

In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

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"I am in your midst as one who serves."

From the great oculus high above the altar of St. James Cathedral, these words of Jesus communicate His abiding presence among us. This inscription gave us the name for our Journal and continues to be our guiding inspiration.

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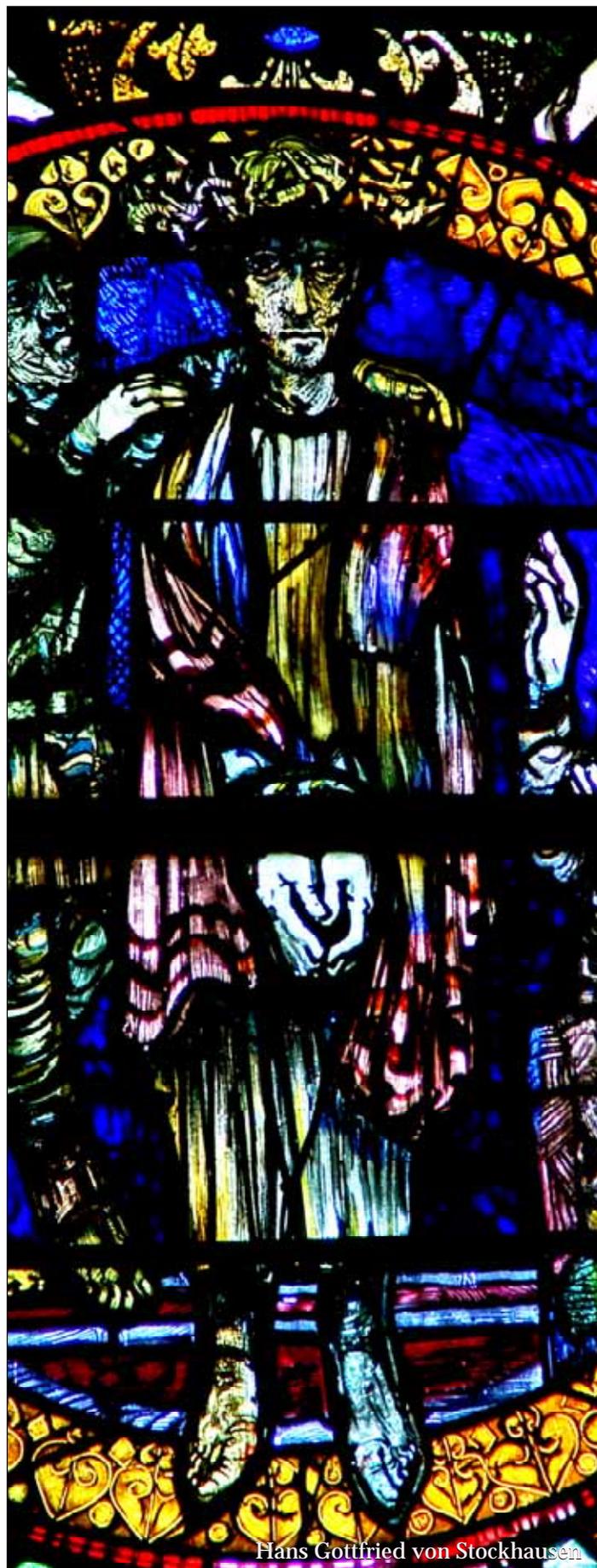
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Hans Gottfried von Stockhausen

We Were There

Parishioners meditate on the great moments of Holy Week

Dear Friends,
I often remark that that there is nothing more important we do as a parish each week than celebrate the Sunday Eucharist together. To that I would add that there is no more important week for our parish, or any parish, than Holy Week. We know this instinctively but perhaps it doesn't hurt to be reminded.

The popular and moving African-American spiritual, *Were You There?* has become a standard part of the Holy Week repertory in many churches, including ours. The solemn liturgies of Holy Week answer that question in a surprising way: it's not that we were there, it's that we *are* there! That is because our liturgical celebrations are not the Church's equivalent of instant replay; nor are they a kind of play-acting—an attempt to dramatize what happened to Jesus a long time ago. No, the Church's liturgies are the making present—here and now—of the saving acts of the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Through the liturgical celebrations of Holy Week, we are there as Jesus makes his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, we are there in the Upper Room on Holy Thursday, we are there on the hill of Calvary on Good Friday, and we are there as Jesus passes from death to life (and we with him) in the great Easter Vigil. Without a doubt, we are dealing with deep mystery here. It is the same mystery that makes each of the Church's sacraments a living channel of grace, bringing us into contact with the risen Christ for whom time and space are no barriers, the Christ who is "the same yesterday, today, and forever."

In the pages that follow, some of your fellow parishioners speak beautifully and compellingly about those moments of the Holy Week liturgies that have touched them most profoundly. I know you will find inspiration in them as well as encouragement to give yourself wholeheartedly to the coming great events we will soon be celebrating, the great events at which, most certainly, we *are* there!

Father Michael G. Ryan

Holy Week—it's a time when we commemorate the Passion of the Christ. It's the time of repentance, sacrifice, forgiveness, and renewal of faith. When I think about this period, I remember altar serving on

Palm Sunday. I was holding a candle, eagerly waiting for the two stained-glass doors to open, signaling the beginning of Mass. To my left was a crowd of children waving palms in the air. It reminded me of Jesus' astounding entry into Jerusalem. Before I knew it, the doors opened, and we were welcomed in by the quaint sounds of the organ. I remember walking past the pews where people sang with palms in hand. Everyone turned to gaze at the Great Cross as it processed onward with candles following along.

After setting our candles down near the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, I headed toward my seat; palms were placed on each chair. Mass continued as usual. I remember during the readings I tried to fold my palm into a cross. If memory serves me right, every altar server was fumbling with their palm, transforming them into zigzag patterns. My attempts to make a cross weren't working out well, but I wasn't going to give up. I kept trying, folding it this way and that. But at the end of the Mass, I ended up with a distorted palm with several creases. Oh well, I thought. There's always next year!

Kassey Castro

When I think of Holy Week, I recall an incredible experience twenty years ago. While a student at Seattle University I had the opportunity to be in Granada, Spain during Lent and Easter. Andalucians, people who live in southern Spain, celebrate Holy Week every night with an elaborate procession that fills the streets. That sense of community participation is mirrored here at St. James Cathedral.

As a young person, my involvement with Holy Week was being handed a palm as I walked into church on Palm Sunday. On Good Friday, we sat in the pews during part of the school day as our pastor and altar servers said the Stations of the Cross. But when I was a college student, thousands of miles from home, I first began to understand the significance of Holy Week.

In Granada, the processions begin in the hilly outskirts of town. White robed and hooded figures, called penitents, walk at the front, followed by drummers and candle holders. With hundreds of others I watched and waited. At last the heavy float appeared with a beautiful, life-sized sculpture of the

Holy Mother Mary. The crowds surged around the statue and continued as part of the procession, finally halting at a tiny church filled with lit candles.

Holy Week at St. James Cathedral lets me be part of a community who want to re-live the story of Jesus' life, death, and resurrection. Here at St. James we don't just sit back and watch the procession, we walk with Christ.

Sara MacDuff

On Wednesday evening in Holy Week, the ancient office of Tenebrae ushers us into the Triduum. Candles in the Cathedral are gradually extinguished, leaving us at last in darkness. Here Ward Johnson offers a prayer inspired by his experience of Tenebrae.

O God, Who is beyond my understanding:
Let me know tragedy; let me know sorrow
and grief. Let me know despair and even
the loss of hope.

Do not shield me from these things, even as I cry out in anger and pain; I live in this world and must learn to find you here, even in the midst of chaos and disruption.

I must learn to love in the presence of hatred.

I must learn to see your face even in the darkest night;
I must learn to be charitable and generous even among
those who are greedy and wicked.

I must have faith even in the face of ridicule.

Even more: do not shield me from my own culpability,
from my complicity with evil; do not let me become
smug and complacent, taking your infinite capacity to
forgive to be a license for sloth.

For it is in turning away from you that I experience the
deepest suffering of all.

Wash me, O Lord; cleanse my heart and strengthen my
spirit so that once again I will know the joy of your
presence, see the light of your truth and love.

Ward Johnson

One of the great beauties of Holy Week at St. James Cathedral is the celebration of the Liturgy of the Hours. And I love to join in. Early at dawn, or in the dark of night, each year, throughout the Easter Triduum, a crowd of Christians gathers to sing Morning Praise or Evening Prayer—those being baptized, parishioners, priests, ministers, choristers, you and me. And they sing—joining their song to Jesus' song, a song which is not merely metaphoric but really a joyous offering of love. They sing the evenings and the mornings from the Lord's Supper through His Passion on the Cross to His glorious Resurrection. Evening comes, and Morning comes—and they sing a New Day, the Eternal Day.

This sung prayer—offered all over the world by the Church in many ways—is called the Liturgy of the



Hours. Evening Prayer (or Vespers) and Morning Prayer (or Lauds) offer the song of psalms, then the Word of Scripture, then prayers.

Joining in the song of the Liturgy of the Hours during the Triduum is a way of joining Jesus' song of love, joining the prayer of the worldwide Church, and dedicating the time of each passing day and revealing its meaning and depth.

Vespers on Easter Sunday especially moves me—as the newly baptized gather at the Font, newborn into the New Day. All the meaning of our lives radiates forth from this Easter hour, and thus we can go forth to sing—to live lives of love.

The Second Vatican Council inspires me to join this Liturgy of the Hours each year—as well as each Sunday radiating forth from Easter: “Christ Jesus, high priest of the new and eternal covenant, taking human nature, introduced into this earthly exile that hymn which is sung throughout all ages in the halls of heaven. He joins the entire community of humankind to Himself, associating it with His own singing of this canticle of divine praise.”

Perry Lorenzo

I confess I sometimes read the obituaries, scanning the columns for a person my age, my gender, someone like me who was here but now isn't. I feel less guilty about this habit in Lent, the season that begins with standing in line alongside my fellow mortals, receiving ashes on my forehead, confirming what I suspected all along – I'm going to die! It feels acceptable, comforting, to acknowledge in community the fear that hums in my heart year round.

A little of this goes a long way, so I am grateful for God's tenderness that often finds me in Holy Week. At Tenebrae the Holy Spirit has lifted my longing and carried it on the soloist's high notes into the dark

cathedral with hope. During Morning Prayer I have chanted and knelt and risen and wondered why I am repeating this ancient ritual four times in one short service instead of enjoying another cup of tea at home, then noticed a simple closeness with God that has settled in my soul.

I wish I could summon these experiences on demand, but I can't cajole God's gifts into existence during Holy Week, at Easter Vigil or on Easter Day – all moments I think especially ripe for God's intervention with a once-and-for-all assurance of eternal life. Dom John Chapman, an English priest and spiritual director who lived around the turn of the last century wrote, *Don't ask or worry about any kind of prayer or recollection or union, but wish for exactly what God provides for you at any given moment.* In Dom Chapman's words I hear God's invitation to trust, to know that God is present in my wishing, present in every kind of moment.

Marlene Muller

I have been one of the "twelve disciples" on Holy Thursday. It feels odd to sit on a little stool in a packed Cathedral while the choir is singing, "I give you a new commandment." Even though only my feet were bare, I felt vulnerable. At that time, I was working in the Chancery, and our 'CEO' was going to wash my feet—Archbishop Murphy! I understood why Peter had been so dismayed!

Then I was surrounded by white robes, towels, jugs of water, many helping hands. Archbishop Murphy knelt before me. I felt embarrassed and thought how hard that marble floor is on aging knees. Choir voices soared: "...Love one another as I have loved you." My eyes welled full. Archbishop Murphy looked up at me, surprised to recognize a member of his staff.

He said, "Oh! Hi!"

He was acknowledging a familiar face! I realized he had been focused on the arduous getting down and up again so many times, on getting the feet washed without spilling water, probably eager to get this chore over with for another year. Recognizing me suddenly made it personal for him.

Overwhelmed, I whispered a grateful but totally inappropriate, "Hi!"

Archbishop Murphy understood humility. Time and again, he surprised us by being so down to earth! Later, amidst the grandeur of his funeral, I remembered that special Holy Thursday when he just said, "Hi!"

Anne Fitzgerald



Holy Week at St. James has many unforgettable moments, but one of the most precious and sacred of these for me is the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on the night of Holy Thursday. On this night, parishioners sit or kneel in quiet prayer and reflection near the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, underneath the triptych of the Crucifixion. Except for these pews, the Cathedral has largely emptied from the earlier Evening Mass of the Lord's Supper.

The Cathedral is quiet and dark, save for the candles illuminating the glorious tabernacle and the carving of the Last Supper. The glow of candlelight on the carving, the burnished reflection of the tabernacle, and the silent prayers of the assembled create an atmosphere of deep contemplation and togetherness with God. At first, my mind is busy with the tasks and time limits of the day, and feelings of guilt over an imperfect Lent. But slowly, as I gaze at the marble visage of Jesus at the Lord's Supper, as my eyes bore into the tabernacle and as my head drops in prayer, I find the quiet within me to put God first. This experience of grace is why the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on the night of Holy Thursday is one of the most blessed moments for me of Holy Week.

Herb Wilgis

The *Tre Ore* service on Good Friday is that time during Holy Week when I look forward to a retreat-like change of my routine, a time to be quiet and receptive, allowing the liturgy and the reflections to help me be more present to the mystery of this week. In thinking about how this liturgy became special to me I find myself going back to memories of grammar school, of Lent and of the Stations of the Cross.

It was a while ago. World War II had not yet ended when for the first time I did the Stations of the Cross as

a grade school student at St. Anne's School, led by the Sisters of Mercy.

We would file out of school across a long yard, two by two into the dark downstairs church. The nuns would lead us to the seats set aside for us, front and center. I remember the priest in dark purple, the altar boys in black cassocks and lace-edged white surplices.

I understood very little. I was usually distracted and mostly afraid that I would do or say something that might attract the attention of Sister Mary Agnes, the principal. Over the years of school this didn't seem to change greatly. But something had begun within me, growing out of the repetition of the familiar prayers, the rhythm of the movement around the church and the singing of *Stabat Mater*.

When I left St. Anne's after eight years I still felt I understood little and was something of a disappointment to the nuns. Yet somehow following the journey of Jesus' suffering and death always left me a comfort and quiet. There was a felt assurance and an understanding that came not just from the words, but from the all of the liturgy, its art, music, rhythm and images.

Now each year at Good Friday I go to *Tre Ore*. I hope to be present, not distracted by my concerns of that day. I pray that I can be receptive and available to that same assurance, a comfort and a quiet with the still incomprehensible mystery of Jesus' Passion, Death and Resurrection.

David Murphy

It was the hymn "Were You There?" that first brought me to Good Friday services at St. James. I was in the first of my years as alto soloist and chorister of the Cathedral, and I was still struggling to understand the liturgy. I came to the Good Friday observance to lead the congregation in the hymn. I stood in the choir loft, watching the line of worshipers bending over a black-draped crucifix, mourning the death of the Savior, and I found myself in tears, suddenly and unexpectedly.

Although I grew up in a nonreligious household, as a small girl I sometimes went to church with Bercie, the much-beloved woman who helped my mother care for me and my four younger siblings. Bercie was African-American, and from her I absorbed my deep love of the music of the black churches. I thought I knew, because of that, how to sing "Were You There?" But on that Good Friday, as I stood looking down on the cross, I wept for what happened to Jesus, for the grief of His Mother, and for the sorrow of all who are wounded or bereaved, and "Were You There?" was forever changed for me. It became a cry of the soul, an expression of loss more poignant than I had ever

understood before. I didn't know, on that day, that I had taken the first step toward my conversion to the Catholic faith. I did know, though, that something profound had happened.

"Were You There?" has become an iconic musical piece for the Veneration of the Cross at St. James, and it was my great privilege to sing it many times. The Burleigh setting of the spiritual united my earliest musical influences with my later training and experience in a wonderful and gratifying way. But every time I sang it, and now when I listen to it, I'm grateful beyond words for the revelation of my first Good Friday at St. James Cathedral.

Louise Marley



Good Friday is the most important day of the year to me. While Christmas and Easter celebrate Jesus' glorious incarnation and resurrection, it is on Good Friday that we really see what kind of God we worship—a God who suffered unimaginable pain and torture for us.

Last year, while singing in the choir and watching the line of people come one by one to venerate the cross, and then finally taking my turn, I was struck in a new way by what the crucifixion means. We so often complain about the stress or suffering of our lives, or ask questions such as "Why does God allow such horrible things to happen in our world?" The cross does not answer all those questions, but it certainly shows that Jesus can empathize with our suffering, for he has faced suffering much worse than our own. Whenever we feel weighed down by our pain, depression or loneliness, we can remember that Jesus was betrayed and abandoned by his friends, ridiculed, laughed at, and then executed. He can understand everything we suffer, because he has been through it as well.

Each Good Friday the choir sings the words *Crucifixus etiam pro nobis*. What this phrase says is not just that Christ died for us, but that Christ is *still* dying for us. Christ's love for us is so great that our suffering is his suffering, our pain is his pain, and our death is his death. When we venerate the cross we are acknowledging our appreciation for what Christ did and continues to do for us.

On Easter we celebrate Christ's glory, but it is on Good Friday that Christ proves his remarkable love.

Gregory Phillips



I was baptized at the Easter Vigil in 2005. At prior Vigils, I watched people come out of the font with that mixture of serenity and shock on their faces and it lodged a difficult-to-shake feeling of desire inside me. In my heart of hearts, I knew I wanted that.

I had done a lot of discernment regarding my desire to convert, so I felt ready and excited that Saturday. In fact, I didn't get scared until we were up on the altar singing the Litany of Saints. I started to get woozy and my knees felt weak. The fear didn't come from doubt or performance anxiety, but from the unknown inside me. How will I react? Will I freeze up or cry? Will it suddenly strike me funny and I'll laugh uncontrollably? Worst of all, will I feel nothing and therefore a profound disappointment?

When we turned to face the font, there was a moment of confusion. We never discussed who would go first! I turned around to see my fellow Elect looking at me, half of them with that deer in the headlights look, and the other half waving me forward. So I went first.

When the Archbishop poured the baptismal water on my head, it felt thick and oily. All time stopped and it was extremely quiet, like the church was empty. I felt completely at peace. I walked out of that font a profoundly changed person. The Easter Vigil was, and continues to be, a birthday for my new life.

Elise Gruber

'Death and life have contended in that combat stupendous: The Prince of life, who died, reigns immortal.' The hauntingly beautiful Easter Sequence, riding on the soaring voice of one our great St. James soloists: that's Easter for me!

But then, inevitably, I have to wake up the next day and go to work! What will our Lord's resurrection mean to me the day after Easter, really? Is it the glorious Easter at St. James that's real, or is it the world of the day after Easter, the world of work, of the Iraq war, of mortgage rates, of traffic jams and doctors' appointments? Where is my real life? What is my real address?

I'll admit, coming to grips with reality has never been my strong point. Back at work Easter Monday, I find myself thinking of St. James and picturing the faces of dozens of people I remember from yesterday... Of the young Pacific Islander fellow handsome as a movie star. Of the African-American woman whose face simply radiates kindness. Of the young woman server who looks as if she had stepped out of an eleventh-century British cathedral. Of the older Filipino gentleman whose devotion I know, though not his name. Of that beautiful, weeping woman talking to the man she thought was the gardener...

And, full of the joy of Easter, I get this sharp pang, this feeling that it is *these* people I will be living with forever. Who are my contemporaries? George Bush? Hillary Clinton? Barack Obama? Britney Spears? Or, as our beloved Father Ryan so generously and faithfully addresses us, is it my "friends in Christ" who are my real contemporaries?

So maybe this St. James, maybe this is my real life, my real address. Yes, I think that when the Risen Life comes for me, you can record my address as 804 Ninth Avenue.

Max Lewis



Great Music for Great Cathedrals

A night of sound, color, movement, and light



GREAT MUSIC FOR GREAT CATHEDRALS is the vision of Dr. James Savage, Director of Music at St. James Cathedral. More than three hundred people came together to bring this vision to life on February 16-17, 2007. **Clockwise from top:** the children of the Youth Music Program join forces to sing *Chimwemwe*, a joyful Easter song from Malawi in central Africa. Lighting designer Jeff Robbins provided a dramatic backdrop for the Women of St. James Schola to sing *Sancto Jacobo*. Jubilate! Young Women's Ensemble become the maids-of-honor at the coronation of Elizabeth II in Parry's *I was glad*. Cathedral servers give honor to the cathedra, the chair of the Archbishop. Strauss's great processional *Feierlicher Einzug* has been part of all twenty-one presentations of *Great Music for Great Cathedrals*.





Clockwise from top: The young men of St. Edward's Vocal Ensemble joined the men of the Cathedral Choir in Biebl's beloved *Ave Maria*. The Women of St. James Schola brought Byzantine mosaics to life in the music of Kassia. The historic image of Our Lady of Seattle became the centerpiece for the women of the Cathedral Choir, the Schola, and Jubilate! to sing Verdi's *Laudi alla Vergine Maria*, a setting of a poem by Dante. The finale of the second part of the program was Ralph Vaughan Williams sublime vision of the heavenly city, *Sancta Civitas*. The organ was appropriately lit for Najji Hakim's intense and unforgettable *Hymn to the Sacred Heart for Seven Trumpets and Organ*.



I Just Want to be Baptized!

The Elect preparing for baptism at the Easter Vigil talk about their experience of RCIA and look forward to the great days ahead

For the Elect, those elected or chosen for the Easter sacraments, Lent is an especially intense time as they prepare for the Easter Vigil. Corinna Laughlin talked to some of our Elect and their sponsors. This is their conversation.

IN YOUR MIDST: What brought you to the Catholic Church? To St. James?

SARAH LEINGANG, ELECT: I married into a Catholic family but did not make any transition to Catholicism. I used to come to church every Christmas with my husband (to make his mom feel good). Then all of us—my son Taylor, my daughter Justine, and my husband Greg—felt this calling. When we came here on Christmas Eve in 2005, I knew I was home. And we've been here ever since.

KATHLEEN LEINGANG, SPONSOR: I prayed for fifteen years for this to happen. I used to say to the Blessed Virgin Mary, 'you'll really be getting four people, because you'll be bringing my son back to the Church, too.' And I'm so excited that they'll all be receiving communion.

IYM: So the children are coming in at the same time?

SARAH: Yes, it's all four of us, because I had never been baptized either. It was strange that all of us, at the same time, had individual experiences that brought us to this decision.

KATHLEEN: That's the Blessed Virgin Mary.

SARAH: And now I'm so excited. I'm ready. I want to do it now!

LANDY MANUEL, ELECT: I started attending five or six years ago on a regular basis, and just fell in love with the liturgy and the music here. Then I started coming much more regularly when my wife joined the women's Schola about three years ago. I guess I'd been thinking about it in my heart and my head for fifty years and finally decided it was time to get on with the really important things in life, the things that really matter.

IYM: Mike, you've been a sponsor for a long time. What's special about being a sponsor?

MIKE MCKAY, SPONSOR: To see the individuals accepting the Catholic faith for what it is. They accept it and realize that this isn't just something to jump into

and then jump out. This is something that's for a whole lifetime. Sometimes those that come in later in life accept the faith more whole-heartedly than those who were baptized as babies!

JANIE TESTON, ELECT: My mother, my grandmother, and my aunt were all from France, and they were all Catholic. My mother married an Army officer, and later divorced. As a result she was excommunicated so I was never raised Catholic. My mother would go to church on her own, but she always had this unfortunate sense of being an outcast. So I never practiced anything; I basically stopped believing there was a God.

Then, here in Seattle, I met a wonderful man—from Tokyo, but raised Catholic. I told him, I want to go to this wonderful church that looks like a little St. Peter's (I saw Rome when I was fourteen). So we came here to St. James. The second time I came on Christmas Eve. The procession was lined up in the back of the church and the Archbishop came right up to me and said "Merry Christmas, Happy New Year"—he didn't talk to anyone else! I thought, hmm! So we started coming here on special occasions like Palm Sunday and Easter. I always sat next to a particular statue because she reminded me of my grandmother. It turned out to be Mother Cabrini. I've carried a relic card of her in my bag for years!

Even after my friend and I separated I still wanted to continue coming to St. James. Eventually I joined RCIA and began learning about prayer and believing in God. Which is really, really great! I'm really happy and excited. And so many friends, even Jewish friends, are coming to my baptism.

SANTOS CARDENAS, ELECT: I kind of grew up Catholic, attending Catholic schools. Becoming Catholic is something I've always wanted to do. When I got to college I got caught up in being young and free and now that I've grown out of that stage this desire to become Catholic came back to me. It's like God is telling me to do it now, to move forward. I'm also getting to a point in my life when I'm thinking about starting a family. Receiving the sacraments, and being able to be married in the Church, is important to me. I don't know how I ended up at St. James! I called around, I spoke with Helen, and it's been a really good fit. I'm glad I chose to stick with the program here.

This has become a home for me.

IYM: For the catechumens, what's been the most surprising part of the process—maybe something you were expecting but didn't encounter, or something you encountered that you weren't expecting?

JANIE: For me it was learning how to pray. I say learning because I never believed in prayer. After all the tragedies in my family, people passing in cruel ways, divorce, I honestly couldn't believe in prayer. But now prayer has become a natural process for me. When I called my aunt, my mother's sister, and said, "Well, what do you think [about me being baptized]?" she said, "Memè would be so happy! Her prayer was answered." (Memè is my grandmother in heaven.) I said, "She was praying for this?" So there you go—you never know!

SARAH: I can relate to that. I can remember at twelve years old rejecting God, and saying, God doesn't exist. I knew that my mother-in-law prayed the rosary every day. At church I would watch my husband go through the motions. For me the biggest learning has been that I don't necessarily need to know everything in order to pray. I can just speak to God, and that is prayer. I've seen the blessings come as a result of prayer—and that's really strange! I just have to open my heart. I don't have to know every word of a particular prayer; God is still going to get it.

SANTOS: The unexpected thing for me has been the community here. I wasn't expecting the kind of welcome I've received. I guess I always expected it to be a private thing: this is for me—this is what I'm doing—this is between me and God. And it turns out to be more of a community thing. It's nice to know that there are other people there who share the same faith. It's still personal, but it's also shared.

LANDY: For me it's the bonding, the love that is shared with the group—sponsors, fellow candidates and catechumens. And it's always on your own terms—you're not pushed or rushed or asked to do anything you're uncomfortable with. I really like that.



Shanna Lisherness inscribes her name in the Book of the Elect on February 22, 2007, while her sponsor Elise Gruber and Helen Oesterle look on.

IYM: Let me ask the sponsors: what is your job, your role in helping to guide a catechumen through all these rites to Easter?

KATHLEEN: Actually, as a cradle Catholic, the process has been very good for me. I went through Catholic school, but that was at a time when just about everything was a sin! I think just being available,

keeping my hand open, telling Sarah, "let's talk about it, let's take a walk, let's see where you're at," but never pushing it.

SARAH: And she has never, ever done that. It's amazing! She has just been a great example of what the Catholic faith is.

MIKE: You don't push. Each person accepts the faith at their own level.

IYM: Let's talk about the future. What are you most looking forward to in the next few weeks?

SARAH: I just want to be baptized!

LANDY: As Helen was going through the calendar earlier, I was thinking about how splendid and momentous the next few weeks would be. I should keep a journal of this time, because it's going to go by really fast and I want to hang on to it somehow.

SANTOS: I'm most looking forward to actually going through these sacraments. I've watched so many other people, go through this, so I know what happens. I just don't know how it feels. That's the biggest thing I'm looking forward to.

JANIE: I'm just looking forward to my baptism! I started this in April of 2005, and I just want to see how all these celebrations unfold. I'll just see what comes to me, what new surprises.

IYM: What do you tell your friends who ask you why you are becoming Catholic? What is it about the Catholic Church that grabbed you the most, that you want to share with others?

SARAH: For me being Catholic just makes sense. I remember coming in and asking Helen all these

questions. I was determined to have it *not* make sense and *not* be a fit. So when people ask me, I tell them it's not because my husband is a Catholic, because I could have done it many years ago. It's just because it makes sense. I just felt a calling to be a Catholic.

JANIE: For me it was St. James, honestly. When I came here, I loved the community and people. Call it eclectic, but I loved the combination of all the different cultures and races. I also liked the way I was accepted when I came in. And then meeting Helen, and beginning to read about the history of the Church, there was just a wholeness. If you had told me four years ago that this would happen, I would have said, 'you've got the wrong person. Not a chance.' But the combination of study, the people, the parish, and understanding the faith has brought me in. I have to laugh, because of all religions, honestly, this was the one that was like, "no way!"

SARAH: Sometimes people ask me, isn't being Catholic about feeling ashamed and guilty all the time? And I haven't had that experience of the Church at all. I tell them no, no!

IYM: Do you find the year-long process a good thing? Or is it really hard?

JANIE: It felt right! This is the first time I've made a commitment to something just for myself. And it will have been two years. That's impressive. If I had been told when I started, you have to do this for two years, and then you'll be done, I would have said, I don't know about that. But it's really flown! And that commitment is helping me now, in making other decisions.

SANTOS: I really think the year-long process helps develop a community, it helps you understand the faith, and share it with other people. It's really a privilege and a gift to be baptized.

SARAH: I think the wait is great because I have learned so much in the past year. When I look back to when I began I realize that I had put up so many walls which have gradually been broken down. My faith has grown, and I have a clearer understanding of what this is all about. This isn't a commitment for a day, this is a lifetime decision. I needed the time to process, to understand. I didn't know much about Jesus or the Bible or any of that stuff. So I needed the time.

KATHLEEN: I have to say that as Sarah's sponsor when I heard that the process would take at least a year I thought to myself, a whole year? But it has been wonderful. I said to my husband when I was leaving tonight, the time has gone by so fast! I can't believe it's almost here. ♦

The RITES of CHRISTIAN INITIATION of ADULTS

at a glance

RITE of ACCEPTANCE. In this rite, those who have never been baptized state their intention to respond to God's call to follow the way of Christ. They become members of the order of *catechumens* (a Greek word meaning 'hearers').

DISMISSALS. Each Sunday, the catechumens are dismissed following the homily at the 10:00 Mass. With a leader, they go to the Cathedral Rectory where they spend time in meditation and prayer on the readings of the day. This immersion in the word of God is a primary part of their preparation and formation.

RITE of ELECTION. Gathered together in the Cathedral with Archbishop Brunett, Father Ryan, and the catechumens, pastors, and RCIA teams of many other parishes, the catechumens declare their wish to enter fully into the life of the Church through baptism, confirmation, and Eucharist, and write their names in the Book of the Elect. This occurs early in Lent. After this point, they are no longer called catechumens, but the *Elect*.

SCRUTINIES. Celebrated on the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Sundays of Lent, the Scrutinies are intended to deliver the Elect from the power of sin, to protect them against temptation, and to give them strength in Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. Through prayers and ritual action, the Elect acknowledge their sinfulness and prepare for their new life in Christ.

The SACRAMENTS of INITIATION. At the Easter Vigil, the Elect receive the sacraments of initiation—baptism, confirmation, and Eucharist. By baptism, they are received into the royal priesthood of believers; by confirmation, they receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, and share in the outpouring of grace that came upon the apostles at Pentecost. They then receive the Eucharist, sharing for the first time in the body and blood of Christ, the heavenly food that strengthens us to carry out Christ's work in our own time and place. For our Elect, the sacraments of initiation are not the end, but the beginning of new lives of faith and service. ♦

Learn more about the RCIA program at St. James by watching Come to the Water, the documentary on St. James' own RCIA program, sponsored by the US Catholic Bishops and originally aired Easter 2005. The program will be aired nationally on NBC-TV this Easter Sunday. Keep an eye on the bulletin for details.

Rebuilding Biloxi

More than a year after Hurricane Katrina, the recovery effort has a long way to go

Every year, people in the gulf states brace themselves for hurricane season. But no one was prepared for Hurricane Katrina in the last days of August, 2005. The violence of the storm not only broke through the levies of New Orleans, but wreaked havoc across the gulf. Hundreds were killed, and tens of thousands of homes and businesses were destroyed. An entire way of life was swept away, and literally hundreds of thousands suddenly found themselves refugees in their own country.

In the immediate aftermath of Katrina, there was a tremendous outpouring of concern for those who had been displaced by the storm, and our nation became painfully aware of how ill-prepared we were to deal with a disaster of these proportions. But as the months went by, Katrina faded from the headlines. And yet, in the Gulf states, the storm is far from over. In fact, the process of recovery has only just begun.

Biloxi, Mississippi is a case in point. In the coastal counties of Mississippi, more than 65,000 homes were destroyed, 38% of all the homes in the region. Another 38,000 homes suffered major damage. The Catholic Church in Biloxi lost ten churches and six schools. And rebuilding has been slow. Even now, some people do not yet have their FEMA trailers, but live in tents where their houses used to be. The time it will take until the region fully recovers from the storm is measured not in months, but in years.

The Diocese of Biloxi has responded to the need by forming an Office of Long-Term Recovery. A CYO Center was transformed into a hostel for volunteers from across the country. In what is lovingly called "The Dedeaux Hilton" (the name is pronounced "dee-doe") the diocese provides meals, shelter, and laundry to people of all ages and backgrounds who come for a week-long stay and help to rebuild.



Some members of St. James Cathedral's first Biloxi team. The whole team included: Stephen Gannon, Jess and Elizabeth Hernandez, Judy Walker, Kelley Craine, Cindy Eckholt, Mike Bastrom, Pam Shay and David Ireland.

In October, 2006, a group of St. James Cathedral parishioners answered the call and spent a week in Biloxi.

"Going to Biloxi was not something I had planned," Elizabeth Hernandez remembers. "What I had planned and saved for was going to Ireland. For over a year I had talked of nothing but my 'farewell' trip to my beloved homeland. It's a mystery the way things work out, yet they seem to work out so perfectly. Following Jesus is hard work. There is little self-satisfaction in Biloxi, but there is great personal sacrifice, and that makes it worthwhile."

Judy Walker says: "The presentations put on by St. James absolutely moved me to the core of my being. I left there like everybody else saying to

myself, *I must do something*. It became a passion. That's all I can say. I couldn't *not* come.

"Without a doubt I would do it again. I know what to expect now, and I'm sharing my knowledge; I had many, many people asking me about this trip. I'm hoping we can generate more interest, not just from St. James, but from all over the city of Seattle. I would love to see more people come down here.

"I have not seen a person in this state that has not stopped me and said to me, thank you, thank you, thank you. If it were not for the volunteers, we would not be where we are.

"This truly has been one of the most humbling experiences of my life." ♦

Maria Laughlin is the Director of Stewardship and Development at St. James Cathedral. A new delegation of St. James parishioners will head to Biloxi in April, 2007. If you would like more information about joining a future trip to Biloxi to help in the effort to rebuild, call Pat Whitney, 206-654-4640 or e-mail pwhitney@stjames-cathedral.org. You can read more about the recovery effort at www.mshurricanehelp.org.

The Pew Next to You

Meet the Ipsen family

The newest and youngest altar servers at the 10 o'clock Sunday Mass give parishioners cause to see not just double, but triple!

But Isaac, Andrew and Jack are not triplets. Isaac and Andrew are the nine and a half year old twins, and Jack is their eight and a half year old younger brother. They are the sons of Teresa and Ted Ipsen of Auburn.

The family is well documented in the archives of St. James. Teresa was first to make the record books. She came to St. James after she moved here from Phoenix. Since she had not been confirmed, she joined the adult confirmation class and was confirmed by Archbishop Thomas J. Murphy in 1990.

Teresa was working at the Seattle Police Department as a dispatcher, and that is where she met Ted, a police detective on the force. Within a few years they were planning their wedding at St. James. Ted had been baptized a Catholic in Vietnam but had not received any other sacraments. So First Communion, Confirmation and Matrimony followed in proper order at St. James. Teresa and Ted were married in October, 1992 by Father Joseph Tyson.

When Isaac and Andrew were born on August 14, 1997 and Jack on July 21, 1998, the Ipsens' lifestyle changed dramatically. Andrew and Isaac were baptized on November 23, 1997 and Jack on November 22, 1998, all by Father Ryan. Andrew and Isaac received First Eucharist here on May 1, 2005 and Jack the following May.

Lead usher Patrick Martin had been Ted's sponsor and would frequently ask him to fill in as an usher. When the time was right, Ted became an "official" usher at the Sunday 10 o'clock Mass.

Teresa, meanwhile, had begun volunteering with the RCIA program. Jack, Andrew, and Isaac first



The Ipsen Family: Teresa and Ted with Andrew, Jack, and Isaac.

began volunteering to help out by helping their mom place the reserved seating signs on the chairs in the East Nave. Ted soon had his sons and Teresa bringing up the gifts at the offertory. And once all the boys had made their First Eucharist, they signed on as servers.

Andrew and Isaac are in the third grade and Jack is in the second at Holy Family School in Auburn. Teresa is the room

mom, the field-trip

mom and helps out wherever needed at the school. The boys are in the school's Cub Scout den and sing in the school choir. They also serve at the Sunday evening Mass at Holy Family. They all take piano lessons with Isaac taking the lead.

Teresa says the musical talent comes from Ted. In grade school and high school, he played the violin with the Seattle Youth Symphony when fellow parishioner, Vilem Sokol, was the director. Teresa, Andrew, Isaac and Jack used to sit in the pew ahead of the Maestro and he thoroughly loved knowing another generation of his musical family.

Each summer the family goes to Arizona for several weeks. They stay in Phoenix with Teresa's mother and in Tucson with her sisters. There are lots of cousins, including one family that has 10 children (8 girls!) so Jack, Isaac and Andrew do not lack for input from cousins of the female persuasion.

This will be the first Lent for them as servers and early on they were still deciding on what to give up—video games or candy, or maybe both. For all that they do, Jack, Andrew and Isaac still have time for Star Wars battles with light sabers and goofing around playing pirates. So long as they are together, it's fine. ♦

Joan McDonell is a Marriage Tribunal Advocate at St. James Cathedral and a regular volunteer in the parish office.

Cathedral Almanac

November

12. Sacrificial Giving/Time and Talent Festival. Today was our annual Sacrificial Giving Sunday, when parishioners are invited to consider what portion of their financial resources they will pledge to the parish in the coming year. Parishioners Alma and Jim Kern gave the witness talk this year, reminding us: "When we pledge we are demonstrating our faith in the Lord, and we are thanking Him for all the wonders of this life, for the blessings he has bestowed on us." After the morning Masses, parishioners explored the many opportunities to serve at St. James Cathedral.

23. Thanksgiving Day. Each year we gather as a parish family on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, to offer thanks and praise.

25. Christ the King. This year on the Solemnity of Christ the King we marked the end of our Year of Prayer and Renewal.

December

2. Madre de las Americas. Hispanic Catholics from throughout the Archdiocese gathered for a procession, drama, and Mass celebrating the gift of Our Lady of Guadalupe to the people of the Americas. Archbishop Brunett presided at the Mass.

3. Resident Ensemble Opus 7—with the Cathedral's own youth choirs—presented Benjamin Britten's enchanting cantata **St. Nicolas**. "God be glorified!"

9. Simbang Gabi. This Saturday we celebrated with Archbishop Brunett a special Mass which gathers Filipino Catholics from around the region for the blessing of the *parols*.

15. Today, **Archbishop Brunett** offered a Mass at Noon in celebration of the tenth anniversary of his installation as Archbishop of Seattle.

17. Father Ryan marked the 40th anniversary of his priestly ordination. In the evening, the Cathedral's youth choirs, readers, and servers presented **Advent Readings and Carols**.

24-25. Christmas. This year the Midnight Mass of Christmas marked the solemn beginning of our Cathedral's Centennial year. Archbishop Brunett noted: "During the coming year, 2007, we will



Saturday, January 27: Children gather around the font with Father Ryan as they prepare to celebrate the Sacrament of Reconciliation for the first time.

celebrate the Centennial of this great Cathedral. For a century St. James Cathedral has stood atop First Hill, inviting people to encounter God in prayer, challenging them to works of charity and justice. As we give thanks for this 'house of God, this gate of heaven,' let us rejoice in the God who still comes to dwell among his people: not only in buildings of stone, but, even more importantly, in human hearts."

31. New Year's Eve. The Cathedral Cantorei marked the conclusion of the Mozart Year and the beginning of the Cathedral's Centennial year, with a wonderful concert.

January

1. World Day of Peace. Father Ryan said: "At the beginning of a new year, even though we know how dismally we failed in achieving even a modest measure of peace in the past year, we allow ourselves to believe that this year could be different... I know all of this might sound hopelessly naïve, but it is the Christian gospel and it needs to influence our thinking even if it remains far from the *realpolitik* that informs the thinking of those who govern nations."

21. We celebrated the **Santo Niño—Holy Child**, with a Mass at Noon, followed by a magnificent fiesta in Cathedral Hall.

24. As part of our Centennial celebration, St. James Cathedral hosted the Church Council of Greater Seattle's annual **Prayer for Christian Unity**. Bishop Vinton R. Anderson, Bishop (Retired) of the AME Church and past President of the World Council of Churches, preached at the service.

February

11. Health Fair. St. James Health and Healing put on their second annual Spring Into Health Fair in Cathedral Hall.

16-17. Great Music for Great Cathedrals was more spectacular than ever before. See photo essay on pages 8-9 in this journal.

21. Ash Wednesday marked the solemn beginning of the season of Lent. ♦

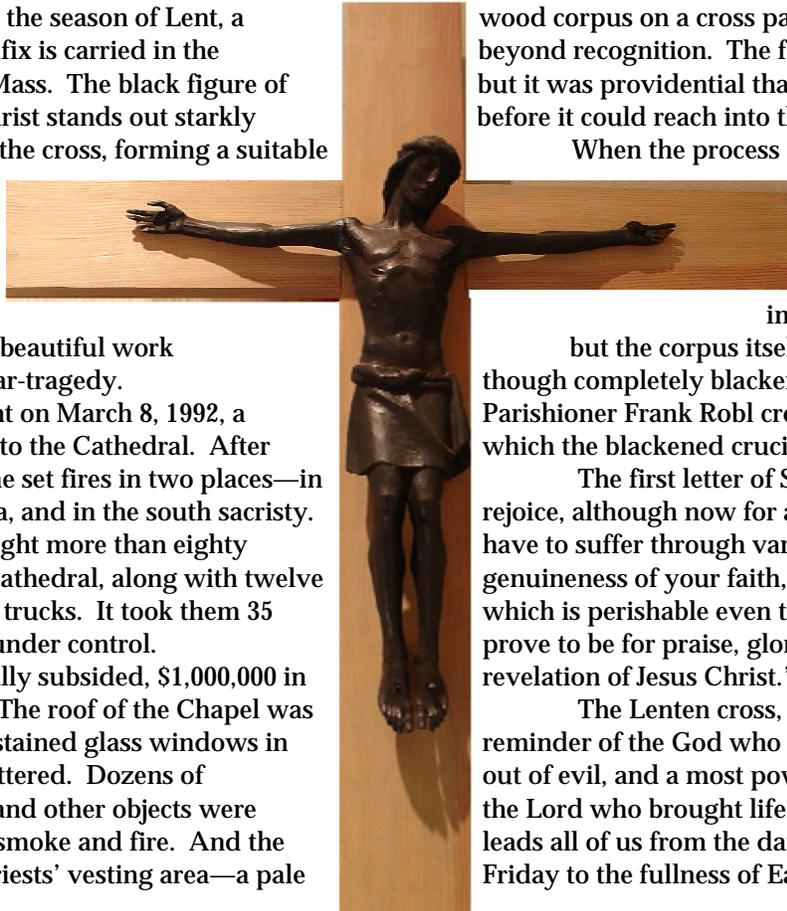
—M.L.

Image of the Divine

Each year during the season of Lent, a distinctive crucifix is carried in the processions at Mass. The black figure of the crucified Christ stands out starkly against the pale wood of the cross, forming a suitable meditation for this season of prayer and fasting. But there is more to the “Lenten cross,” as it is called, than meets the eye. This beautiful work of art is the result of a near-tragedy.

Shortly after midnight on March 8, 1992, a mentally ill man broke into the Cathedral. After rifling the votive boxes, he set fires in two places—in the basement vesting area, and in the south sacristy. The three-alarm fire brought more than eighty firefighters to St. James Cathedral, along with twelve fire trucks and six ladder trucks. It took them 35 minutes to get the blaze under control.

When the flames finally subsided, \$1,000,000 in damage had been done. The roof of the Chapel was partially destroyed, and stained glass windows in the sacristy had been shattered. Dozens of vestments, candlesticks, and other objects were irreparably damaged by smoke and fire. And the crucifix hanging in the priests’ vesting area—a pale



wood corpus on a cross painted red—was blackened beyond recognition. The fire had taken a severe toll, but it was providential that it had been contained before it could reach into the Cathedral itself.

When the process of cleaning up began, the crucifix that had been destroyed was taken down from where it still hung. The cross immediately fell to pieces, but the corpus itself proved to be intact, though completely blackened by the blaze.

Parishioner Frank Robl created a new cross, to which the blackened crucifix was mounted.

The first letter of St. Peter reminds us: “You rejoice, although now for a little while you may have to suffer through various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith, more precious than gold which is perishable even though tested by fire, may prove to be for praise, glory, and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ.”

The Lenten cross, “tested by fire,” is a reminder of the God who never fails to bring good out of evil, and a most powerful representation of the Lord who brought life out of death, and who leads all of us from the darkness and pain of Good Friday to the fullness of Easter joy. ♦

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