A close-up photograph of a white marble sculpture depicting the Virgin Mary and the Christ Child. Mary is shown in profile, looking down at the Christ Child who is resting his head against her. Both figures have their eyes closed, suggesting a state of peaceful sleep or death. Mary's head is adorned with a crown of white roses. The background is a soft-focus green, likely foliage.

In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

Joy and Hope in Christ
May 2012

In Your Midst

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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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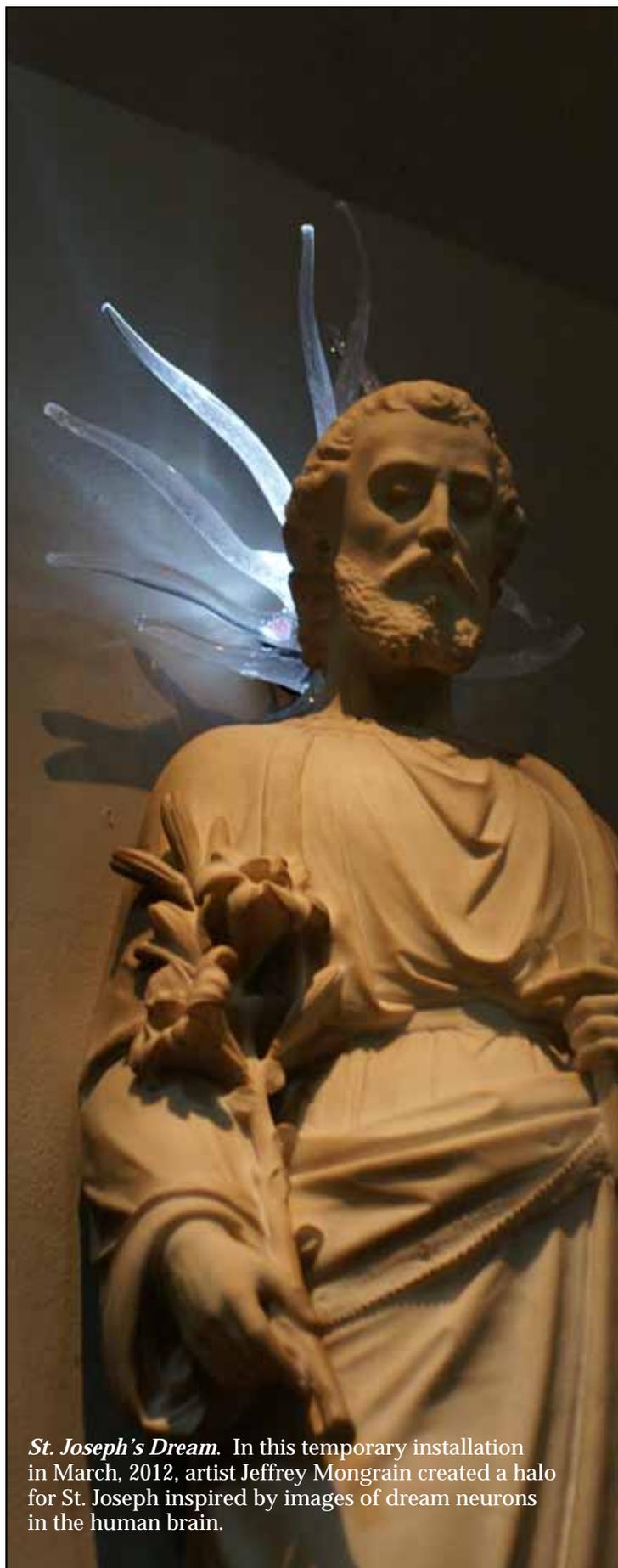
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St. Joseph's Dream. In this temporary installation
in March, 2012, artist Jeffrey Mongrain created a halo
for St. Joseph inspired by images of dream neurons
in the human brain.

Joy and Hope in Christ

In honor of the 50th anniversary of the opening of the Second Vatican Council and of Seattle's World's Fair, parishioners meditate on what gives them joy and hope

Here in Seattle, this year marks the 50th anniversary of an event that looked to the future: the Seattle World's Fair, "Century 21." In the Church, we mark the 50th anniversary of another event that looked to the future in a much more profound way: the opening of the Second Vatican Council. The great vision of John XXIII is as relevant today as it was 50 years ago. In his address at the opening of the Council on October 11, 1962, he said: "Sometimes, much to our regret, we have to listen to people... who can see nothing but calamities and ruin in these modern times. We feel that we must disagree with these prophets of gloom who are always forecasting disaster, as if the end of the world were imminent." We invited Cathedral parishioners to share what gives them "joy and hope" for the future. As you will find, they are not "prophets of gloom" but rather, prophets of joy and hope. They remind us of how much we have to be grateful for in this parish community.

Father Michael G. Ryan

I was born and raised in a small, mostly Italian-American community in the Blackstone Valley, 32 miles southwest of Boston. I took the Church for granted as a normal and acceptable part of American life, until I went away to college in 1959. There I found that some professors, but especially my fellow students, considered that persisting in being a Roman Catholic branded me as an irrational, superstitious and gullible relic of the Middle Ages. My response to those accusations was to emulate my then-TV-hero Bishop Fulton J. Sheen and go on the defensive, spending my time re-hashing arguments from Catholic apologetic tracts. So, understandably enough I suppose, I ended up in the seminary, by God's grace just as preparations were being finalized for the opening of the Second Vatican Council.

Those were confusing and hope-filled days. I and my fellow seminarians struggled with unfamiliar ideas about the evolving reality of the Church that John XXIII had renewed. Our contact with the outside world, as it was called, was limited during my



Novitiate year – no newspapers, radio, television only for a hour after dinner and no magazines except Catholic publications, *Time*, *Newsweek*, and, miraculously, *The New Yorker*. Above all others, we prized Xavier Rynne's articles in *The New Yorker*, with his insider's view of the development and conduct of the Council. We all finagled to be among the first to read his articles and report on them to each other during our Community Recreation time.

By the time I left the seminary in 1963, my life and life in my Church had changed irrevocably. I was no longer fearful of the world's sullyng my faith and no

longer looked only to people like me for support. Vatican II gave me my neighborhood, my country, my culture, and the world as the arena in which I could live my life and work out my salvation.

We all have our own perspective on the most meaningful gift the Council gave to us. For me it is this: the Council made me realize that the

people of God are the Church. What power I have found in that simple phrase. We are not only a flock or a congregation. We do not simply follow and get taken care of. We are God's people as were the Israelites of old and what we do in our lives is the working out of God's love in time and space, here and now. The priests, nuns, bishops, the Pope, me, you, all of us are in this together. This is our church—the Church is us.

This Vatican II church is where I was married, raised my children, encountered my neighbors and where I grow old. I believe sincerely that I would not still be a Catholic if it were not for Vatican II. And so with the spirit of Vatican II, with its wisdom, courage, openness and grace-full forgiveness, may we help our Church to flourish!

Dan DeMatteis

I have been at St. James Cathedral for as long as I can remember. I was baptized at St. James and this year I will be getting confirmed at St. James. Also, I am an altar server at the ten o'clock Mass. To say St. James is my parish is an understatement. St. James is more than a parish but part of my extended family.

This year we are celebrating 50 years since Vatican II. We are also celebrating 50 years since the World's Fair was hosted in Seattle. Vatican II and the World's Fair both brought joy and hope into the lives of those impacted by these events. This joy and hope still lives in all of us today.

The World's Fair was all about looking to the future. No longer was the sky the limit, space was the new frontier. The monument that can be seen from almost everywhere in Seattle; constantly reminding us



of our history is the Space Needle. I have never been to the top of the Space Needle, but I do not need to in order to see the beauty of our city. Seattle hosting the World's Fair was just the awakening; this great gathering of people helped us come alive. As Seattle began to change, the Church began to change also. The congregation would now profess their faith in their native tongue, enhancing their understanding of the liturgy. The clergy would now face the congregation, praying with them and including them in the worship. Going to Mass every Sunday is like the World's Fair, it is our gathering of people. When you walk into the church you can feel the unity. When we sing together the joy surrounds you. When we pray together, you can hear the prayers and hopes for a better future. These communal acts strengthen my belief that the Holy Spirit is truly among us, helping us spread joy and hope to the world.

On May 12, I will be confirming that in my future the Church will always have a place. I am so excited I almost feel at the Laying on of the Hands there will be an electric shock. As I embark on the next stage of my life, I am hopeful that the Church's teachings will lead me to my final destination. For the past seventeen years of my life I have had my family and my St. James family there to help guide me on the right path. Next year I will be a senior at my high school, Bishop Blanchet, and I will need to decide on college. My two older sisters have gone to college already, and I wonder how they have survived without visiting St. James. I realized, the community at St. James has meant so much to me, I will never actually leave. My spirit will always be with this congregation, and I am positive St.

James feelings of comfort, joy, hope, and love will travel with me where ever I go.

Mairead Corrigan

Our lives—to put it very simply—are a pursuit of some kind of happiness. When today isn't happy, we keep going because we believe that tomorrow will be happier. "Joy and hope" is a nice encapsulation of the whole premise, isn't it?

The challenge with Joy seems to be to finding the right kind to pursue. There are, after all, personal joys that soon become meaningless. There are joys that hurt other people. As for Hope – one wants it to satisfy the heart and mind at once. A Hope that the heart just knows is right while the mind concurs.

Over the years I've come to see Faith, Tradition and Community as my support system in this balancing act. Faith in the message of Christ – it's something completely human and completely Divine at once. The Tradition of the Church that has survived the ages—expressed in its liturgy, its music and its fascinating history, sometimes its very physical presence. Faith and tradition can't exist in a vacuum though. Not for me anyway. The community of my friends and family within and around the Church ties it all together. People that I love, respect and identify with. It's their choice of Joys and their means of preserving Hope that makes it all real to me as much as anything else.

Reflecting on Hope at the 50th anniversary of two monumental events celebrating hope is indeed a privilege. The 1962 Seattle World's Fair expressed the hope of this City—and the Second Vatican Council was an affirmation of Hope in our Faith and Tradition. Of course, someone did say that if you could remember the 1960s you weren't there. So we can take it on Faith that 1962 was quite a year—regardless of whether or not we were there. How true.

Jijo Jose

As a little girl I loved being in church. I memorized my favorite prayers, collected holy cards and said the rosary. I started Catholic school in third grade. But by 14 or 15 I was seriously questioning my faith, and more than that questioning the church's rules and dogma. As soon as I left home I stopped going to church. It seemed the best way to stop feeling like life wasn't worth living was to get away from a religion that kept telling me what a bad person I was.

Fast forward 30 years and I was going to Mass with my parents whenever I visited. It was a way to feel connected to them after a long time of feeling

disconnected. Vatican II had happened in the meantime. I didn't know when to stand or kneel or what to say, but I watched and followed along. Sometimes I went to communion, mostly I didn't. I didn't feel like I belonged or fit in but that wasn't why I was there anyway. I already knew I didn't want to be a Catholic.

I didn't want to be a Catholic, but I did miss the peace I felt as a child when I still loved the church and felt God loved me. Cal Anderson's funeral was the first time I thought there might be room for me, a lesbian and feminist, in the Church. I started going to Mass at St James on days I needed comfort and consolation but was still on the outside looking in. I stopped going to communion because I felt like an imposter. I wanted to belong but didn't know how. Then I found a Welcome Back card in a pew.

TerryAnn and the Welcome back team were patient as I came up with every reason I could for why I wouldn't be accepted as a returning Catholic. When I exhausted my reasons and made my first confession in 40 years I knew I'd been welcomed home. I've never felt so loved and accepted. I didn't think I came back for community, but I've found (and herein lies my joy and hope) a spiritual family I never imagined. My partner of 20 years and I have been completely welcomed and taken in as members of St. James, both as individuals and as a couple. Telling the story of our welcome into St. James has brought joy and hope about the Church to friends and family who've had nothing good to say about the Catholic Church for years. I never thought I'd be spreading the good news.

Chris Galloway

A couple of years ago when my partner told me she was thinking about returning to the church, I was happy for her. Though she hadn't been a practicing Catholic for decades, Chris had never lost her sense of the sacred. On our first trip to Italy, where I used to live, I saw something happen to her when she walked into a church or sat before paintings of Mary or the Passion; the church was important to her. The church was important to me too, but for different reasons. I'd been raised a sort of generic Protestant, but as a fan of European art and literature, I had a rich, if eccentric, relationship with Catholic culture. However, given how rigid and exclusive the church appeared to me, and how oppressive of women and gay people, I could never imagine joining. So, supportive as I wanted to be of my partner, I was also a little worried that her return to Catholicism would require a return to dogma that condemned our relationship.

When she registered at St James, however, the welcome letter the parish sent was addressed, I was surprised and pleased to see, to both of us as a couple. I was similarly surprised and pleased to experience how warm people at church were to us both as individuals and as a couple. The more time I spent at St. James, the more convinced I became of its true inclusiveness. This church did not merely talk about love and compassion, it actually practiced it. This church was a place where I was welcome to worship alongside people of different ages and incomes and colors, languages and life patterns and family configurations, as we gathered at the table to try to see and love and serve one another better. This church was a church I could think about joining; about a year ago I started RCIA.

Sixty years ago who could have imagined that the Mass would be said in our own language? Or that laypeople would participate in it so fully? But Vatican II opened wider the church's doors and brought in fresh air and light and spirit. Thirty years ago who could have imagined our Vatican-II-inspired church would try to open its doors even wider still by welcoming gays and lesbians? When I see the efforts toward this real agape I feel hope.

Rebecca Brown

As Blessed Pope John XXIII convened the Second Vatican Council "to open the windows ... and let in some fresh air" our church was called to be a sign of joy and hope in the world. This joy and hope was surely rooted in the goodness of God, but also in the radical goodness of humanity.

What gives me joy and hope for the future is seeing us love and serve one another as Jesus taught us. For me, many examples are found right here at St. James Cathedral, our family's parish home since the late summer of 2011.

When my husband and I drop our three kids off for faith formation or choir rehearsal, I see the smiling faces of the staff and volunteers that work so hard, yet effortlessly, with our parish's children and I am filled with joy and hope for the future. Hearing how much our children love their faith formation classes at St. James and watching their learning flow into our daily lives has been a blessing. As the children participate in the ministry of music, they find joy in songful prayer and service.

Throughout the vibrant community of St. James there are many ministries that reach out to our brothers and sisters who need to know they are loved: the homeless, the sick, the marginalized, the lonely, the oppressed. I see this outreach done in the spirit of

joyful hope and selfless giving. I appreciate that this is a servant church and I look forward to getting more involved myself.

When I listen to Fr. Ryan's relevant and insightful homilies, I am drawn closer to God's unconditional love for each and every one of us, and I am filled with joy and hope. There are no hardened hearts here, only open arms. There is no doubt in my mind that this parish community welcomes, accepts, and celebrates the differences we all bring here. How refreshing this love and unity is in a world that can often be divided.

Just as the Second Vatican Council took the world to its heart in a spirit of love and compassion for all, I see that life-giving spirit working at St. James and it truly engages me with great joy and tremendous hope for the future!

Tami Kowal

When I was a little boy in 1962, my father was one of the contractors at the World's Fair in Seattle. Weeks before the Fair's official opening, dad took me up to Space Needle's observation deck. Plywood served as the flooring and electrical wires hung from the unfinished ceiling. I was six years old. Seattle, like me, was fresh and new, full of possibilities as an army of workers transformed it to welcome the millions of visitors that would soon flood the city.

Fifty years later, Seattle is older and wiser, but it still has that feeling that change is in the air. We are once again rebuilding: light rail stations are popping up all over Seattle, the Viaduct will soon disappear, and South Lake Union hums with activity. The city is becoming a place for people, not cars, as we return to urban friendly living. Our citizens are more accepting and respectful of diversity in all its forms, and realize that we must do what we can to help the less fortunate in our society.

What gives me joy and hope for the future is that St. James is in the vanguard of our city's vitality. Through outreach programs to the poor and disadvantaged, St. James staff and volunteers try to live the Gospels of Christ everyday in our community. From the pulpit, Father Ryan and Father Brant remind us, Sunday after Sunday, to evaluate our actions in light of God's teaching, and that we honor God by serving others. I am grateful that Saint James is here to give each generation a chance to discover the power of the Gospels and be guided by them.

My dear old father who helped rebuild the city for the fair is gone, but the fair's message of hope for a better tomorrow remains alive and well in Seattle. In five months, I will become a grandfather for the first time. I plan to take my grandchild to the top of the

Needle, and look out at a great city that is becoming better, and dream about what the next fifty years will bring.

Charles Kastner

I was a little girl in West Seattle when the Space Needle was being built – I remember thinking it was the most futuristic and exciting building I had ever seen and wow, it would be even taller than the Smith Tower! I was confirmed during Vatican II and didn't really understand its impact on the way liturgy was conducted. I noticed there was more English and less Latin and didn't think too much about what was going on so far away in Rome.

It doesn't seem like 50 years have passed since the World's Fair and Vatican II. I'm still fascinated by architecture of all kinds, old and new, and have been lucky enough to visit Rome several times where the important events of the Council took place. My own future it turns out, after those early years in West Seattle, included living in different states, college, marriage, grad school, two children, owning a business, starting a new career, a marriage ending, and finding myself back home in Seattle where now the Columbia Tower is even taller than my beloved Space Needle!

So what gives me joy and hope for my future today? I would have to say it is very close to what the Council was all about: it is the joy and hope I find in Christ. This joy is manifested in the community of faith I've found among my sister musicians in the Women of St. James Schola and my fellow choristers in the Cathedral Choir. I see the face of Christ in all these wonderful people who love me, and who prayed so steadily for me during my recent illness and recovery. I experience the hope in Christ in my grown son Tipton, and daughter Kate, who are working hard at creating their own bright futures every day.

With good friends and family, a job that is engaging, and a future filled with the promise of more travel and new adventures, I want to be a reflection of



the joy and hope of Christ for others. Can the future get any better than that?

Michelle Power

Fifty years ago, I was a junior in high school living in Whiting, Indiana and dreaming about a World's Fair in far off Seattle. Monorail and Space Needle were mystical creations I longed to see. At the same time this Catholic boy was struggling to lay aside *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam* and pray the Mass in English. Pope John XXIII breathed new life into a listless Church. Sixteen years later I finally rode the Monorail and saw the glorious view from the Space Needle. It was another 21 years before I moved to Seattle.

I joined the parish community at St. James in the summer of 2005 and became a member of the Cathedral Choir shortly thereafter. I was married for 33 years and lost my wife, Linda to cancer seven years ago. I have two grown daughters who are seeking their place in the world. I am also involved in the Cathedral's AIDS Care Team Ministry. Our team of four to six volunteers works with one or two people who are living with HIV/AIDS, helping them with day to day needs, running errands, and ministry of presence.

What gives me hope and joy for the future? After singing and praying with you through Lent and Holy Week, and arriving triumphantly at Easter Sunday, there is much to be excited about. Every Sunday the Cathedral Choir has the privilege of sitting in the East Apse, observing as we pray, young parents with their

beautiful children: babies, toddlers, grade schoolers and older, all learning the meaning of the Holy Mass. As these children mature into young adults, I am thrilled to see a new generation of enthusiastic Catholics finding their place in this great parish family.

The second Sunday of Easter particularly stirred my soul. Our prayer was, I won't say accompanied by, but rather, elevated to its highest level by our glorious youth choirs. They are marvelous musicians and give me

great hope that our excellent musical programs will live on into future generations.

I have great joy and hope living in a community such as this that gives love and support to people who are shunned by many. St. James is a community of love and service. This Church is more lively than Good Pope John could have ever imagined. Thanks be to God!

Chuck Reichert



in our Christian lives, most of us have a tendency to look for the comfort and healing that Christ offers without listening to the rest of his words to the woman taken in adultery: "go and sin no more."

Looking up, I saw the basilica that had been built above the grotto where Mary appeared to St. Bernadette. Above the door I noticed a beautiful mosaic of a palm tree. A passage from Jeremiah 17—words on which Lauris and I had founded our marriage—filled my mind: "Blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord, whose hope is in the Lord. He is like a tree planted beside the waters that stretches out its root to the stream: it fears not the heat when it comes, its leaves stay green; in the year of drought it shows no distress but still bears fruit."

Now suddenly the sister's words made sense. When we choose to do acts of love, not as a calculating gesture looking for a return but out of sacrificial obedience to Christ, we are planting seeds. The palm tree, growing in the desert, takes thirty years to produce its fruit. The sisters struggled hard in the deserts of life to draw from the healing waters of God. Through years of sacrifice, joy is one of the fruits they harvested. We could see it radiating in the faces of the nuns, and we could see the same joy radiating off our children's faces—the fruits of our marriage, founded in Christ.

As we look to the future with hope, let's gird ourselves fearlessly with a new determination to follow Christ's commands no matter the personal cost. The result will be not dry religion... but joy.

John Joosten

“Why are you smiling?” we asked. My wife, five children, and I were on pilgrimage to Lourdes and we were walking along the River Gave one bright day in June when we encountered some religious sisters. This was one happy group of nuns! The sun reflected brightly off the surface of the cold clear mountain water but it couldn't compare to the joy that radiated from their faces.

The response of one of the sisters has stayed with me. “We smile all day long as we serve the dying in our hospices throughout Europe and India. Even though we often may not feel like smiling inwardly, we offer it up as a sacrifice, obeying God's call to love in action at all times. The power of the Holy Spirit takes it from there and through hope, bears fruits of joy.”

Back then, as fresh converts to the Catholic faith, this was a new concept to my wife and me. Could there really be a connection between sacrifice, obedience, hope, and joy? That's not the way we were used to seeing things. Like most people, I imagine, we equated ease and doing what we pleased with happiness. Even

A recent homily of Father Brant really resonated with me. Perhaps it was because I had been pondering the question “what gives you joy and hope for the future?” for a few weeks. It seemed as if he and I had both come up with the same answer to that question: the turning of each new day truly is a blessing—one for which we should really express our gratitude and not take for granted. I gain joy each morning when I wake up and discover that what is most important to me is still here on this planet.

Now, I realize that may sound a bit ‘Pollyanna.’ Please allow me to elaborate. My husband Rob and I are new parents. Our son is almost 9 months old. Observing his development in the past 9 months, and the preceding 9 months, has truly changed us. He is a small, but growing by the minute, miracle! One of the parenting books I am currently reading referenced scientist Lewis Thomas, who pondered how a single cell (during the embryonic stage) ultimately forms the human brain. He said “The mere existence of such a cell should be one of the great astonishments of the earth. People ought to be walking around all day, all through their waking hours, calling to each other in endless wonderment, talking of nothing except that cell.” His comments made me chuckle, but reinforced my belief in the miraculous nature of life.

I go to bed every night with a simple prayer in my heart—asking for another day with my son. When I wake up in the morning to the sound of his crying, I realize that my prayer has been answered. Admittedly, there are those mornings in which I hear his cry and think “aw...please just five... more... minutes of sleep.” But, in large part, I am grateful for every new day and each additional adventure that comes along with the early days of parenting.

In a strange way, the occurrence of unfortunate and tragic events also turns my heart to gratitude. Life is sacred. Sometimes reading the news, or hearing about the untimely death of a loved one, breaks my heart - but also reminds me that every moment on this planet is precious. My evening and morning prayer is my small way of recognizing the fleeting, sacred nature of our lives.

Angela Arralde

I was not born Catholic, but *catholic*. Well, I was born into a Catholic family, promptly baptized and continuously dragged to Mass on Sundays; I religiously donned plaid jumpers, white polo shirts, and knee-highs in Catholic school, but I had to *grow into* that capital-C Catholic. I vaguely recall *becoming* Catholic in sixth grade. I do not remember the details, but from then on it was no longer my parents’

choice that I attend Mass and “love thy neighbor” (aka my sister), or “honor thy father and mother.” I *wanted* to be Catholic, to memorize the hymns and prayers, absorb the tradition, and be “good” at it, too. I felt lucky to be surrounded by those who were eager to nurture my budding gift of faith.

I chose to attend Gonzaga University. I went in pretty sheltered and came out calling myself a “thinking Catholic,” courtesy of the Jesuits. I was *active* in my faith now, because four years of philosophy and religion taught me that faith without works is dead and social justice and the poor are worth fighting for.

I am still young; living through only my second Pope. I am more familiar with Fr. Ryan’s face than the back of his head, and I know very little Latin. Still, I remain in awe. Despite attending Mass weekly, I always walk in feeling as if I have been gone for ages and an hour is never quite enough to satisfy my yearning. I believe incense, sacred organ music and candlelight enhance the experience. I love the majestic processions whether it is “ordinary” time or Easter. I love how different phrases poke my spirit every time I attend Mass... Even though I’ve been catholic for nearly three decades, on four continents and in well over a dozen countries, hearing the same phrases over and over, it doesn’t get old. The Catholic Church is a *living* institution, yet strong as a rock. Debate is okay. She will survive.

What gives me hope for the future is that I still have to fight for parking on Sundays, confession makes my heart beat fast with joy, baptisms bring me to tears, feast days are standing room only, sacraments are relevant, RCIA is popular, and the lines of outstretched hands to receive Christ are ever lengthening. Personally, I have a chance to raise a faithful family and build a domestic church! *Hope* may have been a recent political buzzword, but I have it and I am *hoping* it is contagious.

Caitlin Ross

Reflecting on the theme of joy and hope I find my primary source for these is unquestionably the love God has for his people. Knowing that God walks with us through life and that he sent his Son with a message of hope makes it nearly impossible not to experience joy. That is not to say that we don’t suffer with serious issues from time to time throughout our lives. I, like many people, have experienced periods of great doubt that God is present, but when I eventually overcame my doubts, I was then able to experience great joy.

Though it can feel like today’s issues are insurmountable, when I reflect back through my 50 years, I am reminded how much we have overcome

and grown. Somehow through all the injustice, fears, and never-ending problems, we keep moving forward and I believe our perseverance is a result of the innate belief in God. As cruel as the world can seem at times, with each new generation hope for a better future is born.

God gives us so many great and wonderful gifts. To me, one of the most important is the ability to experience emotions like hope and joy. Joy for me comes from knowing that God is always with us despite the problems I or the world may be facing. I only need to look at the miracle of life that unfolds every spring to know that God is present.

My hopes for the future are quite vast but my greatest hope is that eventually, people will figure out a way to justly distribute the abundance that God gave us and that we eliminate the disease of poverty throughout the world. I hope that I, along with all those who call themselves Christians, will get better at following Christ's teachings of love for one another. I hope that our Church continues to be a community of inclusion and a model of social justice. I hope that there will continue to be radicals respectfully challenging the status quo like there were 2,000 years ago.

The complexities of the world can best be managed if each of us starts with the core message of Jesus: that we love one another. From that often forgotten commandment hope and joy can flourish.

Martin Goodness

“**B**e strong and take heart, all you who hope in the Lord.” *Psalms 31*
In November, we joined the Baptism Team at St. James. Being part of this team allows us to meet the newest members to the Catholic Church... children and infants preparing for baptism. While most infants have a lot to say during baptism classes, we can't really understand what they are saying. But we're pretty sure there is hope in the sound of giggles, cries, laughter, and the first attempts to sing. We also love the baptisms themselves: Water, light, white garments, candles, and chrism oil are not just symbols of baptism; they are visual reminders of where we've been and where we can go.

During baptism class we enjoy ample opportunities to discuss with parents their personal and family histories in terms of baptism and our faith. No two families are just alike, and yet there is a common thread among all of them: the hope they experience in their children. And this gives us hope, too, as we see how people of different faiths, backgrounds, and lifestyles work, live and pray together. This eccentric mix of

people from all walks of life is what makes the Puget Sound a progressive, inclusive community of believers, full of hope.

Every time you attend St. James your participation is part of the liturgy. Whether you are an usher, donate flowers, or simply slide further down the pew to make room for another person, you contribute to the beauty and the passion that is our united belief in hope and goodness. We once heard it said, “There are no mistakes in liturgy... only good recoveries.” This carries over into life as well. Our mistakes, in liturgy or in life, allow the opportunity to recover. We are hopeful that small positive daily actions outweigh our mistakes or stumbles of the past.

It is often easier to become discouraged than to be strong in our faith, to share our faith with each other, and find hope in welcoming and serving those already within our midst. In life, little things make a big difference. In Seattle, and at St. James, there are many little things being done to affect great change. And that's exactly what gives us great hope.

Tim & Alana Gately

As I contemplate the question, “What gives me joy and hope for the future?” I think of Jesus' Easter message to his disciples after his resurrection, “Peace be with you!” In Hebrew, “Shalom” means fullness of life and well-being, forgiveness, courage and joy, a new beginning of their life with the Risen Jesus.

Then Jesus breathed his Spirit on them and gave them power to receive and to give God's forgiveness. These were the same apostles who had run away, denied and abandoned him! It is nothing short of amazing (no, *divine*), that Jesus not only forgave them completely but believed in them and entrusted to them the continuation of his work on earth.

The same risen Jesus commissions us today: “As the Father has sent me, so I send you!” We are sent to be his voice, his Body, his servants on earth in our time. He knows that much will be asked of us, as was true of the early disciples: patience and forgiveness for our failings and weaknesses, courage to respond to the needs and cries of his people today; wisdom to struggle with our conflicts and differences, to seek truth through respectful dialogue; and above all, the commandment to love one another as our sisters and brothers in Christ—even as Christ has loved us! A tall order, given our very human weaknesses and fears.

The readings from the Acts of the Apostles this Easter season show us the way. Filled with courage and on fire with the Holy Spirit, the disciples witnessed to Christ with their preaching and their lives. Peter and Paul and the early followers of Jesus had to grapple

with serious controversies in their time and they did. Empowered by the Spirit to listen to each other and to the faith and experience of the community, they asked: "What teachings of Jesus, what examples of his life guide us in the new questions we face?" They did not give in to fear. They looked to the "Great Commandment" of love of God and neighbor as touchstone.



As we face the storms and sufferings of our day, to whom can we look for hope? for joy? for courage? "Jesus is risen," we sing and pray! Jesus feeds us with the Bread of Life. Jesus pours out his Spirit on our newly baptized, and on each of us who cling to his truth and his vision for the Reign of God. Jesus is our joy and our hope... now and forever!

Judy Ryan snjm

Perhaps the first time I attended St. James was one of James Savage's first New Year's Eve concerts of Bach's last cantata of the old year followed by his first for the New Year. My wife had sung with him in the St. Mark's Choir when first we came to Seattle in 1971 and was pleased to join the group for that special evening. New Year's Eve at St. James became a fixed part of our year.

In the nineties Father Ryan, at Dr. Savage's suggestion, asked me to join the Arts Committee for the renovation of the Cathedral, convincing me that an Episcopalian might have something to contribute to a Roman Catholic effort. To my surprise that was true in a small way although what I received was greater than what I could give. When a valued committee member faced a health crisis that made continuing with us impossible we knelt at our folding chairs and had a prayer meeting exactly like one in the Bible Church of my youth. What I had long rejected in search of the dependable comfort of liturgy was suddenly necessary in extemporaneous prayer for one of us in need.

When, more than a decade later, I spoke with Father Ryan about taking the step of becoming a

Catholic, he said, "Bob, you know I could receive you this afternoon here in the office, but I think it would be better for you to know the family you're joining. Go the RCIA route." He was wiser than I knew. In the RCIA sessions I met and came to know and value people from outside my normal context, people I would have categorized simply as 'them,' not as individuals for whom I came to care. It became our journey rather than just mine.

Today when I come to Mass at St. James, a ritual which I know will be celebrated with care and artistry, I know that I'm there as part a very large Family. There are those who, like me, find the music a necessary part of worship and life. There are also the kids, the Mohawked and ear-ringed altar servers, for whom the dignity of ritual and the beauty of Mozart, Bach, Proulx, Herbolzheimer, and Stratman praising God are as normal a part of life as iPods and texting. However unimaginably different from mine their lives are and will be, we share these words and this music in praising God.

The first time I joined the congregation singing "Amazing Grace" I was in tears. I had sung this hymn as a child, as an adolescent fleeing a Fundamentalist tradition, as an Episcopalian for four decades, and now as a Roman Catholic. It was then that I realized that the path upon which I have been led is not a line; it is a circle and it will lead me home.

Robert Dahlstrom

The Church of the Future

The Liturgical Week at the Seattle World's Fair, 1962

This year Seattle marks fifty years since Century 21, the 1962 World's Fair which in so many ways put our city on the map. The Fair was not about the world as it was, but about the world as it might be: it celebrated an imagined future where people dined in the sky at the top of a futuristic "Space Needle," zipped from here to there aboard a "Monorail," and marveled at inventions yet to come (such as a phone with buttons instead of a dial!).

As the city geared up for the Fair, Seattle's forward thinking Archbishop Connolly was determined that the Church would not be left behind. He built a new church for Sacred Heart parish in Seattle, at the prime location of 2nd and John, practically inside the fairgrounds. And he urged the National Liturgical Week, an annual gathering of priests, religious, and laity around issues of liturgy, to hold the 1962 meeting in Seattle. Thus it was that for four days in August, Catholics took over Century 21—and caught a glimpse of the future of liturgy.

The Liturgical Week was one of the fruits of what is called the "Liturgical Movement." The Liturgical Movement was not an organization with members and meetings, but a worldwide resurgence of interest in the liturgy which began at the end of the 19th century, and gathered momentum in the decades that followed. The Liturgical Week was a major event for the Church in the United States, with thousands of participants – not only priests and religious, but laity as well. Seattle's Liturgical Week was one of the largest ever, with nearly 7,000 participants.

Part of the success of Seattle's Liturgical Week was surely owing to Archbishop Connolly and the local priests who helped organize this vast event. There were committees for everything from music to art and architecture to housing and transportation. Archbishop Connolly urged priests and people alike to participate. In a letter read at all parishes of the Archdiocese, he described the Liturgical Week as "a golden opportunity to enrich your knowledge and appreciation of our Catholic faith.... to refresh your mind and spirit with a few days of prayer and study, shared in common with people from all over the country."

In those days before the concelebrated Mass, arrangements for the priests to say their private Masses each morning were among the primary considerations. More than 100 of the priests said their Masses at the various altars of St. James Cathedral, literally standing in line with their chalices, waiting for an altar to open up! Additional altars were set up in Cathedral Hall, and in several hotels. Father Ryan was a young seminarian at St. Thomas Seminary in Kenmore at the time, and recalls being charged with assisting the priests staying at the Mayflower Hotel in downtown Seattle, where a hotel meeting room had been transformed into a chapel with temporary altars placed side by side. "We were thrilled because some of the big names that we only knew from books and magazine articles were there—Godfrey Diekmann, Frederick McManus, Gerard Sloyan. They were heroes to us and we felt very privileged to serve Mass for them, little knowing that within a few years no one of them would think of attending a conference in that way, offering private individual Masses. I'm sure even then they had their hearts and their hopes fixed on the concelebrated Mass, but as for us, we'd never even heard the word 'concelebration.'"

The theme for the 1962 Liturgical Week was "Thy Kingdom Come: Christian Hope in the Modern World." In the greeting he sent to the participants in the Liturgical Week, Pope John XXIII pointed out how well this theme resonated with the goals of the Second Vatican Council: "It is appropriate at this present time, as all Christians look forward to the sacred assembly of the Bishops in the Second Vatican Council." He urged priests and people alike to participate in the Liturgical Week: "May their close participation in the liturgy, which is devotion of mind and heart, be expressed publicly in word, response and sacred song, rising to heaven like the bursting of a thunderous sea."

The historic week opened on August 20, 1962, with the celebration of Mass. But this was a Mass unlike anything those present had experienced before. When they arrived, they were invited to take a host from bowls at the entrances and place it in a ciborium, a sign of their personal involvement in the Eucharistic celebration. During the Mass, these ciboria were brought to the altar in procession by the seminarians—a reminder of the practice of the early Church, when the faithful processed to the altar with their gifts at the

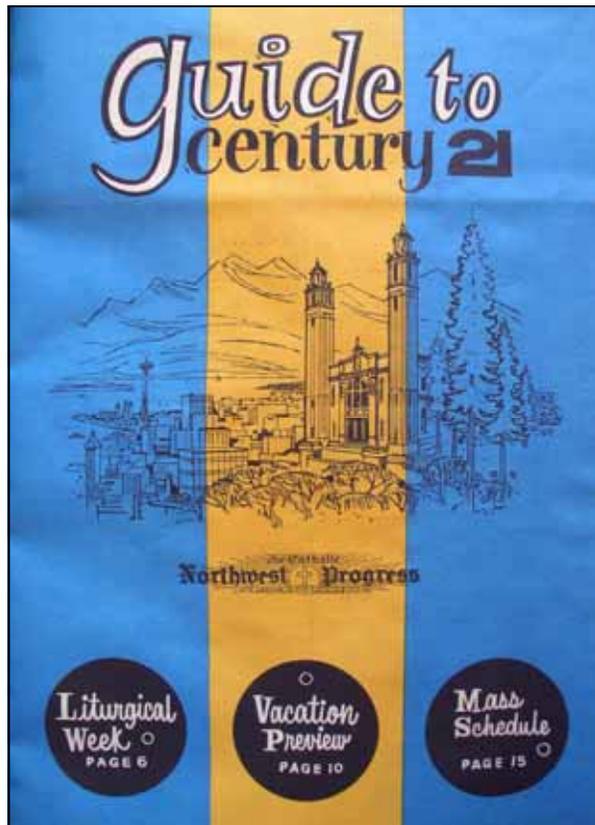
Corinna Laughlin is the Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.

offertory time. Throughout the Mass, the people participated in the singing and in the Latin responses. Dialogues which were normally spoken in low voices between the priest and the acolytes thundered out in the voice of the full assembly. The 300-voice choir was not far away in a gallery, but near the free-standing altar, which was situated in the midst of the arena, with the people gathered on three sides. And, most dramatic of all, the celebrant of the Mass – Father Frederick McManus, later one of the leading figures in the renewal of the liturgy following the Second Vatican Council – faced the people during the celebration of the Mass. For the first time, people saw clearly the gestures of the priest and were drawn into the Mass in a new way: “together,” wrote Father

Donald Conger, a Seattle priest who served as local chair of the Liturgical Week, they “offer the Sacrifice as the one People of God.” Throughout the Mass, a layman stood at a lectern in the sanctuary, serving as “commentator,” offering brief explanations of the various parts of the Mass, and helping to lead the assembly’s responses. For the thousands who were present for the historic beginning of the Liturgical Week, it was a dazzling glimpse of things to come.

The days unfolded with Mass and other prayer opportunities, including “Bible Vigils,” a new devotion that had been steadily growing in popularity. It followed a simple format: three readings – an Old Testament reading, a New Testament reading, a Gospel reading; a homily, which consisted of a “brief opening up of the reading for better understanding by the people,” a psalm, with a sung refrain for the people; and prayers by the entire assembly. (If this pattern sounds familiar, it’s because it later became the shape of the Liturgy of the Word at Sunday Mass!). The Bible Vigil concluded with an incensation of the Bible, bringing new importance to the Word of God. There were also “demonstrations,” in which the Mass was recited – in English translation! – while each part and gesture was explained to the people.

All of this was experienced not only by Catholics, but by non-Catholics as well. Seattle’s Father



The Catholic Northwest Progress published a special guide to the World’s Fair, April 1962

William Treacy, who was already leading the way in ecumenical and interfaith efforts, arranged for and hosted Protestant and Jewish “observers” who attended a number of the events of the Liturgical Week. Rev. Walfred Erickson of Clyde Hill Baptist Church recounted his experiences in the *Progress*. He noted with some pride that appearances by Billy Graham and other prominent Protestant clergy had brought record numbers of people to the World’s Fair; “but,” he added, “it may be that the Liturgical Week... sponsored by Roman Catholics, evinced a development of more significance for the 21st Century, and perhaps for eternity, than anything else. This Protestant writer is convinced that the Liturgical movement is a genuine

working of the Spirit of God within Roman Catholicism, and that it is more than a rustling in the tops of the mulberry trees. Let us pray that it does not wear itself out trying to reshape so vast a monolith. Let us pray for its prosperity, for it bears many of the marks of authentic New Testament Christianity, and it is hard to see how anything but good can come of it.”

The Liturgical Week concluded with a Mass offered by Archbishop Connolly, his first facing the people. Father Ryan recalls, “I remember Father Diekmann served as the Archpriest of the Mass. Each time the Archbishop said ‘Dominus vobiscum’ he would kiss the altar, and then the automatic move was to turn around and face the people. But because he was already facing the people, Diekmann would catch him each time and turn him back around. But Connolly was a good sport about it. I’m not sure he thought facing the people was a good idea for everyone in the future, but he thought it was keen that he was doing it in his diocese!”

For Seattle, the Liturgical Week was a taste of things to come. Within two years, the Second Vatican Council would call for reforms of the liturgy that emphasized above all else the full, conscious, and active participation of the assembly in the Mass, the source and summit of the Church’s life. ♦

Between Sundays

A week in the life of the Cathedral parish

The Cathedral is a busy place all week long. Recently, Cathedral staff kept a journal of a week in the life of the Cathedral parish. From the sublime to the semi-ridiculous, there's a lot going on at St. James Cathedral on the other six days of the week. Here's a sampling:

MONDAY. Sacristan John Marquez opens the Cathedral for prayer at 7:30am. Father Daniel McCarthy OSB, an internationally known liturgist, visits to photograph the interior of the Cathedral for his website on sacred spaces around the world. Painters begin work in the Cathedral narthex. Sister Mary Slater and volunteers finish counting the Sunday collection. Around Noon, Renan Jeffereis takes the Eucharist to Heritage House and conducts a small communion service there. Volunteers stuff hundreds of Annual Catholic Appeal letters to parishioners. Our Funeral Hospitality committee hosts a beautiful reception following a funeral Mass in the Cathedral. In the evening, Father Ryan presides at a special Mass for Cabrini Ministry Training graduates, while a new group of returning Catholics gathers in Cathedral Place for "Welcome Back." At 8:30pm, Winter Shelter volunteers make the short trip to St. Martin de Porres to pick up the twelve men who will sleep in Cathedral Hall tonight.

TUESDAY. At 7:45am, a faithful handful of parishioners pray the rosary together in the Chapel before the morning Mass. "Gleaners" pick up the Cathedral vans around 9:00am and take a tour of local grocery stores, collecting crates of vegetables, desserts—even cut flowers!—for the Cathedral Kitchen. Jim and Tania of St. James ESL attend the in-home citizenship interview of a homebound student. Theresa Van de Ven and Lita McBride lead Midday Prayer in the Chapel. It's Father Ryan's day off, but he spends the afternoon signing hundreds of Annual Catholic



Hard at work on the Annual Catholic Appeal mailing in the parish office.

Appeal letters. Liturgy Director Corinna Laughlin meets with O'Dea High School staff to plan the Baccalaureate Mass. Larry Brouse and James Savage rearrange the Bishops' Parlor at the Cathedral Rectory to accommodate a newly framed portrait of Archbishop Sartain. Beth Rose, Mental Health Nurse, joins the guests at dinner in the Cathedral Kitchen, providing a listening ear, referral information, and other support. In the evening, the ESL Advisory Board gathers with Chris Koehler to plan their new cookbook. The St. James Conference of St. Vincent de Paul holds its monthly meeting one floor below.

WEDNESDAY. Cathedral seniors take a trip to the Seattle Aquarium and Boehm's Chocolate Factory, while Larry Brouse heads to Federal Way to attend a two-day workshop on Archdiocesan policies. Father Dick Ward visits with a troubled young man who drops by the parish office in need of help. Around noon, the O'Dea student body marches down Columbia Street to Cathedral Hall for their school lunch. Half a dozen visitors to Seattle join our Wednesday 1:00pm tour. Suzanne Lee spends an hour sorting donated toiletries for the Winter Shelter, while music staff plan the summer residency of the Tallis Scholars. Representatives from Skyline at First Hill stop by to present a check to the Cathedral Kitchen—

Maria Laughlin is Director of Stewardship & Development at St. James Cathedral.



Clockwise from upper left: Miss Frances Kelly celebrates her 100th birthday party in style; the wedding of Eleanor Knopp and Ivan Kerbel; the Young Women of Jubilate! on retreat (photo by Julia Adler); First Communicants share their play-dough creations in Cathedral Hall.

the proceeds of their new resident thrift shop. Father Ryan is interviewed by a reporter from *SeattleMet* magazine for a feature in their June issue. A new group of inquirers joins the RCIA group in the evening, while down the hall, Opus 7 rehearses under the direction of Loren Ponten, and in the Pastoral Outreach Center, world-renowned expert on the Middle East and North Africa, Harry Hagopian, gives a riveting lecture.

THURSDAY. When sacristan Brenda Bellamy arrives at seven, Joseph Adam has already been at the organ for an hour, practicing for an upcoming recital. The Cathedral's Pastoral Team gathers at 10 for their weekly meeting, spending much of today's meeting looking ahead to 2013 and doing some long-term planning. Joanna Snowden arrives at 11 to open up the Cathedral Bookstore. Meanwhile, Aletha Shackelford scrubs hundreds of votive glasses in the Sacristy. Patty Bowman drops in on the Solanus Casey Center to visit with director Sister Peggy Kennedy. Pastoral Care minister John Simpson meets with the family of a deceased parishioner to plan a funeral. At 4:30pm, children of the Youth Music Program gather in the Choir Room for their weekly rehearsal, followed shortly by the seventy-plus members of our Cathedral

Choir at 7:30pm. Upstairs, John Marquez and his team welcome a group of young people and adults preparing for the Sacrament of Confirmation. St. James ESL hosts a dinner honoring their volunteers and serving desserts from their new dessert cookbook.

FRIDAY. In the morning, a group of 6th graders from St. Brendan's Parish in Bothell has a tour of the Cathedral. Around Noon, Maggie Jordan, otherwise known as "Maggie the Magnificent," arrives to stuff (single-handedly) all 2,900 bulletins for the coming weekend. Wedding coordinators Bev Mauser and Louise Mennella conduct rehearsals for Saturday's weddings in the afternoon. Eleanor Dowson arrives at 4:00pm to begin setting up for Taizé Prayer. The maintenance team prepares the Pastoral Outreach Center for a Saturday wedding reception. The Jubilate! Young Women's Ensemble sets out for Bainbridge Island on a three-day adventure including prayer, fellowship, and a concert.

SATURDAY. Elizabeth Falzone spends a beautiful Saturday morning leading a "Called to Protect" seminar for about thirty parishioners, helping keep the Cathedral a safe place for children. Parishioners Cathy



Clockwise from upper left: Cathedral Kitchen volunteers show off their new aprons; photo-shoot of Father Ryan in the Cathedral; enjoying the Senior Trip; celebrating a Funeral Mass; hanging a new portrait of Archbishop Sartain; becoming a US Citizen (photo by Jim Hodges).

and Sonny DeGuzman celebrate their twenty-first anniversary of marriage. Several parishioners attend the 100th birthday party of Miss Frances Kelly, a very longtime parishioner of the Cathedral. Father Ryan and Father Brant hear confessions of eleven children in our Children's RCIA program. The 2:30pm wedding concludes with festive bagpipes on the west steps. Children who will make their First Communion on

May 6 participate in an all-day retreat, along with their parents. Corinna Laughlin puts the finishing touches on an article for *In Your Midst* about the Liturgical Week at the Seattle World's Fair. A young doctoral candidate flies up from California to meet with Jim Savage about congregational singing at St. James. ♦

The Pew Next to You

Meet Kathy & Max Lewis and Carmela Halos

Kathy and Max Lewis lived a few blocks from the Cathedral and attended Sunday Mass at St. James for several years without really being involved in the life of the parish. All that changed on September 11, 2001. Kathy heard about the interfaith prayer service offered in the Cathedral that night, and told Max, “we’ve got to go to this.” Soon, they were training as Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion with Sister Claudette Conrad and Linda Condes and serving at Mass not only on Sundays but on weekdays.

Today, Kathy and Max are involved in many different aspects of parish life. They both continue to serve as “EM’s” at Mass and take communion to homebound parishioners. “It’s an amazing experience to give communion,” Kathy says. “It’s very touching and humbling to see the faith of the people who come forward.” They also share a passion for justice. Currently Max is a member of the Life, Peace, and Justice Commission, and Kathy serves on the Housing Advocacy Committee.

Both Kathy and Max work with the marginalized, Kathy as a Care Manager at Jubilee Women’s Center on Capitol Hill and Max as a Client Service Specialist at King County Mental Health. They find their work profoundly meaningful, but also stressful at times. “Being involved at the Cathedral is a way of finding balance,” Kathy says. “Participating in the liturgy means everything to me. This is my second home; it’s where I find spiritual balance in my life and hope for the future. Here, no matter what’s going on, I see and serve with people who are invested and faithful.”

For Max, one of his most rewarding involvements is as a minister at the 5:30pm Mass on weekdays, which Kathy also loved doing until her work schedule would no longer allow it. “I love the intimacy of the



Max and Kathy Lewis and Carmela Halos

weekday Masses,” Max says, “and as wonderful as Father Ryan’s homilies are on Sunday, I think his homilies on weekdays have a jewel-like quality. The values that are so important to me in daily life and in the civic arena are formed by my faith, and participating in weekday Mass helps to sustain me.”

Carmela Halos has been an Extraordinary Minister since 2000. She serves alongside Max and Kathy on Sundays, and serves with Max at the evening Mass on weekdays. Carmela also volunteers to serve at most of the Cathedral’s wedding Masses!

Carmela works at the UW’s Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics as a Fiscal Specialist Supervisor. She will mark 25 years there this October, and has been honored more than once by the

College of Engineering with the “Community of Innovators Award.”

Important as her work is to her, Carmela’s heart is at St. James Cathedral. “I love attending Mass,” she says, “because I believe the Mass is the perfect act of worship and prayer. We receive the Body and Blood of Christ. I feel blessed and strengthened by attending the Mass.” Carmela especially loves being an EM: “It’s my joy. It’s my way of thanking God for the many blessings he has given me.”

Like Max, Carmela feels that weekday Mass is special. “The homilies are like bread for life,” Carmela says. She loves serving alongside the different priests and sacristans, and she enjoys her fellow EM’s, too: “I love serving with Max. He is very nice and down to earth. He jokes, but I like his jokes!”

Max adds, “before I started serving, Carmela and Abundia, another one of our EM’s, were an inspiration to me. I love Carmela’s faith and her joyous spirit. She puts up with all my playing around and lets me call her ‘Carmie.’ We aren’t Christians alone – we’re Christians in community, and I need that dose of community every day.” ♦

Corinna Laughlin serves with Max and Carmela at the 5:30pm weekday Mass.

The Solanus Casey Center

One of the Cathedral's best-kept-secrets

A few blocks down the street, around the corner, and up a few steps is where you'll discover one of the Cathedral's best kept secrets – the Solanus Casey Center. The Solanus Casey Center is a drop-in center serving the homeless, those recently incarcerated, or anyone in need. The Center is a joint ministry of St. James Cathedral and Catholic Community Services, and is open three afternoons a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 1:00 to 4:00 pm. It's a place where people can go to escape the rain, have a cup of coffee, use a phone, or just chat. It's

also a place where volunteers and staff work with clients to brainstorm solutions to a wide variety of needs, including referrals for help with shelter, permanent housing, food banks, meal programs, clothing, access to medical help, prescription costs, legal help and transportation. The need is great. The Center served 237 clients in March 2012, and 1,277 in the past year. Sr. Peggy Kennedy, the coordinator of the Center, says "we may be something of a secret to St. James parishioners, but we are well known among the social service agencies in the area. We get lots of referrals from other agencies." The work is done with just one part-time staff person, and two to three volunteers per day.

One unique niche that the Center fills is helping clients obtain ID cards. Of the 237 clients seen in March, 105 had come seeking help with getting an ID. "We are only one of two or three agencies in the city that help with IDs," says Sr. Peggy, "so we are a gateway to people who have no other way of getting ID's." An ID is essential to navigate the social service



A few volunteers of the Solanus Casey Center, Joe Reed, Bill Brothers, Melody Kruger, Mike Quinn, Sister Judy Ryan, snjm, are shown here with Sister Peggy Kennedy, Director (front right)

system, says Sr. Judy Ryan, who volunteers at the Center. "You can't do anything without an ID. You can't get into a shelter, you can't get a job, you can't apply for public benefits—you're really stuck if you don't have one." She often sees people who have had a wallet or a backpack stolen on the streets or in shelters and the cost of replacing their IDs is prohibitive for some. The Center helps not only with vouchers to pay for replacements (about \$20 to \$25 each) but also with obtaining the background paperwork. For new ID cards, Washington State requires at least four pieces of documentation. And getting replacement IDs or background documentation from other states can be even harder. Melody Kroeger, another volunteer, worked with a young man to get a copy of his birth certificate from Kansas. Because he was homeless, the copy of his birth certificate was mailed to the Center. Melody recalls how thrilled he was to see his birth certificate for the first time. "He opened the envelope," she said, "looked at the certificate, and cried 'I'm legitimate!' I felt so blessed to be able to share that moment with him."

Patricia Bowman is Director of Outreach at St. James Cathedral.

Another need is transportation. “If you’re homeless and looking for help, you may have to go all over town following up on referrals,” says Sr. Judy. So it’s no wonder that there is a constant need for bus tickets. The Center helps has some limited funds to pay for ORCA cards for seniors and disabled clients. Transportation out of the city is even more challenging. The Center will often see clients who need to travel to another city or state for a variety of reasons, from family emergencies to a promised job, but may not be able to afford transportation. Funds for Greyhound bus tickets are extremely limited, but the Center will occasionally be able to help, in partnership with other agencies.

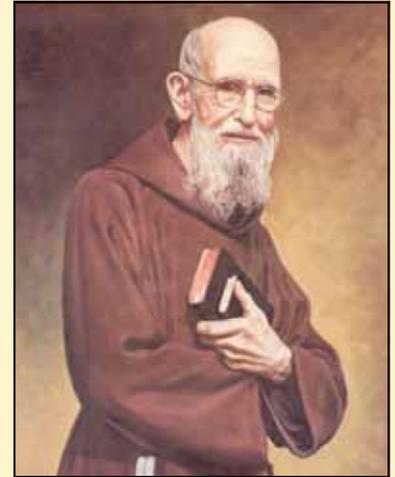
Working with so many people, with such great need, may seem like an overwhelming task, but the staff and volunteers at the Center say it’s just the opposite. Volunteers often report how quickly they become “street smart” in learning about available resources. Sr. Judy finds that working with the most vulnerable is a way to keep her grounded in the real world. “Especially now,” she says, “with the current economic downturn, it’s easy to lose sight of how desperately people are trying to hold it all together.” Sr. Judy also notes how much the clients help one another, offering information on services and tips on how to navigate life on the streets. “I see a real kindness in how clients minister to one another out of their shared situation,” she says. Melody agrees: “I came to volunteer at the Center as part of my student ministry internship with the School of Theology and Ministry at Seattle University, and I just fell in love with the place and the people. It’s been so life-enriching for me to work here. I’ve learned more about God’s grace from the people I’ve served here than from sitting in a pew.”

The Center is named for the Venerable Father Solanus Casey, a Franciscan Capuchin priest whose ministry of welcome and hospitality—as well as the fact that he was the great uncle of our own Sr. Anne Herkenrath—made him the perfect patron for the work of the Center. Sr. Peggy says: “We really like to emulate Father Solanus, and his spirit of loving hospitality. He was able to see one person at a time. We don’t have that luxury, as there are so many people seeking help, but our first priority is always to treat people with love and dignity. Only then do we move to the second priority, which is the tasks associated with addressing the needs that people bring with them.”

A place of welcome, of companionship, of service. The Solanus Casey Center should definitely be a secret no longer! ♦

Who was Father Solanus Casey?

Bernard Francis Casey was born into a large Wisconsin family on December 18, 1870. In his younger days he was a logger, a hospital orderly, a streetcar operator, and even a prison guard. But the work that he would do for the rest of his life began after he joined the Capuchin order of Catholic priests in Detroit



when he was twenty-one. At the time, he was given the name of Solanus, the name of a Spanish missionary who worked with the poor.

Solanus was ordained in 1904. He had never been a strong student, especially in theology, so his superiors asked him not to preach or hear confessions. Instead, he was given the simplest of duties including greeting people at the church door, and preparing the altar for services. Even so, as he worked in various New York City parishes over the next fourteen years, his holiness, wisdom and desire to serve had a powerful effect.

After his stay in New York, Father Solanus spent the next twenty years at a monastery in Detroit. In time, he began to hold services for the sick and before long nearly 200 people a day came to receive his blessing. Many later reported that they believed that his prayers cured them.

Solanus saw the hand of God in everything. He was often heard to say, “Blessed be God in all his designs.”

His impact was felt during and after his life. For example, he inspired the creation of a Depression-era soup kitchen in Detroit where the Capuchins are feeding the hungry to this day. At his death in 1957 over 20,000 people filed by his coffin to pay their respects to this man who touched so many lives.

Someone who knew Father Solanus well once said that his was a life of service and love. A life spent tending to the sick and the poor and the hungry. A life devoted to God—and to loving God by loving others.

Music makes me, me!

Our young singers reflect on the power of sacred music

Stacey Sunde, Director of Youth Music, recently invited our young musicians of the Schola Cantorum and Jubilate! to reflect on what making sacred music means to them.

MUSIC CHANGES HOW I VIEW THINGS IN THE WORLD. It is inspiring and challenges me to be the best I can be. I love choir because of the friendships and memories made in between all the beautiful music being created. Through learning new music and singing I grow to new heights and learn life-changing lessons through melodies. I would never trade the time in choir for anything else in the world; music at St. James is priceless. (Gloria)

FOR ME MUSIC HAS BEEN A HUGE PART OF MY LIFE. I sing all the time, everywhere I go, I sing. Music is my passion, something I can't live without! I want to continue singing, listening and contribute to all genres of music. I plan to pursue music as I continue to move on in school. I plan to have music always and everywhere in my life. (McKenna)

SINGING HELPED ME go through the pain knowing my mom had cancer. Music helps me learn. And I love music. Through music, I have met so many amazing people, and it has also helped me be closer to God. (Basia)

SINGING IS IMPORTANT TO ME because when I sing it's the only time I can be open to myself and others. It makes me feel alive and free. Schola Cantorum is a way I can make friends with the same interests as me. Fun doesn't even describe how amazing Schola Cantorum is! (Alliyana)

WHAT I LOVE ABOUT SINGING is the learning experience of it, but in a different way than most. Just as individual as every snowflake to touch the ground, everyone's voice is unique to themselves. However, in choir, we learn how to develop them to their fullest potential. This is the learning experience. In life, we all have unique talents, but they are most beautiful when they work together. (Gabriel)

I LOVE SINGING because anyone can do it, it does not matter where you come from. Singing lets you get out all your emotions. If you are happy, you can sing loud and clear. If you are sad, you can sing slow and meaningfully. You can sing whenever you want to. I

love love singing because you can express your feelings. (Mimi)

SINGING HELPS ME increase my relationship with God! Singing makes me enjoy and pray that makes me happy! Singing makes me feel like I can express myself other than just singing to make others happy! (Gabriela)

THE REASON I COME TO CHOIR is because it is fun and it makes me happy. I like singing because I feel good. It clears my mind from all the stuff that I don't like to do when I get home, like doing the chores. (Jake)

MUSIC CAN HELP YOU when you are sad or depressed because singing can calm you down. I come to choir because when I am here I can be myself. (Kaylee)

MUSIC IS HOW I EXPRESS MYSELF. I used to think I could never learn to sing, but choir has taught me I can! Music has helped me through my hardest moments in life, and without it I believe I wouldn't be the same. Music is my life. (Kellen)

SINGING to me is an enjoyable way to express emotions and to come together and forget about other things to make music for others to hear. What it does for me is helping me relax and to lower stress. (Reno)

I LIKE TO SING because it's fun. Singing is also something that you can do anywhere; the car, your house, church, everywhere! Singing is also something you can do with friends, and make friends while doing it. Singing helps me bond with my parents, and helps me to enlighten others with God's wonderful news. Also, you can sing all of your life, which is what I plan to do. Singing is fun, relaxing, while challenging and stressful. The main reason I still sing is because after you finish a hard piece, there is a new confidence, that "I can do this" feeling is why I do, and will continue to sing. (Marta)

SINGING IS AN IMMENSE FEELING that swells up inside of me; a feeling of joy, a feeling of passion. Instead of speaking a beautiful prayer, singing is an ideal way to further its brilliance, to raise it up to God. Through singing, I praise God in a unique and dynamic way. I feel that simple, solitary pieces are the most moving because it is like speaking to God in a raw, pure form. On the contrary, I also feel that fast-paced, complicated pieces, the composer is trying to master the brilliance of God through music. As for my favorite



Our youngest choristers, members of St. Gregory and St. Cecilia Choirs, offered their own thoughts on what making music means to them: "When I sing it is like flowers are in my tummy." "I love to sing." "Forever I will sing. I love singing because we sing to God." "When I sing, I'm open wide." "When I sing, I sing my heart out." "When I sing I feel my heart happy."

composer or music, I cannot decide, for many pieces I absolutely adore! (Mary Elizabeth)

WHEN I SING I FEEL HAPPY because I am doing something I'm passionate about and means a lot to me. I have always been passionate about music and hope to continue singing my whole life. Music is my life. I also like performing in front of others because I like to show others my love for music. (Carmen)

WHEN I SING I FEEL CONFIDENT and I feel like nothing can bring me down. Singing has... led me to meet my bestest friends, helped me express myself, taught me anything's possible, showed me God's true love for me. I love to sing. I have grown and learned so much from singing. I wouldn't be me without singing! (Sarah)

I LOVE TO SING because it's just really fun and I enjoy it. Music of all kinds brings out different emotions in me. I've had songs that made me cry and songs that make me hopeful and happy. They're like

short stories about different things in life. (Anon.)

MUSIC IS SO INSPIRING. Music can speak for me when words simply cannot. Because of music, I have met so many amazing people. Music is my life, and it makes things much more beautiful, in many different ways. That's why I love it. (Allie)

THERE ISN'T A DAY THAT GOES BY that I don't have a song stuck in my head. Even though it can get extremely annoying, I wouldn't have it any other way. Music makes me, me! (Kathryn)

WHEN I SING, I feel a special connection with God. I know that I'm meant to sing for God, and I think that it makes him happy; so I give the best that I can, joyfully to Jesus. I want to spend my whole life singing for God. (Anon.) ♦

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, November, 2011-April, 2012

November

16. Our annual **Mass for the Deceased Homeless of Seattle** concluded with the tolling of the Cathedral's "Thomas" bell, fifty-four times in memory for the fifty-four who died on the streets of our city in the past year.

20. On the Solemnity of **Christ the King**, Father Ryan asked in his homily: "Where is the hungry Christ now? Where is the thirsty Christ now? Where is the lonely and abandoned Christ now? ...He's no longer in Gethsemane; he's no longer climbing the lonely road to Calvary. He's here. In our midst. And we must find him. Right here...!"

24. We gathered on **Thanksgiving** morning for a beautiful Mass, during which all were invited forward at offertory time to bring their gifts of food items for the poor.

27. On the First Sunday of Advent, in union with Catholics throughout the English-speaking world, we prayed using the **new translation of the Roman Missal**. Father Ryan said: "Some of you, I know, are very happy with the new Missal, pleased that its day of adoption has arrived. Others of you are undecided. You haven't seen or heard enough to make up your mind. Still others are not happy at all and wonder why we are doing this, why we can't keep on praying the way we've been praying for the past 40 years. And then there are those of you who came today without the slightest notion that anything new was going to happen! So, we're probably quite a mix. But that's OK. If



From top to bottom: Mass for the Deceased Homeless, November 16; implementation of the new Roman Missal, November 27; Madre de las Americas, December 3, and our service of Readings and Carols on December 18.

you think of it for a moment, that's pretty 'Catholic!' We are the church, after all, that the great Irish poet and novelist, James Joyce, once referred to as, 'Here comes everybody!'"

December

3. People from across the Archdiocese of Seattle gathered for the annual celebration of **Our Lady of Guadalupe**, Madre de las Americas.

4. The Advent Bazaar offered Fair Trade gift items in preparation for Christmas.

7. PEMCO spoiled the **Cathedral Kitchen** with a special Christmas dinner for our guests. PEMCO employees not only prepared the dinner, they also set the tables with poinsettias and served our guests milk, coffee, and sparkling cider. The McDonald's gift cards packed into warm gloves were also very much appreciated by all.

10. We celebrated **Simbang Gabi**, the traditional Filipino Advent celebration.

18. Youth musicians, readers, and altar servers joined Father Ryan for the beautiful candlelight service of **Readings and Carols**.

25. From Father Ryan's homily for **Christmas Day**: "Christmas is not the end of our journey – it's the beginning. Christmas means that God is with us right in the midst of our often messy lives and our troubled world, that God is accessible within whatever is happening to us, not outside it. Christmas says that God holds us in our weakness, even our sin, and gently embraces us in our pain and sorrow, our confusion and our feelings of inadequacy."

January

13. In conjunction with the concert on January 13-14, Parishioner Elizabeth Winder curated a special art exhibit in the Cathedral Chapel, **The Spirit of Prophecy**. The exhibit featured works by five contemporary artists known for addressing spiritual themes. The works ranged from large-scale oils to intimate woodcuts and mixed media sculpture.

13-14. We were privileged to host Pacific MusicWorks' production of **Carissimi Prophets**, four short sacred dramas of the 17th century. They were beautifully staged with special lighting and costumes.

15. Our generous parishioners contributed 2,735 pairs of socks to our 2011 Advent **Warm Hearts and Soles** sock drive to benefit the homeless in our city.

15. We celebrated the **Santo Niño (Holy Child Jesus)** with a festive procession, blessing of images of the Child Jesus, and a huge fiesta in Cathedral Hall—all in spite of the snow!

21. Archbishop Sartain presided at our annual Mass celebrating the birthday of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.** This year, the Swahili community made Archbishop Sartain an honorary chieftain in a colorful ceremony.

24. Father Ryan was invited to preach at the Countywide Observance of the **Week of Prayer for Christian Unity**, held at First A.M.E. Church in Seattle.

February

15. Many Cathedral parishioners made the trek down to Olympia for **Catholic Advocacy Day**, an annual event in which Catholics have the opportunity to meet their state representatives and advocate on behalf of the poor.

23. At the **Rite of Election**, those preparing for baptism at the great Easter Vigil were presented to the Archbishop and recorded their names in the Book of the Elect.



From top to bottom: Abraham and Isaac portrayed by Pacific MusicWorks, January 14; Archbishop Sartain at the MLK Celebration, January 21; Robert Ross with one of his arks; baptism of adults at the Easter Vigil, April 7.

March

Lent. Well over one hundred parishioners participated in this year's Lenten series, **Keys to the Council**, which offered a whirlwind tour of the major documents of the Second Vatican Council. One participant commented: "This series was a wonderful gift, reminding us of just what a gift the council was—and is."

10. We were privileged to host a special exhibit of artworks by **L'Arche's Robert Ross**.

15. **Father Paul Janowiak, SJ**, gave the inaugural lecture in our Vatican II Lecture Series. He spoke about the Council's great document on the liturgy, *Sacrosanctum Concilium*. More than 200 were in attendance.

25. In conjunction with a national **convention of ceramics artists**, St. James hosted an exhibit of works by three noted artists.

29. The **Chrism Mass** gathered hundreds for the blessing of the oils to be used in sacramental celebrations throughout the coming year.

April

1. **Palm Sunday** marked the beginning of Holy Week, the greatest week of the Church's year.

6. On Good Friday, Sister **Dianne Bergant, CSA**, preached the Seven Last Words at the traditional Tre Ore Service.

7. Eleven adults were baptized at the great **Easter Vigil**.

8. A disturbing attack of vandals on the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Cathedral Courtyard, as well as the Cathedral's west façade, could not dampen the joy and beauty of our celebration of the **Resurrection of the Lord**.

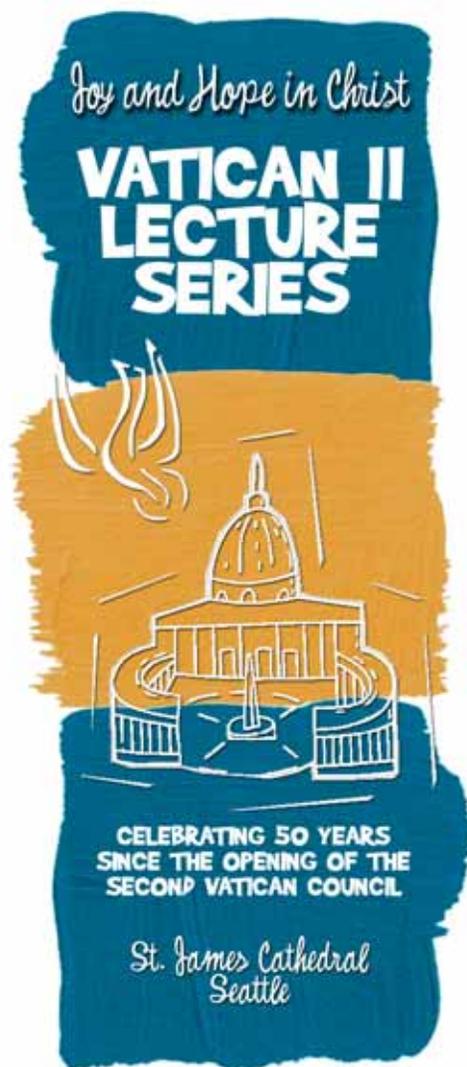
18. Harry Hagopian, a world-renowned expert on the Middle East and North Africa, gave a riveting presentation on the **Arab Awakening**.

30. **Father James Eblen** offered the second in our series of lectures celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the Second Vatican Council. His subject was *Dei Verbum*, the Council's great document on divine revelation. ♦

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

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Father William Treacy

Thursday, June 28
7:00pm, Cathedral Hall

Children of God Together: The Council's vision of Ecumenism and Interfaith Relations

William Treacy was ordained to the priesthood in Ireland in 1943, and has ministered in the Archdiocese of Seattle for more than sixty years. A pioneer in the areas of ecumenism and interfaith relations, he is dedicated to building relationships among people of different faiths.

Bishop Robert McElroy

Monday, September 10
7:00pm, Cathedral Hall

Joy and Hope in Christ: The Church in the Modern World

Robert W. McElroy was born in San Francisco in 1954. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1980, and was named Auxiliary Bishop of San Francisco in 2010. He holds a doctorate in Political Science from Stanford, and a doctorate in moral theology from the Gregorian in Rome. He has taught at the university level and is the author of two books and many articles.

Patricia Repikoff

Monday, October 1
7:00pm, Cathedral Hall

Light of the Peoples: The Second Vatican Council's vision for the Church

Patricia Repikoff serves as Coordinator of Hispanic Ministry for the Eastside parishes. A lay minister in the Archdiocese of Seattle for more than thirty years, Repikoff was among the first lay Parish Life Directors in the Archdiocese of Seattle.

John O'Malley, SJ

Monday, October 29
7:00pm, St. James Cathedral

What Happened at Vatican II?

John O'Malley is University Professor at Georgetown University. He is the author of What Happened at Vatican II, The First Jesuits, Trent and All That, and Four Cultures of the West (all from Harvard University Press). He is one of the best-known authorities on the Second Vatican Council.