seattle, and the Archives of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

The World in 1907

WORLD LEADERS. Pius X was Pope. Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States. Albert E. Mead was Governor of the State of Washington, and Washington's U.S. Senators were Samuel H. Piles and Levi Ankeny. Edward VII was on the throne of England and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was his Prime Minister. Vittorio Emanuele III was King of Italy. Franz Joseph I was Emperor of Austria and Hungary.

EVENTS. It was a year of earthquakes and disasters at sea. The month of December was marked by two terrible mining disasters, in West Virginia and in Pennsylvania. Maria Montessori opened her first school and daycare center in Rome. The first Hoover vacuum cleaner was invented. Albert Einstein introduced the principle of equivalence of gravitation and inertia, while Pavlov demonstrated conditioned responses with salivating dogs.

IN SEATTLE. United Parcel Service was founded by Jim Casey, and the Pike Place Market opened for business. Anna Herr Clise established the Children's Orthopedic Hospital, and the will of Carolyn Rosenberg Kline Galland established the Kline Galland Home.

ARTS. Pablo Picasso painted *The Demoiselles d'Avignon*. This was also the year of Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss* and Claude Monet's *Water Lilies*. The bestselling novel of the year was Frances Little's *The Lady of the Decoration*. Other top titles included *Satan Sanderson* by Hallie Erminie Rives and *Half a Rogue* by Harold McGrath. Popular songs of 1907 included "Be My Little Teddy Bear," "All She Gets from the Iceman Is Ice," "The Peach That Tastes the Sweetest Hangs the Highest on the Tree," and "Won't You Be My Honey." In the world of classical music, Elgar, Holst, Rachmaninoff, Reger, and Rimsky-Korsakoff were all at work. New shows on Broadway included *Follies of 1907* and Franz Lehar's *The Merry Widow*. Rudyard Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature.

BIRTHS. Notable people born in the year 1907 include Jean Langlais, composer and organist; W. H. Auden, poet; Katharine Hepburn, actress; Daphne du Maurier, novelist; Laurence Olivier, actor; Rachel Carson, environmentalist; Frida Kahlo, painter.

Data taken from www.wikipedia.org

Guided Tour

Let the angels guide you through St. James Cathedral!

Drawings by Steve Harrold



Welcome to St. James! Can you believe the Cathedral is already one hundred years old? It seems like yesterday when Bishop O'Dea dedicated this beautiful building. Come with me to explore some of the holy and beautiful places in the Cathedral.

1 When you see the great bronze doors—the work of artist Ulrich Henn—you know you're about to enter a very special place. The doors tell of the journey of the human family to the heavenly city. One of my favorite things about the doors is the angels.

Down below, an angel tells Adam and Eve to leave Eden. But up above, there are the angels waiting to welcome us into Heaven. Don't forget to look at the doorstops, too!



2 The black and gold window above the great doors is unique. It was installed in 1950. It has lots of Pacific Northwest detail in it, including a fisherman and a lumberjack!

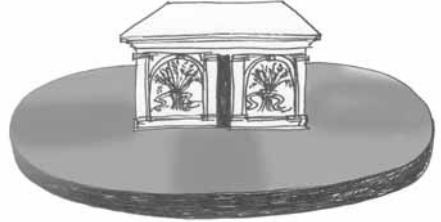
3 I love the pool and the baptismal font. Because baptism is the way we enter the church, it's appropriate that the font is right at the entrance of the Cathedral. Thousands and thousands of people have been baptized in this font in the last 100 years.



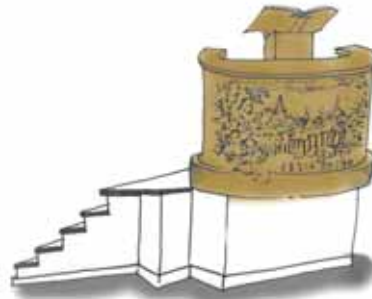
4 St. Frances Cabrini was an amazing woman who came all the way from Italy to take care of immigrants in America. She used to pray often in the Cathedral in its early years.



5 The altar is the most important place in the Cathedral. It's the center of everything we do here. The



images of wheat and grapes carved on each side of the altar are symbols of the Eucharist, the body and blood of Christ. We always bow when we pass by the altar. This shows our faith and our respect!



6 The ambo was created by sculptor Randall Rosenthal. It shows a Northwest scene, the rain pouring down from the clouds, evergreen trees, and beautiful foliage. The word

we hear proclaimed from this pulpit should help us grow the way the rain makes the trees grow.

7 This is the Bishop's chair, the cathedra. It's what gives the cathedral its name! The chair is where the

Archbishop sits when he presides at Mass in the Cathedral. But it's also an important symbol of his leadership and teaching.



8 The crucifix, or Great Cross, can be carried in processions. When we look at the cross, we are amazed at the love of Jesus, who stretched out his arms to embrace all people, of every time and place, with his love.

9 The statues of Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the transepts have been in the Cathedral for 100 years. They were carved in Italy. They remind us that Mary and Jesus are always there for us, loving us, with arms open wide.



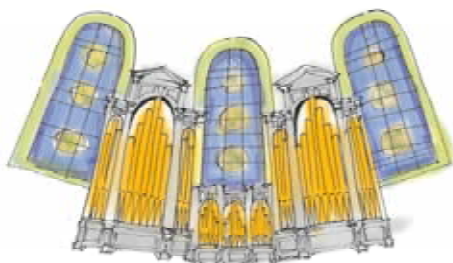
10 Look at the sanctuary lamp, hanging high over the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. It burns day and night to tell us that Jesus is present in our midst—really present—in the sacrament of his body and blood.

Does the tabernacle remind you of a Bible story? Sculptor Ulrich Henn (the same artist who created the great bronze doors) was inspired by the story of Moses and the Burning Bush. This is a place where we encounter the living God. It's holy ground!



11 Look—here's St. James! He's the patron of the Cathedral and of the whole Archdiocese of Seattle. He was one of Jesus' apostles and he was never afraid to tell others of his faith in Jesus. He wasn't even afraid to die for Jesus! James is dressed as a pilgrim, with a shell, a staff, and a "gourd" for carrying water. He reminds us that we're all pilgrims on our way to the heavenly city.

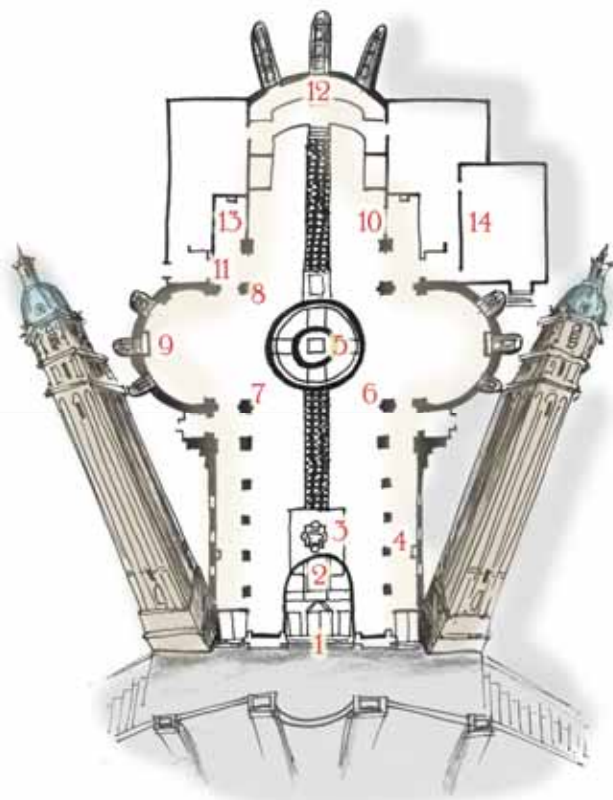
12 St. James has two great organs. This is the Archbishop Murphy organ in the East Apse. It was built in 2000. I love it when they play both organs at the same time, don't you? It makes me want to sing! The windows in the east apse are the work of Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen. They were created in 1994. The other windows in the Cathedral date from 1917, and are the work of Boston artist Charles Connick.



13 The Shrine of the Blessed Virgin Mary is one of the most beautiful (and most popular!) places in the whole Cathedral. All day long, people come to light a candle and offer a prayer. Often, people bring beautiful flowers to place at Mary's feet. Mary is the mother of Jesus, and our mother. This is a peaceful, warm, quiet place to be alone with Mary and her child.



14 Be sure to stop in the Chapel to see the 1456 Renaissance altarpiece by Neri di Bicci. This kind of painting is called a "holy conversation." What do you think Mary, baby Jesus, and the saints are talking about in this picture? (I like the chubby baby Jesus!)





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