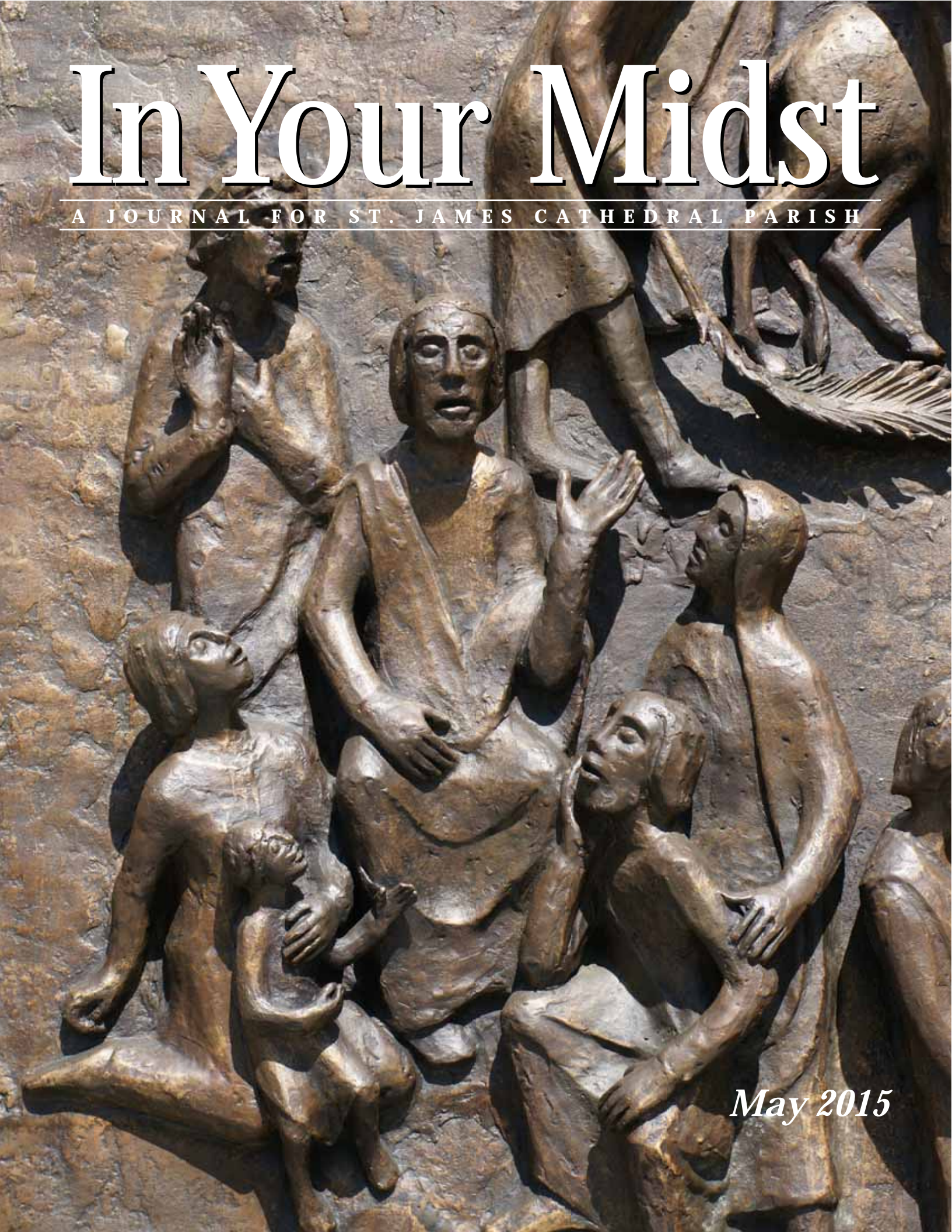


# In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH



*May 2015*

# 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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# Coming to the Cathedral

*What brought you to the Cathedral? What keeps you here?*

I first set foot in St. James Cathedral as a nine-year-old, when my grandparents, who lived up the street at Summit and Madison, brought me with them to Mass. It was 1950 and the Cathedral was a forest of scaffolding that, while fascinating for young eyes, was anything but beautiful.

Four years later, I had two opportunities to visit the Cathedral. The first was to attend the Mass at which Father Thomas Gill was installed as pastor. I came with my family because this was a family event. Father Gill's sister was my aunt by marriage and he was very much a part of my family. He was also a hero to me as a young person and had a strong influence on my early thoughts about becoming a priest. My memories of that celebration in the Cathedral are more of him than of the Cathedral itself although it did cross my mind that he was lucky to be taking over such a big and beautiful church. What didn't cross my mind that day was that I would one day take his place as pastor--and that there would only be one pastor between us! A thought like that would have been unthinkable for this fourteen-year-old boy from Queen Anne Hill.

Later that same year, I was back at St. James, this time with a large group of Boy Scouts who came to the Cathedral to receive the coveted *Ad Altare Dei* cross, the equivalent of an Academy Award for a young Catholic scout. There must have been a hundred of us in the Cathedral that Sunday afternoon. We marched in military fashion all the way from the Knights of Columbus Hall over on Harvard Avenue, and I remember taking delight in stopping traffic! In the Cathedral, I remember the thrill of hearing the mighty sounds of the organ as we processed down the center aisle to receive our award from Archbishop Thomas Connolly. Because I was among the shortest of the candidates (if not the shortest), I ended up right next to the Archbishop in the photograph that we posed for afterwards on the Cathedral steps. He apparently didn't like people towering over him. I was happy to oblige!

These stories tell what first brought me to St. James but none of them tell why I came back. I came back to stay in 1988 because Archbishop Hunthausen



appointed me to serve as pastor. But I would have to say that it is neither my appointment, nor the Cathedral, beautiful as it is, that have kept me here. It's the people. It's you--the remarkable people of St. James who make this Cathedral so much more than a glorious building. You make it a holy place where God's presence is palpable and where God's work is done in a thousand different ways every day of the year--in prayerful worship, in faithful witness, and in humble service. You are the ones who keep me here; you are the ones who make this Cathedral what it truly is: the House of God and the Gate of Heaven!

Father Michael G. Ryan



**B**eing brought me to Seattle and St. James in 1966.

In the fall of 1968, I saw an announcement for an event for single college graduates, Catholic Alumni Club. At the second event I attended on November 10, 1968, I met Jack Southall. Our lives were changed forever. Subsequently we were married in Edmonton, Alberta on September 27, 1969. I then became a member of St. Paul Parish in south Seattle near the home Jack owned. We were at St. James frequently for the 5:30 pm Mass on Sundays. We contributed to the 1994 renovation and restoration of St. James Cathedral. We always enjoyed the Great Music for Great Cathedral programs. When we moved into the city, it was only natural that we become St. James Cathedral parishioners.

In 2009, Jack and I moved to Skyline, right across from St. James. On June 19, 2014 life changed again for me. Jack is no longer with us but I have the family of St. James Cathedral.

Rose Southall

**M**y Seattle arrival in the late 70's was colored by fulfilling a quest to recapture years spent in mountainous lake-filled environs full of cathedrals, chalets, museums, incredible flowered parks and delightful people. In exploration mode, I discovered Seattle was

That. Christmas season dawned with the decision to experience the glories of a Christmas at St. James. The first visit included some great friends sharing the regal event complete with orchestra, choir, organ, brass and timpani. What a beginning. Somewhere there is an appropriate superlative befitting the experience. What could possibly mount those peaks to compete?

A Renaissance of Excellence accompanied by a People living their talents, prayer and praise. At St. James Cathedral, each is a Jewel in the Crown.

"My soul, have you found what you are looking for? You were looking for God, and you have discovered that God is the Supreme Being, and that you could not possibly imagine anything more Perfect. You have discovered that this Supreme Being is life itself, light, wisdom, goodness, eternal blessedness and blessed eternity. God is everywhere, and God is timeless." - St. Anselm

Jerry Cronkhite

**H**ave you ever noticed the inside front cover of the hymnals in the pews? Look inside sometime and in most of them, you'll see the name Joe Petrotta, who not only donated the hymnals as part of the 1994 renovation of the cathedral, but who is also largely responsible for my being a member of St. James Cathedral. I am a lifelong Catholic: I was baptized when I was two weeks

old, attended Catholic schools from kindergarten through high school, and have always practiced my faith. So Joe didn't bring me to the church, but he did bring me to this church, to St. James Cathedral. Joe and I became friends in the late 1980's when we both served on the Board of Directors of Common Ground, a local non-profit organization that develops low-income housing. At the time, I was attending a parish in my north Seattle neighborhood. I emphasize the word "attending," for I was not very active there. That parish was largely made up of retirees and families with young children in the parish school. I met some wonderful people there, and made friends with some of the members of a small faith-sharing group, but as a single person, I never felt like I really fit in with the demographics of the parish. Joe was a member of St. James, and encouraged me to transfer my parish affiliation here. I took his advice and I immediately felt at home. Joe introduced me to everyone, and before I knew it, I was on the Development Committee and volunteering with Welcome Back and RCIA. I joined the parish just as the renovation work on the cathedral was beginning in the spring of 1994, and joined the staff in 2000. St. James is definitely my home--my friend Joe Petrotta has since moved away, but I think I'm here to stay!

Patty Bowman

Upon my return to Seattle, after eight somewhat sheltered years in the Rocky Mountains, I was caught off guard by the visible poverty and distress of neighbors living in doorways while I comfortably went to my apartment. While struggling with this inequality the Holy Spirit led me to the St. James website and I heard a clear voice summoning me to be part of a community of service. I contacted Patty Bowman, Director of Social Outreach, who, as the interim Director of RCIA, invited me to get acquainted and learn more. In the quiet of her office she shared all sorts of service opportunities and lent me Craig Rennebohm's book *Souls in the Hands of a Tender God*. I knew I was in the right place. At the end of our meeting she asked if I had been to Mass at St. James. "Mass?" I asked. "No," I admitted, feeling rather off-keel, having completely failed to consider this part of the equation. She recommended I start. A Sunday or two later I was there. The smell, authentically Cathedral, reassured me, reminding me of time spent in churches overseas. The music blew my socks off. The opulence of the space dazzled my eyes and as I witnessed the pageantry of time-tried sacred ritual, I wondered what I had been thinking. Thankfully Patty had also lent me Ronald Rolheiser's *The Holy Longing*



which helped me appreciate the profound richness of the experience and the fundamental life-sustaining necessity of both giving and receiving.

Amity Ludders

In his book *Falling Upward*, Richard Rohr writes, "In the spiritual world we do not find something until we lose it, ignore it, long for it, choose it, and personally find it again—but on a new level."

A few years ago, following a long absence from the Church, I realized I wanted to work a little harder on my spiritual renewal, and I was going to need to find a new community of faith to help me in this effort.

For centuries, the Cathedral in the center of the city symbolized the Catholic belief that the beautiful and valuable assets it held in common belonged to everyone. This notion of common ownership made St. James an obvious choice. What I discovered as a counterpoint to the unique beauty of the Cathedral, was a vibrant inner city parish populated by the young and old, the influential and the marginalized,



representing a rainbow of cultural, racial, and ethnic characteristics. Its cosmopolitanism struck me as a real dividend.

St. James quickly established itself in my mind as a place of acute social consciousness, inclusiveness, liturgical excellence, and sacramentality. Its mission is totally authentic.

The Liturgy of the Word and of the Eucharist at St. James expresses over and over two key messages: first, that God is not an enemy, but a friend we need not be afraid of; and secondly, that grace is always available if we will only bring ourselves to ask.

This same liturgy invites us to use our imagination to help us grasp what is true, but is too amazing in its uniqueness to be easily believed.

James Carroll in his book, *Christ Actually*, characterizes a community of faith as “imitators of Jesus Christ, wishing mainly to be kind and true, taking heart from our companions along the way.” This defines St. James parish to me, and this is why I intend to remain a part of it.

John Riley

**I** remember very vividly my first visit to St. James Cathedral. A resident of Anchorage at the time, I was vacationing in Seattle, and it was a sunny Sunday morning in 1988 when I walked through the doors of St. James. I was immediately impressed with the beauty of the Cathedral, from the entrance doors to the stained glass windows and amazing

architecture. Particularly memorable was that it was the Mass at which Father Michael Ryan was installed as Pastor! At that time I never even dreamed that one day I would be a member of St. James and involved in its ministries. I eventually did move to Seattle, and became a member of St. James in 2008.

In 2014, feeling a lack in my spiritual experience, I decided to make a focused Lenten journey. More important than the things I gave up were the things I committed to do (e.g., daily Rosary, scripture reading and prayer; weekly Stations of the Cross; Friday devotions; Sunday vespers). During spiritual meditations, the Lord impressed upon me the importance of my becoming involved in the ministries of the Church. Having a special devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, I was drawn towards becoming an Extraordinary Minister of Holy Communion (“EM”). In September 2014, I was commissioned as an EM, and can now be found serving at Our Lord’s sacred banquet Sunday evening Masses. I also completed several months of Cabrini Ministry training and graduated in March of this year to serve the homebound and dying. I look forward to being a blessing to others in my new assignments!

I am so grateful to St. James for the many opportunities for education and spiritual growth—from training in pastoral care and outreach ministries, to concerts and studies in spiritual poetry and sacred writings, to deepening friendships with other people living a Christ-centered life. Still under the strong

spiritual leadership of our charismatic Pastor, Father Michael Ryan, St. James Cathedral is a vibrant, vital community of Christian believers fulfilling their Baptismal calling in service to one another, and to the suffering, the lost, and the least in our midst. Every Good Friday we sing the great hymn written by Isaac Watts, which summarizes my gratitude and deep devotion to Jesus, our risen Savior: "When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died ... Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all." May His Light and Peace be with us always as we follow His footsteps on our journey to our heavenly home.

Cheryl Rody

I clearly remember my first visit to St. James Cathedral. It was in the fall of 1992 when I came to the Cathedral for the Rite of Election. As I was blessed by Archbishop Murphy I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit filling my heart through his kindness and welcome. I felt at peace and at home.

Prior to that important event at St. James I had been influenced by visits to several other cathedrals. The first was in Santa Fe, New Mexico where my parents took me to midnight Mass which included a live Posada with animals in the procession. I knew I wanted to be Catholic that night. In college I visited amazing cathedrals in France and Italy, and again knew I wanted to be part of the long tradition of ritual, music, and art. I lived next door to St. Paul's Cathedral in Minnesota next. All made a lasting impact. Finally, while getting my masters at Seattle University and learning about the Jesuit values, I made the decision to join the Church.

Last year I moved back to Seattle and feel so blessed to call St. James my parish. I have developed meaningful friendships and am fulfilling one of my callings in life by helping grow food in the Cathedral Kitchen Garden. As a person who loves to feed others, it is fitting and right that I am a member of a Eucharistic Church. I am reminded of these blessings each time I enter St. James Cathedral.

Liberty Sponek

My first adult experience of attending Mass at St James Cathedral in 1995 gave me the initial feeling of awe and wonder that those who come to the Cathedral for the first time often see and feel. As a child I grew up in Oregon but had a large family in Seattle. Mass was either at St Anne's on Queen Anne or at the Cathedral.

For many years my profession gave me the privilege of worshipping in churches around the world but it was rare that any of them gave the the sense of

being in such a holy place as this.

The outstanding concerts and programs offered continue to increase my awareness of how vital and spiritually enriching our Cathedral is to the community and the world.

I have been blessed for many years being a Eucharistic minister--a servant to those who serve.

One of the greatest joys is talking with visitors after Mass. They often are close to speechless in describing the Cathedral and the Mass. A good number claim we have more servers on the altar than they have people attending.

Every entrance to the Cathedral continues to fill me with wonder and awe. This is a spectacular place for a journey of faith that continues to deepen and grow.

Jim Fliflet

My first experiences of St. James Cathedral go way back...further than I can remember! We thought that the Cathedral was truly magnificent, with its life-sized angels framing the immense main altar, decorated with fancy baroque gold trimming (where the main organ now stands); the beautiful stained glass windows, the huge marble pillars, the long main aisle, (which prospective brides loved to anticipate walking down on their wedding day), leading from the main entrance to the front pews-- and the altar rails where we knelt to receive Communion.

Come to think of it, the Cathedral of the "renovation" has even more power to move my heart and spirit to God today! With the altar and ambo in the center, you can't miss the centrality of God's Word and holy Meal uniting us into the Body of Christ! The skylight above continually reminds us that we are called to be "a servant people," "to wash one another's feet" and help each other on our way. The new stained glass windows behind the organ are a summons to live out our Baptism by "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, seeing the face of Christ and responding in love to all our brothers and sisters in need. And encountering the baptismal font and pool as we enter the nave brings to mind our celebration of Baptism every Sunday, especially when we welcome new babies into God's family and ours; but no day more joyful and profound than the Easter Vigil, when our catechumens enter the pool, are drenched in baptismal waters and come out "reborn in Christ!"

I love to see people kneeling in prayer in our Blessed Sacrament Chapel, lost in the beauty of the "burning bush" tabernacle which bids us "take off our shoes, as we are on holy ground;" the steady stream of young and old who light candles in Mary's shrine, entrusting their joys and sorrows to the mother of Jesus

and ours. And I love to pray by the statue of St. Pope John XXIII...knowing that he is interceding for our Church throughout the world, for Pope Francis and all of us, that we'll give ourselves to bring God's mercy, peace and hope to all we meet. And one last thought: I love to invite the folks I meet at the Solanus Casey Center to come to Cathedral when all is quiet and peaceful, there to find the One who "carries their burdens" with them and "brings them rest." All are welcome!

Sr. Judy Ryan snjm

**I** love St. James Cathedral in Seattle. It is truly "holy ground" and its stones tell the stories. My great-grandmother lived in Seattle after moving from Montana with her son, and my mother went to college there. When I was assigned to substitute for a teacher there in 1959, I was thrilled. What I remember most is two weeks of rain, my bundling up and going for walks around the neighborhood. Archbishop Connolly was Archbishop at that time, and the Brothers lived in a big house at Terry and Marion.

I visited Seattle often and was so thrilled when the Cathedral was renovated in the spirit of Vatican II, "full, conscious, and active participation." And it is that: everything speaks of the community of believers. Sitting in the pews, one meets wonderfully prayerful people, of wonderfully different cultures. No one day was it ever the same, but Christ was the same. I returned in 2011 and thought I'd finish my days there. Then it became necessary for the Brothers to move and I'm in Boston now, but longing to get back for visits.

"I am in your midst as one who serves," speaks of the whole parish. All one has to do is look around. The babies are baptized and the young are formed in faith. There is outreach to prisoners and the poor are fed. People are loved and are loving. Some of my best friends came into my life at Mass, for there the Gospel is shared and lived.

Our Brothers were in Seattle for 91 years, and we are grateful for having been there and humbled as well. We weren't perfect but we gave it all we had. And to these people who have become our sisters and brothers, we are grateful and hold them in prayer.

Brother John Dornbos, CFC

**I** was baptized and raised Presbyterian thanks to mom, with strong Mennonite ties thanks to dad. As an adult, I spent 40 years "in the wilderness," searching for a church to call my own but, in every Protestant church I tried, sensing that something undefined but necessary was missing.

Then I slipped into St James on a Sunday morning in early 2011. By the time I sat down in the pew, I knew

I was home. It just felt right: awesomely holy, seamlessly whole, totally Christ's.

The main reason I was (at Pentecost in 2012) confirmed at and now keep coming to St James is that this Cathedral is where I feel closest to God. I can physically feel my prayers rise up through the oculus on a path straight to God. Here, I am profoundly in His midst. Nowhere else would I rather be.

Barb Schmidt

**F**inding the ideal parish for the family is as important as finding one's dream house. For an immigrant family like ours, this is undoubtedly very true.

We may not have found our dream house but we definitely found the ideal parish, our second home, St. James Cathedral, House of God, Gate of Heaven.

I remember the first time we set out looking for the Cathedral. GPS was not yet available then. As expected, we got lost. We could see the bell towers but we couldn't find the street leading to the church. We circled the area at least three times before we found 9th Ave. Evening Mass was about to begin. We've come home! St. James was not only a place of prayer, it was also a welcoming place. It still is. Here we had the first taste of involvement in the church's liturgy when our family was chosen to bring the offertory gifts during the Sunday Mass. It was a very memorable moment for us.

The presence of many Filipino volunteers encouraged us to get involved in parish life. Our children attended CCD and were altar servers. They also participated in children's liturgies. Soon after, I joined the Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion. Not to be left out, my husband followed suit as an usher.

We cross the Puget Sound every Sunday and some people wonder why. The answer is simple. We love St. James! There's no place like our second home!

Teresita Guerrero

**L**ooking back, I gratefully praise God's heart that led me to St. James. It was my mom's parish to begin with. Although Mom and I frequented another parish with Marian devotions that we treasured in the Philippines, the proximity of St. James to where we lived drew us here for weekday Masses as well.

God knew best how to convince me that I belonged here, and self-gift through volunteer ministries was key. Father Ryan, Sisters Frances Wink, Anne Herkenrath and Claudette Conrad, and Marianne Cote opened ministry doors for me.

So early on, my ministries included Renew



program, Communion Services, RCIA Inquiry, Baptism, Funeral including leading a Prayer Service in the Holy Rood Chapel and Reader. I loved them all! My ministries now are basically as Reader and Extraordinary Minister of Holy Communion, with occasional invitations from Corinna to help with Holy Hour. Serving makes God's personal love and Baptismal call to ministry very real and exhilarating for me! Our Lord blesses me a hundredfold; what more could I ask? My faith is nurtured here; it is the parish God wants for me!

Furthermore, full, active, conscious participation at the beautiful and prayerful Eucharistic liturgy (let alone the heavenly music that enriches our prayer) is characteristic of St. James prayer life and this means a lot to me. I appreciate the various opportunities for faith growth and treasure the many faith-filled friends with whom I pray and serve. The parishioners and visitors who come to pray here inspire me. This beautiful place itself makes for a sacred rendezvous with God!

Thank you, dear Father Ryan and all of you, my heaven-sent companions in my faith pilgrimage at St. James; you are treasures in my being a parishioner here!

Lita McBride

**I** have been a parishioner at St James Cathedral since moving downtown in 1990.

Early awareness of the glory and grandeur of the Cathedral, the elegance and warmth of Father Ryan and the exquisite organ music drew me to becoming a member.

I picked the back pew in the west nave to sit every

Sunday morning at the 8 o'clock Mass. This has allowed me to view and hear all that happens during the liturgy.

Sharing "my pew" with the most kind, growing families and old friends and visiting the chapel after Mass with a fellow lover of candle lighting and the Chapel causes me to anticipate the pleasure and joy of Sunday morning at St. James.

Gwen Johnson

**W**hat keeps me here? The fact that I'm challenged weekly to not sit back, but to actively engage my faith. For me, and for many, this happens through communal worship, prayer, and lay ministry.

As lay ministers at St. James, we gather once a year to reflect on why we are drawn to serve in various ministries. And throughout the year, we're encouraged through liturgy, homilies and prayer to ask ourselves, "What motivates me, what calls me to be a Eucharistic Minister? An Emmaus Companion? A volunteer in the Winter Shelter?"

St. James Cathedral is a hard place to be complacent. And I'm grateful for that. Through homilies, and the great Eucharistic Prayer at Mass, we're reminded to imitate Christ in his great love for us. In addition, we're each called to do something, through love, that will aid and help others.

St. James has helped me to focus that something. The Holy Spirit, imbued in this place, has helped me see where my strengths in lay ministry lie. I'm also reminded of the stuff I need to work on. I am challenged to dig more deeply: to forgive another when they are hard to love, to find and express



gratitude to God in all things and situations.

Receiving Communion and praying with the community weekly at St. James gives me renewed courage to say, “Forgive me, Lord. Thank you for loving me. Help me to get out of my own way and to trust your love more fully. Help me to grow in your will for me. Lord--How can I best serve you today?”

Scott Webster

**T**he summer of 1999, shortly after discovering I was pregnant with my first, and only child, I discovered this beautiful place. I was searching for a faith community for which to raise my unborn child. I was baptized Catholic as an infant, but growing up, my six siblings and I were not really involved in a church community. As such, I hadn’t received the other childhood sacraments. An aunt encouraged me to seek out Catholicism. I can still hear her words ringing in my ears, “You are a spiritual sort of person, Lisa. But until you get straight with the Lord, you will never know true happiness.” Concerned that I would be greeted with reproach, as a pregnant woman out of wedlock, I was very anxious coming to the church. I was certain that they would encourage me to “do the right thing” and marry my daughter’s father. But the embrace I was given was warm and welcoming, and the church was not at all hurried to have me marry. I appreciate that so, because although the cross I’ve had to bear as a single mom is sometimes difficult, it did not come with an unhappy or broken

marriage attached. Becoming Catholic, and belonging to the St. James parish community, has provided the support and love my now 15-year-old daughter Noelle and I need. We are invited time and again to participate, not just in the Mass, but as a contributing member of varied ministries in our church family, and with the church’s support, my daughter attends area Catholic schools. This place is truly our home away from home, and we are deeply grateful for being here.

Lisa LeDoux

**F**irst there was Dorothy at the eight o’clock. My young daughter made a loud noise, and Dorothy didn’t give me the stink eye—oh, how new mothers fear the stink eye. Instead, she smiled and introduced herself.

Immediate relief and a thought: Maybe there would be room for us here.

For my daughters, there was no “maybe.” They love the place: the serpent under Mary’s foot in the side chapel. The candles. All the candles. The constellation on the ceiling. The bathrooms. The flavor of the holy water. (Must be holy; no one got sick.) Father Ryan’s warm greeting.

So I followed my daughters’ lead. Yes, I thought, this place has room for everything. The world’s joys and the world’s pains? Come on in. Bring every fear and doubt you’ve ever known. There’s room. Room for the rich and the poor, room for music and silence, ugliness and beauty. Room for us.

How many spaces in our lives make room for all this? Does my home do it? Does my heart? I try to make room. I fail a lot, maybe even most of the time. But coming to St. James encourages me to try again.

Jessica Murphy Moo

I remember one of the first Sundays that I was serving as cantor, standing in front of the congregation. It was an amazing moment, at the beginning of Mass, that simple, every-day action of crossing ourselves, “In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,” gave physical witness and palpable testimony to the faith of the people facing me. This is a people who believe, they are ready to be witnesses (martyrs, in Greek) for this faith. It’s not just a “nice thing” that we have received from those who came before us, no, it’s the grounding, the bedrock for their lives. And, it leads them into action in the little-C sense of ‘catholic,’ universal. This faith is not just something comforting and comfortable. It impels them outward. The grace of God, active within them, transforms them into something more. Together they reach out, together we reach out.

Another clear image I have is the Thanksgiving Day Mass that first autumn I was here. We had people bringing forward gifts of food for the “less fortunate.” Lots of congregations do this. One can “see” the middle-class family of four, mom, dad, and two kids, bringing forward a couple of cans of creamed corn and a couple of cans of tuna fish. But, here, in front of me, at St. James, I saw the elderly, on fixed incomes, the very sorts of folks the middle-class family probably was picturing as the folks they were helping. I saw the fixed-income elderly bringing forward multiple shopping bags laden with their gifts for the poor. The widow’s mite had never been so clearly proclaimed to me.

A Catholic community. This is what was so clearly St. James Cathedral for me when I began attending here regularly, “Catholic Community.” This is what is so clearly still present here at St. James, this is what brings me back, time and time again, this deep sense of “Catholic Community” ... to be nurtured and fed by God’s grace in the midst of this community, to be sent forth and spread God’s grace with the broader community, outside the bounds of this building, this parish, and, then to welcome people ... the strong and the weak, the sick and the hale, the lost, to welcome any and all who come, to invite them to become part of the community, to invite them to belong with us, here, in the heart of God’s love.

This is what St. James was for me ... this is what St. James is for me.

Dan Jinguji

I understand something about hunger. As a young medical student in the 70’s I served as a missionary to east Africa during the great famine of the Sahel. Every day we provided medicine and food to the beautiful people of Ethiopia whose land, culture and lives were drying up and blowing away in the draught. Among other things, we distributed a food supplement that was donated by the United States and other generous countries of the world. This “complete” food was a vitamin rich, high protein, high calorie flour-like substance that local people would bake into a doughy pancake. It tasted like slightly sweet, oddly medicinal flatbread. About half way into my term our mission director decided that we should eat the same food that we were distributing. So we all embarked upon a diet of doughy, odd-tasting pancakes as our only source of sustenance. After a month I had lost 14 pounds, and the hungrier I got the better the pancakes tasted. I would go to sleep every night under the starry African sky and dream about Safeway. In the morning I would wake from my reverie of rotisserie chickens and fresh produce feeling ravenous, like a modern day Jean Valjean, hungry enough to commit crime for a loaf of bread. I have never forgotten that hunger.

Nearly forty years later, on a cold, rainy Wednesday afternoon that was filled with heartbreak and discouragement, I found myself sitting in a back pew at St. James. I wasn’t Catholic. I wasn’t even sure why I was there. But when the mass proceeded to the Eucharist and I saw the host in Father’s hand, held high above his head in an act of unselfconscious devotion, I knew another unnamed hunger deep inside of me was crying out to be satisfied. I came back again and again, drawn to the Eucharist like a magnet. In time, the gracious parish of St. James made room for me, accepted me into full communion and welcomed me to my place at the table.

As I write this, we are in the third week of Easter with the lectionary leading us through the bread of life discourses in the sixth chapter of John’s gospel. There Jesus makes His miraculously audacious claim “I am the bread of life; whoever comes to me will never hunger”. And more recently, Pope Francis has reminded us that “The Eucharist communicates the Lord’s love for us: a love so great that it nourishes us with Himself: freely given love, always available to every person who hungers...” How fortunate we are to have that experience, the source and summit of our existence, available to us every day at the cathedral. I understand something about hunger...and hunger satisfied.

Ross Hays

# Holy Week Album

*Looking back on the holiest days of the Church's year*



**Top left:** Over a thousand people join in the great procession on Palm Sunday, at the 10:00am Mass. **Top right:** Archbishop Sartain greets people as they pass through the Ceremonial Doors on Palm Sunday. **Center and bottom left:** Father Ryan washes the feet of parishioners on Holy Thursday. **Bottom right:** the solemn Veneration of the Cross on Good Friday. **Opposite page, top row:** The Elect, wearing their brown robes for the last time, gather on the west steps of the Cathedral for the blessing of the new fire. Archbishop Sartain lights the paschal candle from the blessed fire. **Second row:** The Elect stand with candles lit during the singing of the *Exsultet*. Father Ryan baptizes an adult during the Easter Vigil. **Third row:** Baptism. The Sacrament of Confirmation is celebrated following the baptisms. **Fourth row:** Archbishop Sartain presides at Mass on Easter morning. Father Ryan welcomes the Neophytes at Solemn Vespers on Easter Sunday.



# Understanding Poverty

*Seattle University and St. James Cathedral host a powerful poverty simulation*

**A**s Program Manager at Seattle University's School of Theology and Ministry's Faith and Family

Homelessness Project I work closely with people of faith who want to change the world. Almost everyone I meet is genuine in their desire to help poor people, but most of them have never had to choose between paying rent and buying food for their children. It's hard to imagine what it's like for poor people every day, and some may wonder why don't people just pull themselves up by their bootstraps?

It's easy to think people living in poverty are simply "down on their luck," and go about the business of serving those in need. It takes guts to dig deep to understand destructive policies and ineffective systems that keep poor people poor.

That's why I believe that experiences and simulations that offer even a small step towards understanding poverty are better than no step at all.

Take actress and socialite Gwyneth Paltrow's announcement that she was going to spend one week eating like a poor person. Her photo of the \$29 haul of SNAP (Supplementary Nutritional Assistance Program) groceries flew across social media, releasing a firestorm of criticism. Gwyneth is well known for a lifestyle that includes private chefs who whip up gourmet meals with only the most organic and healthy ingredients. She's very public with her disdain for what she sees as unhealthy choices; in 2005 she told Conan O'Brien "I would rather die than let my kid eat Cup-a-Soup."

During the challenge Gwyneth quickly realized it's

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**Lisa Gustavson** is Program Manager for Seattle University's School of Theology and Ministry's Faith and Family Homelessness Project. Funded by a multi-year commitment from the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation, the project is a concentrated effort to inspire increased advocacy and care around the issue of family homelessness in the greater Puget Sound faith community. .



The Poverty Simulation gives participants the opportunity to "role play" in order to enter into the plight of the poor. Photos courtesy Seattle University.

not easy being poor--in fact she only lasted half the week. I don't think her "experiment" was a complete waste of time. It stimulated conversation around the SNAP program and Gwyneth just might rethink her harsh judgment of poor mothers who rely on inexpensive food like Cup-a-Soup.

Yes, it's impossible to fully simulate what it's like to wake up with an empty stomach for the third day in a row when you know you can reach for a snack whenever you choose. Just as it's unlikely you can begin to feel the depth of a parent's anguish when they

come home to an eviction notice if you know you will be sleeping in your own home that evening.

And yet, I believe a challenge or a simulation can be a first step in understanding what it's like to live in poverty, even if it's only temporary.

At Seattle University, we use the Missouri Association for Community Action's Poverty Simulation tool kit to help students and faith community members experience what it might be like to live a month in poverty. The workshop has been enormously successful; we can't keep up with the demand.

We were honored when St. James Cathedral's Patty Bowman asked us to produce the workshop in the Cathedral Hall on April 18th. The workshop was, by all accounts, a huge success. As you can imagine, it takes considerable coordination and hard work to pull off a large-scale experiential workshop for almost 80 people on a Saturday morning. We had a great team of volunteers from St. James and Seattle University who took on the challenge and transformed Cathedral Hall into a small town complete with 26 family "homes."

The workshop attracted people from across the region, including many Cathedral staff, parishioners and archdiocesan employees. We had people of all ages too—including middle and high school students, working parents, business owners and retirees. Roles were assigned at random, which often resulted in a youth playing the role of a parent or an adult playing the role of a teenager. For example, Father Ryan and the dean of Seattle University's School of Theology, Mark Markuly, played 13-year-old twin sisters who, along with their 3-year-old brother, were in the care of their 21-year-old brother. With their mother out of the picture and father in jail, they were left on their own to survive. Sadly, we can find families like this within walking distance of the Cathedral.

One hour of the workshop was broken into four "weeks" lasting 15 minutes each. During that time "families" must go to work or school, pay their bills, pay for transportation and feed their families. In our workshop, families with infants are given a life-sized "baby" filled with rocks to simulate how hard it is to lug a heavy squirming child around while moving from task to task.

Local parishioners, advocates and community members filled the roles of service providers. Some of those volunteers have experienced poverty or



Groups work together to strategize how to make ends meet. The simulation tries to give participants a sense of the unpredictability of the lives of the poor, and the compromises they must make from day to day to keep their children clothed, housed, and fed.

homelessness during their lives and were given an opportunity to share their personal stories at the conclusion of the simulation, offering a more personal look into the day-to-day lives of people struggling right here in our community.

The most important part of the experience is always the small group discussions that take place at the end of the workshop. Participants break from their assigned roles to talk about their feelings, ask questions and brainstorm ways they can use the experience to change policies and systems that keep people poor.

What makes the workshop a success is the number of people who confess to a shift in perceptions of poverty experienced by the participants. Our St. James workshop did not disappoint! We heard comments like these from many of the participants.

"It was such a grace-filled and fruitful Saturday morning!"

"The workshop was really valuable! As I went to Solanus Casey today and met our homeless people there, I was much more aware of all the trials and tribulations they go through!"

"Thanks to all who allowed us to experience, even minutely, the exquisite injustice we impose upon the poor by failing to demand just laws, taxing structures, wages, transportation issues and failure to provide adequate regulation over industries that handle our money, rent, property, utilities, etc."

Are simulations like our Poverty Workshop the solution to poverty? No, not alone. But they can be the catalyst that pushes people to look deeper at the problem and do something about it. ♦

# Closeness with the Poor

*Our youth prepare for an encounter with Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos*

**A**s our parish youth prepare to engage in a summer mission trip to Nicaragua, many have asked what compelled us to undertake such a journey. To answer that question, please allow me to share a little of my story.

A little over 13 years ago, while working as the youth minister at St. Anne Parish, I was asked to bring the youth group to a dance presentation of several Mexican orphans from a home called Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos (NPH), Spanish for Our Little Brothers and Sisters. Knowing nothing about this home, but thinking it would be a Youth Night I wouldn't have to plan, I happily agreed. Little did I know, this decision would profoundly change my life forever. Upon witnessing the beautiful folkloric dances of this orphan troupe, I was filled with questions: Who are these children? What is this NPH organization? I would soon meet several local Catholics who were immersed in NPH's mission of raising children and transforming lives in Latin America and the Caribbean.

I would learn of the founder, Father William Wasson, an American Catholic priest. In 1954, while assigned to a small marketplace church in Cuernavaca, Mexico, Father Wasson visited a young street child in the city jail who had stolen from the church's collection box to buy food. Moved with compassion, Father Wasson petitioned the judge to release the boy into his care. The judge agreed. One week later, the same judge sent eight additional children to Father Wasson's doorstep. They were a family overnight. And NPH was born.

Father Wasson established a large home in Mexico and allowed the family to grow. Over time, he would expand his mission of mercy into other impoverished countries while reaching out to people in the U.S. and Europe for support and resources. Today, NPH operates homes, hospitals, schools, and outreach programs in 9 different countries: Mexico, Honduras, Guatemala, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Peru, and Bolivia. NPH is currently

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**Joe Cotton** is the Pastoral Assistant for Youth Ministry at St. James.



*Photos courtesy Ryan Walsh, NPH*

caring for over 3,300 orphaned and abandoned children, committing to educate and raise them through self-sustainable adulthood rather than adopting them out.

Upon meeting some of the NPH children at St. Anne's, I felt compelled to sponsor one of them. I selected a 14-year-old Nicaraguan boy named Alvaro. A year later, following some back-and-forth letter writing, I found myself sitting next to Alvaro during a Mass on the NPH campus in Nicaragua. During that trip, in addition to meeting and dialoging with Father Wasson himself, I made two promises to Alvaro: I would learn Spanish and would again return to

Nicaragua to visit him. Upon returning to the States, I realized I made two enormous promises to an orphaned child in a third world country. Not wanting to let him down, I eventually took a leave of absence from work and enrolled in a language immersion school in Granada, allowing me to visit Alvaro on weekends. Two birds with one stone. Following my acquisition of the language, I later applied and was accepted to NPH's year-long International Volunteer Program which sent me back to Nicaragua to serve as a school counselor and retreat director.

These experiences challenged me in ways I wasn't expecting. I was exposed to a kind of sacrificial love that we're not really accustomed to here in the States. For example, when the airline lost my luggage, I was forced to spend the first few days with only the clothes on my back. You can imagine my shock and surprise when several NPH children ran to their lockers to grab what few pairs of shirts and shorts they owned, thrusting them into my arms without attachment or concern for themselves. Or there was the time when I attended a soccer game in a rural field, realizing too late that there was no natural cover from the relentless sun and I had not applied sun screen. Just as it was dawning on me that I was in trouble, two of the boys pulled off their shirts and tied it around my head and neck to shield me. They anticipated the need and responded selflessly before I even appreciated the problem. I have hundreds of stories like this from my time with NPH.

These beautiful children had so little, but shared abundantly, demonstrating a level of sacrifice and love that astonished me. I couldn't help but contrast their example with my tendency to hoard things for myself. I remember being constantly thirsty in Nicaragua, always longing for a drink with flavor. During one of my trips to the village, I purchased several bottles of Gatorade. I wrote my name on each bottle before leaving them in the communal fridge so no one else would consume MY beverages. I will never forget the expression on the kids' faces as they struggled to comprehend my selfishness. In places of poverty and desperation, everyone needs each other and there's really no such thing as "mine." What would our world look like if everyone lived like that?

In addition to radical generosity, the NPH community and the people of Nicaragua demonstrated an abundant hospitality and sense of togetherness, the likes of which I have never experienced in the first world. Mother Teresa once commented on a unique poverty that exists in the United States, referring to this very reality. I found myself being convicted, converted,



View of Granada, Nicaragua, and its Cathedral. Our youth will stop here to pray during the trip. Photo © Waldorf27 | Dreamstime.com

and transformed by people who understood the depths of real love, particularly love's commitment to sacrifice, detachment, generosity, friendliness, closeness, and respect for the common good. In other words, they embodied the Gospel. Is it any wonder Pope Francis has told us, "We have much to learn from the poor"?

Given that our youth ministry's mission involves empowering young people to embody Christ and build the Kingdom of God, it makes sense to bring them to the greatest trainers imaginable: the children of NPH. This lies at the root of our summer mission trip to the NPH home in Nicaragua, a sacred place that promises internal conversion for anyone who visits. I can't think of a more important and powerful experience to share with our parish youth.

Most often, mission trips are centered on doing something for somebody. People frequently ask, "What will you be doing for the people of Nicaragua?" Actually, our plan is to "be with" and "learn from" the people of Nicaragua. We desire to immerse ourselves in their daily reality, opening ourselves up to the radical love they so naturally exude. We desire to develop closeness and kinship with a community who has much to teach. Our friendship will eliminate distance and erase margins. And when we return home, we can modify our actions based on newfound closeness with those who are invisibly affected by our daily choices.

I truly hope you will consider becoming a part of this mission endeavor with our youth. You can support the mission by purchasing organic Nicaraguan coffee, becoming a stockholder in the trip, and/or offering prayer. To learn more about NPH or to sponsor a child yourself, please visit [www.nphusa.org](http://www.nphusa.org). ♦

# Fifty Years of Service

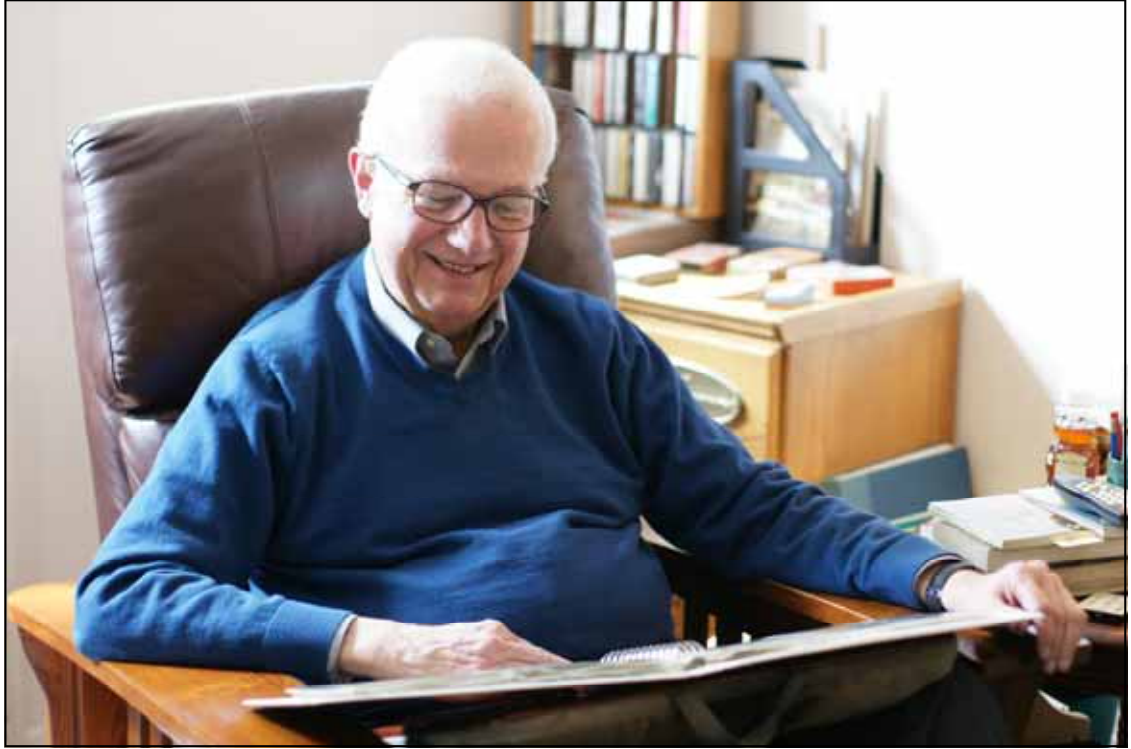
*Father David Brant celebrates his Golden Jubilee of Ordination*

**O**n May 22, 1965, a few days after his 30th birthday, David Brant came down from his room at St. Thomas Major Seminary in Kenmore. With the other members of his class, he boarded a bus. Everyone maintained a strict silence: this was their ordination day and the bus was bound for St. James Cathedral.

The silent ride gave him plenty of time to pray and reflect on the journey that had

begun eight years earlier--also at St. James Cathedral. In 1957, Brant was working in the phonograph department at the Bon Marche. He had a steady girlfriend and was certainly not thinking about seminary. But his girlfriend, a Methodist, had read that the Catholic Church had revived something called the "Easter Vigil" and wanted to go see it. So Brant took her up the hill to St. James on the evening of April 20. During that Easter Vigil, celebrated by Archbishop Connolly, Brant was profoundly moved. He received Holy Communion for the first time in a while that night. The next morning he returned for the morning Mass, offered by Cathedral Pastor Bishop Gill. A thought that had come to him during the Vigil became clearer and clearer: "I want to be a priest."

On Easter Monday, Brant knocked at the door of the Cathedral Rectory. The office was closed, but one of the priests in residence let him in anyway. By the end of that day he had filled out the application to attend seminary for the Archdiocese of Seattle. A few anxious months of waiting went by, but by September, Brant



Father David Brant reminisces in his apartment in the Cathedral Rectory, where he has been a resident since 2000. Ordained in 1965, he celebrates his Golden Jubilee of ordination this year.

was a student at St. Edward's Seminary.

Of course, it was not always easy. Introverted and shy, Brant dreaded standing in front of the class to speak, and thus he was especially nervous about the prospect of preaching. In those days, the Chancery published an annual schedule, announcing the sermon topics for each Sunday of the year. These topics bore no relation to the readings of the day, and often had little connection to the liturgical season. Rather, they focused on aspects of Church teaching and tradition, with subjects like the sacraments or the Trinity, as well as more contemporary problems: one Sunday, priests were required to preach on the evils of steady dating! The fact that the seminarians were not allowed to have a text in front of them (they were expected to memorize their sermons) made the task even more daunting. At one point, Brant told his confessor, "I don't think I'm cut out to be a priest, after all. I don't know how I can get up in front of everyone and preach." His confessor replied, "Oh, you'll get over it."

The priest was brusque, but right. Following their diaconal ordination in May, 1964, Brant's class became

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



Left, Father Brant's ordination, May 22, 1965, at St. James Cathedral. All the priests present lay hands on the ordinands. Right: Father Brant's ordination class was an historic one for the Archdiocese of Seattle: eleven men were ordained that morning! Here the newly ordained are pictured on the Chapel steps with Archbishop Thomas A. Connolly. Can you pick out Father Brant?

the first to spend a summer in parish ministry before returning to seminary for their final coursework. This was an invaluable experience, allowing Brant to preach before a real congregation, not just his seminary classmates and professors, and to realize it was not so bad after all.

After eight years of preparation, the day of ordination finally arrived: May 22, 1965. It was an historic day--eleven priests, the largest group of ordinands in the history of the Archdiocese up to that time.

Ordination was, of course, not an ending, but a beginning. In those days when vocations were more abundant, most priests would serve as assistant in two or three places before being assigned as pastor. Father Brant began his priestly ministry as assistant at St. Pius X Parish in Mountlake Terrace. After three years, Archbishop Connolly sent him to Catholic University for advanced study in education. However, Father Brant soon realized this wasn't for him--he enjoyed the drive back home across the country much more than his semester of coursework!

In 1973, Brant was given his first pastorate, at St. Charles in Burlington. From 1977 to 1988, he was pastor at St. Mary's Church in Marysville, an

assignment he loved. It was hard to leave the parish and the people behind when Archbishop Hunthausen asked him to take over at Holy Rosary in West Seattle in 1988.

In 1992, Archbishop Murphy granted him a sabbatical. He took the opportunity to spend a semester at Notre Dame, which he thoroughly enjoyed. Upon his return, he served as parochial vicar at Holy Trinity in Bremerton and several other parishes before his retirement in 2000, when he came to live at St. James Cathedral Rectory and to assist with liturgies. He has been here ever since, making the Cathedral the longest assignment of his ministerial career.

There have been challenges through the years, but ministry has always brought Father Brant great joy and satisfaction, especially in celebrating the sacraments, preaching, and presiding at Mass. "I've never looked back, never had second thoughts," Father Brant says. "I've always liked what I have been doing. But that is a grace and a blessing--I don't take credit for that."

Congratulations on fifty years of ministry, Father Brant! *Ad multos annos!* ♦

# Remembering Ulrich Henn

1925-2014

A whimsical statuette by Ulrich Henn shows an acrobat, balancing himself on one hand while twirling hoops around his wrist and ankles. The title of the work? *The Life of an Artist*. It expresses the excitement, and the unpredictability, of life as an artist. “You are never safe,” Henn explained in an interview in 2003. “You never get a secure income.”

In his long career, Henn experienced both the risks and the limitless possibilities of the artist’s life. Growing up he was never particularly artistic. He took only one art class as a boy, and he admitted that he often turned in his brother’s drawings! Everything changed with the Second World War. When the war ended, Henn was a prisoner of war in an American camp outside Naples. “We were not allowed to write, so I did not even know if my mother was still alive. I was only twenty years old. I was homesick. It was Christmas time.” Yearning for something to remind him of home and the holiday, Henn began to carve a Christmas crib. His materials were simple: used ammunition boxes and razor blades.

“That was the first thing that brought me together with art,” Henn recalled. “It was not very good, but it was good for celebrating Christmas!” After 17 months in prison camp, Henn returned to Germany. A sculptor happened to look at some of the pieces Henn had created in prison camp, saw great promise, and gave him a set of tools. Henn got a job in the workshop of a wood carver, creating copies of works by old masters like Riemenschneider. The idea of sculpting as a career gradually seemed more and more possible. No one in Henn’s family had ever been an artist (they all belonged to the “honorable professions”); he had no academic training; and the world around him seemed to have fallen apart. But “I was young and carefree,” Henn recalled, “carefree enough to marry” and open his own studio.

Having no formal training as an artist made things especially challenging. But the timing was right: many of Germany’s churches had been severely damaged during the war, and work was plentiful. Small commissions began to come in, commissions to



Ulrich Henn pictured with the Ceremonial Bronze Doors, 2003.

replace fingers and hands on ancient statues, or to create ornaments for the bells which were being recast all over Germany (many of the bronze bells in the country had been melted down to supply metal for the war). And in time, commissions began to come in for works of his own. A fiercely independent artist, Henn respected his colleagues (“I have only good colleagues,” he used to say, smiling) but avoided

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visiting galleries or following the contemporary art scene. He wanted to maintain “his own handwriting,” uninfluenced by trends or fads.

Just as his career as a sculptor in wood was beginning to flower and as his fourth child was on the way, there was a major setback. Henn badly injured his left hand, severing the tendons. He was told he could not sculpt in wood or stone for two years. It seemed like the end. In fact, it was the beginning. Since he couldn’t sculpt in wood, Henn began to work in wax, the malleable substance with which the bronze casting process begins. Looking back, he saw God at work in his life at that time: “Any cut, in your life, not only in your hand, can work out, possibly much better than you ever thought.” What had seemed catastrophic proved to be another major turning point in his career, for it was in bronze that Henn truly found his “handwriting.”

World famous sculptor Henry Moore described Henn’s work as “melody” in bronze. The word aptly suggests the paradoxical lightness, even transparency, of many of Henn’s works. “The greatest pleasure for me is to try to take the heaviness out of the material,” Henn says. “Sometimes the spaces between speak more than the metal around them.” Henn’s sculptures, which include fountains, crucifixes, chandeliers, and some 30 sets of bronze doors, can be found all over Germany. His only work in the United States, aside from the doors and tabernacle of St. James, are the great bronze gates of the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C.

Father Ryan remembers discovering the work of Ulrich Henn at the time he commissioned the great bronze doors: “After spending considerable time on research and study, we began an international search for an artist to handle the commission. Artists from across the country and around the world, including some fine ones right here in the Northwest, submitted proposals for consideration. In the end, the decision was made to award the commission to Ulrich Henn. Before accepting our commission, Uli twice traveled here to Seattle to learn about St. James—its people and its cathedral. He liked what he saw here. He spent Sundays in the Cathedral praying with us and during the week he walked the grounds observing the comings and goings of the countless people who come here for help and who come here to help. His days among us inspired him to create bronze doors that are breathtaking both in their beauty and in the depth of their message.”

Henn said: “A door is always a point of decision. You can go in or you can stay out. The door should tell what you will find inside.”

Several years later, Father Ryan posed a new

challenge: the creation of a bronze tabernacle for the Cathedral’s Blessed Sacrament Chapel. A tabernacle extends an invitation of a different kind. Henn commented: “This for me is the place where people fall on their knees, to give their reverence to Christ.” Father Ryan suggested as inspiration the story of the burning bush from Exodus, where Moses, going to investigate the wonder of the bush burning yet not consumed, found himself in the presence of the living God. Henn agreed, and found that the subject was also suited to the space in the cathedral—a very high, narrow chapel which presented some distinct challenges.

Henn’s first step was to create a maquette, a small, 1:10 model of the sculpture. He rarely does sketches on paper (“I need the third dimension”); instead, his studies are done in wax. “Many little figures go back to the waxpot” before the sculptor had a model he was satisfied with. For the Cathedral’s new tabernacle, the proportions of the work were so important that Henn flew back to Seattle in September 2001 to look at the Chapel again. By projecting slide images of the maquette on the wall of the Chapel, he was able, with Father Ryan and architect Stephen Lee, to get a very accurate sense of what the proportions of the final work would need to be.

Back in his studio in Germany, Henn began work on the full-size tabernacle, again in wax. Because of the complexity of the work, it could not be cast in one piece - the original wax had to be cut into 16 sections, which were individually cast and then welded back together. For the artist, “that’s the awful part, when they come to cut it. To put the pieces back together was the most difficult thing, because it needed to be transparent, in balance.” The most time-consuming stage came after the casting and welding were completed: “overworking,” the process of bringing the textures of the entire work to their finished state. The flames of the Cathedral’s tabernacle were burnished to the highest possible polish, work Henn did entirely by hand. “It’s always a hard thing to say, now it’s ready,” Henn once said. “It’s hard knowing you can’t change anything anymore—the decisions you made a long time before are final. Suddenly it’s not yours anymore, it’s a thing on its own. All my ‘children’ are far away.”

“Artists make, they don’t talk,” Uli used to say, quoting Goethe. And he kept “making” to the end of his life. “New things, new possibilities, new problems. It keeps me young.” His last commission, a small sculpture of birds in flight, left his studio in September, 2014. Uli died just three months later, on December 8, 2014, at the age of 89.

Well done, good and faithful servant. Rest in peace, Uli! ♦

# Cathedral Almanac

*Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, December 2014-May 2015*

## December

**30.** We began the beautiful season of **Advent** with the traditional lighting of the Advent wreath.

**6.** Hundreds gathered at the Cathedral for the annual celebration of **Our Lady of Guadalupe**, Mother of the Americas.

**7.** At our First Sunday Youth Celebration, children carry images and flowers in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

**8.** Archbishop Sartain presided at the Mass of the Immaculate Conception with the O'Dea student body.

**13.** We celebrated **Simbang Gabi**, the traditional Advent novena from the Philippines, honoring Mary in the days leading up to Christmas.

**21.** We celebrated the beautiful Advent tradition of **Candlelight, Carols, and Cathedral Children.**

**25.** It was a beautiful **Christmas** at St. James. Father Ryan concluded his homily for today with these words: "Our God is at home. At home with us. And he likes that. Likes us. Loves us! We sing 'Glory to God in the highest' today but, the wonder is that God glories in being with the lowest. And that's something to celebrate. Big time. Merry Christmas!"

**31.** The annual **New Year's Eve Gala Concert** gave us an opportunity to bid farewell to Dr. James Savage, who retired after thirty-three years as Director of Music.

## January

**4.** We celebrated the great feast of the **Epiphany.**

**16.** Christian leaders from a variety of traditions gathered for a special prayer for **Christian Unity** in advance of



From top to bottom: Madre de las Americas, December 6; Readings and Carols, December 21; Children's Christmas Party, December 20; Jim Savage's farewell concert, December 31.

the Week of Prayer for Christian Unity (January 19-25).

**17.** Rev. Dr. Leslie Braxton, Senior Pastor of New Beginnings Christian Fellowship, offered a powerful meditation on Christian Unity at the close of today's Mass for Christian Unity, celebrating the memory of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.** Bishop Elizondo presided at this Mass which brought together Catholics from around the Archdiocese of Seattle.

**18.** While the Seahawks-Packers Playoff Game unfolded at CenturyLink Field, we gathered for a special celebration of the **Santo Niño.**

**26.** A four-week series on **Centering Prayer**, led by Sister Joyce Cox, helped parishioners connect with God through meditative prayer.

## February

**1.** In anticipation of the Feast of the Presentation of the Lord, families joined in the entrance procession at the Noon Mass. (It happened to be SuperBowl Sunday!)

**8.** At the Noon Mass, we were privileged to welcome hundreds of men and women religious from around the Archdiocese for a special Mass in the **Year for Consecrated Life.**

**17.** *Seattle in Black and White* offered a fascinating glimpse into the history of the civil rights struggle in the Seattle area.

**18.** We celebrated **Ash Wednesday**, the beginning of the solemn and beautiful season of Lent.

**22.** Those preparing for baptism around the Archdiocese gathered with Archbishop Sartain for the **Rite of Election**.

**24.** Our five-week **Lenten series** this year focused on the Gospels of Lent. These evenings included both *lectio divina* and small-group discussion.

## March

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

**15.** Our third annual **St. Patrick's Day Pancake Breakfast** raised funds and awareness of our own Solanus Casey Center. Special thanks to our volunteer chef, Brendan O'Farrell.

**21-22.** It was "**Stuff the Truck**" weekend for St. Vincent de Paul.

**25.** We celebrated **Chrism Mass** with hundreds from around the Archdiocese of Seattle.

**26.** Dozens of Cathedral parishioners traveled to Olympia for Catholic **Advocacy Day**, an opportunity to talk to our legislators about crucial issues like education, housing, mental health, and programs for the poor.

**28.** On this 500th Anniversary of the birth of the great **Teresa of Avila**, we celebrated a special Mass in her honor.

## April

**3.** We were privileged to welcome **Deacon Owen Cummings**, a systematic theologian and academic dean at Mount Angel Seminary in Mount Angel, Oregon, to preach the Tre Ore on Good Friday.

**5. Easter Sunday.** Thousands gathered at St. James to celebrate summit of the Church's year. In his homily for Easter Sunday, Father Ryan said: "What we must do is stop running from our pain



**From top to bottom:** Mass for Consecrated Life, February 8; Chrism Mass, March 25; Scrutiny of the Elect, March 8; Baptisms at the Easter Vigil, April 4 (see album on pages 12-13); spring blossoms.

and allow Jesus to be with us in the midst of our pain, our anger, our loneliness. And if we do -- even if we only take a small step in this direction and maybe that's all we can do -- it will be for us as it was for the disciples of Jesus. Jesus will surprise us as he surprised his frightened friends on Easter morning."

**12.** On this **Divine Mercy Sunday**, we prayed the Divine Mercy Chaplet following the Noon Mass.

**12.** We were privileged to welcome the choir of men and boys of **Ealing Abbey**, London, who provided splendid music at the Noon Mass.

**14.** Director of Liturgy Corinna Laughlin began a series of evenings focusing on the **Metaphysical Poets**, including Herbert, Southwell, and Donne.

**18.** St. James and Seattle University's Faith and Family Homelessness Project co-sponsored a unique immersion event which gave participants a glimpse into the lives of the poor. See article on p. 14 of this issue.

**26.** On this **Annual Catholic Appeal Sunday**, Father Ryan made a deal with the Cathedral parish: "So here's the deal: if I don't devote my homily to the Appeal as I have every year for the past two-and-a-half decades, will you agree to give to the Appeal? Give generously? That's the deal." Have you made your gift yet?

**27.** Parishioner and noted author Rebecca Brown, joined by Patty Bowman, offered an evening exploring the life and work of **Denise Levertov**.

## May

**1.** Nearly 200 lay ministers from around the Archdiocese of Seattle gathered for the semi-annual **lay ministry day**, featuring noted speakers and workshops relating to lay ministry, as well as Mass with Archbishop Sartain.

**2.** A communal celebration of the **Sacrament of the Sick** was held in the Cathedral. ♦

# ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL

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SEATTLE, WA  
PERMIT NO. 1760

## Coming this Summer

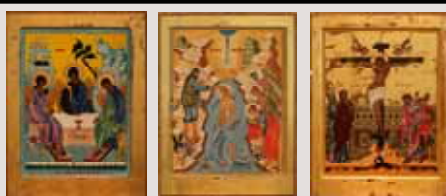
### CAMINO SEATTLE



*A four-week walking adventure  
beginning June 28 and concluding  
on the Feast of St. James, July 26*

**INFORMATION**  
[www.stjames-cathedral.org/camino](http://www.stjames-cathedral.org/camino)

*Photo by Sandy Brown*



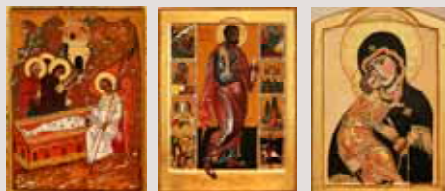
### LITURGY CAMP OPEN TO YOUTH AGES 13-18 July 20-24, 2015 | 9am—1pm

This year's theme: *Icons*

- Explore the Cathedral's icon collection
- Learn how icons are "written"
- Visit an Orthodox church and its iconostasis
- Experience prayer with icons
- Make a copy of one of the Cathedral's icons
- Display your work in the Cathedral Chapel

Cost: \$80, scholarships available

*Information:*  
[faithformation@stjames-cathedral.org](mailto:faithformation@stjames-cathedral.org)



### Archbishop Hunthausen *Charity Golf Tournament* *benefiting the Cathedral Kitchen and other outreach ministries*

**Monday, September 14, 2015  
Newcastle Golf Club**

**INFORMATION**  
[www.stjames-cathedral.org/golf](http://www.stjames-cathedral.org/golf)  
Maria Laughlin, 206-382-4284