“I am in your midst as one who serves.” From the great oculus high above the altar of St. James Cathedral, these words of Jesus communicate His abiding presence among us. This inscription gave us the name for our Journal and continues to be our guiding inspiration.

CONTENTS

3 Looking back on the parish pilgrimage
Two hundred and fifty-four parishioners joined Father Ryan on an unforgettable (and very rainy) eight-day pilgrimage to Florence, Siena, Rome, and Assisi

11 Corpus Christi Album
A photo album of the festive annual procession that allows us to profess our faith in the Body of Christ

12 ‘In Your Midst’ to Serve
On June 9, Archbishop Sartain ordained three men to the priesthood at St. James Cathedral

14 Regarding Words
Dylan Hogan facilitates a writer’s group for the guests at the Cathedral Kitchen

16 The most amazing thing
Teddi Callahan, Director of the Cathedral Kitchen, reflects on the Cathedral Kitchen Writers

17 Prayer and Procession
On June 21, hundreds of Cathedral parishioners join a procession in solidarity with migrant families separated on our border

18 Welcoming New Catholics
May each one of us be the presence of Christ for these brave men and women, that the desert, for them, might blossom!

20 Congratulations, Father Ward
Father Richard Ward marks twenty-five years of priestly ministry

21 From the Archives
‘A new voice for the pulpit at St. James’

22 Cathedral Almanac
Snapshots of life at St. James, December, 2017 through June, 2018

24 Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament
Please join us this year—as a golfer, a sponsor, or as a guest at the dinner and auction! Monday, August 27, 2018

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March 1, Thursday
Europe was in the grip of a winter storm when the pilgrims arrived in Florence. Tuscany was covered in snow. After settling into the hotel, the pilgrims crowded into the hotel restaurant for their first meal together. After more than a year in the planning, the pilgrimage was actually underway! The group consisted of thirty members of the Cathedral Choir of St. James under the direction of Joseph Adam, thirty-three members of the Jubilate! Young Women’s Ensemble, under the direction of Stacey Sunde, and nearly two hundred Cathedral parishioners and friends. With 255 pilgrims, logistics for meals and transportation were tricky. Peter’s Way (the tour company) divided the group into five busses, designated by color: Purple, Red, Orange, Yellow, and Green. The pilgrims’ lives over the next eight days were ruled by the schedule, which was subject to change (!), and by our wonderful local guides.

March 2, Friday
The first full day in Florence was rainy. Very, very rainy! The rain, which hardly let up during the whole pilgrimage, was a constant reminder that we were on pilgrimage—not vacation. The day began with a walking tour of the city, taking in the Duomo and the famous Baptistery, with Ghiberti’s “Gates of Paradise.” Pilgrims also visited the Accademia and Michelangelo’s David. Pilgrims had the afternoon free to explore the sights of the city. Some wandered over to the Arno to shop at the Ponte Vecchio; others visited the Brownings’ house or the church where Dante was baptized. Others opted to visit the Uffizi, one of the world’s great museums. In the evening, the first Mass of the pilgrimage was at the Church of San Lorenzo in Florence. Father Ryan concluded his homily with these words: “Friends, in these coming days, Christ will be traveling with us on this pilgrimage. He will. And we will meet him if we keep our eyes, our ears, our minds, our hearts open to him. If we do, we will meet him in another; we will meet him in his Word; and we will meet him in the Breaking of the Bread! May it be so!”

March 3, Saturday
On Saturday, the pilgrims visited Siena, home of the great St. Catherine. It was a powerful experience to pray in the cavernous Basilica San Domenico, also called La Cateriniana. The head of St. Catherine has been venerated here for centuries. The gorgeous medieval streets of Siena were rainy and cold. A walking tour took in the piazza, the extraordinary Cathedral, and the winding streets of the city. The afternoon was free, so many pilgrims opted to get out of the rain over a cappuccino or a long lunch! Father Ryan offered Mass at the Basilica San Domenico in the afternoon. The church was bitterly cold, but the Mass was a powerful, grace-filled celebration. At each of our pilgrimage Masses, a book of prayer intentions,
including hundreds of petitions parishioners submitted online, was carried in procession and placed at the altar.

After Mass, the busses took the pilgrims to Rome, where a beautiful meal awaited them at their hotels.

March 4, Sunday
On Sunday morning, the Cathedral Choir and Jubilate! sang at the 10:30am Mass at St. Peter’s Basilica, an extraordinary privilege. Mass was followed by the traditional Angelus with Pope Francis at Noon in St. Peter’s Square. The pilgrims had Sunday afternoon free to explore Rome, and they scattered far and wide. On Sunday evening, our choirs, under the direction of Joseph Adam and Stacey Sunde sang a wonderful concert at the church of Sant’Ignazio.

March 5, Monday
On Monday afternoon, following a morning tour of the Vatican Museums, our pilgrims gathered under the colonnade for a special procession into St. Peter’s Basilica. Father Ryan led the procession, joined by our two Seattle seminarians studying at the North American College in Rome, Kyle Poje and Tyler Johnson. Cantors David Hoffman and Lisa Ponten chanted the Litany of the Saints as we processed through St. Peter’s Square and into the Basilica. The great central doors of the Basilica are rarely opened, and it was a special gift to process right down the center of the great Basilica, invoking the saints of all the ages. The great procession was followed by a beautiful Mass, which Father Ryan had the privilege of celebrating at the Altar of the Chair. This is the spot where he was ordained in December, 1966. He remarked, “I have to tell you that 51 years plus a couple of months ago when I was ordained to the priesthood at this very altar, I never in my wildest dreams would have imagined a moment like this!”

March 6, Tuesday
The pilgrims had a magical (rainy!) day in Assisi, visiting the Basilica of Santa Maria degli Angeli (which has another small church, the famous Porciuncula, inside it) as well as the Basilicas of St. Francis and St. Clare. Father Ryan celebrated Mass in the Lower Basilica, near the tomb of St. Francis. The space is decorated with splendid frescoes by Cimabue, Giotto, and others. It was a grace-filled celebration in a breathtakingly beautiful, resonant, holy place. “As we pray today at St. Francis’ tomb, may the 800 years that separate us slip away and may we feel the same kind of closeness to him that he felt with Christ,” Father Ryan said in his homily. “May our encounter with St. Francis in this place made holy by his life and his death, fire up the fool in us – the fool who will be willing to let go, throw caution to the winds, and take Christ at his word!”

March 7, Wednesday
The last day of our pilgrimage began with the General Audience with Pope Francis. Our pilgrims (in red scarves) lined up with thousands of others to enter the Paul VI Audience Hall. Pope Francis stopped to kiss our youngest pilgrim, seven-month-old Maggie, and to shake hands with 12 year old Jonah!

In the afternoon was our farewell Mass of the pilgrimage, at St. Paul Outside the Walls. Father Ryan looked back on the pilgrimage in his homily, reflecting: “Maybe our pilgrimage experience has been something of a Road to Damascus experience—a conversion of sorts. Maybe we’ve met God in a new way that won’t allow us to be quite the same. Maybe we’ve been blinded by beauty in such a way that our eyes are now opened to see new things and to behold new wonders.
in the world around us. At the Transfiguration, Jesus told Peter, James, and John: ‘Tell the vision to no one.’ I hope it won’t sound presumptuous or irreverent if I say to you: ‘Tell the vision to everyone!’ Go home and tell people what you’ve seen, what you’ve learned, how you’ve grown, how you’ve changed.”

A festive (sometimes uproarious!) final banquet gathered the pilgrims together one last time for a delicious meal, lively music, and a chance to give thanks for the gifts of a remarkable week.

PILGRIM STORIES:
Pilgrims share the highlights of the journey

After taking a day trip to Siena, our bus arrived back at our hotel in Rome close to midnight. All of us were exhausted, but instead of going to bed, we decided to go out for gelato instead to relax after the full day. We walked across the street and rounded the corner and found a gelato shop. Seeing as there were about thirty five teenage girls crowding their store, the men behind the counter were curious. Somehow, it got out that we were a choir group and we were in Rome to sing at the Vatican. We were, of course, prompted to sing, and we did, of course, sing for them. We sang *Lift Thine Eyes* (a Jubilate! anthem) and *Dear Lord and Father of Mankind*. This experience reminds me that music is extremely powerful, and it is a gift that can be constantly shared to spread joy.

Emily Amesquita, Jubilate!

My favorite parts of our pilgrimage were the communal dinners after our day of touring and Masses. It was fantastic to connect and break bread with our fellow parishioners and I really enjoyed seeing Father Ryan “making the rounds” of all the tables joking and truly enjoying himself. Such a great way to end the day. The last evening’s dinner on the Appian Way in Rome was particularly special with the choir’s tribute to Father Ryan and Tyrone playing the bagpipes. The dinner was wonderful as was the local entertainment. Such a great way to end our time together.

For me, the spiritual high point of the pilgrimage was assembling with our fellow St James pilgrims outside in St Peter’s Square and processing as a group into St. Peters while chanting the Litany of Saints. It was such a powerful experience and one that I will carry in my heart with me forever.

Mark Contratto

I had previously traveled to these same cities and visited these churches as a tourist. I joined the pilgrimage because I wanted to be able to experience these churches as the places of worship they really are meant to be. Each of the six days, in one amazing church after another, it was wonderful that we were able to have what was really a private Mass with our own Father Ryan on the altar. We sang familiar songs with our choirs and our own Joseph Adam at the organ. Especially memorable, was our Mass in the Lower Basilica in Assisi, the altar, with its base encircled by votive candles because it sits above the tomb of St Francis and surrounding all of us pilgrims,
the crown vaulted ceiling and walls completely covered in such amazingly vibrant, beautiful frescoes. Where I was sitting, I looked to my left, and there was the often reproduced image of St Francis, done by Cimabue, looking down on me.

Our procession together into St Peter’s was a wonderful surprise. As directed, 255 of us met outside under Bernini’s colonnade at the appointed time. With Father Ryan in the lead, we slowly walked across the great piazza of the Vatican and then turned to go up the center staircase. Choir members led us in chanting the Litany of the Saints accompanied by the sound of raindrops on our umbrellas. The center doors were opened for us. We had been told, on tour that morning, that these doors were only opened for special occasions! Upon entering the glorious Basilica, we found ourselves processing down the center aisle, with barricades on either side, to keep the many tourists back, so we pilgrims could walk through the crowd to the chapel at the other end of the long nave. It was here, below the chair of St Peter, surrounded by Bernini’s golden rays, that we had our private Mass with Father Ryan at the very altar where he had been ordained over 50 years ago!

Marlene Koob

I will never forget the moment when Pope Francis turned and looked at my daughter, Maggie, and me. When he then came over to give her a blessing and a kiss on the forehead, a moment that only existed in my dreams and imagination became reality. As she grows older and comes to understand the story and pictures, I hope that Maggie will appreciate it, too.

Beyond this experience, the great honor that it was to sing in those beautiful places will live with me as well. As a tourist and singer, one dreams of the experience of singing in the beautiful places one visits. To get to do so as a representative of the St. James community was both a dream come true, but also a personal honor that leaves me struggling to describe its level of significance to me.

Finally, we were reminded of what a wonderful family of faith we have at St. James time and again throughout the trip in helping hands and patient nerves as we dealt with all of the issues one experiences in traveling with a seven-month-old baby. It was a wonderful week--too fast in many ways--and we had experiences to remember for a lifetime, both individually and as a family. Thank you all!

David Hoffman, Cathedral Choir

My first visits to Rome, Florence, Siena, and Assisi were as a 19-year-old Classics and History major. I fell in love with these cities and their religious art and architecture as a secular student, long before I became a Catholic. Now, over a decade later, as a Christian and as a musician, I had the opportunity to return to these blessed places for a new kind of experience. How could I ever have imagined such a thing! How too could I have imagined being there with my husband and daughter, and our parents, sharing experiences at once familiar and completely new. I mused with a friend after our return, that traveling with a seven-month-old leaves little time for spiritual reflection. But, I know that the journey made an impact on me, even if I’m only now composing my thoughts. For one, traveling with Maggie’s three living grandparents amplified how much I miss my father’s companionship and who he could have been in my young daughter’s life. He passed away last November, and we had day-dreamed often of traveling to those places together. I have to believe that I carried his spiritual presence with me, especially to the sacred spaces of St. Francis, a personal patron of his.

This pilgrimage was a poignant example of the mystery in God’s plan for us: my identity, my
community, and my life have changed so dramatically since my first visit to Italy, but there were all the familiar places, as a beautiful common backdrop.

Amy Hoffman, Cathedral Choir

A

At the beginning of my 6th grade school year at St. Louise School, my principal told us that ‘unless you are going to see the Pope, then don’t go on vacation when there isn’t a scheduled break.’ When we saw the Lenten pilgrimage announced in the Cathedral bulletin, my mom got very excited. We hoped my school principal would approve, since the itinerary did include seeing the Pope (even if it was with thousands of other people). Happily, he said yes. Never did any of us guess that I would meet Pope Francis—and even get to shake his hand. It is my best memory from the trip. During the general audience, I was able to squeeze through to get to a space on the aisle. Pope Francis was going from baby to baby, but I was shouting his name loud enough for him to come over to me. The entire experience was exhilarating, and it happened really fast. After I shook the Pope’s hand, I slumped down on the railing in complete awe. It was incredible.

Along with meeting the Pope, I also got to see some extremely beautiful churches and celebrate many masses. One of the most surprising things for me happened before we left for the pilgrimage, when I was asked to read at St. Peter’s Basilica, where Fr. Ryan was ordained 50 years ago. It was so unbelievable that I never really grasped it until I was heading up the steps of St. Peter’s to read. I’ll never forget it.

The spiritual high point of the trip was going to the Basilica of St. Francis. The Mass there was so moving that I actually teared up during it, and I could feel Christ in me. There was so much history, and so much had happened in the church that it all moved me in ways I don’t fully understand to this day.

When we got back from the trip, my school principal put a picture of me shaking the Pope’s hand in the school bulletin. And while I did have a lot of catch-up work to do, I don’t regret going on the pilgrimage. I got to meet so many other parishioners and see great churches. I got to shake the Pope’s hand and read in St. Peter’s Basilica. I wouldn’t trade the experience of this pilgrimage for the world.

Jonah Kowal (age 12)

Gathering inside the Basilica of Saint Clare in Assisi, our group of pilgrims from St. James heard the girls of Jubilate sing “Lift thine eyes.” In was as though time stopped and we were seeing the past and the present all at the same time. This beautiful chorus reverberated off the ancient stone walls that housed the original cross of San Damiano. For the Joosten family, this moment was the culmination of a pilgrimage that had actually started the summer before in Stehekin, where we met a charismatic pastor who had felt moved to pray for our youngest daughter’s vision. Li Ling is the youngest in our family of eight, was born in Mongolia with cataracts, and has had several corrective surgeries with modest results. Months later, our family reconnected with an old college friend and he prayed over her too. Through these two witnesses, the Lord gently reminded us that surgeries were not the only answer for her cure. He had something more in store for her—and for our family.

And so we asked Father Ryan to anoint her eyes with the oil of healing in Assisi. It was a poignant moment—Li Ling had been baptized in Assisi eight months earlier.
years earlier, and it was the final resting place of Saint Clare, the patron saint of Vision – and Li Ling’s patron saint, too. But the grace of this moment opened our family’s eyes to things much deeper. We were reminded that we should never look at each other—or the church in the same old ways – that we should continually strive to see each other as God sees us – as a “people in progress”, constantly changing and striving for the better, continually being healed of our deep hurts and continually in pilgrimage on the way back to our eternal home. We were reminded that we are not defined by our pasts.

Although Li Ling’s physical sight was not restored that day, we have seen her spiritual insight deepen. The pilgrimage affected the understanding of her place in the world and her role in it. She caught a glimpse of how she was connected to her patron saint there in Assisi. As parents, we have seen our children—a new generation—continuing to build on what older generations started. The same source of love that gave vision to St Francis and St Claire is giving vision to a new generation now to carry on the mission of the church. It was so fitting after Li Ling’s anointing to hear the concluding words of the choir sing praise to God for his eternal love and help: “Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence cometh help. Thy help cometh from the Lord, the Maker of Heaven and Earth.” The words of this beautiful melody have inspired a renewed hope in us, moving us forward into clearer vision of the power and beauty of our heavenly Father and of his one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

The Joosten Family

Walking in the steps of the saints, on the same streets, and in the same churches where they prayed and celebrated the sacraments was a great experience to help bring faith from mystery to reality. My fondest memory by far was witnessing the moment when my Goddaughter received a kiss from Pope Francis. Seeing him embrace all pilgrims and experiencing his apostolic blessing was truly a once in a lifetime opportunity. Beyond the sights and scenes of Italy, spending time with our Cathedral family helped strengthen relationships while also building connections with the roots of our Church.

Joel Flugstad, Cathedral Choir

The pilgrimage to Italy was a very powerful and moving journey, and during the trip, one of the strongest spiritual encounters I experienced was at the papal audience. There were people from every corner of the world, all with different stories. Some were overjoyed to share the space with us and squeeze in to get closer to the pope. Some were less enthusiastic. I was determined to see the pope, and to feel a sense of calming love with the strangers that I was sitting near. I turned around and started speaking to the men sitting behind me. Speaking with them was difficult, because the building was very noisy, and English was not their first language. Regardless, we managed to get to know each other a bit. When it was time for the pope to enter, one of them tapped me on the shoulder and told me to move past their seats to get closer to the pope. He took my hand and helped me step over the chairs so I wouldn’t fall. I think that I grew closer to Christ through that experience, and it wasn’t from being a few feet closer to the hands of the pope, as much as taking the hand of a stranger who genuinely wanted to help me, because it was in that experience that I was able to find Christ’s love in a person from a completely different life from mine. What brought us together was our faith, and what helped us to connect was a love for that faith.

Miriam Fox, Jubilate!

The pilgrimage was my first visit to Italy. In the months leading up to it, friends had shared their photos, scrapbooks, and stories of past pilgrimages. I envisioned a wonderful opportunity to see beautiful art and architecture, pray in ancient churches, and hear
our choirs fill sacred places with incredible music. The actual experience far exceeded what I imagined.

During the Masses and our explorations in Florence, Siena, Assisi, and Rome, there were many moments I would describe as “transcendent.”

I was astounded by the vastness of St. Peter’s Basilica and the multitude of gigantic statues housed within its soaring, ornate walls. I had seen pictures of Michelangelo’s Pietà, but standing before it was another story. There was Mary, holding Jesus’ deceased body in her lap, radiant in the intensely bright lighting. A large cross displayed in partial shadow on the chapel wall behind the sculpture enhanced the visualization of Jesus’ recent delivery into Mary’s arms.

Through silent tears of grief and gratitude, I wondered what a 24-year-old Michelangelo must have felt when using his gift to create such a profoundly moving artistic expression of God’s love. I captured and saved the memory of my experience in a place far beyond the camera roll on my smartphone.

Lisa Matchette

I loved my time on our Cathedral Pilgrimage. I found every moment stunning.

Rain that appeared to be from the ground up added a preciousness to all we did. Very cold (some snow!) we all saw our breath as we raised our voices together in Mass, in stunningly beautiful churches, art covering every surface. We left our mark musically each day.

At home, the unwritten Rules of Catholic Entropy seem to insist that we evenly disperse inside the space of our home church. Here we were closely together, a group, a great team on five buses surprised by every turn. We were funneled here and there, and I got to know so many! And, as I look back at the visual detail of the trip, of all that we saw - what we found, stared at, and snapped pictures of — were the pilgrims painted and sculpted before us. Like us, they too seemed to be everywhere. We looked at them, back in time, and they ever-so-humbly looked back. Paintings on every wall, ceiling, corner and tile, even on the floor. Every statue - they were all other travelers that had been there long ago. Looking back at us, as we looked back at them. We found others that passed through these steps long ago, and they looked just like us. I found one too, a piper in a tapestry from 1540 on a wall in the Vatican Museum.

My most remarkable experience, and there were so many — was when our Cathedral pilgrims processed through St Peter’s, singing throughout. My goodness, I’ll never shake that. Probably not until I end up in a tapestry myself!

Tyrone Heade

What comes to mind when I look back on the pilgrimage: the hectic schedules that began the days at five in the morning and the dreary weather of almost constant rain, of course, but also going places that I only dreamed of going, the most impactful being the Vatican.

Lisa Matchette
For as long as I can remember, I’ve been fascinated by one of Vatican City’s most famous destinations and art works, the Sistine Chapel. At five or six years old, I remember sitting on the rug in my grandma’s living room, staring at every single inch of the ceiling covering a four-page fold-out in a heavy book of classic Italian art. The grainy black and white picture, although I didn’t understand it at the time, did the real ceiling absolutely no justice.

I also never knew just how incredible St. Peter’s Basilica was and is. I’ve always considered St. James Cathedral to be enormous, but the instant I walked inside of the Basilica, I was speechless. At least four times the size of our cathedral, with a dome that seemed to touch the sky. It felt like God Himself was in the room—in every corner, every open hallway, in the air. I was in the space that had been occupied by every pope since the 17th century, standing where the original Basilica was built just about 325 years after the death of Jesus Christ and the formation of the Church itself.

But above all else, the most life-changing part of Rome was seeing Pope Francis in person, both from his balcony and from five feet away at the Audience. Never in my whole life would I have expected to see him, and the second I did, I started crying. Pope Francis is one of the most important people in the world to me, and being with him made me realize that what I was doing in Italy in the first place, singing with St. James Cathedral as a member of the Church, has changed my life in many ways.

Emma Hall, Jubilate!

I’m so grateful for the red pilgrim’s scarves we were given at the start of the tour. It kept me warm during our walking tours and the pockets were perfect for carrying items. However, the most important feature of the scarf was the embroidered logo of St. James Cathedral which identified everyone as a pilgrim.

I discovered how important that was when I overslept our early morning departure from the hotel for the Papal Audience at the Vatican. I shot out of bed, threw on my clothes and scarf and flew out the hotel door. I raced to the first checkpoint hoping to catch up with the group and to get my ticket into the auditorium.

I made it through the security but didn’t see anyone in the group. My heart sank, fearing that I wouldn’t get in. Then I remembered that Massimo, our tour guide, said to show the scarf if you get lost. I went up to a Swiss guard at the audience hall, showed him the embroidered cathedral on my scarf and said I got separated from my group.

“Yes, yes,” he said, “they have already gone through.” Then he signaled to another guard a hundred yards away at the side entrance to the hall and told me to talk with him. I showed the second guard my scarf. He nodded and pointed to the group in the hall and let me in.

I will always cherish my red pilgrim scarf because it opened doors for me when I was afraid all was lost.

Brian Branagan
Corpus Christi Album
Professing our faith in the Body of Christ

Glimpses of our beautiful procession with the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday, June 3. In his homily, Father Ryan quoted Dom Helder Camara: “Am I mistaken, Lord, to go forth and proclaim the need and urgency of passing from the Blessed Sacrament to your other presence just as real in the Eucharist of the poor? Theologians will argue, a thousand distinctions will be advanced, but woe to the one who feeds on You and later has no eyes to see You foraging for food among the garbage, living in sub-human conditions, under the sign of utter destitution.”
As sunlight poured through St. James Cathedral’s stained-glass windows June 9—a miracle, some said, considering thunderstorms had been predicted—Anh Tran, Justin Ryan and Louis Cunningham became the newest priests of the Archdiocese of Seattle.

“Once again today, as a sign of his love, [God] consecrates priests to watch over and minister to us with his own very special love and grace,” Archbishop J. Peter Sartain said in his ordination homily.

The three men were seated beneath the cathedral’s oculus skylight, “through which light streams into this building and illuminates the altar,” the archbishop noted. “The mosaic inscription that encircles the oculus has special significance for the three of you today, because it is taken from the Lord’s own words: ‘I am in your midst as one who serves.’”

“I hope that every time you enter the cathedral, you will look up to those words and be reminded of what it means to serve ‘in persona Christi,’” Archbishop Sartain said. “Do not preach to us what you think; preach the Gospel of Christ to us. … You will ensure that what you teach will be nourishment for the people of God.”

The archbishop thanked each man’s parents by name, praising them for the faith and example of love they provided their children. “You truly allowed God to work in your homes, and you were extraordinary instruments of God’s call,” he said.

Through their priestly ministry, Archbishop Sartain told the ordinands, “God will teach you who you are. You have much to learn about yourselves, just as I do.”

During the Rite of Ordination, the men promised to fulfill their duties as priests, united to Jesus. As Archbishop Sartain clasped his hands over theirs, each ordinand solemnly promised obedience to the archbishop and his successors.

Shortly afterward, the ordinands prostrated themselves before the altar—an act of humility and self-giving—while the congregation knelt and prayed the litany of saints. Then each took his turn kneeling before the archbishop to receive the laying on of hands.

As the choir sang “Come Holy Ghost,” the three new priests knelt while the archdiocese’s auxiliary bishops and priests laid hands on them, one by one. The priests gathered around the altar, creating a ring of prayer and protection around the newly ordained.

After the prayer of ordination, the new priests were vested with a stole and chasuble, assisted by priests important in their lives. Hugs and smiles abounded.

Then they knelt for the anointing of hands with chrism, the only holy oil that is given a fragrance, Archbishop Sartain noted in his homily.

“May the holiness of your lives be a delightful fragrance to Christ’s faithful, so that by word and example you may build up the house which is God’s church,” he prayed.

During the “kiss of peace,” the new priests were

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Gabrielle Nolan is a writer for Northwest Catholic. This article is reprinted by kind permission of Northwest Catholic.
greeted with hugs and congratulatory remarks from their brother priests. Then the newly ordained joined in consecrating the Eucharist for the first time, and distributed Communion to their family members and friends.

After returning to sit with their brother priests—and almost on cue—Fathers Cunningham, Ryan and Tran were bathed in sunlight streaming from the oculus.

Near the end of the three-hour Mass, Father Bryan Dolejsi, the archdiocese’s vocations director, announced the parish assignments for the new priests: Father Cunningham to St. Michael in Olympia, Father Ryan to St. Charles Borromeo in Tacoma and Father Tran to All Saints in Puyallup and St. Martin of Tours in Fife.

“Louis, Justin and Anh, it’s been a privilege to accompany you the last seven years,” Father Dolejsi said with a smile. “Welcome to the priesthood.”

Each of the new priests gave his first blessing to Archbishop Sartain, who knelt before the trio in front of the altar. Then, as they followed their brother priests in procession out of the cathedral, the congregation burst into congratulatory applause. 

Clockwise from the top left: the three candidates for ordination prostrate themselves on the altar while the entire assembly sings the Litany of the Saints. Deacon Louis Cunningham in the vestibule as Mass is about to begin; Archbishop Sartain offers the Prayer of Ordination for the three ordinands, surrounded by the clergy of the Archdiocese of Seattle; the laying on of hands is the heart of the ordination rite.
"I have long since come to believe that people never mean half of what they say, and that it is best to disregard their talk and judge only their actions." So says Dorothy Day, founder of the Catholic Worker movement. In many ways, I have come to agree with her. I need not and should not look any further than my own actions to know that she is correct; my professed beliefs rarely make themselves manifest in what I do from day to day.

I suppose it's a sort of Catch-22 to say that I agree with Dorothy Day and yet commit such a significant portion of my life to the pursuit of writing. It is quite the quandary to be a writer who is slowly but surely losing faith in the power of words. Surely if I, through my words, profess that I have no faith in words, then I should not through my actions demonstrate my stalwart belief in their value. Does the dissonance between my lack of faith in words and my impulse to write mean that I actually disagree with Dorothy Day, that I don't believe what I said when I said I have no faith in words? But doesn't that mean that Dorothy Day is right?

Like everyone, I have lofty goals for myself. I want to be a good person—whatever that means. I want to live in a way that would not make sense if God did not exist. Still, more often than not, I find myself acting with selfishness or unkindness—deliberately boarding the bus first to ensure I get my favorite seat, or speaking critically of a person who only vaguely inconvenienced me. These are some of the small faults; I won't bore you with the big ones. The fact is that I will without a second thought sell out my faith for a seat on a bus. Every day, I repeat the words, “I believe in God,” and every day, in the parts of my life I consider irrelevant or unimportant, my actions say, “We have no king but Caesar.”

This is a problem I have only recently been able to articulate (and there it is creeping in again; I can't get rid of my belief in the power of putting words to things). I have, of course, been able to point fingers at other people not “putting their money where their mouth is.” It is easy to believe that I am somehow exceptional in my ability to avoid hypocrisy. Yet every time I judged others for saying one thing and doing another, I felt within myself a growing sense of malaise.

What finally led to my breakthrough on this was an opportunity to facilitate a creative writing group for the guests at the St. James Cathedral Kitchen, which serves dinner free of charge to homeless and low-income people in Seattle. Though I had been volunteering in the Kitchen for about a year at that point, the prospect of leading a group with the guests gave me some anxieties. For one thing, I had never taught anyone before. Who was I to handle all the potential challenges of ensuring everyone felt safe enough to be vulnerable? What if no one showed up?

As the weeks went by, however, I encountered my deepest apprehension of all. How could I, who so frequently condemn others for being “all talk and no action,” try to convince the guests—who suffer the most from the nice, palatable rhetoric of those who will in the same breath refuse them affordable food and housing and healthcare, and passively murder them through apathy and neglect—of the power of words?

This question very quickly turned inward toward myself. If I really do believe that most people are all talk, then why do I allow myself to be one of the “talkers”? Why do I devote my time and energy to crafting words when there are people to feed, dishes to wash, things to do? Was writing my excuse to avoid addressing the problems I so easily diagnose at arm’s length? I was demoralized. If I hadn't promised to do it already—if I hadn't given my word—I might have backed out entirely.

My fear of being unable to convince people to come was assuaged almost immediately. On the first day, we had a full house. George got there even before I did and was waiting at the table all by himself. Chris, who said he was going to be there, actually was there, at three o’clock on the dot. Carlos showed up late and wrote about his progress in a Twelve Step program. Most days were good. The moments that stick out in my mind the most are the ones that were unexpected, of which there were too many to describe. Some highlights: Chris, when given the prompt to write about “one of the best people you’ve ever met,” wrote about me. Kham didn’t know how to write but constructed a whole story about a man traveling into space by drawing pictures. George brought in an essay.

Dylan Hogan is a parishioner who received his Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing and Poetics from the University of Washington, Bothell, in June 2018. He started volunteering at the Cathedral Kitchen in January 2017.
that he had typed, revised, and printed as self-assigned “homework.” Ozz, who has severe PTSD and hates being touched, shook my hand.

I wish I could say that every portion of the group was like this. Some days were hard. At one meeting, Ozz, who usually wrote for the full hour straight, came in and couldn’t write anything, saying he felt “numb.” George talked frequently about how his employer, a large Seattle-based tech company, refused him his rightful benefits. When I asked Chris to write about what he would say to his state representatives, he wrote, “My father didn’t fight in three wars to secure my place sleeping under the bridge.” A writer named Enrique wrote about a recent illness and trip to the hospital, saying, “They try to get me out the door as fast as possible... I almost died because of it. They should treat everyone the same way, but they don’t.”

I was reminded of the words in the parable of the Sheep and the Goats: “I was hungry and you gave Me no food; I was thirsty and you gave Me no drink; I was a stranger and you did not take Me in, naked and you did not clothe Me, sick and in prison and you did not visit Me” (Matthew 25:42-43). I used to think of this passage as though a terrifying and wrathful God were punishing His creation. After all, it is preceded by this line: “Depart from Me, you cursed, into the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels” (Matthew 25:41). One thing I learned through the writing group was that my initial interpretation was the interpretation through the eyes of the goats. I was one of the people asking God when it was that I had seen Him; I was one of the ones making excuses: It isn’t fair that I should have to see You all the time. It’s too hard. I didn’t know what I was doing.

Like the Father in the parable, was I not angry for my friends, and hurt? What about the perspective of the Jesus who is sleeping under the bridge, who is being denied healthcare? I imagined what it might be like to ask God, “When did I see You?” and to watch Him transform into Ozz, George, Chris, Enrique. I imagined each of them reading what they had written, with their own voices, in their own words. The parable didn’t seem so angry then—or, at least, not entirely angry. It sounded like the voice of someone who is in tremendous pain.

There are some things I know, such as: In the beginning was the Word. What I don’t know is what that really means. All life, in every iteration, descended from that one Word. I tried to talk about it with a friend who is an atheist, who said, “If that is true, it must be the longest word in existence.” I’d never thought about it like that. A single Word, as long as and longer than the history of the universe, a Word so vast and incomprehensible that it both contains and transcends time itself. And yet it is also so infinitesimally small that it could beget a tiny spark, which bloomed into a story that started, “Let there be light.”

When I say that I believe in God, I must mean that I believe in the Word. And so I have to believe that words are at their best when they are imitations of the divine. How could that not be true? It was through the written word that I encountered all these people, all these saviors asking to be fed.

Another thing I know is that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. There is, then, an inherent relationship between words and actions. When we blind ourselves to the divine within the living bodies of the people around us, we also make ourselves deaf to the ways God is constantly communicating Himself to us in the form of the stranger. If Christ has no body now but ours, then He also has no words. I write because I need the words to guide my flesh. I need the Word as much as I need the good news it delivers. So it is my duty to use my words the way that God would have used them, and to consequently abide by those words, with faith in the hope they promise. I believe in words. I believe in God. ◆
Recently, in my role as the director of the Cathedral Kitchen, I had the opportunity to offer a writing workshop for the many guests who join in the nightly meals. All were welcome to join and after months of sharing and writing their stories, it was finally the day to celebrate and honor the writers.

As I completed preparing and cooking a simple meal for our writing workshop gathering, I watched as a few people came walking in. I did not know how many to expect, thinking there might only be 5 to 10 people, and that would be okay. It didn’t take long for my expectation to be surpassed. Relief occurred when three of the Cathedral Kitchen meal guests, who had joined us in the writing group, arrived to read some of their work. Beautiful flowers from one volunteer’s garden were arranged in fragrant bouquets at the center of each of the four round tables. This simple act helped create an atmosphere signifying this was a special event. Soon a student and I began offering soup to those who continued walking in, including our professors, classmates and parishioners.

Dylan Hogan, who is completing his MFA in creative writing, had requested almost a year earlier, to offer a writing workshop for the homeless or anyone attending the Cathedral Kitchen. Wanting to spend some time writing myself along with collecting stories for my internship in advocacy work, I was eager to begin this writing workshop that we scheduled for each Wednesday before the daily meal. It did not take long before I began to realize that in sharing our writing we were developing relationships that supported and encouraged one another. While our appearances and backgrounds revealed differences, our writing revealed our many similarities.

After people began sitting around the tables to begin their meal and visit, I went to help a few of the guests needing some assistance. As I was getting one of them a cup of water, I turned and saw an amazing gift in charity. Four men, some carrying backpacks or other belongings, came walking in. I have come to know these men not from the writing workshop, but from my work serving meals and providing companionship at the kitchen. I often see them during the day standing or walking around the kitchen as they wait to come in. One of them in particular often notices if I look concerned and offers to volunteer or help me in my work. I had invited them to the gathering but they did not appear interested and declined. Something changed after I spoke to them and they decided to come over after all to offer their support during the presentation. I was overwhelmed with emotions and gave each of them a hug before we sat down to listen.

I have long struggled with how the homeless and poor are negatively treated. I was beginning to wonder if my attempt to teach by example was having any effect in changing this view. I had hoped that if the kitchen volunteers and others watched our interacting and writing with the meal guests each week, perhaps they might begin to view these guests differently. After several months I did not see the change I had hoped for. This all changed during this evening gathering to celebrate and share the writing.

As each writer got up to present their personal stories, including descriptions of being homeless, the audience was clearly moved and engaged. Those sharing were no longer simply homeless people or poor people; they were human beings with extraordinary gifts and stories. The love and support filling the room was amazing.

Teddi Callahan is the Director of the Cathedral Kitchen.
On Thursday, June 21, 2018, St. James Cathedral and Saint Mark’s Episcopal Cathedral jointly sponsored a prayer and procession for families at the border. More than 1,500 gathered in prayerful solidarity with the families suffering from forced separations. The following is the text from which Father Ryan spoke in welcoming the participants to St. James Cathedral following the procession.

My friends, in welcoming you to the Cathedral this evening, I can’t help but recall that in February of 1942, the then bishop of Seattle, Gerald Shaughnessy, stood in the pulpit of this Cathedral to denounce in the strongest possible terms the executive order from the President of the United States that called for the rounding up of Japanese-American families and their incarceration in so-called “re-location camps” in Idaho. I look upon this particular moment in our history as different, certainly, from that one, but as a moment similarly dark and devoid of both justice and humanity. And yesterday’s last minute executive order from the White House changed very little. It will take far more than that to deal with attack after attack on the very principles on which our great democracy is founded.

And so we pray and process tonight because if we were to content ourselves with standing on the sidelines, flying the flag of political impartiality, we would be selling our souls. And we refuse to sell our souls.

We pray and process tonight because the people at our borders fleeing violence and oppression and seeking asylum and a better life for themselves and their children are our flesh and blood, our brothers and sisters. We refuse to stand by while they are being mistreated and dehumanized--families torn apart, and children languishing in a heartless limbo of separation from their parents.

At a recent conference on international migration sponsored by the Holy See and Mexico, Pope Francis stated in the strongest possible terms that migrants are persons, each with his or her own history, culture, feelings, and aspiration. “They are our brothers and sisters,” he said, “and they need ongoing protection regardless of whatever migrant status they may have. Their fundamental rights and dignity must be protected and defended, and particular concern must be shown for migrant children and their families.”

My friends, our prayer tonight and the procession we have made not be the only step we take to champion the rights of migrants and refugees. May we continue to look for ways to tell the world that we refuse to be accomplices in something that is immoral – manifestly evil – a violation of the deepest convictions that flow from our faith in the God who made and loves us all.
Welcoming New Catholics
There is a place in the Catholic Church for me

The Sunday dismissal of catechumens and candidates, a handful of rites scattered throughout the liturgical year, the baptisms at the Easter Vigil—this is about all most worshipers at St. James see of the parish's RCIA (Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults) program, and while it is a lot, there is so much more to the process of Christian initiation of adults than this.

After an initial interview with director of faith formation Kathleen McCabe, prospective Catholics join the weekly Wednesday evening gathering, facilitated by a number of team members from the parish. We group the Inquirers—those who are new to the process—together with one or two team members for discussion that is unpredictable and largely determined by whatever questions they have about Catholicism. Everything is fair game and there are no stupid questions. We might hear anything from, “Do Catholics worship Mary?” to “Why do people dip their hands in the water inside the doors?” to “What goes on in Confession?” Participants can stay at this stage of Inquiry as long as they feel the need; it's certainly not about getting all one’s questions answered, but rather about whetting one’s appetite to start learning about Catholicism in a more formal, structured way.

That structure comes once they have passed through either the Rite of Acceptance, becoming a catechumen (in the case of people who have never been baptized), or the Rite of Welcoming, becoming a candidate (those who have already been baptized in another Christian communion). At this point the Wednesday night sessions start to follow a set schedule of topics, chosen to coincide with the Sunday Mass readings. We also gather the candidates and catechumens in separate groups, since we find that those who are already baptized will often have different questions than those people who are entirely new to religion.

During this stage the catechumens and candidates are dismissed following the Liturgy of the Word at the Sunday 10:00 Mass. They go together, led by a team member, to the rectory parlor where they share their reflections on the readings or the homily and on how they hear God’s Word speaking personally to them. Abbie Naze, who was baptized Lutheran and was received into the Catholic Church at St. James in June 2017, found dismissal to be “very special.” She says, “It was nice to be able to sort of remove ourselves from the full Mass, spend some time with our fellow RCIA participants, and talk through things in ways we wouldn’t probably do otherwise.”

Emily Lundell, who also grew up Lutheran and was received in May 2018, valued this opportunity, as well. “I miss dismissal now that I have been confirmed Catholic,” she says. “I found it very helpful to have a conversation with others who were actively discerning their faith directly after hearing the readings and the homily…. The conversations helped deepen my understanding of the readings. I got so much out of hearing how others thought of the teachings and saw them applied to their lives.”

For candidates, already baptized, the length of RCIA varies. This depends a great deal on how well catechized, or formed in the Christian faith, they already were when they came to us, and of course it depends on the movement of the Holy Spirit and the readiness of their own spirit. The process can take a few or several months. Once we have discerned with them that the time is right, they celebrate the Rite of Reception into Full Communion of the Catholic Church, where they are confirmed and receive their first Eucharist.

For catechumens, some of whom have no previous experience with any organized religion, the process lasts considerably longer, at least a year, and culminates with their baptism at the Easter Vigil. We make it clear to them, as well as to the candidates, that the Wednesday night meeting is not a class and that RCIA is not a matter of intellectual learning of Church teachings and related facts. It is a process of formation, of developing, nurturing, and in some instances beginning a conscious relationship with a personal, loving, free God in Jesus Christ and in community. We encourage, even require them to take their time, to experience this relationship throughout the course of a full liturgical year, through the lens of the Church’s various feasts and celebrations.

Generally speaking, Christians of other denominations, especially those who have been active in their churches and living their faith, may have an easier time of this, since for them becoming Catholic merely involves a shift in view. As Abbie puts it, “I

John Marquez is Sacristan at St. James Cathedral as well as a longtime member of the Cathedral’s RCIA Team.
really believe that [becoming Catholic] has simply added to the faith I had already established as a Lutheran... it is just a new perspective now.”

Catechumens, on the other hand, can be challenged with a whole new way of being in the world, a new way of finding meaning and of relating to their own lives. Khoi Nguyen, who was baptized at Easter 2018, says bluntly, “The process isn’t an easy one.” He continues, “St. James has a longer process than most other Catholic churches and requires more from the individual.... It involves a commitment to come to our RCIA meetings regularly, every week, regardless of our schedule and how tired we are after work. It requires us to step out of our bubble and meet strangers and be embraced by them and to embrace them back, even if we’re introverts. It requires some of us to learn everything from scratch, as if we’re a child again and struggle with concepts that others around us understand so much better.”

Jason Wayne, baptized this past Easter, also recognizes the difficulty of the journey: “[B]ecoming Catholic is something that does not happen instantly and the process...can be trying at times.” However, he expresses well the joy of where it all leads: “All I remember from the night of my Baptism was Fr. Ryan reaching out his hand in encouragement helping me as I entered the baptismal pool and my sponsor presenting me to Archbishop Sartain. When the soothingly gentle warm water poured over me I felt that all of time had stopped for that moment and that I crossed to a new path and into the Christian Community.”

The challenges in RCIA do not belong alone to the catechumens. Despite a Lutheran upbringing, Emily spent later years as an atheist and agnostic, before attending Quaker meetings where “most people...did not talk overtly about God or Jesus.” Belief in God was eventually something she could make sense of and even keep at arms length, but faith in Jesus took time, for, she says, “Jesus is concretely human and present in our lives and yet almost incomprehensibly powerful, loving and all knowing. I could not start to believe in Jesus without acknowledging my sin, my smallness, and the enormity of the power of God.”

Our hope on the RCIA team, however, is that the joys of becoming Catholic far outweigh the challenges and difficulties. When Abbie was received she “felt very welcome. Like someone had just welcomed me into their home.”

Irene Mahler, received in May 2018, rejoices, “I am a member of a world-wide institution that believes in the triune God and the saving grace of Christ, and a member of a strong, diverse, compassionate congregation.... The Catholic church is a large tent and there is a place in it for me.”

Emily remarks that being received “was one of the most moving moments of my life. Knowing that so many people were there witnessing my confirmation and praying and supporting those of us being confirmed was beautiful and touching. I found myself moved to tears and overcome with emotions at the beauty of the sacrament.”

The RCIA participants need our prayer and support not only during their “public” appearances, but all along their journey to membership in the Catholic Church. As Jason declares, “What I want lifelong Catholics to know about RCIA is that as new people coming into the Church we need your encouragement and prayers in our journey with Christ, as it can feel long and daunting and at times like I am out in the desert.”

Let us be the presence of Christ for these brave men and women, that the desert, for them, might blossom. ◆
Father Richard Ward, ordained June 12, 1993 recently marked twenty-five years as a priest. That might not seem a particularly remarkable milestone, except that Father Richard Ward was ordained at the age of sixty-seven after a long and happy marriage, three children, and a forty-year career as an anesthesiologist. When he answered God’s call to be a priest, People Magazine even picked up the story. Their November 1992 issue featured a profile of Dick Ward while he was in seminary at Hales Corners: “During his 40-year career as an anesthesiologist,” the article begins, “Dick Ward accumulated an impressive share of life’s material prizes. He had a $600,000 home in Seattle’s fashionable Magnolia neighborhood, a collection of antique furniture and a 1986 red Porsche. But after his wife, Norah, died of cancer five years ago, Ward quit his $300,000-a-year job, shed his wealth and even gave up his beloved Porsche—to begin a new life as a Catholic priest.”

Father Ward followed a long and unusual path to the priesthood. He grew up on Capitol Hill, attending St. Joseph School, eventually serving in the Navy and later going to medical school. Father Ward loves to tell the story of how he met his future wife, Norah Muldoon, a nurse at Providence Hospital. “A fascinating story! I was helping away with a surgery, and Norah Muldoon was there. I said, ‘Miss Muldoon, that’s a fine scent you’re wearing.’ (Jean Nate... she always wore Jean Nate.) She said, ‘Doctor, that’s the necrotic smell of the bowel you’re playing with, and you keep your eyes on the surgery.’ I said to myself, ‘I’m going to marry her.’ And, I did. She was in my life forever. A wonderful, wonderful woman. Oh, she was the sweetest, kindest, most loving woman you’d ever hope to see.”

The Wards had a loving marriage and raised their three children in Seattle’s Magnolia neighborhood. In 1980, Norah was diagnosed with lymphoma. During the long illness (seven years of chemotherapy and radiation), she encouraged Dick to think about fulfilling his dream of becoming a priest after she was gone. “It was because of Norah Muldoon’s encouragement that I’m here today,” Father Ward says. At the time of his ordination and his first Mass, the Seattle Times reported: “He is aware he is starting a rigorous new career when most people are retiring. But he said that given his family background and personal health, he expects to be going strong in his mid-80s. ‘Whatever it (life expectancy) is, I’m giving it to the church.’”

Father Ward’s prediction turned out to be true, as he served for six years as Parochial Vicar at St. James Cathedral before serving as pastor of St. Michael’s in Snohomish from 1999-2003. On his retirement, he lived for many years at the Palisades Retreat Center, before returning to St. James Cathedral several years ago. Now he lives at the Terraces at Skyline.

“During his years at St. James Cathedral, as Parochial Vicar and later as Priest in Residence, Father Dick Ward always made himself available to anyone who came needing to see a priest. No matter what he was doing, he’d drop it to come bless a rosary, hear a confession, or listen to a person in need,” Father Ryan says.

God love you, Father Ward! ✝

Maria Laughlin is Director of Stewardship & Development at St. James Cathedral.
In 1988, when people thought about Seattle, they thought about airplanes, not coffee. Phones were attached to the wall, not carried around in your pocket. Computers belonged on your desk, not in your lap. All mail was “snail mail,” and the World Wide Web was still three years away. Ronald Reagan was nearing the end of his second term as President of the United States. It was on July 1 of that year that Father Michael G. Ryan was appointed pastor of St. James Cathedral by Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen.

Father Ryan had served in several different positions of leadership in the Archdiocese—as Director of Vocations under Archbishop Connolly, and then as Vicar General and Chancellor under Archbishop Hunthausen—but he had been a pastor only once, at St. Francis Church in Friday Harbor, a small community in the San Juan Islands which could only be reached on Sunday mornings by seaplane! It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast with an inner-city community like St. James.

The Cathedral at that time was a neighborhood parish of about 800 households, an aging congregation with only a handful of children. The Cathedral itself was a little tired, too, with acres of green carpeting, and an annual budget of $630,000.

The Seattle P-I carried a prominent story on the new Cathedral pastor (“talented and well-liked,” “delightful sense of humor”). The article focused on his leadership role under Archbishop Hunthausen through the trying days of the Vatican investigation, but surmised that his new appointment would give him “a much more visible and influential role in the political affairs of the church and the city.” The author speculates: “Pastor of the cathedral may be the perfect niche for Ryan, who in many ways exemplifies what it means not only to be a committed Roman Catholic, but also a committed Seattle Catholic.”

Thirty amazing years later, Cathedral parishioners can attest that the P-I had it right. Father Ryan and St. James Cathedral have truly been a perfect match of leader and community. Under his guidance, this beloved Seattle landmark has become known across the country and even beyond for its beauty, its worship, and its prophetic witness on behalf of the poor and the marginalized.

Congratulations, Father Ryan, on a remarkable milestone: thirty years at St. James Cathedral. Thank you for all you have done and will do in the years to come. Ad multos annos! ◆

Corinna Laughlin is Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.
December 2017
3. We marked the First Sunday of Advent. Come, Lord Jesus, come!
5. A fun evening exploring T. S. Eliot’s classic Murder in the Cathedral. Special thanks to reader Scott Webster.
15. Our Readings and Carols service filled the Cathedral with splendid music and candlelight.
25. Christmas, 2017. “This journey we are on is, of course, a journey to the kingdom, God’s kingdom, but the stopping-off place today is the manger. It is there that we can lay down our burdens as the Magi laid down their gifts. We lay them down before the Child who accepts whatever we bring—this Child who is one of us yet so much more than us, this child who reveals to us the most unbelievable sort of God: not a remote, thundering, demanding, omnipotent Being before whom we can only cower in fear; no, a tiny, vulnerable, utterly helpless baby in the arms of his mother.”
31. We rang in the New Year with splendid sacred music.

January 2018
13. At the 5:30pm Mass, local members of Pax Christi made a vow of nonviolence and received a special blessing from Archbishop Sartain.
16. We kicked off an extraordinary three-week series on Islam, including talks on the history of Muslims in the United States, Islamophobia, and the Quran.
22. Many Cathedral parishioners participated in the annual Mass and March for Life in Olympia.

February
12. It was a privilege to host the funeral Mass of John and Lois Spellman, who died just nine days apart after more than sixty years of marriage. Father Ryan preached and Father Oliver Duggan presided.
14. Ash Wednesday marked the beginning of the holy season of Lent.
17. We celebrated the first of three Rites of Election at the Cathedral, gathering catechumens and candidates from dozens of parishes throughout the region.
19. We began our Lenten evenings of reflection on topics ranging from internalized oppression, addiction, care for creation, and transformation through solidarity.
20. Our second Alpha series began, providing a comfortable place to explore questions about Christian faith over a meal in a friendly, informal environment.
28. Father Ryan and 254 choristers and parishioners set off for an 8-day pilgrimage to Italy. See the article in this issue of In Your Midst.

March
11. We celebrated the second of the three Scrutiny rites with our Elect, preparing for
baptism at the Easter Vigil.

14. The students of O’Dea High School participated in the National Walkout on the one-month anniversary of the massacre at Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida. The students led a prayer service in memory of the seventeen victims.

18. We hosted our fifth annual St. Patrick’s Day Pancake Breakfast benefiting the Solanus Casey Center.

22. Hundreds gathered for the annual Chrism Mass, during which Archbishop Sartain blessed and consecrated the holy oils.

24. Members of our youth ministry program and dozens of parishioners joined tens of thousands of others for the March for Our Lives in support of tighter gun control.

25. We marked the beginning of Holy Week with a beautiful Palm Sunday.

30. It was a privilege to welcome Sister Laurie Brink, OP, who preached powerfully on the Seven Last Words at the Tre Ore Service on Good Friday.

31. This year, four adults were baptized at the Easter Vigil.

April

1. Easter! “We did not come here this morning to celebrate a metaphor. We came here because we believe—or are at least struggling to believe—the astonishingly good news proclaimed to those three brave women at the empty tomb,” Father Ryan said in his homily.

17. Patty Bowman led our spring Bible study, exploring the Prophet Isaiah.

21. Archbishop Sartain presided at a Mass with the Special Needs Community of the Archdiocese of Seattle. A joy-filled celebration!

23. Corinna Laughlin launched a two-week series exploring spiritual themes in Hawthorne’s “Young Goodman Brown” and selected poems of the great Emily Dickinson.

May

3. Thirty-nine young people and adults were confirmed during a beautiful Mass celebrated by Archbishop Sartain.

5. Thousands turned out to venerate the relics of St. Pio of Pietrelcina. It was a memorable day!

6. Three people were received into the Full Communion of the Catholic Church.

13. Nearly thirty young people received First Holy Communion!

24. It was a privilege to host the Baccalaureate Mass of Holy Names Academy.

30. The Cathedral was privileged to host the 93rd Baccalaureate Mass and Graduation for O’Dea High School. Live, Jesus, in our hearts forever!

30. At the conclusion of the O’Dea Graduation Ceremony, Father Ryan was surprised with an honorary diploma! His father was in the first graduating class of O’Dea and Father Ryan is now a proud member of the Class of 2018.

June

3. On the Solemnity of the Most Holy Body and Blood of Christ, we concluded the 10:00am Mass with the traditional Corpus Christi procession with the Blessed Sacrament.

9. Three young men—Father Anh Tran, Father Justin Ryan, and Father Louis Cunningham—were ordained priests.

14. Our annual Celebration of Ministries Dinner gathered 200+ of our 800+ volunteers for a fun evening and a fantastic meal, courtesy chef Jeff Maneval.

21. A prayerful procession from Saint Mark’s to St. James remembered those suffering from forced separations on our border.
Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament

**St. James Cathedral, Pagliacci Pizza, & a Friend of the Cathedral Kitchen**
**Present the 22nd Annual**
**Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen**
**Charity Golf Tournament**

benefiting the Cathedral Kitchen and other outreach ministries

**Monday, August 27, 2018**
Glenendale Country Club in Bellevue, Washington

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