"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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Being Catholic is a fundamental part of my past, present and future. I recall the lingering scent of incense and melted wax as my mother whispered prayers while we knelt before Mary and lit a flickering votive candle. I was far too young to understand very much, but I knew she was teaching me something important about who I am. My mother passed away many years ago, and I still think of her every time I set foot in church, participate in the liturgy and sacraments, or light a candle and pray. As an African-American Catholic, I’m grateful to my mother and other resilient black Catholics who kept the faith, even if it wasn’t easy. Dr. C. Vanessa White, assistant professor of Theology and Ministry at the Catholic Theological Union wrote, “What has helped black Catholics survive in the midst of almost insurmountable odds is a spirituality that bridges both our African-American experience and our Catholic faith.”

Participation in Catholic rituals and customs builds my spiritual strength and brings me peace. The opposite may be true for those abused and betrayed by trusted members of the Church. I want to believe that the Church can heal its egregious, self-inflicted internal wounds. I stay with the Church because I believe each of us has a stake in making that happen. I am hopeful.

So many experiences at St. James enrich my life and instill hope for the future. A recent example is the gathering of ecumenical and interfaith communities who attended Mass on the Wednesday following the Easter Sunday bombings in Sri Lanka. We prayed together, lit candles and shared the light in unity. We took home lovely bouquets of spring flowers given by members of the Muslim community in support. It was a living lesson that we all have a choice. We can be divided by hate—or united in love despite our differences. Being a Catholic parishioner at St. James continually teaches me to choose love.

Lisa Matchette

I was listening to a grieving father, one night, ponder how he could continue to have a relationship with his two year old son, who died a little over a year ago.

“How can I have a relationship with him, when he is no longer here?” He talked about the possibility of using as a template his own meaningful relationship with God, which transcends physicality. He shared how deeply his relationship with God has grown over time because he gave it intentional attention and space. He exerted effort, and that effort sometimes required leaning into the space of service to others. He shared the complexities of a relationship with God that yielded some years of emptiness and abandonment. With tears in his eyes, he admitted that since his son’s death, he has experienced this sense of abandonment and emptiness, again, from God... more so than ever.

I mention this conversation because I am in the midst of a reflective Holy Week, when I experience my own version of the undulating forces of emptiness and abandonment from grace and love against the backdrop of a tumultuous time in Church history. At times, I experience anger and confusion; I experience grief—grief for the Church that I thought I knew. It’s complicated. And when it becomes complicated, I feel the tension and I want to pull away. But I know that pulling away doesn’t relieve the tension, at all. In fact, I have to lean in more.

The way I know how to lean in? From the lesson I received from the grieving father who generously shared his experience; and from simply looking upwards to the oculus and reading the words from Jesus...“I am in your midst as one who serves.” I have my own template for continuing my relationship with my faith and God. Supporting and serving others transcends physicality because the meaning comes from the effort of leaning closer to the person you are serving. And service to others is one of the pillars of the Catholic faith that doesn’t carry any complications or emptiness. Quite the contrary, it’s actually filled with meaning and simplicity. This is the space and template I intentionally lean into when I experience grief from the complexities of this Catholic relationship. More so than ever, I serve.

Alice Ryan

I wasn’t always Catholic... well, maybe I was... but didn’t know it until I started to really see the world around me. For that is where God is for me as a Catholic—in the beauty of the sunflowers in my garden, in the aroma from the kitchen when my oldest daughter is making one of my mother’s ancient recipes, in the artistry of my youngest daughter’s cultural dance, in my grandson’s engaging smile, in
my mind's journey to a time with my loving parents, in the sweet twilight silences of summertime in the country, in the ethereal music of the Duruflé Requiem. If we do not see God in these common and uncommon places, we will not see God at all.

The mystery of Jesus is that he is divine and human. I must say that my Catholic sensibility draws me first to the human, then... and only then... to the divine. I delight in telling my friends that for me being Catholic means that God exists not just in my heart and mind, but also in my gut and in my sweaty hands. I love the poem by Hilaire Belloc:

Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine,  
There’s always laughter and good red wine.  
At least I’ve always found it so.  
Benedicamus Domino!

We surely intuit the divine when caring for the most vulnerable in our midst. But do we not also do so with every experience of joy or pain, or with every act of integrity? Or simply while sharing a meal with friends?

For we cannot escape the flesh. Even in creating the bread and wine for the Eucharist, though God is the source of its life, it is our soiled hands which tend the wheat fields and the vineyards, and we make the bread and the wine with ingenuity and time and sweat. We cannot escape the flesh.

But, of course, the last word is Love. The new commandment is that we love our neighbors, our families, our friends, and yes, also our adversaries and those who have hurt us deeply. And we love them with no expectation of gain. A nother intensely human thing... or is it divine? Well, for sure... it’s Catholic.

Jesus says in John 10:10 that he has “come that you might have life and have it more abundantly.” Isn’t it an abundant life that most of us scurry around trying to achieve? We pursue relationships, careers, security, and belonging, experiencing their rewards and disappointments, knowing somehow that there IS abundance here, but seldom slowing down enough to ponder it. It’s easy to miss out on the fullness of life in a noisy world crammed with distractions, false promises, invitations to the superficial—and church scandals. Before we know it, we’ve missed the point of our brief and precious human life.

And that’s why I return to church each Sunday: To ponder my abundance—my overload of worries, my cache of questions, my storehouse of blessings--and to put it in perspective. Coming together with my faith community encourages me. Hearing the Gospel and a challenging homily centers me. Receiving the Eucharist fortifies me. Even more powerful than my private prayer at home is the spiritual synergy that happens at Mass: Symbols and rituals, faithful people, stirring words, inspiring music, and the Eucharist raise my awareness of abundant life in Christ.

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When I “go in peace to love and serve the Lord” during the upcoming week, the graces of Sunday Mass give me confidence that I can meet my responsibilities with compassion and wisdom. Navigating the complications of twenty-first century life, which we all feel personally and cannot miss in the 24-hour news cycle, requires an informed conscience, strong faith, and unwavering hope. I know no better source of those tools than the Church.

That Sunday Father Ryan said exactly what I had prayed the night before, “Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life!” Our usually stoic group of parishioners clapped as he left the ambo and I knew there were others who felt the same way---we could hold on to each other.

The last few months, it’s been difficult to see the light, but I think of the years I spent outside of the Church—propping in the dark to find my own way. They were painful years, yet God pursued me and brought me back to Him.

I hold Psalm 84 close,

My soul yearns, even faints,  
for the courts of the LORD;  
my heart and my flesh cry out  
for the living God...  
Better is one day in your courts  
than a thousand elsewhere;  
I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God  
than dwell in the tents of the wicked.

Shemaiah Gonzalez

I grew up in a church that told me how I was to feel each Sunday. It never seemed to be the way I was actually feeling. These psychological demands left me feeling like a fraud, a “bad Christian” and that I didn’t belong.

When I started attending Catholic Mass, I discovered the structure of the liturgy always met me right where I was, solemn, joyful, repentant or grateful, there was space for each emotion. The liturgical calendar gave me a sense that I had a rich life right here, on this earth, not just waiting for the one to come. And at each Catholic Church I visited, I saw a tapestry of different people, not just ones who looked and dressed like each other. I knew I found a home.

Last August, after the details of the Philadelphia Grand Jury hit the newsstands, I was not surprised to find less than our usual full Mass crowd. I was surprised to hear my own cries and sniffles, echoed in the pews around me as we tearfully prayed and pleaded throughout Mass.

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No despicable acts, no arrogant leaders, no nefarious cover-ups will deny me the abundance of grace bestowed at my baptism and available in every gathering of the Body of Christ. Rather than despair, I place my hope in the good, humble people at St. James and throughout the world who lead, feed, encourage, protect, and enlighten even the least ones. They are the true Body of Christ through whom “the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness shall not overcome it.” (John 1:5)

Debby Walsh

I am a Catholic because, in short, I was baptized and raised in the Church. But I left for many of the reasons people now ask: why stay? I came back fully aware that the Church is, as Father Ryan puts it, a perfectly imperfect church. I returned because my soul craved nourishment. I stay in the Church because I find that sustenance in countless ways.

I am nourished by the Church’s connection with the earth: the way our liturgy and sacraments are expressed through tangible elements. The water used to baptize and bless. Incense to symbolize our prayers rising to God. Oils to confirm and anoint. Ashes to repent. Candles to light the way. And of course, bread and wine – vehicles God chose to unite human creation with its Creator in one of the most intimate ways possible. It says to me that the things of the earth can be holy and can become conduits of grace, joining creation with the Creator: a bond that comes from outside of space and time to this moment to help us become holy.

I am sustained by the Church’s art. Sacred music that seeps into the interstices of the soul in ways words cannot. Stained glass windows that tell our stories with light. The architecture of our finest churches that lifts our spirits if for a moment. Dorothy Day, that saint of the streets, was fond of paraphrasing Dostoevsky, “The world will be saved by beauty.” It saves me every week.

And I am profoundly fed by the body of Christ here on earth: people who strive to incarnate the Gospel and perform God’s works of mercy in acts large and small. Yes, we are often a querulous people. But I am sustained by a people who constantly strive to be what we receive: the Body of Christ.

I came back to my Catholic faith and I stay for these and for reasons I can’t find words for because it feels like home. Home in a perfectly imperfect church which, as an utterly imperfect human being, is exactly where I should be.

Mark Schoen

This year at Tenebrae, I watched the cathedral darken as each candle was extinguished and finally, the last was carried away. With the sorrowful soprano voice in the Allegri’s Miserere Me and the stomping of feet, I felt again the suffering of Christ and of all people. We have been living through a difficult time in the church. When I first came to Catholicism at the age of 50, issues of abuse and the roles of women were stumbling blocks for me. I had admired Catholic iconography and ritual from afar, but when I tried to imagine joining the church, I was perplexed. A family stay in Mexico while studying Spanish helped. The mother was unabashedly Catholic and totally at ease with her differences with the church. I saw up close that it is possible to hold both agreement and disagreement.

I was raised in the Presbyterian Church and left as a youth. After two deaths in my family, I came, searching, to St. James. I found the Eucharist, which was far more than the metaphoric body of Christ of my Protestant upbringing. I found Christ. Conversion was a struggle for me. It seemed a betrayal of my Protestant family and broke me open with tears and confusion, but the imagery I found in the altar, music and ritual helped me understand the passion of Christ viscerally, in a way that illuminated my own human pain. I found comfort.

The church’s failings are sadly human—our greatest strengths are also our greatest weaknesses. The church has held onto its history in a way that has
caused harm. But the same slowness to change has also preserved so much that helps me worship and experience Christ in a lived way, through the Eucharist, community and service. I, too, am still painfully human, but the church helps me know what I strive for.

Martha Crites

“Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am meek and humble of heart; and you will find rest for yourselves. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light.” (Matthew 11:28-30)

I don’t know how to credibly talk about my faith without talking about sin. I spent years denying God at every turn, turning toward my ego, and judging and mistreating others so that I might feel superior. It was a life filled with anxiety. I was living on a shaky foundation, chasing the impossible - perfection.

I also don’t know how to think about the sexual abuse crisis except through encountering sin. In the worst moments of the crisis, God and his teachings were cast aside by the individual perpetrators and clergy involved. They were lost in their desire to maintain their image and power rather than confront the situation with justice and love.

In my journey to Catholicism, it was in my realization that we are ALL sinners (i.e. me included!) that I was able to stop chasing perfection and find peace humbling myself before God. Through the Bible and the Church I was able to see I am not alone in my sin. Our clergy sin. Our saints sinned. The disciples and apostles sinned. And Jesus knew this. He knew our nature. He knew we would crucify him and yet he still gave himself to us in the bread and wine and created a seat for us all at his table—if we remember to take it.

One of the ways that I have come to think about the church is as a communion of sinners that come together to support each other. In the course of my day I forget about God, I forget to turn to him and start turning toward my ego. Reading the Bible, going to church, and witnessing all of us partaking of the eucharist pulls me back to God.

I keep coming back to a phrase Fr Ryan uses—the imperfectly perfect church. While this imperfect church filled with sinners has caused much pain, it is because of the sinners I witness in our church and the Gospel that I realize I have a place in the church and that even in sin I am worthy of God’s love.

It is my hope that as we feel the pain and trauma caused by the sin in this crisis, we come to see that the path for all of us sinners is to give ourselves to God. To turn to him to lighten our load, so that through him we might bring love and justice into the world rather than pain.

Emily Lundell

Growing up, I was begrudgingly Catholic. From 1st to 12th grade, my family lived in the United Arab Emirates, where Catholicism looked significantly different than it does at St. James. In Abu Dhabi the only Catholic church had some 100,000 expatriate parishioners with masses in five languages. Between ushers cramming too many people into the pews, a priest who insisted on conducting the hymns from his pulpit, and a catechism teacher who once told the class that “Jesus loves everybody, even the little white boy John,” it’s safe to say I was Catholic because my parents were Catholic, made us go to Mass, and rewarded us with brunch afterwards. The Catholic church of my childhood seemed out-of-touch, driving many young people away.

Returning to America for college, I continued to struggle with the Church. Despite the inertia that led me to attend a Catholic university, I felt cast out by a church where teachings seemed to contradict my identity and experiences. However, being on a university campus also exposed me to constant learning and debate that has radically changed our Church over thousands of years and continues to today. The Catholic church of my college years was constantly truth-seeking, evolving, and growing.

Post-college, I moved to Seattle and started my first job. The experience was lonely, stressful, and filled with anxiety, but trips to St. James brought me comfort and healing. No matter how rough of a week it has been, I know I’ll find peace at St. James. Today I’m Catholic because in a world full of fear, Catholicism brings me peace; the peace on an elderly woman’s face after she receives communion at Swedish hospital. In a
world of falsehoods, Catholicism offers me truth; the truth I find in the moment of silence after communion and before the hymn when the air is pregnant with meaning. In a world of senseless hate, Catholicism teaches me love; the love I saw when a young altar server hugged a special needs server during Mass when frightened by the altar bells. The Catholic church I find today is my home, and that’s why I’m Catholic.

John Kemnetz

This has been a year of watching friends and people I admire step away, temporarily or permanently, from the Catholic Church. They’ve done this with sadness and after reflection. At times, even though I love too much here to really want to follow them, I’ve wondered if there isn’t something at least a little bit wrong with staying. I wonder if I’m giving some kind of endorsement to the misdeeds.

If I’m honest, I’m still here because I get attached to things, and once I’m attached I don’t want change, even when there are problems. But I’m also still here for the reason I came in the first place: I never get tired of the liturgy. After thirteen years, it still has surprises for me, and with every year the layers keep accruing:

I love the way scripture is read, with seriousness but no ginned-up drama. I love the pause after. I love the way the lectionary combines snapshots from the Old and New Testaments and trusts us non-scholars to piece them together.

“Each person in every generation must regard himself or herself as having been personally freed from Egypt,” says an ancient rabbinic text read at the seder meal. “This is the night!” sings our Easter Proclamation. I close my eyes in the dark cathedral and picture myself with all those other moms and babies and kids marching through the mud of the Red Sea with the water like a wall on the right and left.

I love the way the people are blessed with incense on important feast days. Every time I see it, I remember Perry Lorenzo describing a non-Catholic friend’s reaction: “Wow, I didn’t know the Catholic Church thought humans were worth incensing and bowing to!” The church’s hierarchy may not always have acted as if this were true, but at least the liturgy lets us all practice this idea.

This past Holy Week, seeing priests and bishops kneel to wash the feet of lay people, especially children, seemed doubly meaningful. I find it beautiful that our archbishop gets bumped down to the role of towel-carrying assistant, the servant’s servant, which he seems pretty game about. I know it’s because of a back surgery, that it’s not intended as a metaphor, but even this seems loaded with meaning, like the arrangement of bodies in a Renaissance painting. The liturgy makes everything seem that way.

The liturgy is the heart of it, but I’m also still here because of something I remember Helen Oesterle stressing when I went through RCIA: “The church is the people of God,” she said over and over. That is, not the hierarchy. Not the beautiful building. Not even the texts and music and teachings it has preserved, although those things are all important. No, the core of the church is the people, doing the work of the liturgy. This was one of the first things I heard when I came in the door. I know it sounds like lip service to some former Catholics—but at Saint James, to me, it actually looks true.

I know the Catholic Church is deeply flawed, is always in a state of becoming, but I’ve always known that. I see enough signs of hope in its celebrations and in our parish life to want to stay and be part of its slow pilgrimage.

Mary Kenagy Mitchell

I fell in love with the Catholic Church because through her, I fell in love with Jesus. She taught me about the things that I believe to be of utmost importance. And she taught me beautifully—through incredible art and architecture, statue and window and music. Through proclaiming scripture that lodged in my heart and mind, through candle flicker and incense and “On Eagles Wings” in school choir. And she fed me through prayers carved into my being that I couldn’t forget if I tried, and through Sacraments, freely giving to me the Bread of Life every day I desired it. I came to know and love her saints and her fellow servants. I was inspired by sisters and brothers who loved Jesus with such strength and clarity—who challenged me to take what I had learned and loved about Christ outside of the building itself. I loved being a part of something global. I still appreciate the Universal Church. I have been to Mass in foreign countries with languages where I don’t understand a word, and yet I know what’s going on. I can be in communion with people of all different walks of life as we all come before the same baptismal font, cross, and altar. I am so proud of the fact that the Catholic Church is one of the only (if not the only) global institutions in existence that consistently speaks out on the dignity of the human person, and who champions the poor and vulnerable at every turn. I still believe with all my heart that the members of the Catholic Church do far more good in this world than we will ever know.

I experience the Church, human and imperfect, still bringing me to fall more in love with Jesus, and for this reason above all: I remain.

Sarah Riggio
For nearly 115 years now, this cathedral has stood here atop what Seattle calls its First Hill. In 1904, a young bishop by the name of Edward O’Dea arrived here to build his cathedral church in a place where it couldn’t be missed. In doing so, he quickly put Seattle—an anything but Catholic town—on notice that the Catholic Church was here to stay. He underscored his point by entrusting the Cathedral’s design to a prestigious New York architectural firm whose other project at the time was New York’s Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine (still a work in progress!). He also quietly validated an outlandish claim that Seattle’s first non-native settlers had made for their fledgling settlement on a day in 1851. After beaching their boats just west of here, they confidently—and somewhat presumptuously—called the place “New York Alki” (meaning, in the local native language, New York by-and-by). Talk about delusions of grandeur! (Curiously, that name actually stuck for a few years until the early settlers decided to change it to “Seattle” as a way of honoring the friendly, local chief by that name.)

In the Cathedral’s early years, pioneers still walked Seattle’s streets, and noisy cable cars clanged their way up and down some pretty daunting hills, including the one you just walked up. And St. James Cathedral was Seattle’s skyline. It stood sentinel-like over a city that was still waking up. A few years later, in 1914, Seattle got its first skyscraper - the 38-story Smith Tower (of Smith Corona fame), then the tallest building in the country outside of Manhattan. The Smith Tower gave the Cathedral its first competition on the city’s skyline and it was one more hint of New York in Seattle.

Now, as you’ve probably noticed, the Cathedral is almost completely eclipsed by towering high-rises that stand even taller and darker than the giant firs and cedars that once crowned this hill, but even so, St. James still plays both sentinel and beacon as it stands watch over a vibrant city, calling people to prayer, challenging them to justice, enticing them with beauty.

We Catholics value signs, don’t we? Signs are our first language. They point to unseen realities, and the most successful signs not only point but make present. They become Sacraments, meeting places with God. For me, cathedrals are such signs writ large. They draw on the best we humans have to offer - whether in art, architecture, or music—and they offer, in return, a glimpse of God, even a preview of heaven. So it’s fitting that the first image to greet you when you enter this Cathedral, high in the tympanum above the central bronze doors, is a sculptor’s version of the heavenly city of the Book of Revelation; and the first words to speak to you, in the floor mosaic just inside the front doors, are *Domus Dei Porta Coeli* (“House of God, Gate of Heaven”).

But heaven does not stop at the front doors. The focal point of the cathedral is this centrally placed altar, this image in stone of the heavenly banquet table. The entire geography of the cathedral—baptistery, ambo, cathedra, shrines, windows, processional paths and vaulted ceiling, everything in this building—makes

*Father Michael G. Ryan addressed these words to Cathedral Ministry Conference participants at Vespers on Monday, January 14.*
sense only in relation to the altar. But, of course, it’s the people gathered around the altar who really make sense of the building and bring it to life.

I hope you’ll agree with me that that’s as it should be, because more important by far than any of our Cathedral buildings are the people who gather in them. That’s because a cathedral’s highest calling is not to be the church but to be a house for God’s people who are the Church. In all the sacred rituals as well as in quiet, whispered prayer, anonymous people become engaged people, and self-absorbed people become a servant people—all, thanks to the power of the Word of God proclaimed from the ambo, and thanks to the power of Christ that radiates from the altar of sacrifice, the Christ who is “in our midst as one who serves,” to quote the words from Luke’s Gospel that are inscribed up there, at the base of the oculus.

There are more than seventy cathedrals represented here this evening, each of them with its own special genius. And if we are doing our work, the embrace of our cathedrals is wide. Sooner or later, people of every faith and of no faith at all find their way to the cathedral. That’s because a Cathedral is meant to be not only a church, but a crossroads and a center: a crossroads where people explore ideas old and new in light of the Gospel; a center for cultural and ecumenical events which help to shape the fabric of a vital urban community.

I have a favorite cathedral story. It dates from the 17th century—the time when Sir Christopher Wren was overseeing the building of his great masterpiece, St. Paul’s Cathedral in London, following the disastrous fire of 1666. One day Wren disguised himself and went into the workshop to see how the workers were getting on. He found three of them there, all doing the same job, cutting and smoothing and preparing the stone. He asked the first, “What are you doing?” and the fellow said to him, “I am chipping bits off this stone until it’s two feet by three feet by six. And a very boring job it is, too.” And then he asked the second, “What are you doing?” and he replied, “I’m earning a few pence a day and it’s very little when you’ve a wife and six children to feed.” And when he asked the third the same question, he told him, “Ah, I’m a lucky chap. I’m helping a fellow by the name of Christopher Wren to build a great cathedral!”

Now, most of us are not building a cathedral. We are the stewards of wonderful buildings built by people of courage and vision who came before us. But every day we have a task that requires equal courage and vision: the task of building up the communities that gather in our cathedrals. And every one of our cathedrals—from the largest to the smallest, from the poorest to the most affluent—is a work in progress, an unfinished symphony. That makes the work we do—the prayer we lead, the Word we preach, the justice we champion, the service we give, the art we create—our great opportunity to compose one more movement of that unfinished symphony. We should consider ourselves blessed because, like the fellow in the Wren story, each of us is building a great Cathedral! 

“Now, most of us are not building a cathedral. We are the stewards of wonderful buildings built by people of courage and vision who came before us. But every day we have a task that requires equal courage and vision: the task of building up the communities that gather in our cathedrals.”
Heartbreak and Hope
The fire at Notre-Dame de Paris prompts a look back at how St. James has come back to life after disaster—not once, but twice

On April 15, Monday of Holy Week, fire broke out in the roof of Notre Dame in Paris—a building which is at once medieval masterpiece, icon of a great city, and beloved cathedral for the Archdiocese of Paris. Thanks to the intervention of the first responders, the fire was halted before it could invade the towers, but the famous spire collapsed and the medieval roof was destroyed.

The day after the fire, Archbishop Michel Aupetit of Paris wrote a message to the people of Paris. “Comfort, comfort my people, says your God,” he began, quoting the words of the prophet Isaiah. “Notre Dame, our beloved Cathedral, witness to so many important events in our history, was partly destroyed by a terrifying fire, after having so long resisted all the vagaries of history. France weeps, and with her, her friends around the world. She is touched to the heart, because these stones give witness to an invincible hope which—through the talent, the courage, the genius, and the faith of the builders—raised this luminous lacework of stone, wood, and glass. Their faith remains our faith. It is this faith that moves mountains, and that will allow us to rebuild this masterpiece.” In an interview, the Archbishop observed that “Notre Dame is not a museum; it is a soul.”

Twice in our history, St. James Cathedral has experienced similar moments of heartbreak and hope. On February 2, 1916, the Cathedral’s great dome collapsed under the weight of a heavy snow. Providentially, no one was injured, but the collapse almost destroyed the building, only nine years old at the time. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, who taught in the Cathedral School, recorded the event in their chronicles. “Shortly after the classes were dismissed this afternoon, we were startled by what we thought was a heavy snow slide, and upon looking out soon realized that the great dome of the Cathedral had fallen. Priests and people were on the scene in an instant, and as usual in such cases, the priests risked their lives to save the Blessed Sacrament…. Viewed from within, the beautiful building of Italian Renaissance architecture looked like the scenes of destruction wrought by the cannons in Belgium. The area roofed by the dome, eighty feet square, lay open to the sky, while on the floor beneath was a mountain heap of debris—masonry, twisted steel girders, terra cotta, and fragments of the benches. The curtain walls of the cathedral surrounding the dome space are out of plumb and tottering. The side walls are pronounced to be safe. Through this jagged hole, the blizzard poured its white clouds and rapidly drifts began to sift over sacred images and objects of great beauty in bronze, in

Corinna Laughlin is Director of Liturgy at St. James Cathedral.
In a message to the faithful of Seattle, Bishop O’Dea wrote, “the great calamity which has recently visited us in the destruction of our great Cathedral is, no doubt, a source of intense sorrow to all of you, as well as to the bishop and clergy of Seattle. And, while we feel greatly afflicted, still we must accept it resignedly from the hands of God, Who will, in His own good time, convert our sorrow into joy… We know your loyalty and generosity, and we feel that a more beautiful and a more substantial temple will replace the old.” In Seattle, as in Paris, it was not only the Catholics who mourned the loss of the Cathedral. “Every Seattle citizen felt something akin to personal loss,” said an editorial in the Seattle Times. And—as in Paris—it was not only the Catholics who came together to support the rebuilding efforts. Gifts poured in from Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and just over a year later, on March 18, 1917, the rebuilt and renewed Cathedral opened its doors again.

Seventy-six years later, disaster struck St. James a second time. Just after midnight on March 8, 1992, fire broke out in the Cathedral’s south sacristy. Firefighters were quickly on the scene. Father Ryan watched as flames leapt from the sacristy windows and smoke poured from the roof of the building. As he watched, he prayed that the fire would not spread into the false ceiling installed after the dome collapse, which would likely have meant the end of St. James Cathedral. The three-alarm blaze brought twelve engines, six ladder trucks, and eighty firefighters to the scene. After about 35 minutes of uncertainty, the blaze was under control. The Cathedral had survived. The sacristy was gutted: three stained glass windows were shattered; candlesticks, vestments, and crosses were destroyed by fire, water, and smoke. There was severe smoke and water damage in the Chapel, and smoke damage in parts of the Cathedral itself. The damage was estimated at over a million dollars.

The fire happened in the wee hours of Sunday morning. Just a few hours later, the community began to gather—not in the smoke-filled Cathedral, but at the gym of O’Dea High School. By that time, the cause of the fire was known—a young man who had been briefly employed in the Cathedral Kitchen (at that time the Family Kitchen) had broken in, rifled votive boxes, and set a fire in two places—a basement restroom and the sacristy. Shortly afterwards, the man himself called the police to report a burglary at the Cathedral, just about the time the fire was detected. The perpetrator was soon apprehended and arrested.

In his homily that first Sunday morning, Father Ryan called on Cathedral parishioners to have a “forgiving spirit, especially when it is difficult,” and gave thanks that the damage was no worse. Just a few days after the fire, with the smell of smoke still in the air, the Cathedral doors reopened for the Rite of Election. And the following Sunday, the community gathered once again within its walls. Father Ryan blessed the Cathedral with holy water, saying, “we were tested and tried as perhaps we never have been before. We strove with all our hearts and souls, even though it was difficult to do so, to be a forgiving, reconciling community in the face of an act of violence.” Father Joseph Tyson (then an assistant priest at St. James, now Bishop of Yakima) observed, “without a cathedral this week, we have seen more deeply who we are. In the midst of loss and tragedy, we can become transfigured.”
Our holiest week
It was a beautiful Holy Week at St. James Cathedral

A rchbishop Paul D. Etienne of Anchorage, Alaska, was preparing for Holy Week on the morning of Saturday, April 13, when he got a call from the apostolic nuncio to the United States saying that Pope Francis had appointed him coadjutor archbishop of the Archdiocese of Seattle.

“To say I was caught off guard would be an understatement,” Archbishop Etienne (pronounced “AY-chin”) told Northwest Catholic. “You just never expect these phone calls.” Nevertheless, he said, “My answer was immediately to say ‘Yes.’”

In his nearly 27 years as a priest and 10 years as a bishop, he’s learned to trust in God’s providence when the Holy Father asks him to take on a new responsibility, “to follow the Lord to another land.”

“My life is at the service of the church,” he said. “I’m a pastor at heart.”

Archbishop Etienne’s appointment was announced by the nuncio April 29; a Mass of Reception will be celebrated Friday, June 7, at St. James Cathedral.

As Seattle Archbishop J. Peter Sartain explained in a letter to the people of the archdiocese, a series of spinal issues prompted him to write to Pope Francis last September requesting the appointment of a coadjutor archbishop, “with a view toward retiring much sooner than typical, because of my health.”

“To say that I am delighted by the Holy Father’s choice would be an understatement,” Archbishop Sartain wrote. “Archbishop Etienne is a wonderful shepherd whose love for the Lord is expressed through a deep life of prayer and devotion to the sacraments, as well as contagious enthusiasm for the proclamation of the Gospel and service to those in need in the name of Jesus.” As coadjutor, Archbishop Etienne will automatically become the head of the archdiocese when Archbishop Sartain steps down. “Archbishop Etienne and I will finalize the date later this year on which he will formally succeed me as Archbishop of Seattle,” Archbishop Sartain said.

Archbishop Etienne told Northwest Catholic he’s excited about the transition to Seattle. “I’ve had great esteem for Archbishop Sartain,” he said. “We’ve known each other since we were priests, before either one of us were ever named bishops, and he’s just a great, great man. And I have no doubt that I’m inheriting a church that’s in fine shape, having been under his guidance.”

Paul Dennis Etienne was born June 15, 1959, in Tell City, Indiana, to a “very Catholic family,” the second son of Paul and Kay Etienne. His family’s roots in southern Indiana’s Perry County go back generations on both sides, he said. “That Catholic heritage has been a tremendous grace and blessing in my life,” he said. One of his aunts is a Benedictine nun; an uncle was a diocesan priest.

“We just had priests and nuns and seminarians in and out of our house as regularly as we had family—and they were family,” he said. “So it’s just no wonder that four out of the six kids in my family chose religious vocations and that the other two have remained as close to the church as they have.”

Two of his brothers, Bernard and Zachary, are priests of the Diocese of Evansville, Indiana. His sister Nicolette is a Benedictine nun at Our Lady of Grace Monastery in Beech Grove, Indiana.

Kevin Birnbaum is the editor/associate publisher of Northwest Catholic and a member of Seattle’s Blessed Sacrament Parish.

An expanded version of this article originally appeared on NWCatholic.org and will be published in the June edition of Northwest Catholic. Reprinted with permission.
The future archbishop’s vocation, however, was not a foregone conclusion.

“No, I did not want to be a priest,” he said. “I spent my young adult years fighting a call to priesthood, quite honestly. And it took God a period of years to slam a number of doors in my face to finally point me in his direction.”

“I had my own plan for what my future was going to look like,” he said. “I just wanted to be a self-made businessman. I wanted to be married and have a big family and raise horses and beagles.” But, he said, “God eventually started stripping away, piece by piece, my dream to replace it with his. And his dream is far better than anything I could have come up with on my own.”

He was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Indianapolis on June 27, 1992. There, Father Etienne served as pastor of several parishes, vocation director, vice rector of Bishop Simon Bruté College Seminary and spiritual director of St. Meinrad School of Theology. He was appointed bishop of the Diocese of Cheyenne, Wyoming, by Pope Benedict XVI in 2009. Pope Francis appointed him archbishop of Anchorage in 2016.

Both Cheyenne and Anchorage are vast, sparsely populated “home mission” dioceses, meaning they require outside help to provide basic pastoral ministries. So while Archbishop Etienne is a seasoned administrator, taking on the Archdiocese of Seattle will be an adjustment.

“I have no illusions: This appointment is going to require me to learn new ways of leadership. It’s a much bigger experience of church than I’ve ever been a part of.”

Other than flying through SeaTac, Archbishop Etienne has spent little time in Western Washington, so he’s excited to explore the area. “I love nature, and that’s one part that I’m really looking forward to, with the Cascades and all the other beauty of the waters — it just looks like a beautiful part of God’s creation.” He added, “I do love to get out and walk the trails, and I’ll be doing a lot of that, I hope, in my first several years.”

Archbishop Etienne will bring a passion for proclaiming the Gospel to the Archdiocese of Seattle.

“The primary place in my ministry as a priest and bishop where I experience the grace of God most is in preaching,” he said. “I love to preach. I love the challenge. I’m still intimidated by the challenge of preaching. But I’m convinced that, more and more in our world today, our people need to hear the good news of the Gospel. They need to hear of Jesus Christ and the gift of salvation and mercy that he brings to everyone.”

Shortly after becoming a bishop, he started a blog called “Truth in Love” (his episcopal motto, from Ephesians 4:15) as a “virtual pulpit,” and he uses Facebook and Twitter to try to reach more people with the good news. In addition to offering reflections on Scripture, theology and spirituality, Archbishop Etienne has used his blog to address the clergy sex abuse crisis. He is a former member of the U.S. bishops’ Committee for the Protection of Children and Young People, and he has been outspoken about the need for greater accountability and transparency. Last summer, he posted seven proposals “for further study and review,” including updating the Dallas Charter to hold bishops to the same standards as priests, and creating a national review board to handle accusations of abuse against bishops.

“I promise the people of God of Seattle that I will continue to be transparent and responsible,” he said.

Archbishop Etienne acknowledged his excitement about his appointment to Seattle is “tinged with mixed emotions” about leaving the people of Anchorage. But wherever the Lord leads him, he is at peace. He recalled an experience he had during a retreat a few years ago.

“I went to the chapel and opened the Bible, and the very first line in the Letter to the Ephesians says, ‘I, Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God.’ And I just shut the Bible. And it’s like, ‘OK, God, you’ve got my attention. I am who I am and where I am solely because of your grace, your call.’ And so I’ve learned to trust that, and I rest in that when the demands of the office seem to be more than I can handle any given day, or when the decisions that need to be made seem to be more difficult than I can deal with. I just go back to that — that’s my safe base, that’s my orientation, that’s my refuge, that’s my shelter, that’s my strength.

“I am who I am by the grace of God, and that’s all I really need to know, and that’s the true source of any good that I do.”

What is a Coadjutor?
The word “coadjutor” comes from the Latin word for “helper.” In the Catholic Church, a coadjutor is a bishop appointed to assist another bishop, often with right of succession—that is, they will take over the administration of the diocese when the bishop retires. A coadjutor is different from an auxiliary since he shares fully in decision-making authority, whereas the responsibilities of an auxiliary are delegated by the bishop.

In the history of the Archdiocese of Seattle, we have had two coadjutors. In 1948, Bishop Thomas Connolly was appointed coadjutor bishop to Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy, who had suffered a stroke and was no longer able to handle the work of the diocese on his own. In 1986, Archbishop Thomas Murphy was appointed coadjutor archbishop, to assist Archbishop Hunthausen. They served together for five years, then Archbishop Murphy took over upon the retirement of Archbishop Hunthausen in 1991.—Corinna Laughlin
In Your Midst Summer 2019

“Lord, let me go first and bury my father.”

It’s a tender moment in the Gospel of Luke, and to me, one of the most troubling. These words are one man’s answer to Jesus’ call to “follow Me.” Here is someone who is on the verge of giving it all away, of leaving everything behind—but something holds him back. His response to the call differs from the Apostles’ only in his reservation, a reservation that anyone might have. I see in him a deep attachment to his family—an attachment manifested in his grief. Jesus replies, “Let the dead bury their dead.” How can His response be, seemingly, so callous?

It appears on the surface as though Jesus is telling the man to just get over it. If there were no resurrection—if the story ended there—then it might be easy to say that Jesus is simply cruel, that he has no compassion for a man who is bereft and in pain. This is very tonally different from the Jesus who, just a few chapters later, says, “Let the children come to me and do not prevent them.” The Jesus who tells the man to leave his dead father behind seems a far cry from the Jesus who wants us to bring ourselves—our pain, our sense of loss, our attachment to the world—to Him wholly, without reservation.

It is difficult to synthesize such conflicting versions of the Son of God into one cohesive image of Him, one who is simultaneously just and merciful, who calls us both to repent and rejoice, whose way is both narrow and open to all, who both died once and lives eternally. Say what you will about yokes that are easy and burdens that are light; there are some things about the call to discipleship that are, no matter how you cut it, hard.

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When I struggle to understand who Jesus is within the context of the Gospels, I often look to the people I know who, to me, seem to imitate Him best. I am lucky to have good examples all around me every day. Yet, there is one instance where I experience such imitations in closest proximity: that is, in the volunteers who prepare and serve Early Breakfast, St. James’s newest Social Outreach ministry.

The impetus for starting Early Breakfast at St. James was simple: There are very few places for homeless and food-insecure people in Seattle to get a hot meal on Sunday morning. St. James wanted, as it so often does, to meet the highest area of need. What was simple on paper, however, became very complicated in its implementation. How could we squeeze a breakfast in Cathedral Hall between the Winter Shelter, whose guests leave at around 7:00am, and the Coffee Hour following Mass, which starts at 9:00am? How could we prepare enough food without having to arrive at 4:00am on Sunday to cook it all?

These potential issues were sidestepped with a little planning. We would serve breakfast exactly at 7:00am, and have the Cathedral Hall cleared out and cleaned up by 8:30 in order to turn things around for Coffee Hour. We would have two teams of volunteers: one to do the bulk of the cooking on Saturday.
afternoon, and the other to do finishing touches on the food and serve it on Sunday morning. Even still, another more pressing issue remained: What sort of person would wake up at the crack of dawn, or interrupt an afternoon on their weekend, for a volunteer position?

There was no possible way I could have been prepared for the breadth of people who have stepped up to the plate since Early Breakfast began in February 2019. This ministry is a great cross-section of the diversity within the St. James community: long-time parishioners, members of RCIA, choir members, high school students, Washingtonians, Oregonians, Minnesotans, Amazon employees, Nordstrom employees, hospital workers, accountants, engineers, retirees, Catholics, non-Catholics, priests, nuns, laypeople, homeless people, homed people, young people, old people. The list could go on.

So, what sort of person might come to volunteer? The answer seems to be, well, anyone. Early Breakfast is an example of the inborn desire present in all created things to “love one another”—which is nothing if not an indelible imprint of the image of their Maker.

This is perfectly embodied in the words of Zach Trahan, a young adult who was introduced to ministry at St. James through the Cathedral Kitchen as an undergraduate at Seattle University. Despite the fact that he has now earned his bachelor’s and works a regular 9 to 5, he still feels that same call to serve in the ways he can—and so he volunteers with Early Breakfast. In his words, “I am inspired by the warmth and sense of community the kitchen provides... Spending Sunday mornings serving breakfast at the kitchen is the highlight of my week.” For Zach, as for every Early Breakfast volunteer, the law is, in a very real way, written on his heart. Jesus’ new commandment, to “love one another as I have loved you,” invites each of us personally and individually to act in the way an image of a loving God would act. For Early Breakfast volunteers, that means sacrificing their Saturday afternoons, or waking that the crack of dawn on Sunday mornings.

Another volunteer named Sarah Bennett shared with me her own reflections on her experience serving breakfast. She writes, “It is...hard to see just how in need people are. I often find myself thinking, how did they get here, when did they become homeless, are their families looking for them?” I see in her words the desire to not only feed the bodies of our guests, but also to know them deeply, to heal their mental and spiritual wounds.

I return to the man in the Gospel of Luke: “Let me go first and bury my father.” Jesus does not tell him, “Leave your pain behind; I want only the parts of you that make me comfortable.” His call remains simple, constant, unchanged: “Follow Me.”

I am learning through Early Breakfast that this call comes without condition. Like Jesus to the grieving man, Early Breakfast volunteers ask our guests to enter no matter who they are, and to bring their pain and hunger with them. We open our doors with the promise that their hunger will, at least in part, be satisfied—if only they accept the invitation. Our meal on Sunday morning imitates, however imperfectly, the ways that Christ can heal and sate us when we come to Him. God does not give us hungers that cannot be filled. If there is hunger, then there is perfect food. If thirst, then living water. If sadness, then eternal joy.

The grief of the man in Luke’s Gospel, then, is proof: proof of the fact that his father will, along with all the rest of us, live again, both in spirit and in body. Just so with hunger. Grief and hunger are mirror images of the love from which we are made. It is the same love that brought Jesus back to us, victorious, rejoicing. And so we, in serving Early Breakfast, rise early every Sunday morning, to bear witness to the empty tomb—and also, in whatever way we can, to be the hands, the feet, that roll the stone away.
In February we traveled from our home in Seattle to volunteer for two weeks with refugees at an Annunciation House shelter in El Paso. Annunciation House (www.annunciationhouse.org) has served refugees for 41 years. It provides temporary shelter and assistance for refugees as they make their way to their final destinations in the US. We found it to be a profoundly meaningful experience.

Max spent his days transporting families to the airport and bus stations. Kathy was in the shelter helping people navigate intake and travel preparations, cooking, serving meals, accompanying people through the large clothing room and preparing travel bags for their journeys.

Kathy has so many memories of the patient, caring, helpful immigrants she met; of mothers and fathers worried because their children were ill, the men cleaning the shelter, the women helping make sandwiches for the travel bags. Their concern and attention to one another was remarkable.

On our third evening we attended Mass with the refugees. A dad who had been anxious and disconsolate at his intake interview with Max beamed as he walked all the way across the church to give Max the sign of peace.

An airline ticket agent who’d had to inform one of the families that their ticket was invalid gave their little girl a stuffed animal. She told us later that she will continue to do that although it’s against the rules, because her heart goes out to the refugees she sees every day.

At the airport one afternoon Max discovered that a family he’d guided at the airport that morning had become confused and missed their plane. The stern, formal ticket agent told the family they would have to buy another ticket and would be unable to fly until the next day, unless they could get on a flight in a few minutes on standby. Max and the family ran to TSA, where the TSA agent advised Max officiously that the family would be processed at the same [needlessly glacial] speed as the other refugees. But she in fact rushed them through; they boarded the plane one minute before the gate closed. When Max told the stiff ticket agent it had worked, she changed completely; her face lit up as she clapped her hands in delight! When Max whispered to the TSA officer the next day that he knew she’d gotten them through, she responded with the slightest, most discreet smile.

Air travel is bewildering for most of us. Imagine being at a big airport for the first time, to board your first plane. Imagine doing that without speaking the language. Many of the families were upset by problems with their tickets, and the discriminatory behavior of TSA. Max was able to provide a little humor for the families with his pathetic attempts to speak Spanish. They must have wondered why he was telling them about his pet giraffe! One anxious dad got through TSA after working through problems with his ticket, only to become worried when after waiting half an hour his wife and daughter had not been cleared by TSA; TSA had forgotten about them. As the family was finally able to board their plane, he said to Max, speaking in English for the first time, “You are my brother!”

Kathy remembers the many volunteers who assisted in the difficult task of reassuring our guests that they were free and respected. There was Raul, a tall, handsome Cuban-American who could walk into the room and have the frightened children laughing in no time. There was Bennie who came every day to serve lunch, although needing a walker himself. He told us that he first came to Annunciation House with the idea that he was there to ‘help’. It didn’t take him long to realize that it was he who was being given so many blessings. There were Sister Mary and Sister Lupita, there every day to assist with intakes. There were the many El Paso residents on-call to drive, many churches there every week with delicious meals; the list is endless. When Kathy spoke to Maria, the volunteer who was head of the kitchen and said how much she was loving meeting the caring people of El Paso, she replied, “Of course! We’re all family.” There were so many volunteers coming from other parts of Texas and many coming to Texas from other states; Juan who drove every weekend from Santa Fe, Christine who has been to Annunciation House many times, whose sister provided our guests with beautiful quilts. Our young site director Kristen told us that as part of her honors program at Temple University she came to Annunciation House for a short visit. Upon graduation she decided to make Annunciation House her work.

Max and Kathy Lewis are long-time parishioners of St. James Cathedral and Associates of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peace.
and home. Barb from Yakima, Jane from Portland, Michelle and Sylvia from St. Louis, there are too many loving, caring people to write about here, both immigrants and volunteers.

It was a life-giving and life-changing experience for us, and one that we hold onto in the face of so much hostility and misinformation about the people we met who just want a better life for themselves and their children, free from violence and hunger. It is extremely disheartening to read about Latin American refugees experience coming to the US as they try to find a viable life for their families. To be aware that many US citizens subscribe to the wildly inaccurate view that these refugees are dangerous and need to be forcibly denied entry to the US, where we ourselves enjoy a better life, is deeply disturbing. Trying to impact these issues can feel like a very uphill battle.

But we found that being with these refugees changed our discouragement to joy. To be with these refugees, to attempt a ministry of presence, may not change the difficulties the refugees face, either in Central America or in the US. But for us it changed everything. Our time at Annunciation House has produced a fundamental shift in our spiritual lives. We have changed our schedules and re-evaluated our other commitments to accommodate our new-found dedication to Annunciation House. We are devoting time to intensive Spanish study, and plan also to volunteer with migrant assistance projects here in Seattle.

Sometimes the old sayings are the truest: “Better to light a candle than curse the darkness.”

On Martin Luther King Jr. Day, a group of parishioners came together to begin a six-week dialogue on racial justice. The dialogues were prompted by a survey of Hispanic parishioners at 12 parishes around the archdiocese. Staff from the Archdiocese traveled throughout Western Washington to listen to Hispanic Catholics share their experiences and their needs in this current immigration crisis. “At every conversation in this project Hispanic people reported that since January 2017, racist words and gestures are more frequent and open than in their prior experience. Almost all reported that their children have suffered from racism in school. They did not report racist experiences in their parishes, but they asked that the Church help white Catholics to overcome racism and nationalism, so that they may be leaven for inclusion and justice in our society.” This prompted deep reflection among immigrant ministries that included parishes, multiple offices at the Archdiocese, Seattle University, Intercommunity Peace and Justice, and others including the Cathedral’s own Immigrant Assistance ministry.

Out of these conversations, a Cathedral Racial Justice Team was formed. Its members include parishioners JoAnn Lopez, Al Cheesebrough, and Joyce Mork-O’Brien. Patrick Barredo, Director of Social Outreach and Advocacy joined me on this team as staff representatives. While other parishes are holding book groups, workshops, and presentations, our team wanted the opportunity for deeper, sustained conversation among a diverse group of parishioners. We settled on a series of racial justice dialogues. We hoped that by the end of this series, participants would be:

- Able to understand racism as a system beyond interpersonal aggression or interactions
- Equipped with tools to engage in conversations on issues of racial justice
- Able to identify how their Catholic faith is a resource and reason for work for racial justice, including Catholic teaching and spiritual practices
- Able to articulate a 1-2 specific commitments to racial justice in their own lives.

We started by attending Mass together on Martin Luther King Jr. Day at the Chapel of St. Ignatius at Seattle University, and sharing lunch together. Over the next six weeks, 19 people gathered on Monday evenings in the Pastoral Outreach Center. Each evening began with a shared meal, followed by an opening prayer, presentation, small group discussion, and closing prayer. The opening and closing prayers helped to ground us in who we are as Catholics as we entered into difficult and challenging topics. The presentations ranged from Racism 101 to Theological Approaches to Anti-Racism to practical conversation tools. We reviewed the recent USCCB pastoral letter on racism Open Wide Our Hearts. We discussed the Church’s participation in racism as well as anti-racist work. Most importantly, people of color shared their personal experiences of racism. White participants confronted our own fragility, privilege, misunderstandings, fear, and barriers to being true allies doing anti-racist work.

To be sure, these were not what my dad would call “Kumbaya” moments. The presentations while highly informative also evoked a variety of emotions including shame, disbelief, and resistance among White participants. The conversations uncovered things we Whites engage in that perpetuate or exacerbate racism, even while we intend to be helpful. The willingness of people of color to endure these things and share of themselves is a testament to their faith.

Although worthwhile, the dialogues were certainly more beneficial to the White participants than the people of color. This leaves us with more questions than answers. How can we avoid centering Whiteness in diverse groups, when the personal work needs to be done by Whites? How might we work on strengthening a diverse community without further exposing people of color to racism? And even more questions.

The Racial Justice Dialogues were an important and valuable part of our continuing anti-racism work. The team and participants learned a lot and grew in the process. We are currently discerning next steps and trying to heed to what we are called to do. We aren’t sure what’s coming next, but the team and the dialogue participants are committed to further work on racial justice. Stay tuned!
Last year, the Knights of Columbus Council 676 made the decision to sell their 106-year-old stately brick building on First Hill at Harvard and Union.

“The Knights of Columbus Club of Seattle has made the difficult decision to sell its property after a lengthy review process,” Grand Knight Joyce wrote in a recent club newsletter. “This will allow the Knights to not only continue our primary mission of charity, but to greatly expand our ability to make a significant difference in helping important causes.”

When the building first opened in 1913, it was the culmination of a dream of many years. The Catholic Northwest Progress reported in typically understated fashion, “For years the Knights have been anticipating such an occasion as this, but it is probable that even their highest flights of fancy fell short of the actual realization.”

The dedication of the new building on Sunday, November 9, 1913, really was a day to remember. In spite of the rain, “the large auditorium was crowded to capacity with the Knights and their friends, while hundreds failed to gain admission.”

The land for the new building was donated by Elizabeth Foss, who was honored in a special way at the dedication festivities. State Deputy and K of C member John Carmody thanked her on behalf of all those assembled: “he felt all would agree that her great gift resulting in such a magnificent structure could be regarded as a great material gain to the city, ‘for it is not,’ he said, ‘designed for a playhouse, but rather as a protection and help to the community in saving our boys and young men.’” The building, which included a beautifully appointed ballroom, library, billiard room, and lodge room, also had a swimming pool, bowling alley, gymnasium, and handball court.

Bishop O’Dea also addressed those gathered, taking as his topic “The Duty of Laymen.” The Progress reported: “in his earnest, forceful, and eloquent address he carried his audience with him on a wave of enthusiasm. He declared that the times in which we live and the conditions by which we are surrounded call upon the laymen to come forward, to unwrap their talents, and to get in touch with those problems that are pressing so hard for a solution.”

For more than one hundred years, the Knights of Columbus have carried out their mission on First Hill. As they move to a new home (location still TBD), the Knights made the decision to invest the proceeds from the sale back in the community of which they have been a part for so many years. At St. James Cathedral, the Knights have designated generous gifts for the Cathedral Kitchen and for the Solanus Casey Center.

Meanwhile, the purchaser of the old Knights of Columbus Hall plans an “adaptive reuse” of the historic building. Early designs call for the overhaul of the building and the construction of two new multifamily buildings adjoining it.

Thank you, Knights of Columbus Council 676, for your generosity and vision! Your support of the Cathedral Kitchen and Solanus Casey Center will help us to continue to carry out our mission of service here on First Hill.

Maria Laughlin is Director of Development at St. James Cathedral.
December
4. Rosanne Michaels offered an Advent evening of reflection, **Come, Lord Jesus.**
10. A dramatic reading and lecture on Charles Dickens’ other Christmas tale, **The Haunted Man** was offered.
14. Hundreds filled the Cathedral for our annual **Readings and Carols** Service, concluding with the singing of “Silent Night” by candlelight.
15. Our annual Archdiocesan celebration of **Simbang Gabi** brought representatives from every Deanery in Western Washington.
25. Thousands gathered to celebrate the **Nativity of the Lord** at our six Christmas Masses. The Mass during the Night was broadcast on KING.
31. Our **New Year’s Eve Concert**, Mozart ‘til Midnight, was a wonderful way to ring in the New Year. Joseph Adam conducted the Cathedral Cantorei.

January
6. We celebrated the great feast of the **Epiphany**.
14-17. St. James Cathedral was privileged to host the 11th biennial **Cathedral Ministry Conference** as well as the annual **Conference of Roman Catholic Cathedral Musicians**. The event gathered some 170 Cathedral pastors, musicians, and staff for a week of prayer, fellowship, and learning. Read Father Ryan’s address to the group on page 8 of this journal.
20. We gave special honor to the holy child Jesus, the **Santo Nino** at the Noon Mass.
22. We began our third series of **Alpha**, ten evening sessions including a meal and conversation about faith.
28. The **First Spiritual Exercises**. This popular five-week series offered an introduction to Ignatian spirituality.
28. Our **Racial Justice Dialogues** began. See article on p. 20 of this issue.

February
3. The first in a series of **February snowstorms** hit Seattle. The city would be in the grip of the snow for ten days! Multiple events were canceled or rescheduled, and Mass attendance was a mere fraction of the usual.
14. A beautiful granite tombstone was placed on the grave of Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen, who was interred in the **Cathedral crypt** in August.

March
6. **Ash Wednesday** marked the beginning of the holy season of Lent.
7. We celebrated the **Rite of Election** with our catechumens and candidates.
23. We celebrated a special Mass with Archbishop Sartain and the **Inclusion Ministry** of the Archdiocese of Seattle. A joy-filled celebration!
25. Our Lenten series this year was a dinner book group exploring Jean Vanier’s **We Need Each Other**.
27. Corinna Laughlin and Seth Dalby presented on the **history of the Church in Western Washington**, including a show and tell of many treasures of Northwest Catholic history.
30. We celebrated the first of three **Scrutiny Rites** with our Elect, those preparing for...
baptism at the Easter Vigil.  
30. Father Ryan celebrated the **Sacrament of Reconciliation** with children preparing to make the First Communion in May.

**April**

4. Father Pat Howell, SJ, offered a stimulating overview of the history of **Church Reform** from the Council of Jerusalem to the present day.  
11. We gathered with the Archbishop and priests of the Archdiocese of Seattle for the annual ** Chrism Mass**.  
14. **Palm Sunday** marked the beginning of Holy Week. An album of Holy Week can be found on p. 12.  
15. On Monday of Holy Week, a fire devastated the Cathedral of **Notre-Dame de Paris** as millions around the world watched in shock and sorrow. At St. James Cathedral, the tower bells were rung in solidarity with the people of Paris.  
20-21. Thousands gathered to celebrate the **Resurrection of the Lord** at St. James Cathedral. In his homily today, Father Ryan asked: “Are you ready for resurrection? I should think we would be very ready this Easter. More ready, perhaps, than ever before. Since we last came together to celebrate Easter, so much of our story as a Church has been grim... Any way you look at it, we have been walking a long road to Calvary; we have come face-to-face with crucifixion—of victims and their loved ones, most certainly; and then, many of us have experienced a kind of personal crucifixion, as our faith has been severely tried and tested. So, resurrection we need. And, my friends, there is hope. Christ is risen. He lives! He is here in our midst.”  
24. A special Mass was offered for those killed on **Easter Sunday in Sri Lanka**. We were privileged to welcome many members of the ecumenical and interfaith community to this Mass. In his homily, Father Ryan said, “We have come together this evening to pray for the broken-hearted people of Sri Lanka who mourn the senseless and brutal deaths of so many loved ones. In those deaths they, like the Emmaus disciples, must feel the loss of hope. We pray that their hope will be rekindled by the risen Christ who assures us that life, not death, will get the last word. That assurance, I know, will not come quickly or easily. There will be long days of weeping and wailing, of mourning and sadness, of anger and bitterness, but with the passage of time, the bringing to justice of those responsible, and the prayerful solidarity of believers and people of good will around the world, healing will come and hope will return.”  
24. Father Tom Lucas, SJ, gave a thoughtful presentation on **Rembrandt** and his depiction of the face of Christ.  
29. Pope Francis appointed **Archbishop Paul D. Etienne** coadjutor Archbishop of Seattle. See the article on p. 14 of this issue.

**May**

5. It was Annual Catholic Appeal Sunday at St. James Cathedral. This year’s rebate will go towards installing a new **fire sprinkler system** in the Cathedral attic—a long overdue precaution inspired by the recent fire at Notre-Dame de Paris.  
9. Twenty teenagers and adults were **confirmed** in a beautiful celebration with Archbishop J. Peter Sartain.  
12. A beautiful celebration of **First Holy Communion** at St. James Cathedral! ✝

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**From top to bottom:** Mass for the victims of the bombings in Sri Lanka, April 24; Father Ryan gives coadjutor Archbishop Paul Etienne a tour of the Cathedral, April 29; Confirmations, May 9; First Communions, May 12.
Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament

St. James Cathedral, Pagliacci Pizza, & a Friend of the Cathedral Kitchen present the 23rd Annual
Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen

Charity Golf Tournament
benefiting the Cathedral Kitchen and other outreach ministries

Monday, August 26, 2019
Glendale Country Club, Bellevue

INFORMATION
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