“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 little town of Mt. Angel, Oregon, was home to our family for more than a century, and its neo-gothic church with jewel-box stained glass stood right next to my great-grandmother’s home in the center of town. Every Saturday, my dad would take us to Mt. Angel to visit his mother, and all the uncle and aunts and cousins who lived in that little plain of the Willamette Valley, in the shadow of the Benedictine Monastery. When I was little, one of the highlights was heaving open the big oak door of the church, walking through the quiet darkness, and lighting a candle in the racks that sat below the host of polychrome statues high on the altars. Saints Benedict and Scholastica, Agnes, Lucy, Joseph, and Mary all peered down with kind eyes. Dad would give us a few coins for the box and say, “OK, now kneel down and say a little prayer.”

My girls are six, four and two now. And just as I would wander through that quiet church, light a candle and say my prayer on the old prie-dieu, now they light their votives at the foot of St. Joseph in the Cathedral. Now I am the father handing out coins, guiding the little hands that spread the light, share the flame. Now I remind the girls to “kneel down and say a prayer for grandpa” as he is surely praying for you.

David RJ Unger

For me, passing the faith on to our children has been an intentional decision to acknowledge God’s presence in our every day lives. It’s been as ordinary a part of our family life as sitting down to dinner (which always includes grace… even when, as in the early years, the prayers were heavily focused on pets!) or commuting in the car (thanking God for the times there is no traffic, or commenting about the Scripture readings on the way home from mass), or serving (at home, church, and in the community). Bedtimes (and nowadays airport drop-offs) always include singing “The Lord bless you and keep you” (and often laughter as one of us sings off-key), and frustrations and joys are regularly shared aloud (sometimes very loudly) and eventually always forgiven, prayed for, or praised about. Then, too, we actively include faith in the holidays of life and the year. Whether in celebrating baptismal anniversaries (with our child’s favorite dessert), or holy days like Christmas (with the only wrapped present, before Christmas, being the crèche’s baby Jesus), or the season of Lent (stones placed in a bowl of sand, on the dining table, representing the “desert” and our prayers), we consciously strive to set aside time to be in relationship with our Father…after all, “We love because He first loved us.” And, as our girls have often heard: “Love is a verb; it is an action.”

Karen Cowart Smith

When I made my First Communion, I was given a white, leather-bound Missalette for Children. I remember proudly taking it to Mass with me on Sundays, but I think it got more use at home when my brothers and I “played Mass.” With all of the Mass prayers and

The Family of Faith

Parishioners share the lessons of faith they hand on – and receive – from their children

Photo courtesy Jen Ulstein

In Your Midst Summer 2017
responses in my book, including many pictures, we had the script we needed to celebrate our own special liturgies. Child-size chairs and stools would be arranged as pews for the gathered assembly of siblings, dolls, and stuffed animals. The piano bench (a suitable altar for a four-foot tall presider) would be covered with a tablecloth, and a chalice and paten would be selected from my best play dishes. A blanket-turned-chasuble would be draped around the shoulders of the celebrant and fastened with a diaper pin. Round Ritz crackers were perfect communion wafers, and since Mom wouldn’t allow grape juice in the living room, we turned our own water into wine. Songs were sung, Bible stories were read, child-size homilies were given, and Eucharistic gifts were shared. Even the toddlers and kindergarteners not yet old enough to receive communion at Mass on Sunday could receive it in our domestic church.

By engaging in our creative version of Mass at home, the “grown-up” Sunday celebration became more accessible and familiar to us. There was a lot of giggling, improvising, and playing around in our liturgies, but there was also a spirit of child-like reverence. I’m sure the Father looked with favor on our church’s offering.

Julianna Castro

My faith is strengthened by family. For me faith has been closely tied to service to others since I was a young child. My parents encouraged my siblings and me to actively participate in our church community by reaching out to those who needed help or were ill. Through engaging in service with my family I saw our church community as integral to our faith and family life. As an adult convert to Catholicism one of the factors that drew me to the Catholic faith and St. James Cathedral was the strong emphasis placed on service as a meaningful expression of faith. After the birth of our children, my husband and I knew that we wanted to grow our faith as a family through service. When my oldest child volunteers with Faith Mentors, our faith as a family grows as we discuss the lessons he is preparing. When we make sandwiches for St. Martin’s Shelter, our faith as a family grows as we discuss the importance of taking care of others. When we pray together we remind each other of not only of our requests for assistance from God but gratitude for all of His many gifts. These discussions further our sons’ curiosity about God, Heaven and their individual roles in His plan. This in turn encourages all of us to delve deeper into our understanding of faith as we work to serve God.

Lara Osborn

My mother-in-law, Patricia LaPorte, brought me closer to God and was an inspiration to all that knew her. Pat was diagnosed with brain cancer in 2004 and lived with physical impairment, pain, and several surgeries until she passed away a year later. Throughout her ordeal, I would ask her if she was afraid, to which she never hesitated to say that she was ready. I had two very young children at home and a casual relationship with God, and I couldn’t fathom that someone could be so at peace with their mortality. Her courage was a result of her deep faith in God and knowing that she was at the start of a much more important phase of her existence.

I was unable to process her struggle and how faith helped her at this trying time, but her struggle led me to the Church. I was raised Lutheran and was a duty-bound, occasional church-goer. Witnessing faith in action, faith under the most trying of circumstances, brought me to a much deeper relationship with God. Pat’s faith inspired me to attend RCIA and get confirmed as Catholic. Cancer robbed our kids of a terrific grandmother, but Pat lit a fire in me that I try to pass along to them every day.

Rob Kowal
Sundays are the day Daddy makes pancakes at our house, to the utter delight of our four daughters. We eat them with fruit, whipped cream, and fried eggs for protein. But the most important source of nourishment we bring to our breakfast table is the Sunday Mass readings for the day.

Sometime between the first bite of fried egg and the last scrape of whipped cream off the plate, my husband or I will read aloud the Gospel which we’re about to hear at Mass, and often, the first and second readings, as well. Then we’ll ask, “So what happened in this story?” “Why do you think Jesus said that?” “What strikes you most about this passage?” “Can you see a connection between the readings?” “Does that remind you of anything else in the Bible?” We may share a few personal reflections, too.

This helps our family prepare our hearts, minds, and souls for the Mass we’ll attend after breakfast. (We’ve also done a “post-game” lunch version, and a Saturday-night dinner remote preparation would work.) It’s definitely helped me, as mom, engage in more fully, consciously, and actively in Sunday Mass. Even if I have to step out with a fussy toddler or quell in-pew squabbles during one of the readings, at least I’ve heard them once already. We hope the happy association between Daddy’s pancakes and the Mass readings will help our girls seek nourishment in the Church’s weekly serving of Scriptures long after they’ve left our table.

Sarah Bartel

When I think about my role as a mother, passing on my Catholic faith to my children is unquestionably one of my larger tasks. I remember feeling the weight of that when each of our six babies was baptized and we replied “we do” to accepting the responsibility of training them up in the faith. I knew early on that instilling faith in them would require more than instructing them on the teachings of the Church, and that living out my own faith would truly be my biggest influence on them. I wanted them to see our Catholic faith as something that is woven throughout the fabric of our everyday lives. I started this as a new mother by praying the rosary every night as I would nurse the baby to sleep, a tradition I still love. We do little things like praying the Chaplet of Divine Mercy on long car rides or reading about the saints and painting pictures of their favorite ones. On holidays, I stuff their stockings and baskets with wooden rosaries, prayer cards, and Catholic children’s books. During difficult times I try to show them how to lean on their faith, by praying a novena together or attending daily Mass. We hang Sacred Heart pictures in our home, serving as a daily reminder of the love and compassion of the heart of Christ. But above all, I try to inspire them through love. Showing them what it means to serve each other and be the light of Christ in this world. My hope is that their Catholic faith won’t just be a component of their lives but rather an integral part of who they are.

Jen Ulstein

My family’s faith came from my grandmother, Loretta Gleason. Back in the late 1960’s, “Nanny” (as she was known) used to bring my brothers and me to St James Cathedral on Saturday nights. A rowdy bunch, us kids would “root” through her purse looking for a spare piece of butterscotch candy while she was kneeling during Mass. Having raised four children and now with fourteen grandchildren, she was never cantankerous. She would just throw us the “look” and we’d settle down.

Our faith lessons were in “real time.” Not one to quote the bible, Nanny would tell us to be kind to a stray dog or homeless person that crossed our path, as “they might be Christ in disguise.” In later years, she
would spend hours saying her rosary. At night, she was never too old, exhausted or arthritic to kneel before bed and say a prayer or two.

Nanny lived through both World Wars and the Great Depression and buried her only son, Bill. She came to Seattle from the mining town of Butte, Montana. Working at the shipyards, she walked to St James Cathedral for Mass. Nanny never owned a car.

Today, on this July morning, Father Ryan blesses my “other family.” I am a chaperone with the St James Youth Ministry. We are preparing for a service trip to NPH orphanage in Nicaragua. My husband Peter, and sixteen-year-old son Andrew, are also joining the group. Leaving the church, I make a mental note and add two items to my packing list: a rosary and butterscotch candies.

Lisa Casterella

In many ways, I owe my conversion to the Catholic faith and my membership at St. James to my family. Growing up in the rural South, our Methodist church was the social hub of our community and a natural part of our family life from my infancy. My siblings and I may have grumbled about rising early for church on Sundays, but we knew that skipping services wasn’t going to happen.

I was first exposed to the liturgy of the Catholic Church in my teen years. As I matured I felt more and more drawn to it, reading and learning of the great faith tradition, sometimes attending mass. When I was dating my now husband, we attended mass together. However it was not until Dan proposed to me that I felt it was time to become Catholic. The Church has been a big presence in the life of Dan’s large family. As we began to plan for our life together and for children, I knew that I wanted to share fully in the faith of my husband and to rear our family in that faith.

I completed RCIA at St. James just over 6 years ago, 6 months later Dan and I married, and 6 months after that we were placed with 2 wonderful children, ages 5 and 6.

I have been blessed in many ways through my life and often felt close to God. At many points it has seemed He was speaking directly to me through Father Ryan’s homily, pointing out just what I needed to hear to guide me over a rough patch or through a hard decision. I have praised God for the many blessings he has given me over the years, but since becoming a father, I have felt His presence in a whole new way. Receiving the gift of Erin and Lucas has been the most profound blessing I could ever have imagined, solidifying my faith as a core around which my life is built. Our children had not experienced church before coming to us, but soon they came to know it. Some of their school friends would question God’s existence, leading them to ask why we believe and why I am sure that God is there. My answer for them comes easily. I prayed for children and God gave them to me. I know that God is real because he brought us together.

From the start of our life as a family, St. James Cathedral has been there, steadfast, welcoming, and encouraging us in our faith journey. The kids may occasionally grumble about attending the service just as I did at their age, but when we queue up for Holy Communion and when I see them greet Father Ryan with a hug after mass, I know that they feel the same security that I do in the embrace of our faith.

Kyle Bryan

Years ago, I attended one of those self-enrichment courses popular in those days. At the end of the course, we were asked to write our personal Definition of Success (“DOS”). After putting our DOS in narrative form, we were asked to come up with one-word DOS memory joggers. I wrote FAITH, FAMILY, FRIENDS, FINANCES, FUN.

Among those five special words that defined success for me, Faith is the one constant in my life, reaching back decades, maybe centuries, to my ancestors. When my mother died on Good Friday, when I was 7, Faith was the consoling factor. “She died on the same day and time as our Lord Jesus, so she is with Him now and you will see her again”, in faith our family comforted my sister, brother and me. There were no formal faith formation classes when I was growing up. Faith was passed through devotions, fiestas and novenas. By faith my grandmother danced before the Image of the Santo Nino during a fluvial procession to ask for the healing of the unusually frequent and scary falls-from-heights that plagued me as a child. She not only affirmed her love for me but she also passed on the depth of her faith in the Child Jesus. Waking up at dawn to pray the Rosary, Flores de Mayo (Flowers in May for Mary), fiestas honoring the saints, chanting the Passion during Lent, these and other regular devotional practices primed me to catch the Faith.

Drawing from our personal experience, we sent our children to Catholic schools, prayed nightly Rosary and faithfully attended Sunday Mass. However, this osmotic and passive way of passing on the Faith does not work for everyone. In faith, I choose to see beyond my present reality. I remain open to the God who never runs out of options. I know that Faith and Family will always be an important feature in our children’s own definition of success.
Lord, I am not worthy to receive you, but only say the word and I shall be healed.” I was almost 5 years old when my father asked me to memorize this prayer. I still remember sitting in the back of the car waiting to pick my mother up from work, on a warm summer day with my father watching me from the rearview mirror. I think he noticed that the wait was getting to me, and I was starting to fidget. He called my name and just said, “Always remember this prayer...let’s say it together.” Even at that age, I inherently knew the gravity of that moment with my father. In that most mundane of moments, he was teaching me how to pray and how to access the stillness within me. I have always reflected on this moment because it was so pivotal for my own faith orientation and practice. My father embodied this prayer of love, humility and complete readiness to receive the divine at any moment and anywhere—even in the back of a warm car, with my impatience and boredom! Now in my adult life, parenting two teenagers ready and brimming with independence and angst, I remember my father. He always knew just the right moment to teach—it wasn’t through force, and it wasn’t contrived. My kids, like all children, are naturally intuitive, so they can smell an agenda a mile away! So, like my father, I try my best to be present in the most mundane of moments to embrace who they are and to convey how much they are valued and loved—without force or fabrication but through stillness and humility. Their presence is enough for me to receive the divine, even in a car on a warm summer day.

Alice Ryan

The liturgical calendar renews our faith with the changes in the seasons, as do the cycles in our own lives. Motherhood has changed the way I experience Christ in my daily routine. My youngest, waits for the entire family to be seated for our meal before leading us in blessing the meal. My husband and I sneak a glance at one another after the Amen, hopeful, as we instill gratitude in these boys who have not known want as we have.

During our Camino walks, my sons and I take turns praying. They pray for their Vice Principal, for the homeless, for Father Ryan. In hearing these simple prayers in their sweet little voices, I am reminded I’ve made faith too complex over the years.

Some nights, after I’ve tucked them in bed, I hear my oldest singing in bed as I walk down the stairs. I stop to listen, then realize he is singing the Alleluia. The words of praise have become part of his inner cadence. I smile knowing his spirit is thanking God for a good day.

Grateful for the ways God reveals Himself to us, I utter Jesus’s prayer from the Gospel of Matthew, “I praise you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because you have hidden things from the wise and learned, and revealed them to little children.”

Shemaiah Gonzalez
When St. James parishioner, Denise Carlascio, attended a conference on life issues at Seattle University in 2003, she heard a speech given by Annette Quayle, the Director of Catholic Community Services’ Pregnancy Support Program. Quayle’s talk set Denise on fire to set up a similar program at St. James. She took her enthusiasm and energy to Patty Bowman, the cathedral’s former Director of Outreach, and they soon began active planning for the new ministry with Annette Quayle and Jim Legaz, CCS’ Director of Placement Services.

Their goal was to form a group of parish volunteers who would partner with CCS in assisting pregnant and newly parenting women in crisis. The professional staff at CCS would provide counseling and case management, while cathedral volunteers would work together to create the network of practical resources and emotional support so often lacking in the lives of mothers on the margins.

Launched in 2004, Pregnancy Support Ministry was modeled on similar outreach programs at St. James, such as Volunteer Chore Services and Aids Care Teams. PSM offered the kind of help friends and neighbors normally provide for each other in times of need. Creating the village we all know it takes to raise a child, cathedral volunteers offered unconditional love and support to mothers who were alone and isolated. They provided rides to the doctor and the grocery store, helped with laundry and household chores, and prepared meals. They held babies and kept an eye on toddlers. And most importantly, they listened. As nonjudgmental companions, they let fragile mothers know they were beloved children of God, fully worthy of dignity and respect.

Hands on service to the poor can take a spiritual and emotional toll. So a key component of Pregnancy Support Ministry was the monthly gathering of volunteers with Patty Bowman to pray, to celebrate their accomplishments, and to discuss ongoing challenges and best practices. Spending time together brought them back to their spiritual source of strength and helped prevent burnout.

While Pregnancy Support Ministry volunteers usually worked with a pregnant women or mother for less than a year, they sometimes built deep and lasting relationships with the women they served. One mother, in particular, stands out. In 2004, St. James volunteers were asked to assist a single mother named Andrea Lachat after she had an emergency C-section to give birth to her son. No shrinking violet, Andrea was a tough long-haul semi-truck driver. But with the father of her baby out of the picture and no family around, Andrea knew she needed help. She first considered placing her son for adoption through CCS. But after a period of discernment, she decided to assume the

Suzanne Lee is the Director of Family Ministry at St. James Cathedral.
responsibilities of parenting. She named her baby John and brought him home.

Like all new parents, Andrea was quickly overwhelmed by her baby’s needs. That’s when the cathedral’s PSM pitched in. Volunteers came to visit often and listened to Andrea’s concerns. They washed clothes, cooked meals, and did housework to give Andrea the respite she needed to recover from her C-section and get back on her feet. With the ongoing help of cathedral volunteers, Andrea’s life gradually stabilized and she was able to care for her son on her own.

Three years later, Andrea was diagnosed with Stage 3 breast cancer, and PSM volunteers got involved again. They drove Andrea to all her medical appointments, helped care for her son, ran errands, and provided birthday and Christmas presents for the family.

By 2010, it became clear that Andrea’s cancer was terminal. She went back to CCS to ask for help making an adoption plan for her son. Eventually she selected an Oregon family, who did everything they could to make the transition as sensitive and smooth as possible. John went to live with his new family in Portland a few months before Andrea’s death, but they made frequent visits to Seattle to maintain the strong connection between mother and son.

Meanwhile, PSM volunteers helped Andrea clean out her apartment and move to an adult care home. Later they oversaw Andrea’s final move to Bailey-Boushay House where she went for hospice care. Cathedral volunteers, Judy Walker and Suzanne Lescant, took turns staying with Andrea each night until her death. They also helped arrange Andrea’s funeral, making sure that her son and his new family could attend. A few PSM volunteers even made the trip to Portland when Andrea was laid to rest in a grave purchased by John’s adoptive parents and next to their own family plots.

After Denise Carlascio moved to North Dakota and staff changes occurred at CCS, St. James’ Pregnancy Support Ministry went mostly dormant. Now, under a different name and with an expanded vision, this ministry is roaring back.

In 2014, the bishops of Washington State launched a new initiative known as PREPARES, which stands for Pregnancy and Parenting Support. Their goal was to unify the efforts of the Catholic community throughout the state to offer pregnant women and their families unconditional, safe, and nurturing care from pregnancy through their child’s fifth birthday. Funded in part by a grant from the Catholic Campaign for Human Development,
On Saturday, April 8, the Cathedral hosted a potluck with sixteen Syrian families and one Kurdish family. We filled Cathedral Hall with families, food, and fun. The dinner began with a blessing by Father Ryan, which was translated into Arabic by Bashar Kabor of the Syrian American Coordinating Committee of Washington. Bashar had worked closely with parishioner Katherine Berry to plan the day, arrange rides, find volunteers, and everything else that went into making it such a great success.

The food was fabulous! I think it may well have been the tastiest potluck I have ever been to. The company was even better. There were about 150 people present, including 35 Syrian kids. You could tell how much fun they were having from the peals of laughter and the sheer delight on their faces. Katherine had set up a table with markers, Legos, and other games. It was swamped with kids almost immediately. They filled Cathedral Hall with a somewhat raucous, but entirely joyful sound.

We had hoped through this potluck to give parishioners the opportunity to get to know our neighbors from Syria, and to grow in community and togetherness. If you walked around the room, and eavesdropped on the many conversations, you would have heard hearts opening on all sides. Our Syrian guests were full of hope and trauma, dreams and nightmares, and honored us with their trust, sincerity, and frankness. A few parishioners spoke with the Kurdish family on the horrors of war, and their family and friends lost to bombing. They shared pictures of the devastation of their home. Without any language in common, they spent the afternoon communicating through translation apps on their phones. Two Syrian men met a parishioner who offered them jobs on the spot. At the end of the day, one parishioner was in tears as she told of how four different families had invited her to visit them at home.

A few days later, I received a handwritten note from one of the families expressing just how much it meant to them to be invited, welcomed, valued, listened to, and treated as friends.

Lots of ideas came up during the potluck about what to do next, from cooking classes to gathering musicians together to helping refugees to get settled in their new homes. As we move into summer, a committee will be forming to make plans and take the next step.

The work we do to welcome and support refugees and immigrants goes far beyond helping them to learn English, become citizens, and connect to community resources. It’s easy to see when thinking of the potluck just how much the personal connection really means. That’s true as well of the tutoring we do. If you ask an immigrant or refugee how tutoring has helped them, they speak almost entirely of their tutor, of being welcomed, and of feeling valued. The fact that they share this in English, when before they could hardly say their name, is a testament to the commitment and hard work of our volunteers. If you ask the participants in our Elder Integration Groups, they talk about volunteers the same way. When volunteers share their time freely to help out a stranger, whether it is for one day or once a week for a year, it sends a deeply powerful message of hope and love.

Bringing people together like this builds the kind of world we long for. It is amazing how people can bond in an instant from attending a potluck. It is also amazing to watch tutoring pairs grow together. Whenever I hear of a former tutoring pair who have become friends or whose families celebrate life with each other, or friendships that have developed out of one meeting, I know we are doing the work we are meant to do. ◆

Christopher Koehler is the Director of St. James Immigrant Assistance.
Welcome, Bishop Mueggenborg!

Daniel Mueggenborg of Tulsa was ordained a bishop on May 31

On May 31, 2017, Catholics from across the region (and the country!) gathered to celebrate the ordination of a new auxiliary bishop for the Archdiocese of Seattle, Msgr. Daniel Henry Mueggenborg of Tulsa. Above left, concelebrating bishops gather with Archbishop Sartain on the steps of the Rectory. Right: Cardinal Mahony of Los Angeles joined in the celebration. He was assisted during the Mass by Father Kyle Mangloña.

The Apostolic Nuncio to the United States, Archbishop Christophe Pierre, represented the Holy Father during the liturgy.

Bishop-Elect Mueggenborg shows the official letter of appointment from Pope Francis to the entire assembly.

In the Rite of Ordination of a deacon, priest, or bishop, the candidate prostrates himself before the altar as the Litany of Saints is sung.
As the Archbishop prays the Prayer of Ordination, two deacons hold the Book of the Gospels open over the head of the new Bishop. This powerful sign is a reminder that the preaching of the Gospel is the heart of the bishop’s task. As the successors to the Apostles, bishops are entrusted with the apostolic mission of proclaiming the Word of God to all people.
Above left: Archbishop Beltran, retired Archbishop of Oklahoma City, lays hands on the new bishop—he ordained Msgr. Mueggenborg to the priesthood nearly thirty years ago! Above right: At the end of Mass, the choir sings the Te Deum, the ancient hymn of thanksgiving, as Archbishop Sartain and Bishop Elizondo lead Bishop Mueggenborg through the Cathedral to bless the assembly for the first time as a bishop.

Above: Bishop Mueggenborg takes a photo with the concelebrating bishops on the steps of the Cathedral after the Mass. They are joined by altar servers from St. James Cathedral and some of the seminarians of the Archdiocese of Seattle, who assisted at the Mass. The ordination of a bishop is one of the biggest events in the life of the local Church, and it takes a small army of volunteers and staff to make it happen! We are grateful to the masters of ceremonies, the liturgy assistants, the musicians, the readers, and the altar servers who helped bring beauty and dignity to the celebration of this liturgy. We are especially grateful to the Cathedral and Chancery staff members who worked long hours behind the scenes to make sure no detail was neglected! Right: A festive reception followed in Cathedral Hall. Bishop Mueggenborg greeted hundreds of family, friends, and well-wishers who joined in the celebration of his ordination to the episcopate. Ad multos annos, Bishop Mueggenborg! May God bless your ministry among us.
Some time ago, I came across an article in *America* magazine in which a Jesuit missionary who had just returned from Nigeria wrote eloquently about the Church there. He described the Church in Nigeria as young, vibrant, and enthusiastic. He told how one very poor parish summoned people to Mass Sunday after Sunday. The church bell was a wheel rim from an old truck that hung from a tree next to the village church. Minutes before Mass someone began banging that rim with a piece of pipe. It wasn’t, he admitted, the most beautiful sound in the world, but it did the trick. Within minutes a thousand people were gathered in that place to celebrate the Eucharist.

They came together, he said, laughing and talking animatedly with each other. Their faith was evident in the way they treated one another, showing respect, love and care for each other long before they ever approached the table of the Eucharist.

He went on to describe the Corpus Christi procession that took place in that same village. I quote: “On Corpus Christi day the Lord sent rain. And all along the two mile route of the Corpus Christi procession the people danced and sang in the rain. It was the first time I recall the Blessed Sacrament being carried into the place of Benediction to the sound of resounding cheering and clapping. Everyone was drenched, but no one thought of seeking shelter or running away. Judges, lawyers, day laborers, doctors, mothers and children stood there in awe as if nothing was happening except the Eucharist.”

I like that thought: “Nothing was happening but the Eucharist.” It’s exactly what I would hope we would take from this year’s celebration of Corpus Christi: an awakened memory of what the Eucharist is and Who it is we receive in the Eucharist; a renewed faith in what it means to receive the Body of Christ and to become that very body; a deeper reverence and care for each other in this parish community — whether we know each other or not — because we are all of us the Body of Christ.

And I would hope, too, that what was said of those people in the Nigerian village could be said of us as well: that whenever we come together to celebrate in this holy place, “we stand in awe as if nothing was happening but the Eucharist!”

Father Michael G. Ryan
In the Reconciliation Chapel off the Cathedral’s narthex hangs a large painting of the Baptism of the Lord by prominent Northwest artist Eustace Ziegler (1881-1969). Thanks to the Southall Permanent Fund for the Arts at St. James Cathedral, the painting underwent major restoration this year.

In 1950, Bishop (soon to become Archbishop) Thomas Connolly undertook a major renovation of St. James Cathedral. The Cathedral had suffered from deferred maintenance during the years of the Great Depression, and the electrical and ventilation systems needed work. And Connolly wanted to bring a modern sensibility to the old-fashioned building. He had the sanctuary redone in a contemporary style, and added carpeting to the floors and elaborate stenciling to the walls and ceiling. Connolly also added many Northwest references: he was personally involved in the design of the black and gold window on the front of the Cathedral, which alludes to two of the major industries that helped build up the region, fishing and lumber. He also commissioned a new painting of the Baptism of Christ by Northwest artist Eustace Ziegler for the Cathedral’s baptistery (the room that now serves as the Reconciliation Chapel).

Eustace Ziegler (1881-1969) was a native of Detroit. He decided to become an artist at the age of seven, and learned to paint at the Detroit Museum of Art. Ziegler also learned to work hard: he spent several summers working in Michigan logging camps. Ziegler’s father was an Episcopal priest, and two of Ziegler’s brothers—and eventually Ziegler himself—followed in his footsteps and became ordained ministers of the Episcopal Church.

At the age of 27, in 1909, Ziegler went to Cordova, Alaska to serve as a lay missionary. Cordova was a fast-growing town, home to up to 6,000 people (mostly men) who were building the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad. Most of the residents lived in tents, and the town had no bank and no library. It did, however, have twenty-seven saloons. Ziegler’s job was to run a mission house, called the “Red Dragon,” which offered an alternative. At the Red Dragon, men could spend the evening lounging by the fire, playing pool, reading a book from the library, or chatting with “Zieg,” as he quickly came to be called. It was, Ziegler said, “a saloon without the drinks.” There was no overt preaching except on Sunday, when the “Red Dragon” was turned into a church for weekly services.

Ziegler was very happy in Alaska for several years. After his marriage, he sought ordination and for a while served as a priest in St. George Church, which he himself had designed. But his art was becoming more widely known, and when he received a commission for a series of murals for the Alaska Steamship Company, based in Seattle, he resigned his post and took his young family to Seattle in 1924.

Ziegler became one of the leaders of the Seattle art scene, and remained active until his death in 1969.

Corinna Laughlin is Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.
Alaska continued to inspire him: he drew on its scenery and its people in his work, and spent his summers painting in Alaska whenever he could. Ziegler’s portraits of native people are especially prized today: the faces are bold, individual, and compelling; Ziegler refused to romanticize his subjects. He was also known for his landscapes and seascapes, and it is said that he knew boats so well that he almost never made a mistake in reproducing rigging on canvas.

Ziegler also produced a large body of religious painting, both during his days as a lay missionary and priest, and afterwards. He became Catholic on June 30, 1933, and began worshiping at St. James Cathedral in Seattle. For many years, he and his wife Mary lived in an apartment at Spring and Boren, just across from Connolly House, the Archbishop’s residence.

Ziegler had little patience with the image of the starving artist. He worked hard and prolifically, producing several thousand paintings in his career, and was proud that even during the difficult days of the Great Depression he had sold at least one sketch every day. He described himself as “a ham-and-egg painter” and modestly said, “there are lots of good painters in Alaska, but they’re not as old as I am, so they haven’t the reputation I have. That’s the only difference.” An interview with Ziegler in the Seattle Times carried the headline, “Eustace Ziegler: An Artist Who Eats Regularly.”

From his Seattle studio, Eustace Ziegler taught and influenced many Northwest artists. He also became a friend of Charles and Emma Frye, and served as a consultant when the Frye Art Museum was established in 1952, overseeing the hanging of the Fryes’ extensive art collection. Towards the end of his life, both the Seattle Art Museum and the Frye Art Museum hosted major retrospectives of Ziegler’s work. The Frye now has the largest collection of Ziegler’s work, with 69 prints and paintings. Ziegler was the first recipient of the Washington State Arts Award in 1968. He died on January 27, 1969 and was buried from St. James Cathedral.

The painting Ziegler created for St. James Cathedral represents the Baptism of Christ. Christ and John the Baptist are in the center, silhouetted by the bright clouds behind them. They are surrounded by other figures, with faces suggestive of the native peoples of Alaska Ziegler so loved to paint. Frye Art Museum Head of Collections Cory Gooch observed that the painting is typical of Ziegler’s work in its use of subdued outlines and soft blues and greens, and its concern with atmosphere more than with detail. Ziegler was a determinedly realist painter at a time of incredible experimentation in the arts (Man Ray, Mark Tobey, and Grant Wood were among his contemporaries). He was known as a superb draughtsman, and frequently used a grid to create his larger canvases. Ziegler also used photographs as reference for many of his paintings. But, writes Kesler Woodward, “within that rather narrow means—expressive paint qualities kept subordinate to the task of realistic depiction—he consistently orchestrated in his oil paintings a rich, painterly surface, the kind which rewards close inspection with surprising bits of color and brush play.” Ziegler’s skillful, imaginative brushwork and his use of dramatic contrasts are both evident in the Baptism of Christ.
The painting was described as a mural, but this one, like Ziegler’s murals in civic buildings around Seattle, was not created on-site. Instead, it was painted on canvas, then glued to the wall. Over the years, damp seeping in through the masonry of the tower and the glue used to attach the canvas to the wall created the perfect conditions for the growth of mold. The painting sustained damage and the colors darkened. It became clear that restoration would be needed. In 2016, a gift from the Southall Permanent Fund for the Arts, established by Cathedral parishioner Rose Southall with her late husband Jack, made that much-needed restoration possible.

First the painting was removed from the wall by a team led by Nick Dorman of the Seattle Art Museum. This was a painstaking process as the painting was (very) slowly rolled onto a massive tube while conservationists chipped away at the glue. Then the painting was handed over to conservationist Peter Malarkey, who completed the removal of the glue, neutralized the mold, repaired losses, and cleaned the surface of the large canvas. Finally the painting was placed on a conventional frame and rehung. In its restored condition, the painting will continue to bring a touch of Northwest beauty to the Cathedral for years to come. ◆
The Cathedral Archives are surprisingly sparse when it comes to photographs, so whenever we come across a photo from the early years, we are eager to add it to our collection. One such photo recently came up on eBay. It depicts Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy, the fourth Bishop of Seattle, standing on the steps of the Cathedral among members of the clergy. The occasion is unknown, but it must have been a date of some significance, since Bishop Shaughnessy is wearing the cappa magna, an elaborate silk cloak which required the services of a train-bearer (pictured at right).

The picture is interesting, but even more interesting is the story told on the back. The photo, as it turns out, is a stock image of Bishop Shaughnessy, released by a news syndicate in connection with a national story about Bishop Shaughnessy’s Easter sermon, preached at St. James Cathedral on April 13, 1941.

Bishop Shaughnessy was never shy about wading into current affairs, and for him the Cathedral pulpit became a bully pulpit from which he spoke about what was happening in the world, often espousing unpopular views. On that Easter Sunday of 1941, Shaughnessy recalled the 1940 election, and, without mentioning him by name, singled out the Republican nominee, Wendell Willkie, for critique: “Recently we witnessed an exciting national campaign and election, in which specific statements were made and the most solemn pledges given to our country, supposedly on the word of honor of a Christian gentleman. But a few days ago, when this person, whose later action belied his promises, was taxed with his own words, he lightly dismissed the subject, with the revealing words, ‘that was but campaign oratory.’ Lying is thus enthroned before us as a public good and a means to which apparently our leaders, or would-be leaders, may resort with impunity.”

And that was not all. In the same sermon, Shaughnessy railed against what he saw as a “drift towards totalitarianism” in the “wooing” of Russia by Europe and the United States. “The lesson is that the old adage of history repeating itself may creep upon us unawares and show forth in the life of the American nation that same process of the growth of totalitarianism which we like so heartily to condemn and to despise as something utterly un-American and impossible of plantation in this, our land of freedom of worship and press and citizenry.”

It is little wonder that Shaughnessy’s sermon made headlines. The back of the photo gives us the sequel to the story. Before the week was out, Wendell Willkie had sent a telegram “demanding an apology for references to Willkie in the Bishop’s Easter sermon. The Bishop replied that Willkie instead owes the nation an apology.” The conflict ended in a standoff, with neither man issuing the requested apology.

It was not the last time Bishop Shaughnessy would use the “bully pulpit” of St. James Cathedral in a way that made headlines. A few months later, following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, Shaughnessy pleaded, in vain, for peace and tolerance for the Japanese American community. ◆
Two or three years after I came to St. James as pastor, I was caught in an awful dilemma. Marianne was the cook for the Cathedral priests but there were no longer enough priests living in the rectory to warrant having a full-time cook. When I arrived there had been seven priests plus an archbishop living there but before long, we were down to two. I knew I had to do something but I couldn’t bear the thought of letting Marianne go because she was so very much at the heart of the place; and, selfishly, she was someone I often went to for advice knowing that I would always get the truth: unvarnished, unveiled, un-sugarcoated.

One evening, I was stewing over all this while walking the waterfront along Alaskan Way listening to my Sony Walkman (this is really ancient history!). Out of the blue (but I know it was really from God) came the thought that Marianne could take over our Sunday School—our children’s faith formation program. Once it came to me, I was quite certain of it, but I first checked it out with Sr. Frances Wink who was in charge of faith formation at the time. Once she gave me the green light, I went to Marianne to make the proposal. Her response to me: “You’ve got to be kidding!” When I assured her I wasn’t, she agreed to think about it. Before long, she was auditing classes in theology at Seattle University and the rest, as they say, is history.

Looking back, I have no doubt whatever that it was the Holy Spirit who put that thought into my mind that evening, and it was the Holy Spirit who prompted Marianne, despite her misgivings, to say yes. I’m not sure Marianne was always a perfect fit for that job (she drew lines where brides didn’t want them drawn and she took on brides’ mothers with an uncompromising frankness that let them know that they had met their match!). Even so, she did it well and, thanks to her, a lot of young couples came to know what was important about getting married and what wasn’t. And their wedding liturgies were always beautiful, orderly, and on time!

And there’s another important job Marianne did during her many years at the Cathedral. She trained our readers for Cathedral liturgies. She recruited them, trained them, and always instilled in them a love for the Word they were privileged to read. In her own way, she was an anchor for us amid the storms of life. How blessed we were! As we give her back to God, she wouldn’t want us to shed too many tears: she would want us to recommit ourselves to living the faith she lived so well, the faith that proclaims that Jesus is risen and that, because of that, everything is different and nothing is impossible!

Dear Marianne, thank you for all the ways you walked the journey of life and faith with us—all the lessons you taught us, all the love you gave us, all the wisdom you shared with us, all the ways you enriched our lives and made them better. Be with God now. But don’t stop being there for us as you always were! ♥

This article consists of extracts from Father Ryan’s homily for Marianne’s funeral on May 8, 2017.
I am an immigrant and, like all immigrants, it was the zeal to stay alive that made me an immigrant. When I started a family, I never envisioned being separated from my children - over 8,000 miles away from them - for over 8 years now. It is very painful!

Before relocating to the United States, I first fled from my homeland of Kenya to Kigali, Rwanda for about a year. With very few choices, I did all I could to stay alive and safe before I could save my children, and that included making quick and difficult decisions. The most painful one was to leave behind my 12 year old daughter with my aging mother, in the village.

Even though I found safety in the US, I had many fears; fear about starting fresh in a country where I knew no one; fear that I would never see my children and family again; fear that my application to stay here might be denied and I would be sent back to the country I was fleeing from worse off than before. Fear and stress became a constant part of my life.

By God’s grace and mercy, I was granted authorization to stay, but only my youngest child was allowed to join me, and that was after two very painful years. But I counted my blessings; it could have been worse.

Fast forward to Christmas Eve of 2015. Since the Christmas Eve mass is very popular, my daughter and I came early, and that gave me time to go through the fliers in the pews. One flyer caught my eyes; it was about the St. James Immigrant Assistance program and becoming a citizen. I think of it as a Christmas blessing, because my eligibility to apply for citizenship was fast approaching and I had no clue where to start. I made the call to St. James Immigrant Assistance as soon as I could. They connected me to their legal services for support with my application and assigned a volunteer tutor to help me prepare for the citizenship test. I don’t know about you but for me, tests always make me nervous and anxious, but this time it was different. Just having someone there with me gave me all the confidence I needed for my interview. I excelled! And I became an American citizen on September 7, 2016.

Now it is my privilege to work in the Immigrant Assistance Program myself, and to help others who are new to this country. It is very humbling to see how the staff and volunteers of St. James Immigrant Assistance are so selfless in their service to immigrants and refugees. It is your support that makes all of this possible. Thanks to them and to all of you for this amazing program.

**Ways to get involved in St. James Immigrant Assistance**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ESL Tutor</th>
<th>Provide one-to-one English language instruction and cross-cultural orientation in an on-site tutoring room or at an off-site community location. To volunteer as a tutor you must be at least 18 years old and fluent in English.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Citizenship Instructor</td>
<td>Provide instruction based on U.S. History and Civics to help students prepare for the United States citizenship exam. To volunteer as a citizenship class instructor or citizenship tutor you must be at least 18 years old and fluent in English. Class instructors must have previous classroom experience.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advisory Board Member</td>
<td>Meet monthly with Advisory Board to develop and monitor strategic plans, organize and implement fundraising efforts, provide professional consultation, and oversee continuous improvement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immigration Emergency Response Team</td>
<td>Join our team of volunteers ready to spring into action in the event of a local immigration raid. Can you help provide hospitality? Are you fluent in a language in addition to English? Would you be willing to help families gather important family documents?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elder Integration Companion</td>
<td>Provide conversation and friendship on field trips to museums and parks, or share special interests and skills in informal presentations to Elder Integration Groups.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Office Volunteer</td>
<td>Tasks include data entry, filing, and phone calls. Fluency in a second language is helpful.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Information</td>
<td>Caroline Okello, 206-382-4511 or <a href="mailto:cokello@stjames-cathedral.org">cokello@stjames-cathedral.org</a>.</td>
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**Cathedral Almanac**

*Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, December 2016 – June 2017*

**December**

3. The wonderful celebration of Madre de las Americas is one of the most joy-filled of the year.

11. Our annual Advent Readings and Carols Service filled the Cathedral with transcendent music and candlelight.

18. At the 10:00am and Noon Masses, we marked the Golden Jubilee of Father Ryan’s ordination to the priesthood, December 17, 1966. The parish community had a surprise for Father Ryan. In honor of the jubilee, we set out to raise $50,000 for the Hunthausen Fund, which moves homeless families into permanent housing by providing grants for first and last months’ rent and deposit. Hundreds and hundreds of parishioners and friends contributed, raising an extraordinary $203,000 in honor of Father Ryan.

25. It was a beautiful Christmas at St. James.

**January**

7. Our annual Children’s Party celebrated the Epiphany with fun, games, and food!

15. For our annual celebration of Santo Nino—the Holy Child Jesus, parishioners bring their own images of the infant—large and small—for the blessing.

**February**

3. At the conclusion of the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity we gathered with Christians of many denominations for shared prayer.

5. In Father Ryan’s homily for today, he said: “Jesus didn’t want timid followers who would tiptoe around—quiet, cautious, fearful. No, he wanted his followers to make a difference in the world around them—to add the flavor and zest that salt adds to food. He also wanted them—wanted us—to be light: to bring light to the dark, muddled and confused world around us, the light of his gospel, the light we dare not hide under a bushel basket, the light that reveals, in this present moment, ugly things like nativism and nationalism, calling them what they are; the light that is willing to challenge every injustice where we find it, beginning with threats to life in the womb and including every other threat to human life and livelihood, including the threat of deportation that hangs over millions of mothers, fathers and children; the discrimination and even persecution that our Muslim brothers and sisters are currently experiencing. My friends, on the day of our baptism we were each given a lighted candle and told to keep it burning brightly and to walk always as “children of the light.” That is our calling, our sacred calling. We do it alone and we do it together, but do it we must, for we are the light of the world. And the world is waiting, my friends. The world is waiting!”

26. At the Noon Mass, children helped us to say farewell to the “Alleluia” as Lent was about to begin.

**March**

1. Ash Wednesday. During Lent, we gathered in small groups to study scripture, focusing on stories of
pilgrimage from the Old and New Testaments.

4. Archbishop Sartain celebrated the first of three **Rites of Election**.
16. Dozens of Cathedral parishioners participated in **Catholic Advocacy Day** in Olympia.

19. At the ten o’clock Mass, we celebrated the first of three **Scrutiny** rites for our Elect, those preparing for baptism at the Easter Vigil.
19. Our fourth annual **St. Patrick’s Day Pancake Breakfast** raised over $3,000 to support the Solanus Casey Center.

April

6. At the **Chrism Mass** this year, Archbishop Sartain introduced our new auxiliary bishop, Monsignor Daniel Mueggenborg.

9. It was a beautiful **Palm Sunday** in Seattle.
14. We were privileged to welcome **Father Daniel Horan, OFM**, who preached on the Seven Last Words at the Tre Ore service on Good Friday.

15. The **Great Easter Vigil**, the high point of the Church’s year.

23. On **Divine Mercy** Sunday, Father Ryan baptized ten beautiful children—including one who didn’t want to let go!

30. Our annual **Environmental Fair** brought together dozens of exhibitors to provide concrete ways for us to respond to Pope Francis’ call to care for our common home in **Laudato Si’**.

May

7. Thirty great kids celebrated their **First Holy Communion** at the Noon Mass.

8. A series on **Measure for Measure** explored themes of justice and morality in Shakespeare’s problem play.

10. We celebrated the **Sacrament of Confirmation** with a wonderful group of young people and adults.

18. We were honored to host the **Holy Names Baccalaureate** Mass.

31. Hundreds gathered for the **Episcopal Ordination** of our new auxiliary bishop, Daniel Mueggenborg from Tulsa, Oklahoma. See the photo album on pages 11-13 of this journal.

June

3. Four men were **ordained to the priesthood**. Congratulations and blessings to Father Chad Green, Father Chris Hoiland, Father Jeffrey Moore, and Father Colin Parrish.

4. **Pentecost**. In his homily for today, Father Ryan said: “This community is alive with God’s Spirit. St. Paul told us in the first reading that *No one can say ‘Jesus is Lord’ except by the Holy Spirit.* This liturgy and every liturgy we celebrate is our way of saying that Jesus is Lord, our way of telling the world that Jesus is Lord. The same goes for everything we do in this place: every child we teach, every stranger we welcome, every friend we feed, every searcher we encounter. Everything we do here is a way of saying that Jesus is Lord and is therefore the work of the Holy Spirit. Make no mistake, then, my friends: the Spirit lives in this place; the Spirit lives in each of us.”

15. Some 270 Cathedral volunteers gathered for our annual **Celebration of Ministries Dinner**. It was a great evening!

18. **Corpus Christi**. We take our faith to the streets on this feast, celebrating the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. See the photo album on pages 14-15 of this journal.

24. Archbishop Sartain celebrated a special Mass, during which he commissioned three ecclesial lay ministers, including our own **Julianna Castro**.
Please join us!

St. James Cathedral, Pagliacci Pizza, & a Friend of the Cathedral Kitchen present the 21st Annual

Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen
Charity Golf Tournament
benefiting the Cathedral Kitchen and other outreach ministries

Monday, August 28, 2017
Glendale Country Club in Bellevue, Washington

INFORMATION
www.stjames-cathedral.org/golf
Maria Laughlin, 206-382-4284 or mlaughlin@stjames-cathedral.org