

In Your Midst

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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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Sunday, the Lord's Day

Parishioners reflect on how they keep Sunday holy

You would expect a priest to say that Sundays are important. Looking back into my childhood, I can say they always were. Sunday at the Ryan's meant the 9:00am Mass at St. Anne's Church in Queen Anne. We weren't always right on time (my mother always said that the only thing my father was always on time for was a baseball game!), but we were regular. Like clockwork. Dad would usually usher, and Mom and we three kids headed for our pew. Sometimes Mass was in the 'main' church which we loved, and sometimes it was downstairs in the basement chapel that wasn't so beautiful but accommodated all the school kids—and the Sisters of the Holy Names who spread themselves out strategically to make sure we behaved. Most of the sermons (no homilies in those days) came with a fairly thick Irish brogue—so much so that I figured you probably needed one of those to be a priest.

Sunday breakfast followed Mass (there was no eating beforehand; fasting from midnight precluded that). We kids would read "the funnies" (the comic section of the Sunday *Times*) while Mom prepared a fairly elaborate breakfast. It was worth waiting for all week.

Sunday afternoons often meant a ride in the country with two of our maiden aunts or our grandparents. Warm Beach, the Snoqualmie Valley, Hood Canal, even the Kent Valley (farmland in those days) were favorite places, and stopping for an ice cream cone was a must and a highlight. As I got older, Sunday afternoons sometimes involved serving for the afternoon Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament where I learned how to swing a censer and how to kneel in that smoke without coughing or sneezing.

Sundays are a lot different for me now, but they are still special days—days I look forward to, family days. My family has just grown a bit...!

Father Michael G. Ryan

Uppy, uppy time! That's the call on Sunday mornings in the Berry household. Everyone up and getting ready for church so we can be out the door in time to get Daddy to his ushering duties and to ensure that Mommy gets a coffee on the way to church.

When I was growing up going to Mass was never seen as an optional activity. It was something we did

each and every Sunday and only the most serious of tummy bugs and fevers prevented our attendance at weekly Mass.

This emphasis on weekly Mass attendance has carried on to my family as well. On those rare Sundays when we don't attend, I notice a palpable emptiness to my week. My moments of prayer and centering give me a solid "start" to my week, and when those moments are absent I really feel it.

Honestly, though, our involvement in ministry at church is a huge motivator to make it to Mass on those Sundays when our beds are especially cozy and a lazy cup of coffee and the Sunday paper look mighty inviting. On those Sundays, knowing that folks need Sean to usher, the girls have Sunday school or choir, and the money from the Espresso Ministry is a help to those in need, we all get up and somehow make it on time. I can truly say that I have never regretted going to Church but I always regret not going!

Katherine Berry

Our Sunday ritual really does revolve around 10 o'clock Mass at St. James. Before retirement we were both deeply involved in liturgy and sharing the Good News. For 25 years Jerome was a Brother of the Holy Cross teaching high school science, serving nine of those years in Ghana, West Africa. After leaving the Congregation he taught science at Skagit Valley College and continued his involvement in liturgy as homilist, cantor and choir participant. Celia served for 40 years as organist/music director for Episcopal, Catholic and Lutheran worship on both the East and West coasts. At this point we were needing to be fed ourselves. St. James is that place where we are indeed fed, and inspired, and motivated each Sunday.

Our Sunday involves the 120 mile round-trip (Celia drives, Jerome reads the paper) from Mount Vernon to the Cathedral, anticipating the warm embrace of the St. James congregation, which we call a "cross-section of the world." We are proud to be members of this parish and to share in its magnificent physical environment, the glorious integration of splendid music and reverent liturgy, and the intimate feeling of welcome personified by Father Ryan, as well as the person who happens to be at your elbow.



Because of our physical distance from St. James and Seattle we are unable to share in the fantastic ministries that make a reality of the parish's motto, "I am in your midst as one who serves." However as we leave St. James each Sunday we feel energized and encouraged to strive to fulfill this ideal in our own Mount Vernon community.

Celia & Jerome Chandler

Some of my first memories involve sitting on the front porch evenings with my mother Adelina, asking those important questions about Life, God and the Universe and where we fit in amongst it all. She would tell me and my siblings about our greater purpose and about Jesus. I remember she had a book of illustrated Bible stories. What a grand adventure!

We lived far from my mother's parents. When we visited we stayed in their home which was a favorite hub of activity for our family, but also a neighborhood of colorful characters. Everyone was welcome! Sunday was the day we all donned our finest and went to church *en masse*. After which we would converge at the grandparents' home and continue the Sunday Feast around the dining room table. Grandmother prepared an incredible amount of delectable food. Much of the food was several days in the making! Grandmother kept chickens which had to be caught and prepared. At

the grand table which completely filled the dining room, Grandfather would begin with Vespers and grace. Sometimes guests would have that duty, including the family priest.

Thanks to them, today the Eucharist is central to my rule of life, and the Divine Office as well. Every Sunday is Easter. Every day is Sunday.

Jerry Cronkhite

Atending Mass on Sunday with my family and singing in the choir when I was young are cherished memories of "keeping holy the Lord's day." Serving as an altar boy each day before school reinforced the Gospel values we learned on Sunday.

As I look back on these memories, I realize that one thing hasn't changed in all these years: being part of a community of believers, a family of faith.

As a volunteer with the Cathedral's Welcome Back program, for many years I had the awesome privilege to walk with folks as they responded to God's grace and returned to the sacramental life of the Church. I may not remember each name, but I remember their faces when I see them at Mass each weekend, and their faith strengthens my own.

The Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion, and all those who gather for the Saturday evening Mass (my primary "Sunday" Mass) also help me to keep the

Lord's Day holy. The familiar words "Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again" take on new meaning for me through each of these wonderful people. Christ has died in each of us, for we have all experienced the death of Christ in our own lives in some way. Christ is risen in us as well, whenever we seek reconciliation with God and one another. And Christ comes again for me when I see the example of the witness to faith and loving service of my St. James family.

By your faith, your smile, your greeting, you sustain me and give me strength throughout the week until we come together again to keep holy the Lord's day.

Ron Murphy

In my grammar school days, my schoolmates and I attended Mass daily, so attending Mass was not a special Sunday event. What made it special on Sunday was attending Mass with my family. Afterward, driving home, my father always stopped at the post office to pick up his mail and to buy a Sunday newspaper. All newspapers were sacrosanct until he had read them, but the Sunday comics were an exception to this rule. As soon as he handed the newspaper back to my brother and me, we extracted the comics, I began to read them, and within a few blocks was thoroughly car sick. When I complained that I was going to throw up, I got little sympathy. They all pointed out that this happened every Sunday, and that I should put down the funnies and look out the window. Once we were home, my father would fix us bacon and a fried egg. Making the perfect Sunday morning egg, and carving the roast when we had one, were his sole culinary responsibilities.

Now, when I think about Sundays, my first thought, more often than not, is about my alarm clock: I have to get up more than an hour earlier than usual! And I typically have to force myself out of bed. But by the time I shuffle to the kitchen for a first cup of tea, I am already looking forward to another wonderful Sunday at St. James.

Joanna Ryan

Growing up Catholic in the 1960's in Spokane, I loved Sundays. Sundays meant three things: 1. going to Mass, 2. stopping by the newsstand afterward for a Sunday paper and a small bag of candy, and 3. spending time with my family at home.

There wasn't much to do on those long, quiet Sundays—stores were closed (except the small Jewish market named Weiner's on 3rd Avenue), the television only had three stations, and I had my homework done

Friday afternoon. Sometimes my siblings and I would play outside if it was nice, or play Monopoly with our "house rules" we made up as we went along. On some of my favorite Sunday afternoons, my parents loaded us all up into the old station wagon (it held all eight of us!) and we'd take a Sunday drive. In less than five minutes, we'd be tooling down an old county road staring at the green and golden fields, the red barns, and the elegant Lombardy poplars that were planted as windbreaks around some farmer's home.

Back home, we'd share grace at the table with Mom's chicken dinner. Nobody made chicken like my Mom. Sometimes we'd work together preparing dinner. She'd roll out dough for biscuits while I'd cut them out and place them on a baking sheet, or we'd make pie or cookies for dessert. I can still smell the delicious aromas that came out of her kitchen and the many life lessons I learned hanging out in the kitchen.

Nowadays, my parents are with God in heaven, my siblings are scattered, and Sunday is a "work" day, but it's still the day that is most precious to me. I am privileged to spend my day with my "Cathedral Family," and to pray both for and with you.

Theresa Van DeVen

As an employee of the Cathedral, I don't have to remind myself that Sunday is a special day. It's special for everyone who attends one of the masses or evening prayer at St. James. But from time to time I do have to remind myself that I'm not just working another shift, transitioning from one Mass to another. I am first and foremost a member of the community. Sunday is a holy day for me, too.

One of the most special things about Sunday for me, one of my rituals, is connecting with people. To catch up with people, to get a hug from someone, have a good laugh, or even give a hug when someone's having a tough time. These connections are what hold me over from week to week, and keep me going.

My duties as sacristan do not always allow me to participate as fully in the liturgy as when I sit in the pews, so I have come up with my own ways to pray. Those quiet times in the Cathedral between Masses are when I can reflect on the readings and the homily. This is when I feel closest to God, when I have that connection with Jesus, when I know the Holy Spirit is working, and when I know that my prayers, too, rise like incense.

Stephen Pace

We have lived a lifetime (nearly 70 years) of Sundays. In the days of our youth, Sunday seemed to be a universal day of reverence, a day set aside and marked by closed stores and businesses, a day of rest and reflection. It began with attendance at Mass and was always followed by what seemed an extension of the Eucharistic celebration, a special family dinner.

In those days when the Mass was in Latin, many felt that they were attending rather than participating in the liturgy. Serving at the Mass and singing in the children's choir brought us into the realm of a very ancient ritual of which we were an important part.

Today as the world around us becomes more and more secular, Sunday and the liturgy of the Mass remain a refuge in the storms of daily living, a time and place of celebration where we can participate in the remembrance of the Last Supper and the establishment of the Eucharist. We are part of something that transcends societal changes and our very little lives.

We still feel the effect in our lives of active participation in the liturgy and feel privileged to share in the ministry of the Eucharist and to share the message of the liturgy through music, which at St. James is the epitome of glorious, enhanced prayer.

Roy & Barbara Cotton

Many years ago, I read Maria Von Trapp's *The Land Without a Sunday*, and it made quite an impression on me. In this gem, she explains how their neighbors in Austria had traveled to Russia (in the 1930s) and observed how different life was without a Sunday. Her neighbor explained, "The people work in shifts. While one group enjoys its day off, the others continue to work in the factories or on the farms or in the stores, which are always open. As a result the over-all impression throughout the country was that of

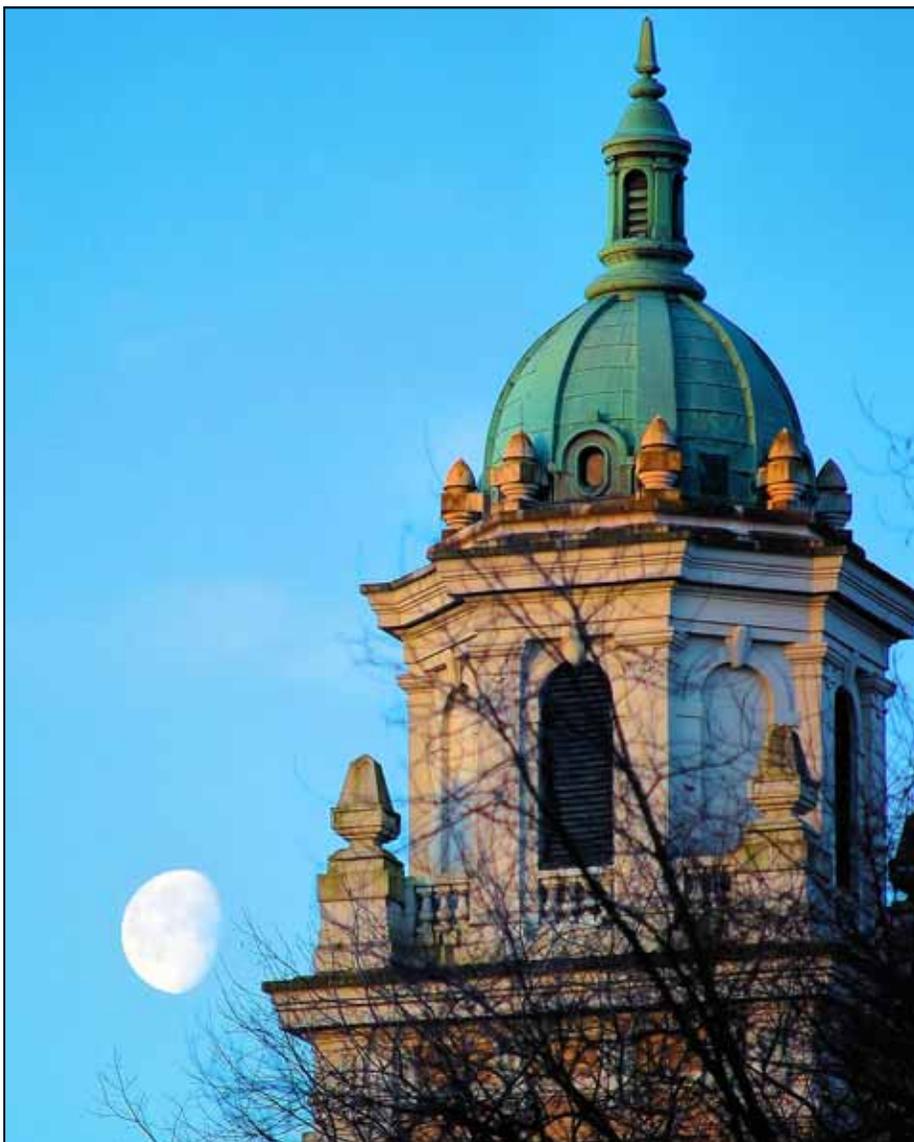


Photo by Mark Schoen

incessant work, work, work... one of constant rush and drive."

Today our own country operates in much the same manner, but as Blessed John Paul II says in his Apostolic Letter, *Dies Domini*, "Sunday is an invitation to look ahead; it is the day on which the Christian community cries out to Christ, 'Marana tha: Come, O Lord!' (1 Cor 16:22)".

Our Sunday framework has changed over the years as our children have grown and needs have changed. Currently, the form it takes generally goes like this:

En route to church, we'll often pray Morning Prayer, a litany appropriate to the liturgical season, or work on memorizing a prayer together as a family in the car. Then Faith Formation classes (and for me, fellowship with other parents), noon Mass, and the ride home where we discuss the homily or themes from the

readings, or just listen to music (one of our favorites is the Benedictine nuns of Mary, Queen of Apostles). The afternoon is spent in a variety of ways depending on the season and weather. After dinner we gather to say a family rosary and then if time allows, we cap off the evening with a family movie or a fire.

Sundays truly give us the fuel we need to face the week. The cornerstone of this is the Mass—the Eucharist and worshipping as a community—and everything else is icing on the cake, from “Feierabend” on Saturday evening signaling the beginning of Sunday, to our fun family activities and rest.

Michelle Bruno

In Korea, a multipurpose room was our cathedral. Folding chairs substituted for carved wooden pews, and 25 families were our congregation of 2,000. Father Dennis Callan of the Divine Word Missionaries, sometimes traveled over 200 miles from Busan, near the southern tip of South Korea, to say Mass for our modest congregation each week. I had the opportunity to receive First Communion in this close-knit group of Catholic expats, while my family and I were living in South Korea for two years. We were part of these western few because there was no other Mass celebrated in English in all of Seoul. It took us months of searching to finally end up at this cozy setting in our international school. Our humble flock consisted of a variety of nationalities, and we were all there for the same reason. Although our church was no St. James, it didn't have to be. Christ was intimately with us all the same. Kind, loving smiles were our steeple and unity was the cornerstone of our faith.

Mary Elizabeth Adler, 13

Coming from Guam and being a Catholic since birth, many of the traditions I was raised with were based upon our faith. Family gatherings always revolved around a baptism, wedding or funeral. For me, they were the best opportunities to eat as food was always involved in these events. But my parents always stressed that it was important to make sure to always attend Mass every Sunday which I have tried to do. After attending Mass at St James, I felt very much at home in the Cathedral. Being a parishioner was great! I met so many of my fellow pew mates and enjoyed making new friendships. But after five years of attending Mass in the congregation, I decided to give back to the Church more than my weekly monetary offering. I thought it was time to give back in another way.

After getting involved in the ministries at St James, it was as if going to Church had much more meaning. Altar serving allows me to work with some great

people and learn behind the scenes how we all come together to make our celebrations of Mass a joyous one every weekend. Helping out in Children's RCIA gives me the opportunity to learn more about our Catholic faith. Although I am there to assist the teacher with her lessons and to help the kids, most of the time I'm listening and learning and saying 'I didn't know that' nearly every weekend! This has been a very rewarding ministry to assist in as I get to see the excitement of our students as they prepare for baptism and first holy communion but also it is something that I take pride in knowing that I am working in a ministry that not only allows me the ability to learn more about my faith, but leaves me with a sense of accomplishment and that I am helping out at a Church that I very much hold near and dear in my heart.

Rufo Calvo

On a Minnesota farm, Saturday meant preparing for Sunday: setting out our best clothes for Mass, going to confession and catechism class, and readying the envelope with “pew rent.” This is the heritage passed on to me from my Limerick relatives, who settled in this land in 1856.

There were no excuses. When the snow drifts closed the roads, Dad hitched the team of horses, and we traveled by sleigh to Mass. St. Mary's put its arms around 50 families, as Father Colbert shared the sanctuary with his Irish setter and the altar boys. Mass ended with prayers for a bountiful harvest. Despite growling stomachs from our midnight fast, we lingered for another hour, sharing the week's news.

“What did Father talk about today?” Dad quizzed my five siblings and me as we returned home. The rest of the day was for fun and Mom's special dinners with our extended family and Father Walt, Dad's priest-brother.

Whether in a rural or urban setting, honoring the Sacred Day remains central to my week. Now, rather than hitching a sleigh, I need only walk across the street from my new home on First Hill to experience Sunday at this beautiful cathedral. Music at Saint James opens my heart for movements of grace. Prayers and readings, often too familiar, assume a freshness, when proclaimed. The homilies inspire me to direct more of my energy towards my neighbor.

In the afternoon, I return to St. James for Vespers. Then, as I journal later in the day, I reflect on Dad's question, “What did Father talk about today?” That answer is worth at least two pages!

Peg Haggerty



At our house, getting our family of four fed, dressed, provisioned, and out the door on Sunday mornings feels like preparing to hit the Oregon Trail, and it's not a challenge that always brings out the best in us. I wish I could say that Sundays are our day of rest and serenity, but there's usually a lot of dashing around and terse conversation: Do we have raisins? Do we have wipes? Do we have extra pants?

The fact that we're involved both at Saint James and my husband's Presbyterian church adds a layer of logistical complexity, and Mark and I sometimes fantasize about staying home with the crossword and another cup of coffee, but we both know we need church.

In one way, I need to go to church because what happens there is unlike anything else I participate in all week. The cathedral is imposing and beautiful. The pace is stately and deliberate. Every word and gesture is full of significance. How unlike the way I usually spend my time, shuttling hectically between work and family. How much I would like to live more attentively, more consciously, with more beauty.

But in another way, the Mass reminds me of ordinary things. How many of its elements resemble

things I use every day. They are beautifully made, of course, and not from Ikea, and God knows they're a lot cleaner, and they're used in a way that makes them strange and unfamiliar—sacred—but it's the same stuff I use all week to take care of my kids: a bath, a book, a chair, a table, a bowl, a cup.

Usually before the homily ends the baby drifts off to sleep and I can begin to focus on what's going on. Soon, I hear these words: *Happy are those who are called to his supper.*

This is Jesus, taking care of his family.

On Sundays, Jesus is showing me, in a language of objects that I can understand, how willing he is to humble himself to meet my needs, and all of our needs—and how beautiful that caretaking can be.

Every week I ask Jesus for the strength to care for my own family graciously for seven more days. All week, I try to let the memory of the way church makes ordinary things sacred work its way in.

Mary Kenagy Mitchell

Easter with Pope Francis

A Cathedral teen celebrates a memorable Holy Week in Rome

The Conclave to elect a successor to Pope Benedict XVI began on March 12, 2013. Most Catholics settled in for a long wait, while the pundits debated on who the new Pope would be. But just one day later, white smoke rose over the Sistine Chapel. The wait was over!

Jennifer Gramaje, who works in the Archdiocesan Liturgy Office, was preparing oils for the Chrism Mass when the news came. She writes: "When the Cathedral's bells began to ring sometime after 11:00am, I knew right away that white smoke had come out of the Sistine Chapel. I literally dropped what I was doing, grabbed my keys and walked a block to the Cathedral to experience this great joy. Standing outside the Cathedral as the bells rang and as John, one of the sacristans, put some finishing touches to the hung yellow and white banners, was an experience I can't put into words. It seemed like time had come to a complete stop!"

Over at O'Dea High School, the election of Pope Francis brought special excitement to the Latin class, where students were preparing for an Easter trip to Rome. Now, they would be among the first to see the new Pope "up close." O'Dea senior and Cathedral parishioner Connor Williams describes the experience of a lifetime:

"Easter Mass at St. Peter's was one of the most special moments of my life and something that I will always remember. The entire Mass was in Latin so I couldn't understand most of it, but just being crammed in St. Peter's Square with tens of thousands of Catholics all worshipping at the same time was an indescribable feeling that I don't think can be replicated anywhere else. We got there early and were within ten feet of Pope Francis when he came around, which was amazing in and of itself. I love going to Mass at St. James, but if I can't be there during Easter I can't really complain about being at St. Peter's.

"After seeing Pope Francis say Mass, I now understand what many people were saying about Pope Francis, that he is a simple Pope who is going to bring the focus of love back to the church. When he came out, he was not in a flashy outfit, but a simple white robe that you could see on any other priest anywhere in the world. When the Mass was over, he took the time to go



Connor's classmate Payton Buchholz snapped this photo of Pope Francis on Easter Sunday.

around the square multiple times so that he could wave at and greet as many people as possible, something that I'm sure was appreciated by every person in the square. He picked up a child from the crowd and kissed him over and over, showing the true love and respect that he has for every person he leads. He didn't speak that much English, but the sound of his voice was of somebody who truly cares and loves others, and you could tell that this was the case by his tone.

"Besides Mass at St. Peter's, the one thing that I will always remember and cherish about this trip is being able to experience the city with my O'Dea brothers. The O'Dea brotherhood is something real, and this trip showed it. I can go back to Rome and see the same things and do everything over again, but I will never have the same experience without the people who went on the trip with me. The great people that surrounded me during the trip made this experience something that was truly special and something that I will always hold dear." ♦

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

The St. Francis Pledge

What is the Catholic coalition on climate change?

When you examine your conscience, do you consider your carbon footprint? Do you think about your recycling habits, about whether you use pesticides in your yard, or whether you purchase your groceries from local sources?

These may seem like odd questions, but they are the kinds of things I've been thinking about more and more these days. The reason is simple: my work with the Catholic Coalition on Climate Change has caused me to expand my notion of what it means to be a faithful Catholic. The Coalition is a joint project of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops, Catholic Relief Services, Catholic Charities USA, and several other Catholic organizations. For the past two years, I've been privileged to be an Ambassador for the Coalition, given the responsibility of sharing the teaching of the church on environmental issues in general, and on climate change in particular.

Care for God's creation is one of the seven key themes of Catholic Social Teaching. The U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops puts it succinctly: "We show our respect for the Creator by our stewardship of creation. Care for the earth is not just an Earth Day slogan, it is a requirement of our faith." Pope John Paul II said "the ecological crisis is a moral issue." Pope Benedict continued the theme when he stated, "If you want to cultivate peace, protect creation." And our new Pope Francis seems to have taken the message one step further, by choosing the name of the patron saint of ecology, St. Francis of Assisi. At his inaugural mass, Pope Francis issued a strong call: "Let us be protectors of creation, protectors of God's plan inscribed in nature, protectors of one another and of the environment."

What does it mean to consider care for creation as a moral issue. When we think of the term "moral issue," other things probably come to mind—honesty, sexual ethics, refraining from violence in actions or words, care for the poor and vulnerable—but we probably don't automatically think about the environment. And yet the teaching of the church is clear: care for creation is just as much a moral issue as these other issues are,

Patty Bowman is the Cathedral's Director of Social Outreach.



Catholic Climate Covenant™
Care for Creation. Care for the Poor.

and we need to take care for creation into consideration in making moral decisions.

I've been working in social outreach at St. James Cathedral since 2000, and most of my work has been with the poor. It may seem that working on environmental issues is separate from working with the poor, but the two are very intimately linked. There is no question that

environmental degradation hurts the poor first and worst. Catholic Relief Services reports that "the effects of climate change—increasingly limited access to water, reduced crop yields, more widespread disease, increased frequency and intensity of natural disasters, and conflict over declining resources—are making the lives of the world's poorest people even more precarious." It is usually the people who have contributed the least to climate change who suffer its effects the most.

St. Francis of Assisi is the inspiration for the Coalition's work, because he embodied both care for the poor and care for creation. The Coalition seeks to link our call to care for the poor with our obligation to care for creation by asking the unsettling question: "Who's *under* your carbon footprint?" We hear about "carbon footprints" a lot, but it's easy to forget that it's not just the natural world that is endangered; it's also our poorest brothers and sisters who bear the cost of our environmental neglect. The Coalition invites us to take the St. Francis Pledge, which consists of five pieces: (1) Pray and reflect on our duty to creation and to the poor, (2) Learn about Catholic teaching on climate change and educate others, (3) Assess our contributions to the problem, (4) Act to change behaviors and choices, and (5) Advocate on behalf of those without a voice.

I've taken the St. Francis Pledge, and I encourage you to do the same. It's changed my thinking about what it takes to be a faithful Catholic, and now I find myself thinking about my environmental actions when examining my conscience. Someday, with the grace of God, may we all reach the point where we have fewer environmental sins to confess.

To learn more about the St. Francis Pledge, go to www.catholicclimatecovenant.org. ♦

DACA

Helping young undocumented immigrants

Last summer, Homeland Security announced that undocumented immigrants who were brought to the U.S. as children can get a temporary deportation reprieve, as long as they meet certain criteria. DACA (Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals) doesn't offer a path to citizenship, but it does offer a work permit and the potential to renew after two years.

The St. James ESL Program was ready to help. "The process is similar to doing citizenship applications," said Christopher Koehler, director of the cathedral's ministry to immigrants. "There is a lot of paperwork, but it's fairly straightforward and we were already accredited by the Board of Immigration Appeals to do this sort of thing."

With funding from Catholic Community Services, Christopher hired Anne Soerens to set up a pilot project to provide DACA assistance. "It was hard to tell what would happen," said Christopher. "Across the country, only thousands have applied, out of the millions who are eligible."

The response was slow, at first. "One of the biggest challenges is that even when people know about the events, they don't always show up," Anne said. "A lot of them are nervous. They worry that the information sessions might be a sting operation," she explained.

Anne works with parishes, libraries, and others to offer information sessions. At a recent event at St. Louise Parish in Bellevue, twenty-two people started the DACA application process. Anne said the St. Louise staff and volunteers deserve a lot of the credit. "It was helpful to have someone from the church that the parishioners know and trust."

Anne helps clients prove that they are eligible for deferred action, including showing that they have lived in the U.S. continuously since 2007. "The best practice is not to have any gaps of more than 3 months," said Anne. This isn't a problem for younger clients who are



Anne Soerens, coordinator of St. James ESL's DACA assistance, meets with a client at the Pastoral Outreach Center.

still in high school and can use report cards and school attendance records.

But proof of residency past high school can be tricky. "Until they are 18 years old they're like everyone else," said Christopher, "and then they graduate from high school and suddenly they are in this separate group. They can't get financial aid, so they're not going to college when their friends are, they aren't starting careers."

So, Anne and her clients have to be more creative. They use combinations of documents—utility bills, plane tickets, a child's birth certificate—to show there were no long periods of absence from the country.

The St. James ESL Program has been accepting clients since December; they have already helped 46 people apply for deferred action. "We've had great support from Catholic Legal Immigration Network to make it happen," said Christopher.

"The next three months will be influenced by immigration reform and how that reform deals with this population. If or when it's passed a whole bunch of people may apply for DACA right away." ♦

Mali Main is Development Assistant for St. James ESL.

A Wrong Right Turn

A parishioner recalls a chance encounter with Blessed John XXIII

I spent close to fifteen years of my life as a brother in two religious communities, both mendicant orders. I had the good fortune to be living in Rome during the Council years, from April 1959 through November 1962. I served as personal secretary and amanuensis of the major superior of the religious order that I belonged to from 1956 to 1970. It was part of my job to attend major events at Saint Peter's, in company with my boss, and it is in that connection that I experienced what follows, something especially pertinent now that we have a shrine dedicated to "good Pope John."



completed his accoutrements. In a monotonous repetition, he advised all comers to "*volgersi al sinistra, Reverendi, per piacere.*" I, however, in Rome barely a month and with French being the sole European idiom in which I possessed even a modicum of fluency, had no idea I was supposed to go left (although my eyes should have told me where everyone else was headed) and instead went to the right. Thus I proceeded by myself into a small antechamber whose walls were hung with velvet draperies and framed portraits of former cardinals and popes, each one silently eyeing my intrusion.

It was the feast of Pentecost, 1959, and there was a papal Mass, followed by a reception in the Apostolic Palace, immediately adjacent to the basilica. I accompanied two of our priests to these events. We were garbed in our full habit, similar to that of the Dominicans, but with everything, including our mantle or *cappa*, colored a creamy off-white.

The three of us were squeezed into the rear of a Lancia taxicab and I had to sit on a jump seat and compress my six-foot frame into a very confined space, all the while taking great care to keep my garb free of wrinkle or stain and avoid stepping on my scapular. Eventually, we reached St. Peter's and found our assigned seating.

Following the Mass, we all processed back to the Apostolic Palace for a reception. As we mounted an ornate staircase (and as I openly gawked at the wealth of ornamentation surrounding me), it was necessary to pass before a papal chamberlain who, standing on the top landing, directed traffic into a large reception hall. Military officers of high rank, ecclesiastics of various kinds, diplomats and an assortment of Vatican functionaries were being herded into an *aula* filled with brocade-upholstered chairs, tables heaped with viands and a wide assortment of finger foods, as well as an inviting array of wine and soft drinks.

This "traffic cop" was a sight to behold. Of short build, a bit past middle age, he wore a suit of black silk, with a starched white ruff encasing his scrawny neck. Buckled shoes, knee hose and a silver poniard

I sensed that I was not alone and, turning to see who else might have followed me, I was astonished to behold "Papa Giovanni" not five paces away. Beaming kindly and motioning with his right hand, he murmured something *sotto voce* that escaped me. Raising that same hand in a friendly benediction and smiling all the while, he retreated into an alcove and left me standing in awe. At that juncture, the chamberlain rushed into the room, fixed a disdainful gaze upon me and fairly shrieked, successively in Spanish, Italian, German and I-don't-know-what-else, that only someone like me could be so "stupid" as to misinterpret his admonition to "go left." Finally, in thickly accented English, he opined that I "must" be an American, concluding that only our kind could have messed up so mightily. Then he hauled me back to where I belonged and shoved me in the right direction.

Once back with the others, I readily found my boss and his companion and they did not ask about my brief absence, noting only that I was lucky to be tall enough to see over the heads of many of the men in the room. They both stood on a low bench as they sought, in vain, to get a closer look at a far corner where the man I had so recently encountered was then standing in a crowd of well-wishers, sipping champagne and making small talk. Like schoolboys, they jostled one another in their unabashed eagerness both to see and be seen. For my part, I stood to one side, relishing what had just happened and thinking it both exceptional and fortuitous at the same time. As matters turned out, that's exactly how things were that memorable evening. ♦

Phil Schlosser is a long time parishioner at St. James Cathedral and an active member of our Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

From the Archives

A memorable Thanksgiving Day

The Cathedral Archives has been enriched recently with a splendid photograph of a solemn Mass at St. James. The photograph offers probably the best view we have of the interior of the Cathedral after the collapse of the dome, but before the 1950 renovation. It is possible to make out a myriad of details here: dozens of clergy in white surplices; ranks of women religious in their distinctive habits, including Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, Sisters of Providence, and Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart; many lay men and women, in the fashions of the day—including hats in many sizes and styles and quite a few furs! It is also easy to see the arcades that were added across the front of the transepts

following the dome collapse, separating these sections of the Cathedral from the nave, with banners hanging from the arches—the coat-of-arms of Pope Pius XI, flanked by American flags. Looking towards the sanctuary, you can make out a row of twelve altar servers holding candles as a priest celebrates Mass at the high altar, adorned with candelabra, floral arrangements, and huge evergreen branches. And, if you look closely at the left side of the sanctuary, you can see Bishop Edward O’Dea seated in the cathedra.

All these details point to no ordinary event in the Cathedral, and the inscription on the back of the photograph confirms that it was November 24, 1932: Thanksgiving Day and the Golden Jubilee of Bishop O’Dea, marking the fiftieth anniversary of his priestly ordination. Bishop O’Dea’s actual anniversary would not come until December 23, and he decided to celebrate at Thanksgiving instead, which also happened to be the day after his seventy-sixth birthday.

Bishop O’Dea’s health did not allow him to celebrate the Mass himself. Archbishop Howard of



Portland gave the sermon: “Cross-crowned towers pointing to heaven from Seattle’s seven hills proclaim to every visitor that a man of God has labored here!” he exclaimed, alluding to Bishop O’Dea’s penchant for building churches—and a Cathedral—on hilltops.

Only at the end of the Mass did Bishop O’Dea speak, and his words were few. “Standing here this morning in the midst of this outpouring of love and affection, my heart is filled and I am overpowered with joy and gratitude. If there is one thing I regret it is that my health and my strength will not permit me to speak to you as I wish and express the sentiments that are uppermost in my heart. I shall pray to God to bless you all abundantly.”

Just a month later, on Christmas Day, 1932, Bishop O’Dea died at his residence on Spring Street. He had led the Church in western Washington for more than thirty-six years.

Special thanks to Joseph Adam, Cathedral Organist, who found this image on eBay and acquired it for the Cathedral Archives! ♦

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

Our New Youth Ministry

Teens aren't just the Church of the future... they are the present!

Several years ago, when I was a teenage youth ministry participant at Holy Rosary in Edmonds, I was frequently told that I was “the future” of our Church. This was a true statement, but it also let me off the hook a little. If I was *only* the future, then couldn't I kick back and focus on Slip 'N Slides and Pogo Balls while waiting for adulthood to roll around? Couldn't I wait until then to be “Church” in the world? Thankfully, I was immersed in a program that, though supportive of my exquisite pogo ball skills, invited me to be a church leader in the *present*.

It is true that our young people are the future of our Church, but they are also the present. In fact, they are often the ones capable of living their faith with a level of courage and commitment that we—as adults—would like to demonstrate, but sometimes fall short of. This is why we need youth ministry: to empower our young people to serve as the hands and feet of Christ today and inspire us to follow their lead.

In light of the incredible example being set by Pope Francis, I believe that something amazing is happening in our Church right now. It is the call to be Christ in the world in a *radical and extraordinary way*, to let Christ steer us where we may initially fear to go. The time is now. And I believe our own youth will be the leaders of the charge.

Some of the students I currently work with are already living this out. Last weekend, several of them converged on the home of a homebound senior. They offered yard work, cleaning, and—most importantly—companionship. The senior resident was so moved by the experience, she commented, “You know, I learned something from those wonderful students yesterday. I've always thought that faith is... just faith and that's all. But I learned from them that faith is really much more—it's about caring!” That's a key point: Our faith isn't something we have, it's something we *live*. And our young people are our teachers. Let's empower them to teach!

Another youth, in reflecting on his service efforts in a food bank wrote, “I felt like I was on a team, a team to fight against hunger, poverty, and sadness around



Participants in our Youth Migrant Project, summer 2011: Church of the future, but also Church of the *present*!

the world.” I can't think of a better description of “Church” than that!

Now I'd like to extend an invitation to all the teenagers in the parish—all 280+ of you! Here's the plan: we're in the process of creating a service and justice oriented youth program. We'll set up a youth room in the Pastoral Outreach Center. This will be our hub, a space where we can meet, pray, eat, laugh, build community with one another, talk about pressing matters in our lives, play, have fun, did I mention eat? And, most importantly, we'll prepare ourselves to live out a very important mission in the world. We will come together to serve those in our local community and in our world who are most in need of care, the poor and marginalized. We will bring healing to everyone we encounter. Jesus had an odd group of friends when he was alive: the poor, the sick, the despised. We too will engage in relationship—as equals—with those who are often pushed aside and, in doing so, elevate others to a level of status and dignity that perhaps they don't feel they deserve. In other words, we will build the Kingdom of God together and inspire others to do the same. And if we get in a few rounds of bowling or laser tag in the midst of it all, all the better. Can you really imagine missing out on this team committed to transforming the world into the enjoyable and loving place it is intended to be? Please call or e-mail and tell me “you're in!” And the journey can begin! ♦

Joe Cotton is the Cathedral's new Youth Minister. Joe would love to hear from you! jcotton@stjames-cathedral.org

The Pew Next to You

Meet Chi, Gigi, Felix, Alex, and Max!

Gigi and Chi Nguyen have been members of St. James for over 20 years. They are the proud parents of Felix (23), Alex (22) and Max (15). They also have three dogs: Rex, Onyx and Foxx!

Chi and Gigi both grew up in Saigon during the war in Vietnam. As the war drew to a close, the family faced grave danger. On April 30, 1975, Chi's father got a call from a former student, who said, "If you want to leave the country, now's your chance. But you have to make a decision now!" Half an hour later, totally unprepared and without packing, 19-year old Chi, his mother and father and five siblings left on a navy ship. A group of churches sponsored the family for resettlement in Spokane, and five years later, they all moved to Seattle.

With the help of her Aunt Hue, Gigi's family also escaped in 1975. Hue had been living in the U.S. with her American husband. As the war ended, Hue returned to Vietnam and used every connection she could think of to arrange for the airlift of 60 relatives and friends. Gigi, 15 at the time, remembers sitting on the floor of the plane as they flew out of Saigon.

Chi and Gigi met in Seattle and now make their home in Newcastle. When the boys started Children's Faith Formation 18 years ago, Chi and Gigi caught the eye of Marianne Coté. One day she approached Chi and told him he'd make a good teacher for the kids preparing for First Communion. In horror, he sputtered, "Oh no, not me! No, no, you've got the wrong person!" But Marianne persisted. "I see how you raise your boys and you can do it. Just give it a shot."

They've been teaching second graders ever since and are excited about this year's class of twenty-one First Communicants. Second grade is a fun age, but challenging. Chi says, "The hardest thing is to live it. You learn it; you teach it; but it's hard to *do* it."

The whole Nguyen family is clearly living out their faith. After each boy received his First Communion, Marianne would say, "You would be a good reader; you'd be a good altar server." Soon they were a visible fixture at the Sunday Noon Mass.

Felix says being a part of St. James "gives me a



The Nguyen family, all five serving at one Mass: Chi (catechist), Max (altar server), Gigi (catechist), Alex and Felix (youth E.M.S.).

purpose so I don't have to go to Mass and just stand there. I like talking about it. When my friends ask what I am doing at St. James, I tell them and they say, 'That's cool!' It's something I'm proud about." Alex adds, "When I tell my friends that I'm going to Mass at St. James, they say, 'Oh, St. James, the big church in Seattle?' I tell them I'm going to the coolest church."

Two years ago, Felix was diagnosed with lymphoma. He had to drop out of school and stop working. "It was a scary time for me. I was a little angry when I found out and asked questions about my faith like, 'Why me?' Then I slowly realized it was kind of a blessing in disguise. It made my faith stronger and made me closer to my family. I really had to depend on God a lot." On the days Felix felt well enough, he came to Mass, though sometimes, half-way through, he had to go lie down in the car. Now, after 12 rounds of chemo and radiation, he's in remission.

Gigi radiates pride and contentment in her brood, happy they all live together. "Felix came back home to live when he was sick, and after that, he said, 'Oh, I'm going to live with you forever.' They all say, "Mom, can I stay here? I love your food!"

It's also clear the Nguyen family comes to the cathedral in search of a different kind of food, a food they love even more. "When I came to St. James," reflects Gigi, "I felt different. I felt like this is my family. We all love Father Ryan. He's so nice. And not only Father Ryan, but Marianne and Lita, and all the staff. That keeps us coming every weekend." ♦

Suzanne Lee is Director of Family Ministry at St. James Cathedral.

In Memoriam

Father Ryan remembers Frank Robl & Marilyn Maddeford

Franks Robl got his cancer diagnosis twelve years ago. Most people would not have kept up the fight so long, but Frank Robl was not “most people!” His serene and steady fight to live, his patient endurance of treatment after treatment, protocol after experimental protocol, his indomitable hope in the face of the most daunting of odds—all these allowed me to believe that Frank was going to beat the odds and win the battle.

Now, looking back, I believe that those last twelve years of his life were a victory, and they were one more of Frank’s enduring gifts to us. Frank loved Dr. Johnson’s quip: “Depend upon it, sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.” These last twelve years Frank regarded as a gift, an opportunity to focus on what was most important in life, an opportunity to “concentrate his mind” on God’s plan for him.

I had the greatest admiration for Frank and his amazing gifts. He had the disciplined, analytical mind of a skilled engineer and the artistic tastes of a Renaissance man. A rare combination! His interests were endless and encyclopedic, and his capabilities were nothing short of amazing. There were few things Frank couldn’t do, few things he couldn’t figure out. Frank not only figured out how to build a pipe organ, he learned how to play one! He built an extraordinary organ in his home and he also left his fingerprints on the Cathedral’s great organ in the east nave. But, for all his brilliance and all his accomplishments, Frank knew that this world was ultimately God’s world—that it unfolded according to God’s plan, not his—and so he willingly and generously put himself at the service of that plan.



Frank Robl, July 19, 1943—January 20, 2013

Frank was a man of deep and strong faith, a Christian believer through and through. His faith meant everything to him, but his faith was in no sense a museum piece or a passive thing: it was alive and dynamic, fueled by study, questioning, and earnest exploration. Frank struck a wonderful balance between believing and searching. I used to marvel at his interest in all things theological. Only days before his death, he was talking enthusiastically with me about his hopes for the Church as well as his disappointments. He shared with me his conviction that as long as Church leaders marginalized or silenced the voices of honest dissenters, the Church would be the

poorer for it. Is it any surprise that his theological pantheon had plenty of room in it for daring, cutting-edge thinkers like Chardin, Congar, and Kung!

But for all his erudition, Frank wore his learning very lightly. He was every bit as humble as he was bright. He was a gentle, unassuming man, a keen listener, always eager to learn, always respectful of the opinions of others. And over the years, Frank shared his gifts with the Cathedral in so many ways—not only his woodworking artistry, but also his gifts as a Cathedral docent, as a founding member of our Health and Healing Ministry, and as a reader at the 8:15am morning Mass.

Like all of you, I learned a lot from Frank Robl. I learned from him not only how to live life to the full but how to die with grace and gratitude. Rest in peace, dear Frank!

Marilyn Maddeford was, in every inch of her small stature, a believer—a convinced and fierce believer. She “believed, and therefore she spoke” (to quote St. Paul)—not so much with words but with everything she did.

Early in her adulthood, Marilyn left behind the Congregational Church to answer the Lord’s call to become Catholic. And Catholic she surely became! Marilyn was never one to do things by half-measures! Her Catholic faith became central to her. She embraced it all and she loved it all. She loved the Mass, the sacraments, the devotions; she loved the traditions—the Rosary, the novenas, the statues and the shrines. She loved the nuns and she loved the priests. She loved the whole scene.

But Marilyn was more than a believer—she was also a contemplative, a mystic. She communed with God at a deep level. So many times she would share with me about the “deep prayer” (her words) that she experienced—often during the dark hours of the night or the wee hours of the morning when prayer became more important to her than sleep. A mystic she was, but a very in-touch and down-to-earth one!

I myself got to know Marilyn when she became secretary to Archbishop Raymond Hunthausen shortly after his arrival here in Seattle in 1975. I think it’s fair to say that the Archbishop ‘converted’ this convert to a whole new understanding of church and a whole new sense of what church could be. There may have been some initial wonderment, some getting-used-to on her part but, before long, thanks to Archbishop Hunthausen, Marilyn began to see the Church she loved in a new way. It was no longer the fortress Church or the Church militant: now it was the servant Church, the pilgrim Church, the Church of the poor, the People of God (with all the holiness and messiness that implies).

The Vatican visitation of her beloved Archbishop and friend was a painful and life-changing experience for Marilyn. She found herself having to adjust some of her thinking about the Church: to come to terms as best she could with the fact that the Church she loved was human as well as divine and didn’t always get things right. That was not an easy thing for Marilyn. It was something she had to struggle with. But she did come to terms with it as she continued to celebrate the great gifts of the Church and all it represents. And at last, she found a way to make peace and to forgive.

It was difficult for Marilyn to leave the Archbishop’s office, which she did in 1998. And if there was any consolation, it probably came from knowing that she was replaced not by one person, but by three! The pain of her exit from the Chancery was



Marilyn Maddeford, March 19, 1920—December 23, 2012

offset to some degree by the fact that she could continue to do Archbishop Hunthausen’s secretarial work, and by the joy all of us at the Cathedral felt when she moved across the street to work for us as our receptionist. Her lovely smile and cheerful greeting uplifted everyone who came to the office or called by phone. Very quickly, Marilyn became part of our Cathedral team, and just as quickly, she won the hearts of everyone. I mean everyone—including the men at our overnight winter shelter. For years, she served as an overnight host at the shelter, spending many a night sleeping on the floor of the Cathedral Hall—well into her late 80’s!

And Marilyn, at ninety-two, never did truly retire. In fact, she insisted on bringing a large sack full of Archbishop Hunthausen’s correspondence with her to the hospital shortly before Christmas, fully intending to use her hospital stay to catch up on her friend’s work...!

God had other plans. Marilyn went home to God on Sunday, December 23. And if Marilyn Maddeford is not in heaven, there is simply no hope for any of us! Be at peace, dear friend. Be with God!

Father Michael G. Ryan

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, November 2012-April 2013

November

8. At our annual **Mass for the Deceased Homeless**, we remembered in prayer all those who died on our streets or in shelters in the past year.

11. Our young parishioner Mairead Corrigan shared her **Sacrificial Giving** story with the parish community: “St. James is a unique place to attend mass and I know I will miss it if I go away for college next year. However I know that St. James will always be here, and I will always be with St. James. St. James is home!”

December

1. Our annual celebration of **Madre de las Americas** brought together Hispanic communities from across Western Washington.

15. Hundreds gathered at the Cathedral for the traditional Filipino celebration of **Simbang Gabi**.

16. Our annual celebration of **Readings and Carols** draws on the gifts of all our young people—musicians, altar servers, and youth readers.

24. In his homily for this **Christmas** day, Father Ryan said: “Christmas means that God loves the human family. *Loves, not loved.* Christmas means that God is part of our family and that we are part of God’s family. Ever since Christ was born in Bethlehem, born in our own flesh, Christmas became an ongoing thing, a forever thing, not a once-upon-a-time thing.”

January

3. Father Ryan celebrated the **Funeral Mass of Marilyn Maddeford**, a beloved member of the Cathedral staff (read a tribute on p. 17 of this



From top to bottom: Madre de las Americas, December 1; Readings and Carols, December 16; Candlelight Vigil and March, February 9; Rite of Election, February 14.

journal).

6. On the **Epiphany of the Lord**, we celebrated the arrival of the three kings.

19. Archbishop Sartain presided at our annual Archdiocesan celebration in thanksgiving for the life of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.**, and for the presence of African American Catholics in the Archdiocese of Seattle.

20. At the Noon Mass was a special celebration honoring the **Holy Child Jesus**—the Santo Niño.

February

9. St. James co-sponsored an **Interfaith Candlelight Vigil and March** against gun violence. Hundreds joined the walk from St. Mark’s Episcopal Cathedral to St. James.

11. From Rome came the momentous news of the resignation of **Pope Benedict XVI**. Father Ryan wrote in a letter to the parish: “We should be grateful to Pope Benedict for giving us such a powerful and credible example of what it means to humbly face one’s own mortality. Benedict has often been referred to as ‘the teaching Pope.’ This may well be one of his finest moments as teacher and one of the most enduring of all his teachings.”

13. Thousands gathered at St. James to mark the solemn beginning of the season of Lent: **Ash Wednesday**.

14. We celebrated the **Rite of Election** with our “Elect,” those preparing for baptism at the Easter Vigil.

18. Our Lenten series for this year, **Good News for the Poor: The Gospel of Luke** began today and continued on six Mondays throughout Lent.

Led by Father James Eblen and Patty Bowman, the series challenged participants to redefine their understanding of the poor, both in their reading of the Gospel and in daily life.

28. As Pope Benedict XVI's Pontificate drew to a close in Rome, Archbishop Sartain celebrated a special **Mass of Thanksgiving** in the Cathedral.

March

3. We celebrated the first of three "**Scrutiny**" rites with our Elect.

11. As the Cardinals prepared to gather in **Conclave** in Rome, we kept vigil in prayer in the Cathedral until Midnight, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and readings and prayers offered each hour.

13. White smoke! The Cathedral's bells were rung, and white and gold banners flew from the Cathedral towers as we received word from Rome of the election of Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergoglio, **Pope Francis**.

Archbishop Sartain offered a Mass of Thanksgiving in the Cathedral. Father Ryan wrote: "*New* seems to be the word of the moment, doesn't it! Our new Pope comes from *the new world*—from South America; he has chosen a brand new name, Francis; he belongs to a religious order, the Society of Jesus, that is entirely new when it comes to the chair of Peter. And, when he appeared on the great balcony of St. Peter's Basilica after his election—new in appearance without all the formal papal trappings and with a simple, down-to-earth message for the people of his new diocese and for the world—he gave us reason to believe that his election would signal the *new Pentecost* that Pope John XXIII prayed for more than fifty years ago when he called the Second Vatican Council."

17. Our first annual **St. Patrick's Day Pancake Breakfast** was a huge success, raising more than \$3,500 in support of the Solanus Casey Center. Special guests included the Deputy Lord Mayor of Galway (Seattle's



From top to bottom: Gold and white banners fly for the election of Pope Francis, March 13; St. Patrick's Day dancers, March 17; baptism at the Easter Vigil, March 30; confirmations, April 13.

sister city) and Irish dancers!

21. The **Chrism Mass** is a festive and beautiful annual celebration during which the Archbishop blesses the holy oils used in sacramental celebrations throughout the year.

22. Dozens of Cathedral parishioners headed down to Olympia for **Catholic Advocacy Day**.

23. Well over three hundred people gathered as the Archbishop celebrated Mass for persons with **special needs** and their families.

24-30. It was a beautiful **Holy Week** in Seattle, with temperatures reaching 70 degrees on Easter Sunday. On Good Friday, we were privileged to welcome Bishop Gordon Bennett, SJ, who preached on the Seven Last Words. Twelve adults and children were baptized at the Easter Vigil, and Easter Masses were overflowing. In his homily for Easter Sunday, Father Ryan reflected on the first days of Pope Francis' ministry: "This Easter, the message that all is new fits perfectly with what we are experiencing in the Church with the election of Francis as Pope. Does it feel like spring to you? It does to me. And it feels like Pentecost has come early! Francis has been breathing newness and freshness and hope into the Church by just about everything he's said and done... In a Church for whom signs and symbols are our first language, Francis is speaking loud and clear. And we like what we hear, we like what we see!"

April

7. On the Second Sunday of Easter, thirteen beautiful infants were baptized in the Cathedral at the 10:00am Mass, and after the Noon Mass hundreds remained to pray the Chaplet of the **Divine Mercy** together.

13. Twenty-one young people and adults received the **Sacrament of Confirmation** at the 5:30pm Mass in a joyful and spirit-filled celebration. ♦

Farewell to Pope Benedict XVI

Our Cathedral kids in grades three to six prayed for Pope Benedict XVI as he retired—and they also had some helpful advice about what he should do with his free time!

- * I hope you have a nice retirement! And I hope you have a long and happy rest of your life.
- * I think you should go on vacation and have fun! And after that, explore the world.
- * I am so sorry you haf to lev I love you so much may God be with you in the nam of the Fothr and the Son and the Holy Sperit Amin. Dear God my you gide this man and tak kar of him!
- * I think Pope Benedict should have a great vacation to a tropical island!! I pray that you don't get some fatal disease; that would be sad. When you go to Heaven I hope you can be pope again in Heaven!
- * I pray that you live in heavenly paradise! Swim with the dolphins, and have a great time.
- * Dear Pope Benedict XVI, you may want to use your free time doing your favorite thing or something else, but it is your decision. I hope you have a great time in retirement!
- * Thank you for working so long. God bless you. I think you should go to a nice retiring home and relax.



* My prayer for the Holy Father is that he has a strong spirit so he can explore Vatican City and different countries, keep him away from danger, and bring him closer to God so he can teach himself what he taught us.

* My prayer for Pope Benedict XVI is to stay healthy, relax, have fun, and live until at least 100. I think he should drink hot chocolate, watch TV, sleep, read the bible every day and pray.

* I hope you have a good retiring. I think you should spend time with your family now or you should find

a hobby that makes you happy.

- * In his free time he should read some books, for example, *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*.
- * I think you should travel to small and big churches so you can meet other priests.
- * The first thing you should do is go to Honolulu. You've been one of the best Popes ever.
- * I pray that the Holy Father has a good life. You have worked hard for 86 years, and you deserve to retire. Enjoy the rest of your life!
- * I think you should buy a vacation home somewhere you love—Hawaii, Paris, anywhere.
- * I pray that you will find peace during your retirement and that everybody will be kind to you.