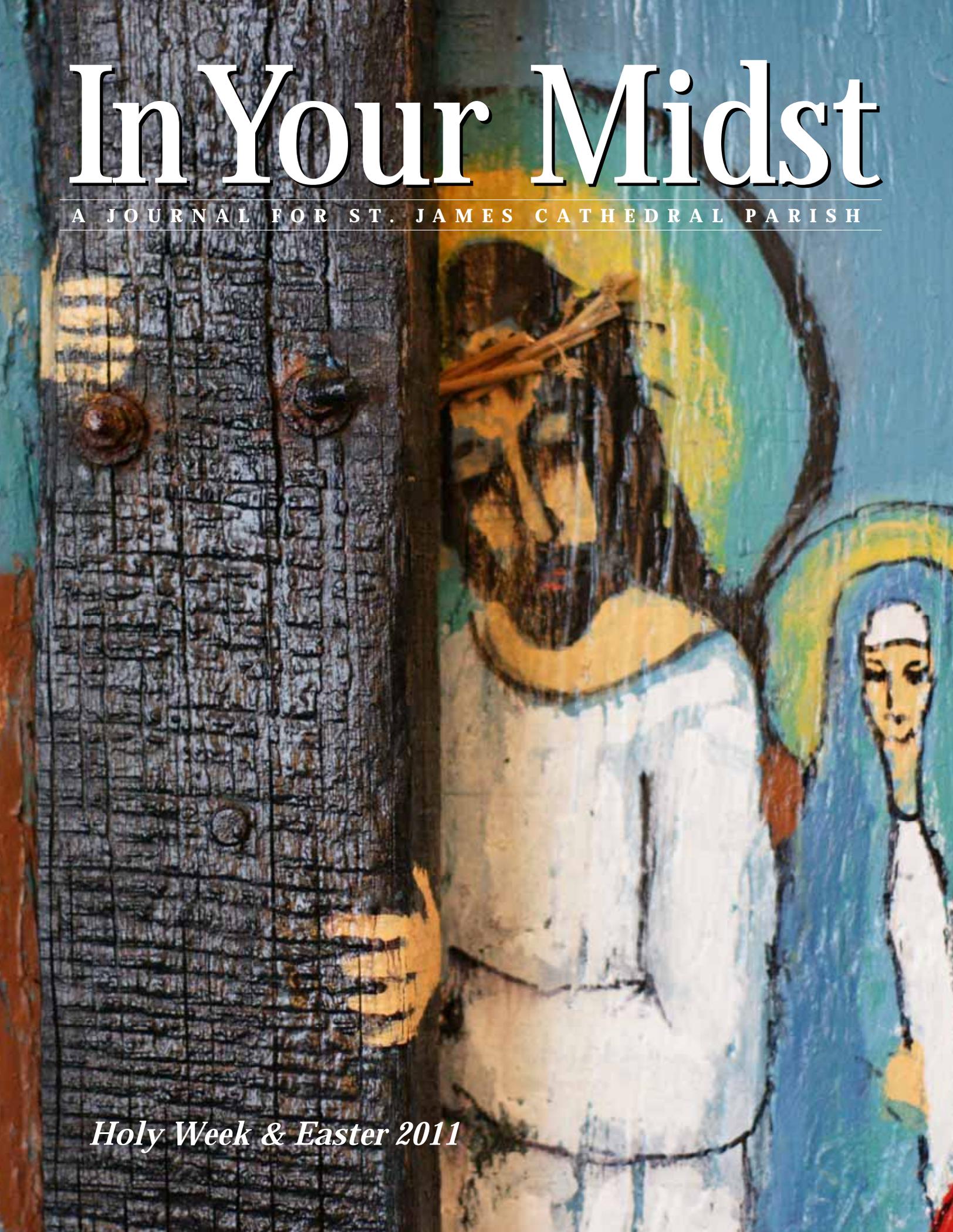


In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH

Holy Week & Easter 2011



In Your Midst

Vol. 16 No. 3 Holy Week and Easter 2011

*"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.*

Contents

- 3 Dying and Rising with Christ**
*Parishioners offer reflections
on the Paschal Mystery*
- 10 Tuesdays in the Cathedral Kitchen**
Reflections of the "Green Salad Man"
- 12 To See the Face of Christ**
Joan Brand-Landkamer's Stations of the Cross
- 14 School for the Soul**
Preparing for Easter with Our Elect
- 16 The Pew Next to You**
A friendship born of Volunteer Chore Ministry
- 18 From the Archives**
The Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading
- 19 Cathedral Almanac**
Snapshots of life at St. James, December—March
- 20 Keeping Vigil for Easter**

ON THE COVER: *The Second Station: Jesus Receives
His Cross. Joan Brand-Landkamer, artist.*

In Your Midst is published three times yearly by
St. James Cathedral, Seattle, Washington.

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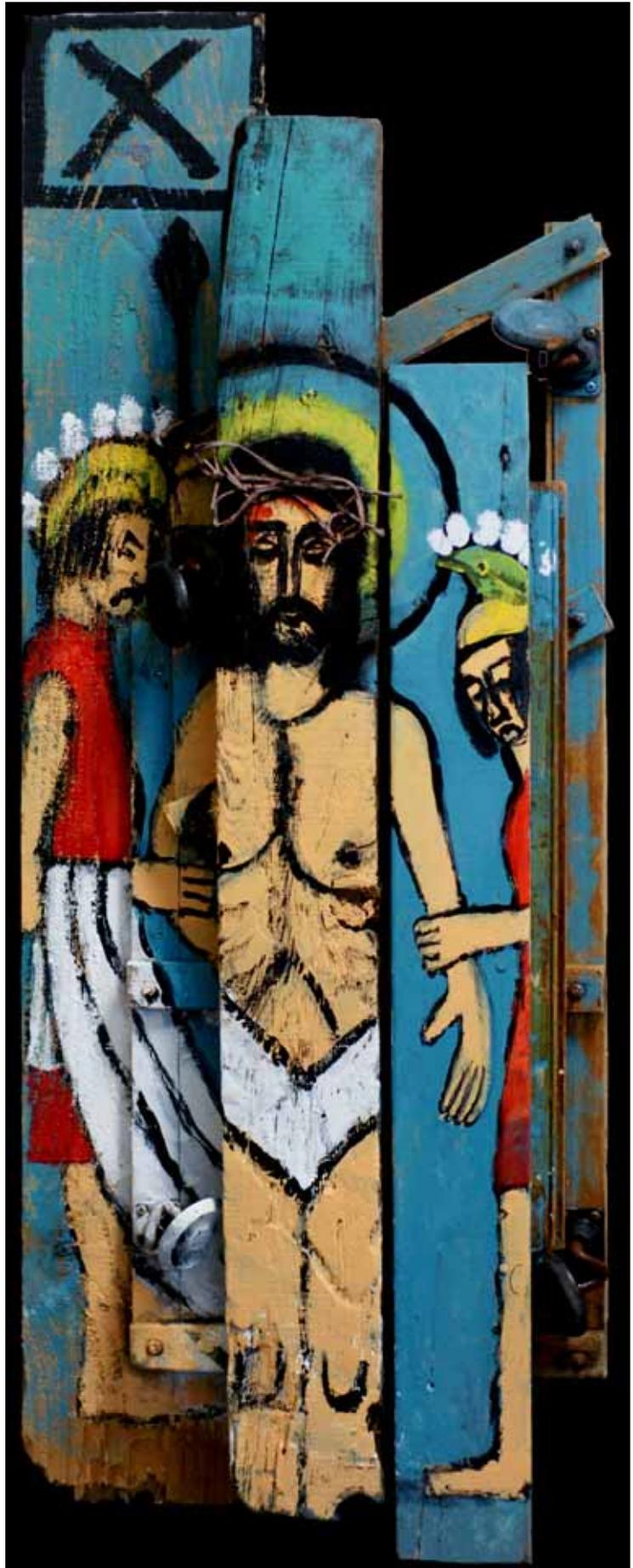
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Dying and Rising with Christ

As we approach Holy Week and Easter, Cathedral parishioners offer reflections on the Paschal mystery

Three women, perfumed oils in hand, came to a tomb early one morning to anoint a dead body. They came to the tomb with heavy hearts; they left with hearts on fire. They came slowly, cautiously; they left running, casting caution to the winds. They came to the tomb in search of Jesus of Nazareth; they ran from the tomb with news of Christ the Lord. They came convinced that all was over; they left knowing that all was new.

My friends, the message of Easter is just that: all is new. Easter is God's way of saying that all is new. It is a daring thing to say—preposterous, really. It flies in the face of all we know to be true, in the face of human experience and common sense. For common sense and human experience only know the ancient, cynical wisdom that there is “nothing new under the sun.” But Easter says that everything is new, now that Jesus is new, now that Jesus is risen. Easter says that God is building new heavens and a new earth and that it all started in the dark despair of a dead and mangled body, mourned by a few brave souls and hastily planted in a borrowed tomb.

In this issue of *In Your Midst*, some of your fellow parishioners share their own Easter stories: their stories of God's power to make all things new, to bring light out of darkness, life out of death. Reading them, I think you'll agree, is a powerful experience of Christ's living presence in our midst.

Father Michael G. Ryan

Over the years, Lent has become one of my favorite seasons bringing the risen Christ back to my life.

February is the worst month for me. The recovery from the frantic activity of the holiday



season has turned to lethargy. My New Year's Resolutions have melted away. Most likely I haven't seen the sun for months and all the shoes in my closet are damp. But it is more than that. There always comes a point at that time of year where I realize the “busy-ness” of my life has distracted me from my relationship with God. The Jesus who arrived so joyfully at Christmas has retreated to someplace far away. The overall effect is to leave me discouraged. Depressed. Lonely. Unworthy. Unlovable.

Then Lent starts and I dutifully begin my regimen of prayer and fasting. The Psalmist helps me to pray for a renewed steadfast spirit. I spend quiet moments—sometimes on walks, sometimes in the Cathedral—listening for God; asking him to come back to me. My fasting reminds me how generous God is to me—gifts of plenty that I often take for granted. It also makes me realize how susceptible to temptation I am and how much I need God to help me fight it.

At some point I recognize that the transformation has begun. Duty becomes desire. The readings are no longer just words on paper. I can feel them taking hold in my heart encouraging me to draw closer. God is tenderly calling to me. Instead of counting my failings I start counting my blessings and am awestruck at how

much God loves me. A quiet stillness settles over me. My heart and spirit become lighter. I am being renewed. By the time Holy Week arrives I am full of joy. Through the mysteries of the Sacred Triduum I will recall the death and resurrection of Jesus. But for me he has already arrived—or rather, I have returned home. I know He is alive in me and I celebrate that Easter has come again.

Darcey McAllister

In my experience as a Christian, I witness the death and resurrection of Jesus

Christ frequently and in many different ways. Rarely is it more vivid than during Holy Week, and in particular on Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

Several years ago I was in Paris during this time. I was walking home from Good Friday service at Notre Dame when I came across Saint-Louis en l’Ile, a local parish church on Ile Saint-Louis. I stopped in for the beautiful singing which could be heard from the street but stayed for the small, very welcoming, neighborhood feel. When I returned the next night for the Easter Vigil I got an unexpected front row seat to a real life experience of Easter renewal and the power of grace.

The Mass itself was beautiful beyond telling: small, solemn and almost entirely sung in a combination of transporting French chant and choral singing. One minor (and as the Mass continued, not so minor) annoyance was a homeless man in attendance who would burst out frequently, “singing”, talking and carrying on. This went on without stop for nearly the entire four-hour service. He was never bothered or even asked to be quiet. I found it curious that such an obvious disturbance was allowed to continue during this solemn and beautiful worship. I came to find this consistent with this parish’s unmitigated patience and acceptance of outsiders—like myself, for example! But, what happened as the church prepared for the procession through the streets of Ile Saint-Louis turned my annoyance into wonder.

The presiding priest who had been so patient with the homeless man walked up to him as he made his way up the center aisle. He pulled the man close and



Easter Vigil 2009; photo by Mike Penney

whispered something to him. The man was transformed. He quieted down, stood tall and along with the priest and the head of choir led our procession through the streets. Streets that were lit up by our candles and those of the many, many, families who stood on their balconies to greet us with their own “holy fires.” He sang the hymns, which he obviously knew, and led us as our “cornerstone.” In dramatic fashion, Christ, through the people of this parish, gave me the clearest vision of transforming love. In such a small place, and with a seemingly simple gesture, this parish showed what little power death has compared to the unbounded love and grace of our Savior.

Stephen Cavit

Beth was at the living room window on this bright sunny day admiring the front yard of her and her husband Jeff’s home. They had raised their children here, sent them to grade and prep schools, and watched and helped them through different universities. Jim, their oldest, had enlisted in the Marines and was serving his country overseas. He had kept in regular and frequent touch with the family to assure them that he was okay and not to worry about him. It had been a couple of weeks since they had heard from him. Beth said another quiet prayer.

As she gazed out the window, she noticed a car, a different car, drive up and slowly move to the house next door, then slowly back up and stop in front of their home. She could make out the shape of two occupants in the front seat. Beth called to Jeff about what she was



seeing. As Jeff looked out, the doors of the car opened and two Marine Officers stepped out. Beth screamed and fell into Jeff's arms.

An awful truth, as you might guess, was unfolding. The officers were arriving with condolences from their Commander, that every military family fears: "We are sorry to inform you that your son has been killed in action."

"No, no, no," Beth cried. "God, where were you? I placed my trust in you. Did you not hear my prayers?"

This same scene could be, and is, repeated by many parents of children from infancy through teenage years; tragic events occur that cause them to clamor: "My God, my God, where were you? This should not have happened."

No less painful is the experience of children, gathered around a parent's bedside at an end of life event. A life fully lived, now waiting to move on. This is the more painful when children find themselves faced with decisions to be made about sustaining life by extraordinary means. We are all aware that to be born is to die, and yet...

During this time of our yearly pilgrimage through the Lenten Season, leading to Resurrection, we should pause to spend some time with God thinking about our mortality. Our belief, recited in the Creed that "we

believe in the Resurrection of the dead, and life everlasting" calls for serious thought and prayer.

Jack A. Harvey

Unless the grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain; but if it dies, it yields a harvest..." (Jn. 12: 24). This time of Lent is a perfect time to observe what

John's Gospel has to say: the miracle and mystery of new life coming from the death of winter... crocuses blooming, shoots of green appearing on bare branches, birds heralding the arrival of spring. And this passage from death to new life is true of our own Christian lives as well. Immersed into the life, death and resurrection of Jesus in our Baptism, every step of our journey involves many "dyings and risings," some tiny and imperceptible, others major and life-changing.

Many years ago, when I was in my twenties, I began to experience prolonged periods of depression. My mind was foggy and I couldn't concentrate, I felt paralyzed with anxiety about the simplest things and I could hardly face getting up in the morning. It was as if all life was drained from me, and with it, any hope that this would ever pass. As I sought help from doctors, a name was given to the symptoms I was experiencing: "cyclical clinical depression of the monopolar



Children sing an Easter song, Great Music for Great Cathedrals, 2009

type.” (Having learned what “bipolar” meant, I knew that the “up side” was clearly missing!)

Gradually, experimenting with different medications, I finally came upon one that seemed to work in an amazing way. In fact, I rejoiced that “now I was cured!” Unfortunately, it wasn’t quite that simple. With years of counseling and different medications, I finally got to the place where I could “live with this,” a condition not of my choosing, but one that kept me very grounded in my humanity, vulnerability and limitations!

One day I came to the awareness that this was a “spiritual issue” as well, like the mysterious “thorn in the flesh” that Paul talked about. He begged God to take it from him, but God told him that “in your weakness, my power is made perfect in you” (2 Cor.12:9).

At this time in my life I began serving as a Chaplain with elders, daily walking with them through their dyings and risings. I found an inner empathy that drew me, soul to soul, to many people. Somehow, because of my experience, I could relate to their suffering and losses. Henri Nouwen called it being “a wounded healer.” The very weakness I had tried to ignore or treat harshly in myself was becoming a channel of grace, of God’s compassion.

Now in my 70’s, I see every day as a call to follow Jesus in his “self-emptying surrender to God” (Phil. 2), making more and more space for God’s life and love. Such is the call of Lent, and really of every day of the year—on our way to the eternal Easter!

Sr. Judy Ryan snjm

In the fall of 1999 our family took a short tour of the religious education program for children at St. James. We knew we wanted JJ to have his first communion here and he needed instruction. We had grown to love Father Ryan and the St. James community. This parish had welcomed our family in our first tentative moments of inquiry about baptism for JJ. Would we be accepted? Could we call this magnificent place home? As we walked the halls with Marianne Coté we were convinced that JJ should enroll immediately. The program had approximately 60 students from kindergarten age through Senior High. The classes were small, some grades even combined to make the best use of limited teaching staff—but there was a lot of love. The following year when I suggested that JJ’s teacher use more hands-on activities to enhance their lessons, Marianne replied, “If you think you can do better you should become a catechist yourself.” The following year I became a catechist.

Twelve years later, early this Spring, I found myself in the hallway of Cathedral Place on a Sunday morning. I remembered my first visit there, and I walked along, looking in each classroom almost as if I were an outsider. Every class was full of engaged, eager students participating in faith-filled learning and craft activities. Each grade had a minimum of two, sometimes three, amazing catechists. I could hear the melodic sounds of children in choir practicing for Youth First Sunday. Their angelic voices filled the building with joyful sounds. It was fantastic. The hallways were jammed with parents both helping out and socializing. Lita, Marianne, Theresa and TerryAnn were all running about making sure that all was well in their respective programs. I was amazed to truly understand and see what this program has become. There are close to 170 students today.

Later to experience the First Sunday Youth component to the Mass and to see all the children participating was wonderful. The procession, the banners, the music. I enjoyed seeing the knot of families near Father Ryan's chair with their children in the pews, in strollers and even on the floor (as kids often are). It has been wonderful to see the rebirth of such a vital program. I am so proud to be a parishioner here, where the ministry to our children is valued and supported. These children will be well-prepared to carry the faith into the 21st century and beyond.

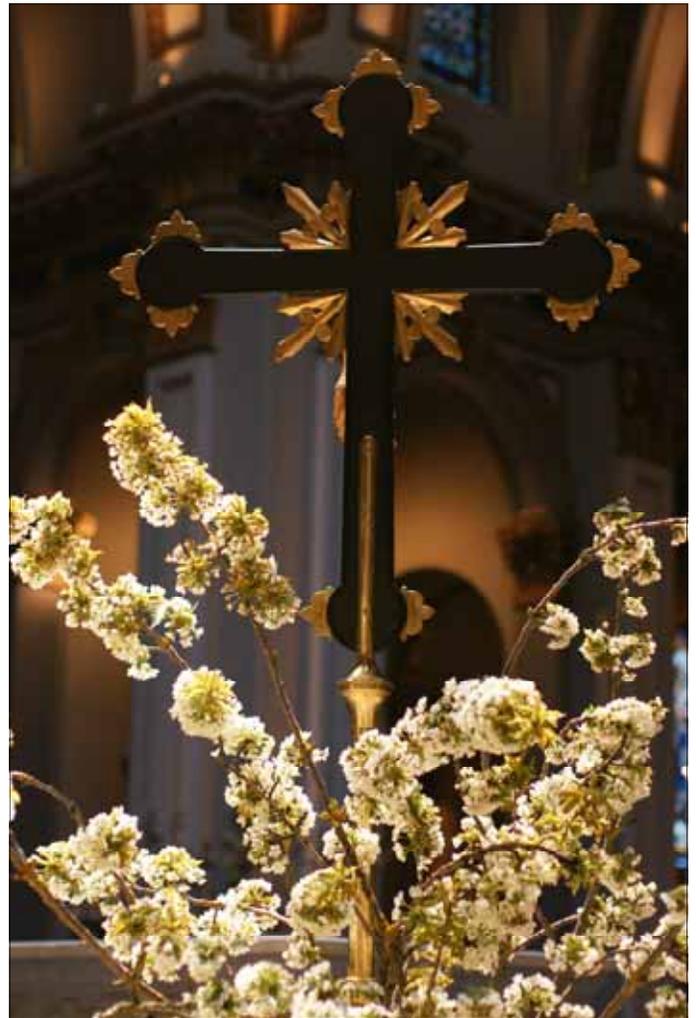
Mark Contratto

I am the resurrection and the life; whoever believes in me, even if he dies, will live... (John 11:25)

As someone who coordinates the funerals of the Cathedral and its grief ministries too, I think it's fair to say I am well acquainted with death and dying. Over the last several years and in a career in ministry prior to that I have been exposed to a wide range of experiences.

I can still remember as though it were yesterday my first visit with someone who lost a loved one. I was 27 years old, sitting in the dark and tiny kitchen of an old two-story home in upstate New York listening to a woman well into her 80's. We sat around a little table, probably just as she had been seated with her husband at breakfast for half a century. She told me about Thomas, who died suddenly at 88. Through her tears she said, "He was so young, why did God take him from me?" I couldn't help but think of Martha's question to Jesus: "Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died."

Like Thomas, many of our deceased parishioners have lived long, full, and fruitful lives. But there are others too: the man in his 30's who left a widow and a young son, parents who bury their children, the front



row at the funeral filled with sobbing grandchildren, family members tearfully hugging the casket at the cemetery unable to let it go.

Someone recently asked me if all of this wears on me. Well, some experiences are more painful than others, I replied. And some stick with me. But mostly the sadness is temporary, softened by our hope in Christ. It makes a palpable difference; not just for me, but for all Christians who mourn.

This was never more evident than at a senior community's "celebration of life" the other day. Held roughly once a quarter, the staff invites family and friends of residents who have recently died—some of them our friends here at St. James. The group tells stories of their departed loved ones. They laugh, they cry, they pray, and they sing of their faith. It's a sacred thing.

We all realize there is no escaping the reality of death. It is all around us. But the hope of resurrection is an even more potent reality. In that light it seemed fitting that the little gathering concluded their celebration singing these well known words:

*When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.*

John Simpson

I have the amazing privilege to work at Jubilee Women's Center, a two-year program for homeless women. We serve 34 women who reside in one of our two beautiful homes. Every woman who comes to Jubilee brings with her, in many ways, a broken spirit. She has experienced loss and abandonment. She has known the fear of wondering where she will sleep and if she will eat, and most of all, if she will have a future. As we begin to explore all the reasons for her homelessness and to look for ways for her to begin a new life, it becomes clear to me over and over again that I am encountering Jesus' presence, a kind of dying and resurrection.

MARTHA: The mother of four grown children, two of whom are being deployed to Afghanistan. She came to us very ill. During her stay at Jubilee she suffered through three surgeries, all while studying for her Divinity degree. She recovered, graduated from her program, is now living in her own apartment, and has gone back to school at the University of Phoenix to obtain her degree in Business. She recently has been asked by a well-known non-profit agency to be interviewed on film because of her remarkable journey into health and independence.

JUNE: Fleeing a very abusive husband, she came to us frightened and depressed. But during her two years at Jubilee she received her bachelor's degree in early childhood schooling, found a rewarding job teaching pre-school children, and as she is leaving us she has been accepted at the University of Washington graduate school in Education. One of the mothers of her young students has asked her to come and live with her while she is in school, rent-free, to help care for her child.

LESLIE: Grew up experiencing abuse, married young only to continue to be abused and finally abandoned by her husband. During her stay at Jubilee she works full-time as an aide to developmentally delayed and autistic adults, and goes to school full-time to obtain a degree in Sign Language. She has received scholarships for her schooling, maintains a 4.0 average, and is on the dean's list. "Are you tired?" I ask her. "Of course I'm tired, but it's worth it."

ANNE: As a young girl she witnessed a horrific event in her family. Haunted by this terrible experience, she has been through years of depression, years of therapy. But she has a talent for art. She attended art classes, used this talent to heal from her past, moved on to her own apartment and now returns

to Jubilee to teach residents how to make their own beautiful hand-painted greeting cards.

Could I tell more success stories? Oh, yes. But in the eyes of the world there are many residents who look as though they have not succeeded in achieving their dreams like the women I've introduced here. They --like their housemates--work very hard to change. They struggle, but they also care for one another. They, too, show me the presence of Jesus. They are perfect models of the dying and rising Christ. I am fortunate indeed to know these courageous, beautiful people and to learn from them.

Kathy Lewis

Mr. Khosa was going into the central market to buy supplies for Mother Teresa's Hospice in Lusaka, and I was to go with him. We piled into a tiny van, tearing down the dusty streets towards town. Mr. Khosa asked why I'd come to Zambia. I described how the company I worked for in London had collapsed, and how I'd come to Africa to do something different.

"How did you come to work at Mother Teresa's, Mr. Khosa?"

He had worked in the physical plant at the University of Zambia, supporting a wife, two of his own children and two foster children on his limited salary. "I took a sabbatical for six months," he said, "so that I could come and help the sisters."

Four children and you walk away from a good job if even for half a year, I thought? In a land of 25 percent unemployment? This sisters couldn't pay him. "Why did you want to do that, Mr. Khosa?"

He wheeled around in his seat in the front of the bus to face me. "Brother David! Jesus asked us to take up our cross and follow him! How can we call ourselves Christians if we do not suffer!?" Everything was an exclamation.

The hospice was home only to the sickest of the sick. Those suffering from HIV/Aids, polio, malaria, cancer, and profound malnutrition were the *only* ones welcome there. The hospice's function was to give people a place to die. It seemed absurd to me that Khosa had walked away from the security he brought to his family to help the sisters to care for those who—by definition—had no chance at life beyond a few, painful months. But just as the spring rains began in November, bringing new life to the land after a gritty, hot winter, Mr. Khosa brought comfort and hope to the baffling need that surrounded him. He brought a message of life to an American wandering in southern Africa.

David RJ Unger



When I gather around the font with my Schola sisters at Sunday evening Mass, I often reflect on the special moment at Easter Vigil 2003 when I was baptized at St. James. The RCIA process filled in the blanks of the faith that I, unknowingly, had been searching for all my life. My faith continues to grow in the midst of the wonderful friends made at St. James, who share their love at all levels; the church's beauty and wonderful scents that enhance God's presence; and worshiping God when I sing with my beautiful sisters in the St. James Women's Schola. I never tire of watching the love in Father Ryan's face as he greets his flock before Mass. (My husband, Jeff, once fondly remarked that Father Ryan worked the crowd better than anyone.)

My faith has given me strength to deal with life's hardships. In October 2009, my husband Jeff was diagnosed with a very aggressive brain tumor and passed away peacefully six days later after two brain surgeries and a massive stroke. My children have remarked several times how strong I was during those six days, when every day and every hour I watched my best friend journey to his new life. Of course, I know it was God's grace that gave me strength and that was

never as clear as the moment I sat at Jeff's bedside stroking his arm. I told my daughter that I was trying to memorize the touch and feel of his strong arms. Maybe God whispered in my ear, but I suddenly realized that this wouldn't be the last time I would see and touch the wonderful person that I love so deeply. I felt the peace of Jesus' promise to resurrect our bodies to join our spirit when He returns. I am reminded of that promise at every Mass.

Even with my faith and support of my family and friends, this has still been the toughest challenge in my life; grieving for my husband and adjusting to life without him. I have learned to allow the grief and know that God is there beside me. After watching the Elect at their first scrutiny, I looked back at my reflection sheet for Holy Saturday morning during RCIA before my baptism. I wrote, "I am letting go of control of my life and putting it in the hands of God." I am so grateful that God is in my life. My prayer is to use my life to help just one person find peace in God's love.

Pat Evans



Tuesdays in the Cathedral Kitchen

Reflections of the “Green Salad Man”

The first person to greet you when you enter the Cathedral Kitchen on a Tuesday afternoon just before 2:00pm is Jim McAuliffe. He is busy unloading and sorting the boxes of food from one of the Cathedral vans. Each weekday the “gleaners” (fifteen of them during the week) drive round Seattle collecting the supplies from various supermarkets for the four-course meals that are prepared and served to 150 guests five days a week. As you enter the kitchen Jill gives you a warm welcome and allocates the tasks for the



Rosanne Warriner helps prepare the meal on Tuesday afternoon

12 to 16 volunteers that arrive during the afternoon. She is busy working on the menus for the day and making sure all is ready for the careful preparation and efficient serving of the food. The guests start lining up outside at 3:00pm.

One of the joys of working in the kitchen is meeting and working with a wide variety of folk who become friends, forming, as one reflected, an “esprit de corps with one common goal of loving service and teamwork.” The volunteers include people from various ethnic groups, different religious backgrounds, students from Catholic and public high schools, from community colleges and Seattle University, and older volunteers, many of whom are retired. A young man, a journalist, who is a Syrian Orthodox Christian reflects: “It is truly a blessing being able to serve my sisters and brothers alongside such wonderful people.” Another, a member of a parish staff in a Seattle parish, states that he started in the kitchen as part of his Lenten observance in 2010. He reflects that his contact with the diners is limited, but, “I scrub, rinse and sanitize hundreds of dining trays, pots and pans, I do so

Patrick White is the “Green Salad Man” on Tuesday afternoons in the Cathedral Kitchen. He is also a retired educator, a watercolorist, and a member of the Cathedral Choir.

knowing that I am supporting the volunteers who serve the hungry.” He continues: “There is no point in Lent unless we look forward to Easter rising.” He sees the Easter newness in the faces of the guests as they “choose a slice of raspberry cheesecake over a brownie, drink the invigorating coffee,” and he watches for “the smile on the faces of those who spoon fresh salad onto a plate.”

And then there is our great cook, a University of Washington research scientist, who directs the preparation of the main dish. She recalls Frederick Buechner’s belief that “vocation is the place where a man’s greatest desire meets the world’s greatest need.” She goes on to say: “I’d rather cook for others than do anything else, and our guests certainly need to eat.”

We all work at various stations accomplishing different preparations. For example, I am the green salad man for Tuesdays, working with another volunteer. In the far corner, others prepare the colorful fruit salads. Then there are the desserts, the trays of sliced buttered toast, the neat packets of sandwiches and hot coffee and orange juice. One of the long-standing volunteers at the main table preparing the principal dish, finds that volunteering in the Cathedral Kitchen has meant, “We bonded and formed

friendships that extended beyond the kitchen; Christmas dinners, potluck summer parties, and occasional forays after our kitchen duties to the local café.” And what follows is that “while chopping onions, slicing tomatoes or preparing desserts, we listen to each others’ stories, try to solve the world’s problems and even offer book and movie reviews.”

Shortly after four o’clock the guests enter Cathedral Hall in an orderly manner. They sit on the chairs that are placed around the circumference of the Hall. Earlier the tables

have been laid with cloths, and places set with napkins and cutlery. At 4:15 the team gathers for prayer before serving the meal. The essence of our prayers is thanksgiving. We ask God’s help to recognize Christ in the faces of those who hunger, to recognize that Christ draws new life out of every single person who hungers. By 4:30pm we are serving the meal to our guests.

We will never know the full stories of the lives of those that pass through our kitchen and eat the evening meal prepared for them. We serve around 150 a day towards the end of each month and occasionally we are almost overwhelmed with up to 170 or more. Some guests are silent and obviously suffering. Others are cheerful and we get to know them. One writes his own poetry, another takes computer and math courses at a community college and keeps us informed of his grades. Two or three play the piano at the back of the Hall. Some have just come into town in search of work. Many of these are Hispanics who are away from their families and homes. They carry their packs with them and are seeking a place to stay and an opportunity to be employed. Jill and Jim talk about how often guests return to say thank you and later say they have a place to stay and have jobs.

Each of the five days in the Cathedral Kitchen has its own distinctive community of volunteers and special atmosphere. On Mondays one of the cooks works in the morning at Northwest Harvest helping



Madeleine Betz and her grandson enjoy working in the Kitchen together

make 1,200 sandwiches; then heads up the hill to cook in the Cathedral Kitchen. Also on Monday, a social worker attends to the many questions regarding housing and accommodation addressed to her by the homeless. On Wednesdays members of the L’Arche Community come to help set the tables and butter the bread, and Seattle University students come to teach English. On one day students from O’Dea set the tables and help with lunch bags. Our Thursday cook comes from Colombia and cooks Colombian dishes. Seattle University student nurses come to answer health questions and take blood pressure. One Thursday volunteer declares: “We are the action!” Fridays sees a strong community of Seattle University students from Campus Ministry and service learning groups. There is a group of parishioners from St Thomas More Parish, Lynnwood, who volunteer once a week and one of the volunteers, from Green Lake, has worked in the Kitchen for over twenty years.

Working in the Cathedral Kitchen is a great way to convey God’s love and care. Our Tuesday cook quotes one of her husband’s favorite sayings: “No one cares what you believe until he believes that you care.” And another member of the Tuesday crew remarked: “We all experience the same good feeling when we received a ‘thank you’ or a ‘God bless you’ from someone coming for dinner. And we may leave the kitchen after cleaning up, tired and a little achy but with the satisfaction we did something worth while.” ♦

To See the Face of Christ

Exploring Joan Brand-Landkamer's Stations of the Cross

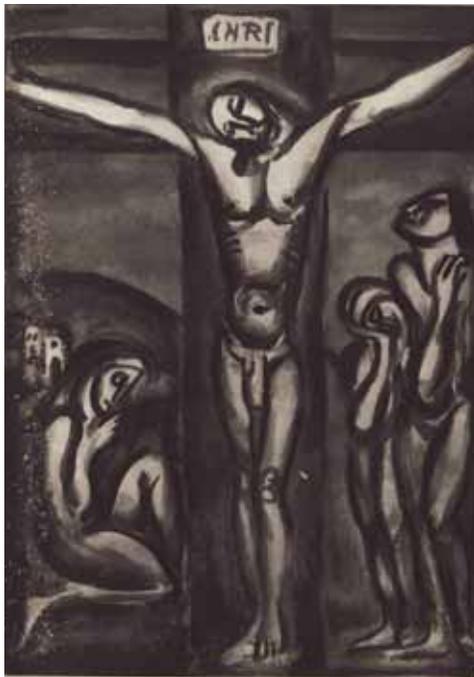
Since last year, a new set of the Stations of the Cross has been hung in the Cathedral during the weeks of Lent. These striking pieces are the work (and the gift) of Cathedral iconographer Joan Brand-Landkamer.

Joan began work on the Stations of the Cross many years ago, completing them in the fall of 2009. She used “found objects” from the beach near her home in Ocean Shores—wood, rope, and wire—to create a completely contemporary interpretation of the centuries-old devotion of the Stations of the Cross.

“I always wanted to make something out of driftwood,” she remembers. “I collected hinged planks, a door from a boat, paddles, pieces with large natural holes, a lot with large nails stuck in them. Every day I found something that no one else would pick up. My wood was not beautiful, but had lots of character.”

Joan’s previous work for the Cathedral, an extensive set of icons, drew on the tradition of Russian and Ethiopian iconography. The Stations are quite different, and were inspired by the work of Georges Rouault, the 20th-century French artist, and in particular his series of engravings entitled *Miserere*. In Joan’s words, “I stood on the shoulders of Rouault, the master. Rouault told the *truth!* I was completely stunned by his style, especially the sad, sad paintings of Christ and His mother, on His way to the cross. I began to think about creating Stations of the Cross because I imagined them as I looked at page after page; and the ugly people Rouault loved to paint were

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



Above: An etching by Georges Rouault, above, inspired Station XII, Jesus Dies on the Cross. Below: Two cruel faces from Georges Rouault's *Miserere* are echoed in Station XI, Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.

all there.”

Rouault originally created the drawings that make up *Miserere* during World War I, but for various reasons their publication was delayed until 1947. The series speaks powerfully of human suffering and



Some details from the Stations of the Cross. Upper left: In the Fifth Station, Mary reaches out to her Son as he carries his cross. The tender images Rouault created of Christ and his Mother inspired Joan's work. Upper right: Joan's husband Leo loved the way the eye of Christ was painted on a hinge. Joan says of the distinctive blue background that unifies all the pieces: "Leo was amused as I used all the old house paint in rusty cans. The blue was from our doors." Below, left: the Crown of thorns is made of different objects in the various stations—pieces of wood, wire, and here, a knotted leather cord. Note the wheel which is also incorporated into the piece (Tenth Station). Below, right: Real nails seem to suspend a placard with the letters "IHS," signifying the name of Christ, in the Eighth Station.

betrayal, and includes a number of images of the suffering Christ, juxtaposed with images of suffering humanity: corrupt judges and politicians, fools, prostitutes and prisoners. "Form, colour, harmony... oasis or mirage for the eyes, the heart, or the spirit," wrote Rouault in his preface to the volume; "Jesus on the cross will tell you better than I."

Rouault's drawings are dark, intense, emotional, thoroughly modern and thoroughly Catholic. Art critic Anthony Blunt wrote of *Miserere*, "That he is a fervent Catholic is obvious from some of his works and certainly deducible from all of them, even from the least evidently religious. But he is a Catholic reacting to the peculiar conditions of the 20th century.... When he paints the crucified Christ it is not as a remote event in the past or as a traditional symbol, but as the expression of a faith which he believes can still move mountains." Rouault himself said, "My only ambition is to be able someday to paint a Christ so moving that

those who see him will be converted." Rouault was deeply skeptical of science when it attempted to substitute for "truth." He once said: "A wise man has said, 'There is no more mystery.' One can be very wise and very foolish at the same time."

Though Rouault never created a series of Stations of the Cross, his introspective style and focus on the suffering Christ blends perfectly with the traditional devotion, which challenges our complacency and calls us to contemplation—and to action.

Rouault might have been speaking of Joan Brand-Landkamer's Stations when he said: "To retire from the world, believing one will find peace—what a chancy thing, if you don't carry within you another world, which transfigures the poorest materials, and gives them the fragrance of flowers of paradise." ♦

School for the Soul

Preparing for Easter with Our Elect

The last weeks of Lent are an intense time for our Elect. For months—in some cases, even years—they have been preparing for their baptism at the Easter Vigil. They have studied and prayed, learning about the Catholic Church, what it believes, what it teaches; and along the way, they have been learning what it means to be a part of a Christian community. They learn to listen respectfully to one another, to pray with one another; and they encounter—many of them for the very first time—the way God works in each person’s life differently. The year-round RCIA process allows time for asking questions, for exploring, and for making choices, with God’s grace. “It’s like school—but school for the soul,” one recently baptized adult has said.

But during these last weeks, the Elect aren’t asking questions of their teachers, but of themselves. And these answers cannot be found in books! In these last weeks of preparation, and especially during the Scrutinies, celebrated on the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Sundays of Lent, our Elect look inward. During these intense weeks, the Elect ask themselves questions they have never confronted before.

On a Wednesday night in the weeks leading up to Easter, Cathedral Place is brimming over with activity as catechists and sponsors, the Elect, and new inquirers, crowd into the packed classrooms. It’s a mixture of the mundane and the sublime: announcements about paperwork to be completed, events in the parish, and even the details of a cookie and punch break midway through the evening—give way to an intense study of the story of the man born blind, and the questions it raises.

Helen Oesterle, Director of Religious Education, invites the Elect to put themselves in the company of all those who have gone before them. “Since the second century, this story has been part of preparation for baptism. Imagine all the people, living and dead, who are part of that tradition, who share this with you.” The Gospel is read and all listen quietly. Then Helen invites them to reflect: “How does this story relate to baptism? What does it say to you?”

“He goes and cleanses himself in the river—that is a baptismal image.”

“There is a progression in how he sees Jesus: first he calls him a man, then a prophet, then Lord.”



“Like the Samaritan woman, in the end, the man born blind goes around confidently speaking about God.”

“I grew up acknowledging Jesus, but it was just an idea; I never felt a divine connection. I never truly understood what *divine* meant. Where I am today I never thought possible. I needed the time to wrap my head around it. The story of the man born blind reflects my own experience: he needed time, too.”

“It’s interesting how people have to come to the blind man—whom they despise—to ask about Jesus. They keep asking the same question over and over, as if looking for a different answer.”

Helen suggests: “In John’s Gospel, the ones you

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

don't expect, get it; the ones you expect to get it, don't. I think all of you are proof that this is still the case. You get it!"

The group goes on to discuss the themes of physical and spiritual blindness in the story. Helen asks: "What happens when we think we see? When we think we know?"

One of the Elect asks, "What about when we—the Catholic Church—are the oppressor?"

After a lively discussion, the Elect break into small groups and continue to reflect. They are invited to discern their "blind spots": "Are there opinions that you don't like to have questioned? What do you become most defensive about? What is it about yourself that gets you into the most arguments or makes you create all kinds of excuses?" The Elect are also invited to think about the sins of the community, asking tough questions: "In what ways do we allow ourselves to be blinded to the truth? In what ways can an entire society be blinded to the truth?"

Taking the time to discuss and explore these questions is a life-changing experience for the Elect. It prepares them for baptism as they begin to make the life changes that will be necessary for them to follow Christ as his disciples. They let down their defenses and are opened up to receive God's grace in new ways.

The whole parish community assists in this process at St. James Cathedral, as we pray for our Elect during the weeks of Lent. The aspirations of the Elect are beautifully expressed in the "Book of the Elect," filled with the prayers and pictures of those preparing for baptism. "I pray for protection, courage, and most of all, mercy." "I ask prayers for strength, balance, knowledge, humility, and peace." "As I approach baptism, I hope to learn and grow to become an example for my family." "I am hoping for a better understanding of the Lord Jesus Christ and the Catholic way of life." "I pray that God will guide me toward a life of purpose, service, and sacrifice in all that I do and that God will use this opportunity to make me into a better man and better disciple."

As one of our Elect wrote: "My greatest hope is to be more than ready to open my heart to receive God." That is indeed our prayer for you, our Elect! ♦

The Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults (RCIA) at-a-glance

RITE of ACCEPTANCE In this rite, those who have never been baptized state their intention to respond to God's call to follow the way of Christ. The Church, in turn, accepts them into the Order of Catechumens (a Greek word meaning 'hearers'). As this rite begins, those who wish to enter the order of catechumens are received at the doors of the Church. An ancient dialogue follows. The priest, representing the entire Church, asks, "What do you ask of God's Church?" They respond: "Faith." "What does faith offer you?" "Eternal life." At the heart of this rite is the signing of the senses of the catechumens with the cross. Their forehead, ears, eyes, lips, heart, shoulders, hands, and feet are all marked with the sign of the Cross.

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

RITE of ELECTION After long months of formation and preparation, as the season of Lent begins, the catechumens gather in the Cathedral with the Archbishop. During this rite, the catechumens formally declare their wish to enter fully into the life of the Church through baptism, confirmation, and Eucharist, and write their names in the Book of the Elect. On the basis of the testimony of sponsors and catechists, the Archbishop, representing the entire Church, admits the catechumens to the Easter sacraments of initiation:

SCRUTINIES Celebrated on the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Sundays of Lent, the Scrutinies are intended to deliver the Elect from the power of sin, to protect them against temptation, and to give them strength in Christ, who is the way, the truth, and the life. Through prayers and ritual action, the Elect acknowledge their faults.

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

The Pew Next to You

A friendship born of Volunteer Chore Ministry

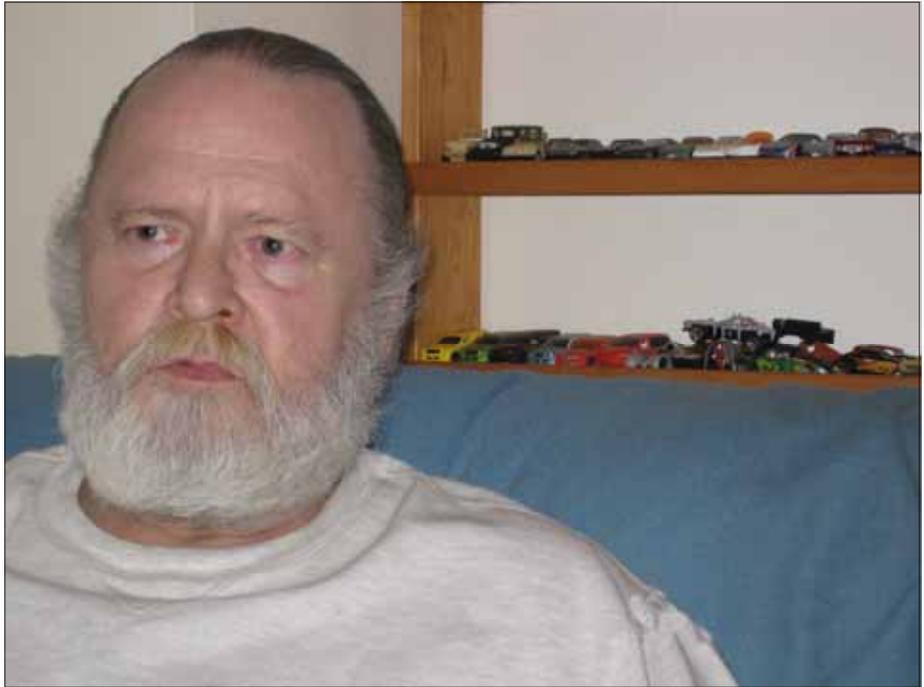
Dwayne Brown opens the door and invites me in. He's been living in this apartment at the Josephinum since 2003. His whole life is in these two rooms. I can see right away he's a man of many interests. Floor to ceiling bookshelves are crammed with books of every kind. He's into science, religion, fiction, poetry, model cars, dinosaurs; the list goes on. At 65, Dwayne suffers from diabetes and neuropathy. He doesn't get out much these days.

Sitting down in his easy chair, Dwayne tells me about his family. His great-grandparents helped slaves escape through the Underground Railroad in Wisconsin. After the Civil War they bought 450 acres, sight unseen, of worthless, arid sagebrush in the Yakima Valley, and moved west by wagon across the Oregon Trail.

Dwayne's dad came from poor but hardy North Dakota stock. As a child he endured harsh poverty and physical abuse. In 1931 Clause Brown moved to Washington where he found work on the Rosa Canal, built to bring water from the Cascades to the burgeoning orchards of the Central Washington.

The youngest of four brothers, Dwayne was born in Selah in 1945. He started working in the orchards at age 10. In high school he found a job in a fruit warehouse. Life at home was often bleak. When Dwayne got into trouble, his father would beat him with razor straps, iron cords, or whatever came to hand. He still has scars on his back.

Dwayne joined the Marine Corps right out of high school, but was injured at Jungle Warfare School soon afterward and was quickly discharged and sent home. He was devastated. "It broke my heart when I left the Marines. I felt like the Corps was my home and where I belonged. I didn't feel part of my own family. I felt so



Dwayne Brown, with the custom shelving Ed built for his collection of model cars. "I never thought I would have another hero. But I do. Ed is my hero."

alone."

For the next 20 years, Dwayne drank heavily off and on. He lived on the streets more than once. He lost his index finger in a work accident involving a table saw. At one point, he almost committed suicide.

Finally one day Dwayne had an epiphany. Surrounded by fog, he saw a bright light suddenly pierce through. "I realized I wasn't in charge of my life and I said, 'God, do the hell with me what you will.'" Since that time, Dwayne says he's felt God's presence. "I don't have that feeling of being alone anymore."

He went on to reconcile with his father. "I look on it as a blessing that we put all that crap behind us. We became fishing buddies. My dad became a person; he became my friend."

Today Dwayne has few connections with the outside world. His close friend Chuck died in 2007, and he misses their excursions to buy vintage model cars at Pike Place flea market.

But Dwayne still has one good friend. Five years ago, a new recruit from Volunteer Chore Services named Ed arrived to lend a helping hand.

Suzanne Lee is the Pastoral Assistant for Outreach at St. James Cathedral. If you'd like to find out more about Volunteer Chore Ministry and how you can be a part of it, contact her at 206-654-4640 or e-mail slee@stjames-cathedral.org.

Ed Authier comes from an aviator family. On December 7, 1941 he was two years old, living with his family 12 miles outside of Pearl Harbor. Fortunately, at the time of the attack, Ed's dad was away at sea on the aircraft carrier, Lexington, 460 miles east of Midway.

Ed soon followed in his father's footsteps, going on active duty the very day he graduated from the University of Mississippi and earning his wings in 1964. He spent two years in Vietnam as a helicopter pilot and later served in Korea. He retired from the army in 1980 and eventually moved with his wife Rosemarie to Seattle, where he's worked for the FAA and Boeing. As work has ebbed and flowed over the years, he's moved with ease in and out of retirement.

In the fall of 2006, Ed saw a bulletin notice about Volunteer Chore Services. Describing himself as "not a touchy-feely kind of guy," Ed had his share of reservations. He went to an orientation anyway, and soon afterwards was matched with Dwayne. Their first visit was tentative. Dwayne didn't think Ed would ever come back. But Ed did return, and their relationship grew.

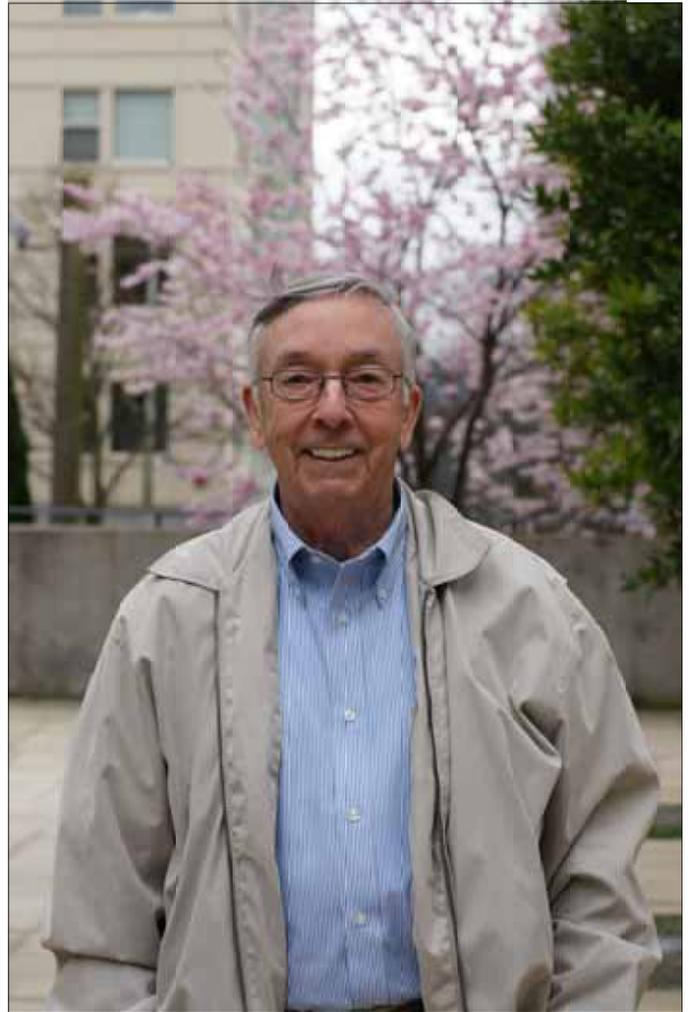
Nowadays, Ed stops by Dwayne's apartment about once a week to washes dishes and vacuum. Often he brings groceries or drives Dwayne to the store. He sometimes does a bit of handy work, and has even custom built some shelving for Dwayne to display his collection of model cars and trucks. There are times when Ed comes by just to sit down and visit.

Volunteer Chore Services (VCS) was born during the economic downturn of the early 1980's when billboards implored, "Will the last person leaving Seattle, please turn out the lights?" Cuts to the state budget put elderly and disabled people at risk. In response, Catholic Community Services partnered with local parishes to create the VCS program. The idea was to use parish volunteers to fill the growing gaps in the safety net that protected vulnerable people.

Today VCS is still going strong, matching volunteers (many from St. James) with low-income adults who need personal assistance to stay independent. As the current recession has deepened, requests for VCS help have risen sharply.

In January Governor Gregoire described her proposed budget as "ugly" and called on the state's citizens to fill the need: "It's up to the nonprofits, it's up to the faith community; it's up to us. It's up to our families and our friends and our neighbors to help out those we know, and those we don't know or never met."

You don't have to tell that to Ed Authier. He's been



Ed Authier. "I get more out of our visits than Dwayne does," says Ed.

helping Dwayne out for a long time and he knows it's a two way street. Reflecting on his years of service, Ed says "After a while, you develop a friendship. I get more out of our visits than Dwayne does."

For his part, Dwayne is filled with gratitude and respect. "If I was in peril of losing my life I couldn't say a bad thing about Ed. If I'd known people like Ed when I was growing up, my life would never have gotten into the mess it did. I never thought I would have another hero. But I do. Ed is my hero."

Dwayne thinks Rosemarie, Ed's wife of 49 years, has a lot to do with his generosity and kindness. He tells me to be sure to watch Ed when he talks about Rosemarie. "His eyes always dance."

As I get ready to leave, I notice the Norton edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* on Dwayne's desk. "Hey, Dwayne, are you reading this?" He picks the book up tenderly and opens to a passage midway through. "I love this edition," he says with a smile. "The footnotes explain the history of the words and all the mythology." Dwayne's a Renaissance man all right. What's up next, I muse. *Paradise Regained?* ♦

From the Archives

The Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading

In the Archives of the Archdiocese of Seattle is a 1907 invoice from Benziger Brothers, Chicago, which details Bishop Edward O’Dea’s large order for the furnishing and decoration of Seattle’s new Cathedral. Included in the long list (with everything necessary for a church interior from twelve purificators at 25 cents each to a vault for the sacristy at \$35) are three statues: “Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading, Mother of Grace, St. Joseph” all in Carrara marble and specified to be 5’7” tall. The statues of Joseph and Mary cost \$380 each, while the statue of the Sacred Heart was \$450, and was the gift of Mrs. M. D. Pease. (The image of Our Lady of Grace was the gift of Mrs. John B. Agen, whose descendants still worship in the Cathedral today!)

The image of the Sacred Heart Pleading is a variation on the traditional image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which shows Christ blessing with one hand while he points to his heart, burning with love for humanity, with the other. In this image, we instead see Christ in prayer to his Father, “pleading” for us.

In the early days of the Cathedral, the statue was the centerpiece of the Cathedral Chapel, but was later moved into the north transept. On Monday, April 2, 1973, towards the end of Lent, a mentally ill man entered the Cathedral, and, according to the Seattle P-I the next day, “picked up one of the heavy altar candle holders and swung them around his head, shattering all that he struck.” Fortunately, the organist and director of music, Paul Carmona, was practicing on the organ at the time, and



was able to intervene. The vandal was taken to Harborview Hospital and then to the City Jail, but not before he had destroyed the entire altar in the north transept. The image of the Sacred Heart of Jesus Pleading was knocked to the ground, and shattered.

Irreparable, the pieces were sent to Italy where a new image of the Sacred Heart Pleading was executed exactly like the one that had been destroyed. A fitting image of resurrection! ♦

Maria Laughlin is the Director of Stewardship & Development at St. James Cathedral. **Do you have a memento of Cathedral history?** Please consider sharing it with the Archives. Information, Maria Laughlin, 206-382-4284.

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, December 2010—March 2011

December

4. St. James Cathedral was privileged to host a festive celebration in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, **Madre de las Americas**.

11. Archbishop Sartain celebrated the annual Advent Mass with the Filipino community, **Simbang Gabi**.

19. Our annual **Readings and Carols** service featured the wonderful talents of our Cathedral children, as singers, readers, and altar servers.

25. The annual celebration of the **Nativity of the Lord** brought thousands to St. James Cathedral. In his homily, Father Ryan shared the story of David, a Cathedral parishioner with Downs Syndrome. “The truth is that no matter how dark the landscape, there is always light. And the truth is that when we become small and vulnerable like David, when we learn to give up control over our lives and trust in God’s plan for us—even when that plan leads us to places we’d rather not go, or are afraid to go—that is precisely when Christ can take flesh in our flesh and the light can begin to shine in the darkness. Christmas was then, yes, but Christmas is also now: a most blessed, and present, and living reality!”

January

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

15. We gathered with Archbishop Sartain and members of the African American community of the Archdiocese of Seattle to celebrate Mass in memory of **Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.**

16. We celebrated the **Santo Niño—Holy Child** at the Noon Mass. This annual celebration includes a bless-



From top to bottom: the colorful celebration of Madre de las Americas on December 4; the Vigil Mass of Christmas; we remember Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., at Mass on January 15; on February 10, our catechumens become the “Elect” at the Rite of Election.

ing of images of the Child Jesus and a fiesta and entertainment provided by a wonderfully generous team of parishioners.

February

2. Vietnamese Catholics from around Western Washington gathered for a solemn celebration of the Eucharist on the eve of the **Lunar New Year**.

10. The results of the **Parish Survey**, conducted last fall, were published both on the Cathedral website and in the parish bulletin. Father Ryan noted: “If I had to sum up the survey in a sentence, it would be this: you like your parish, you support it, and you feel that you are a part of its life and ministry. And even though we are a very large parish and pray in a very large building, by far the majority of you feel that St. James is a community, your community; you know that your presence and participation are vital to the life of this community, and you are happy to be part of it.” *The complete survey results can be found at the parish website.*

March

6. At a special **First Sunday Youth Celebration**, the last Sunday before Lent, the children of the parish said “farewell” to the Alleluia.

9. On **Ash Wednesday**, hundreds gathered to mark the beginning of Lent.

10. We celebrated the **Rite of Election** with Archbishop Sartain and our twenty-one Elect.

27. The annual **Eco-Health Fair**, co-sponsored by our Health and Healing Ministry

and our Eco-Justice Group, gathered a wide variety of exhibitors, with information on everything from acupuncture to composting! ♦

Keeping Vigil for Easter

In this issue of *In Your Midst*, we explore themes of death and resurrection, and we feature images of the beautiful new Stations of the Cross, created by artist Joan Brand-Landkamer and hung in the Cathedral each year during Lent. Joan added a Fifteenth Station, which shows the risen Christ, his crown of thorns transformed into what she calls “a celebratory garland of flowers.” The words of the 20th-century French poet Paul Claudel help us enter into this mystery of the dying and rising of Christ:

Through the curtainless window,
for a while now,
I have seen a little star shining at me.
I do not sleep.

But the night between Holy Saturday and Easter
was not made for sleeping.
O happy night, you alone know
the hour when Jesus was raised!
You women, what are you looking for in the tomb?
Jesus lives, he is no longer here!
And my soul, too, tears itself from the tomb
with a wild laugh!
I, too, have conquered death
and I believe in Jesus, my Savior!

—Paul Claudel

