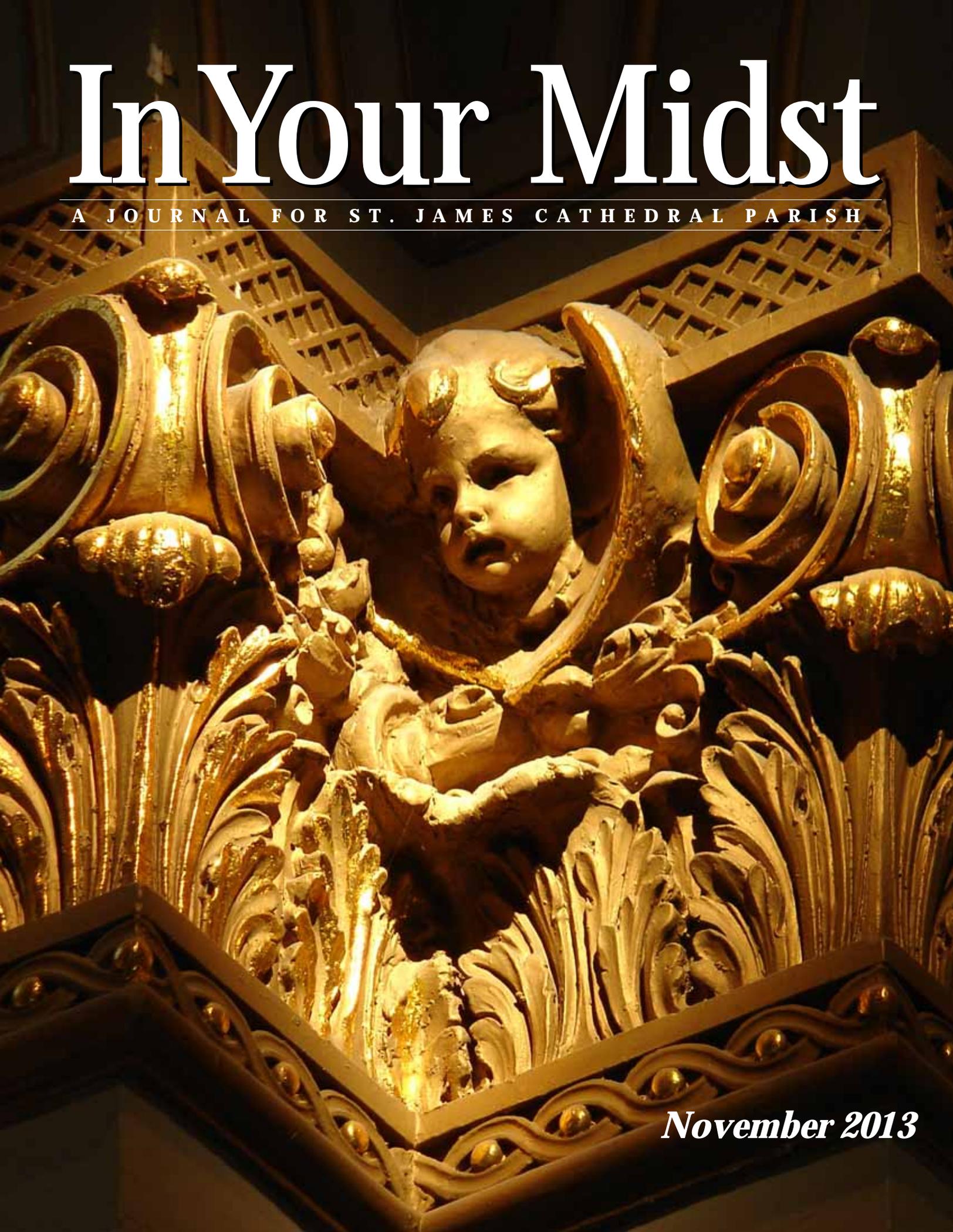


In Your Midst

A JOURNAL FOR ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL PARISH



November 2013

In Your Midst

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*"I am in your midst as one who serves."
From the great oculus high above the altar of
St. James Cathedral, these words of Jesus
communicate His abiding presence among
us. This inscription gave us the name for
our Journal and continues to be our guiding
inspiration.*

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Giving Thanks Always

Parishioners reflect on the blessings in their lives—and give thanks

This time of year, I find myself thinking a lot about my dear Mom and Dad. My Mom's birthday was in late October; Dad's was in late November, almost bookends for the wonderful feasts of All Saints and All Souls. And whenever I think about my Mom and Dad, I find myself thanking God for all they gave me: life, faith, family, marvelous memories, incredible opportunities, and so much more.

They also taught me the importance not only of being grateful but of expressing gratitude—to God, to others—and of never taking things for granted. It's a lesson I'm still learning, and the older I get, the more important I realize it is. We celebrate our great national holiday of Thanksgiving at this time of year, but the truth of the matter is that every day should be Thanksgiving Day.

And what is it that we should give thanks for? There are endless possibilities if we only stop to think. And we should stop to think!

Speaking for myself, I give thanks for the gift of life which I take far too much for granted—for the life God is breathing into me this very moment and for the hope of eternal life.

I give thanks to God for my faith: that seed planted in me on the day of my baptism that gave me a second family: the great family of faith that is the Church—that imperfectly perfect family of believers with its powerful sacramental life that touches and anoints my soul and my life in so many ways—nourishing me, strengthening me, healing me, forgiving me.

And I also give thanks to God for my priestly calling, and for you, the people of St. James Cathedral parish. For me, you are as close as it gets to an unmixed blessing. Your faith strengthens my faith in ways you will never know; your love and acceptance, especially for the poor, the marginalized, and the misunderstood, is a living sacrament of God's love; and your selfless, generous-hearted service is a beacon in this city, every bit as prominent as the two towers that grace our beautiful cathedral.

These are a few of the things for which I give thanks to God. In the pages that follow, your fellow parishioners share their own litanies of thanksgiving. I hope you will let their words trigger a litany of your own!

Father Michael G. Ryan

Every grace received during life is a blessing. But I am especially grateful for one received in my childhood. I was seven years old and attending Mass with my family in our parish church of St. Joseph on Capitol Hill one Sunday, and stood with everyone as the Gospel was about to be proclaimed. As the priest began to read, I don't remember feeling any particular impact about the first part the story, which recounted the healing of the ten lepers. But as the priest neared the end and I heard how one leper returned to thank him, the words of Jesus seemed to dawn like a clear, gentle light within my heart: "Has none but this foreigner returned to thank God?" For the first time, I realized that Jesus was hurt for lack of gratitude, and I felt badly for him. So I promised him as I stood there that I would always say "thank you" after receiving him each time in Holy Communion. And, thankfully, I have kept that promise.

To me, receiving Holy Communion will always be that moment like the tenth, healed leper who returned to Jesus, "glorifying God" and offering thanks for his mercy. I pray to remain always grateful.

Jennifer Sokol

Three o'clock in the morning on January 9, 2013 came as a shock for me. Severe pains in the chest, a 911 call, a fire engine and ambulance, a rapid ride to emergency at Virginia Mason and two days later a major operation involving a quadruple bypass surgery, a series of events I could hardly have imagined. Then two weeks later, having just returned home, I had more pain, resulting in another early morning rapid ride to the hospital. Blood clot in the lung, they said.

My unexpected serious medical crisis gave rise to some quiet reflection. The words from Ephesians 5 came to mind: "to try to discern the will of the Lord" and "to give thanks to God the Father always and for everything in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The experience has made me much more appreciative of things that I have taken for granted for years. "How well you look" was a constant refrain from those who saw me weeks after the operation and cardiac rehab. Wellness can be attributed to the skills and devotion of the surgeons, doctors and nurses at Virginia Mason. I was thankful for the number of

visits and reception of the sacraments made by Father Ryan and John Simpson from the Cathedral.

Now at a deeper level I am more thankful for the love of my wife, Pauline, and her constant care. I was astonished at the attention and sympathy of friends, of visits from the Tuesday Cathedral Kitchen team, from the members of Silver Sneakers at the Olympic sports center who not only visited my home but worked getting the garden ready for spring planting. Then there were the meals prepared for the evening dinners, visits to coffee shops, numerous offers of transport and prayers and visits from members of the Cathedral Choir.

Now, back with the Cathedral Choir I am immersed in Mozart, Mendelsohn and Parry. I finish my week with the contemplative mantras at Taizé, and am thankful for the solace of Pope Francis with his words: "Our life is not given to us like an opera libretto, in which all is written down, but it means going, walking, doing, searching and seeing... We must enter into the adventure of the quest for meeting God; we must let God search and encounter us."

Patrick White

One of my favorite Bible stories is from St. Luke's Gospel, about Jesus healing ten lepers and only one of them came back to thank Jesus. What touches me most is when Jesus asked: "Where are the other nine?" I do not ever want Jesus to think I belong to the group of the ungrateful nine.

So I have made it a point to thank my Lord every night before I fall asleep as I replay my day and think of all the things, big and small, to thank Jesus for. I thank him for the sight of a beautiful sunset, the touch of a large sequoia tree, the feel of a granddaughter's embrace, the smell of a fragrant rose, and even the earful of a friend's hearty laughter. My idea is if I find all the things to be grateful for, then I don't have time or energy to think about all the things that bother me. I want my life to be filled with so much gratitude that it becomes a life filled with joy.

When I told Father Ryan that I was diagnosed with lymphoma, the one thing I remember him saying was, "Remember that Jesus is always with you." I did not have to wait too long to realize Jesus' presence as I dealt with this frightening diagnosis. I found Him in the love and support of my family, the emails from friends and acquaintances, the texts from the Philippines, the concern and prayers of parishioners of St. James, the healing hands of my doctor and the nurses, the comfort food cooked by my sister, and all the blessings that have come my way just because I had cancer.

So, during this season of Thanksgiving and in every day of my life, I choose to make time to thank my Lord for everything, but most of all for His invaluable presence in my life. Because of Him, my life is complete!

Alma Kern

Lately I've been wondering what to teach my two-year old son about prayer. It is a bit early, but it is important to me that my husband and I reinforce the importance and value of prayer to him, once he is old enough to understand and show interest. I recall what I was taught as a child about prayer. There are two words that summarize my prayer life as a youngster: memorization and petition. I went to Catholic schools and many Catholic prayers, even some of the more obscure ones, were taught via memorization. I believe I once stood before my third grade class to recite these words: "Remember O most Gracious Virgin Mary, that never was it known, that anyone who fled to your protection, implored your help, or sought your intercession was left unaided. Inspired by this confidence..." (And, no, I did not Google "Memorare" to recall the words of that prayer—they were embedded into my memory banks long before I understood what they meant!). And, of course, almost any kid views prayer as a way to try to get something so desperately desired. I know there was at least one "Dear Lord, please convince my mom and dad that the PERFECT Christmas gift for me is the new Barbie sports car"; and maybe a "Dear Lord, please have my teacher come down with a terrible cold so she can not give us the math test tomorrow...you know, the one that I forgot to study for" in my distant past.

My prayer life has changed since then. Now, one words sums it up nicely: gratitude. There is so much to be thankful for. My family is blessed with tangibles (basic necessities and those not-as-necessary niceties) and intangibles (love, health), and even in times of sadness we have tremendous support. I'm hoping that my son will see how valuable that is, and show gratitude as he matures. If there is one thing I plan to encourage him to do, when he starts to say nightly prayers, it will be to make "thank You" the focus of those prayers. Sure, I fully anticipate that he'll throw in a few prayers of petition, and maybe he'll even come up with his own philosophy about how best to talk with God, but I hope to coach him in the importance of gratitude.

Angela Arralde

I am writing from Carrion de los Condes, on the Camino de Santiago. Walking the Camino gives me a chance to meditate on my reasons to feel thankful, but now I am a volunteer *hospitalero* in Albergue Santa Maria it's a different story. My days are full, my brain is over-full; it's 10:30pm and the pilgrims are going to bed, I hear a cough and some rustling as they settle down for the night.

My day starts at 7:30am as I offer good-byes to pilgrims, then start cleaning after a quick breakfast. I volunteer to do the bathrooms and, as the only woman *hospitalero*, do a final check to make sure things are lovely when new pilgrims arrive at noon. We welcome a long line of pilgrims with tea and sweets, answer questions in cobbled-together languages, help with their needs and host an hour of introductions and songs from many countries. We organize a communal dinner and head off for the Pilgrim Mass. While there I participate in readings and the Pilgrim Blessing. So much interaction, so little time to meditate on thankfulness!

It reminds me of Seamus Heaney's lovely poem, "St. Kevin and the Blackbird." He is praying with his arms outstretched when a blackbird nests in his hand:

"Kevin feels the the warm eggs, the small breast, the tucked/Neat head and claws and, finding himself linked/Into the network of eternal life,/Is moved to pity: now he must hold his hand/Like a branch in the sun and rain for weeks/Until the young are hatched and fledged and flown."

I do feel linked to Christ and to the eternal here. The Camino has led to St. James' legendary resting place for centuries. And those small things, a pilgrim's tears, laughter, or story, keep me coming back because I am receiving so much more than I could ever give. For that I am very thankful. Good night!

Martha Crites

Why would anyone ever be thankful for her son getting a career-ending injury from football? I'm a pessimist at heart, I tend to anticipate the worst so I can be prepared... for the worst. This way, I'm rarely disappointed. However, I also believe that when God closes a door, He opens another. When my son, Connor, broke both his tibia and fibula playing football for O'Dea, I was ready. I was prepared to take this injury on as a blessing because I firmly believed that out of Connor's painful recovery, something good would come.



Connor was in a wheelchair for 3 months. It was difficult for him to maneuver the twists and turns of O'Dea. He was unable to serve at the altar and for the first time in five years, he was able to sit with us during Mass. We all had to learn how to make our tri-level home wheelchair-friendly. After the wheelchair, Connor was in a boot for another 3 months. He also understood that he was never going to play football for O'Dea again. For a kid who looked forward to "two-a-days" for the last two years, this was devastating.

He wasn't cleared for any type of physical activity until ten months after the injury—long enough for anyone to realize that this injury was a game-changer and a blessing. It was a blessing that Connor's injury wasn't life-threatening. It was a blessing that I discovered I was resilient enough to deal with my son's injury and its implications. After living through it, my whole family was stronger of heart after proving to ourselves that we got through this adversity fine. We remained positive. Connor also learned that life can change at a blink of an eye and most importantly, how well he adjusted to his challenging situation. He



But one definition for incompetence is refusing to admit how little we know. I found there is grace in the statement, “I don’t know—let’s learn together.” That doesn’t come easily for me, but saying it opens the doors to people with skills I didn’t know they had. St. Paul also wrote, “I am content with weaknesses ... for when I am weak, then I am strong.” I know what he means. I’m deeply grateful this Thanksgiving for understanding that

learned that after getting through two surgeries and suffering through recovery, he can tackle anything. For all this, I thank God.

I am thankful for so many things; my family, friends, good health and my faith. But this injury made me realize that I shouldn’t be thankful just for the obvious stuff. I need to acknowledge that the bad stuff can be meaningful and should be appreciated as well. I thank God every day for the injury that taught Connor precious life lessons that he may otherwise never learned.

Melissa Williams

Last spring, I moved to a new job in my department at Seattle University. My assignment was to train with David, our veteran accounting systems manager, learn everything I could from him, and step into his role after his planned retirement this December. I welcomed working closely with this talented man who knew so much about the university. When David died suddenly in June, I was as bereaved as I was when my father died.

“Give thanks always and for everything.” Even death? Yes, but not exactly that. Give thanks for where it can lead. We all want to be competent in our work. It means we care about our craft and the people who rely on us. With David gone, with so little guidance for me to rely on, I was paralyzed by the fear of making irreversible mistakes—and, yes, of looking incompetent.

by embracing my weakness, I am lifted high onto the shoulders of Christ working through my colleagues. I see things much more clearly up there.

Mark Schoen

In my evening prayers, I always start by listing things that I am thankful for: “Thank you God for the gift of this day, for my family, for my health, for my job, etc...” It is a good exercise and it can be fruitful. However, I realize that just because I can whip off a list of the good things in my life that I should be thankful for, it doesn’t mean that I am really *being* thankful or that I am filled with a spirit of thanksgiving. This has been especially true in the last several months.

In preparing to write this essay, I started reflecting over the past six months of my life and realized just how full of extremes it has been. I have gone from the joy of celebrating my wedding with all my friends and family in Indiana in May to the stress of packing up our home, preparing it to be rented out and leaving for Seattle just two weeks later. I experienced the exhaustion of spending the next two weeks driving across the country with my husband in two separate cars and, at the same time, the exhilaration of seeing some of the most beautiful places in our country as we passed through The Badlands, Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. I enjoyed the excitement of living in a new and beautiful area, while struggling with the sadness and isolation of leaving my friends and family behind. I went through the evolution of feelings from

shock to excitement to trepidation when in July my husband and I learned that we would be bringing a new life into this world, followed by a different kind of shock and sadness and grief when we found out that we lost the baby last month. It truly has been a rollercoaster, full of both blessings and challenges.

While on this rollercoaster, I have realized that it can be hard to truly give thanks—to God, to my spouse, to friends, family or coworkers. Sometimes it is hard because I am sad, hurt, depressed, or frustrated. Other times it can be because I don't even notice or acknowledge the little things that I should be thankful for. At times I find that I am too busy, too tired, too empty to really engage, to really live and to experience life "filled with the Spirit... giving thanks always and for everything." And I asked myself, "How can I fix this? How can I cultivate a sincere spirit of thanksgiving?" Then I realized that I maybe I am expecting too much of myself and that I really need to go to the true source—God.

God is always there to fill us up. God is always there to help us to be thankful, to fill our hearts with love and gratitude. He is present in the Eucharist, in our family, in our friends, in our church community, and even in the strangers we encounter every day. He is in nature. He is, in fact, all around us, but He waits for us to approach Him. We have to ask, we have to do the seeking.

God doesn't expect for us to have it all together, He doesn't require us to be positive all the time, or to have a spirit of thanksgiving in our hearts before we approach Him. No matter where we are in our life, He is always with us, and all we have to do is reach out to Him. We have a God who loves us in our brokenness, who will hold us together when we feel like the pieces are falling apart, who wants to comfort us and soothe us and share His peace with us. And if I can find nothing else to be thankful for, that is something, and it is a good start.

Jennifer Watters

As I sit here at Seattle Cancer Care Alliance, having my weekly treatment for my third bout of breast cancer, I reflect on how thankful I am for life! My life has been filled with God's blessings, but these frightening diagnoses have helped me more clearly understand what these blessings mean to me. Life is precious, and with this disease, my heart has led me to cherish and give thanks daily, on a deeper level, for faith, family, friends, my medical team, and our Cathedral home.

I'm thankful for a strong body and determination, the love and dedication of Tom, my husband of forty years, our three beautiful children, their loving

spouses, and four amazing grandchildren (#4 born on October 15!)—all incredible gifts from our Lord. I'm blessed with the love and resilience of my family in helping me heal time and again. I think it's divine.

When I reflect on the importance of faith in my healing, St. James is foremost in my thoughts. The fellowship at Mass, the angelic music, and Father Ryan's homilies seem to speak to me personally. Through the challenges I've faced, I've felt God's presence through the prayers of many and the Anointing of the Sick from Father Ryan. We call him my instrument of healing...as I've felt the love of Jesus through his hands, and have been able to share the joy with him of each scan that shows my tumors are shrinking. Thanks be to God!

Rhonda Hardy

God seems to enjoy being as unexpected as possible in my life, most especially when it comes to the blessings which he heaps upon me. More often than not, it is when I feel farthest from my God that He decides to drop off a package of goodies at my door. Sometimes this package is as simple as an unexpected hug from a friend when I need it most, or the ability to put on warm fuzzy socks as soon as I arrive home from school (a welcome aid in getting the daily homework finished). The other times, the most unexpected times, the times in which I have strayed from God's path, He grants me a gift which is both completely out of the blue, and something that I know full well I don't deserve. It's like being given a Ferrari by your parents after they witness you purposefully disobeying them. These times, He grants me that part which I so selfishly wanted in the fall play, guides me through a stressful presentation, thereby procuring me a great grade, grants me the opportunity to see and interact with my favorite band live – the list goes on and on. I've found that this is God's way of reminding me, lovingly and overwhelmingly, that these are the earthly versions of the rewards I can expect to receive in Heaven, if I only follow Him and the ways He has laid out for me. Now that is something to be thankful for!

Violet Bruno

It seems that all my life I have had excellent models who have taught me the true meaning of being thankful.

A sense of gratitude was of high value for both my parents who passed it on to my sisters and me. They told stories of living through the Great Depression and how everyone in their small town helped everyone else. Both my mother and father, along with others who worked, gave half their income

to those who didn't have work. They all felt a sense of thanksgiving for each other. Even though it was hard times, they were thankful for the experience of community.

To find a way to be thankful in good times is easy, in difficult situations important. When I was twelve my father died and it has always been the greatest tragedy in my life. I was aware of the goodness of our friends and family. We were surrounded with kindnesses daily, and I believed even as a child that God was present in our lives through those around us.

Work can be very difficult, but again, I'm given the gift of teachers who remind me each day to be thankful for blessings. The homeless women I work with offer a marvelous glimpse into a world which has awareness of the goodness of simple things we may take for granted. They are grateful for shelter and food, yes, but even more they receive love and support from each other and are quick to acknowledge it. I have seen over and over again, when a resident is ill there are twenty-six of her housemates ready to care for her, bring her food, do her household chores, take her to doctor's appointments. One resident's mother died this past year, living in another country. She had no money to travel home to attend the funeral and to care for her bereaved father. The residents got together and found the funds for her to travel home. There was such a sense of gratitude as well as pride in being able to make this happen. There are stories like this happening every day in my work community.

Today I find myself so grateful for my life, my dearest husband Max, my children and grandchildren, friends, work, my church and my faith. When my children were little we had a tradition that we took turns saying grace before dinner. When it was my five year old Tom's turn he prayed, "Gee God, thanks a million for the spaghetti." Tom has remained my teacher of thankfulness for the past 50 years.

Kathy Lewis

I think back to the Thanksgiving Days of my youth. It wasn't just a day—it was a tradition. A family of ten around a table that was full of turkey, stuffing, gravy, potatoes, salad, and much more. The pie on the sideboard was a promise of the evening's surfeit. Room for a stranger or a friend was always there, too. Mother's signal of "M.I.K." (more in the kitchen) was not needed on this day! We children knew each other's foibles all too well. But on this day, banter was reduced to a gentle teasing.

In the military, there was still the tradition of Thanksgiving Day. We found that our "buds" from other parts of the country had other memories, sometimes not as joyful as our own.

Over the years, there were especially poignant Thanksgiving Days when our home was a refuge for troubled teens. We had runaways and throwaways assigned to us. I think our little children helped soften the blow of separation felt by these guests. We held to the tradition I had grown up with of good food and welcome and Thanksgiving.

Now, in my senior years, my son carries on with a feast for a family of three. His skill and art have become part of the Thanksgiving tradition.

Here at St. James, I am melded into a family so large, we just call ourselves Church. We feast at the table of our precious Savior. This is the greatest feast of Thanksgiving.

Tradition doesn't die, it is transmuted. The thread of love is woven through it all.

Jim Goempel

Give thanks always, and for everything. I try to live by these words. As newly-married, enthusiastic Catholics, my husband and I assumed that we would start having babies immediately, and just keep on "being fruitful." Shockingly enough, the Lord had a different plan, and we didn't have children until we had been married almost five years. We had twin boys, and eleven months later, another boy. Three babies under the age of one; now we were cooking with gas!

It was everything we had prayed for. And yet, I was unable to cherish these incredible babies. I was in the throes of an unbearable and seemingly interminable depression, brought on ironically enough, by the birth of our children.

I didn't understand how this dream had become a nightmare. What was God thinking? I wanted to be thankful; is there anything more wonderful than a baby? I found myself living in a place indescribably dark, just barely surviving the day to day. The Lord called my husband to be superhuman during this time, loving me while I struggled, caring so devotedly for the boys, and helping me to see what an incredible gift they were.

God has literally showered us with countless things for which to be thankful, but my children top the list. I don't have the words to express how much I truly cherish them, and love being their mom. This is my life's work. I am so grateful for my own family, and my parish family of faith who have adopted my sons as their own, and even (or especially), for what I had to go through to finally realize and embrace this joyful life.

Teresa Ipsen

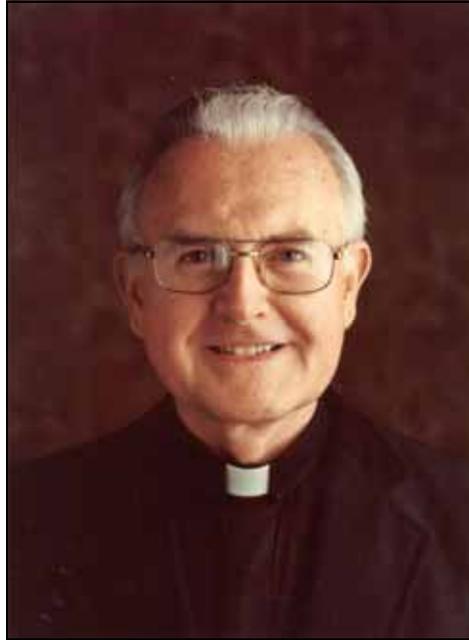
In Memoriam

Remembering Father William Gallagher

Father William Gallagher, born in 1921, was ordained at St. James on June 1, 1946, and spent many of his years of active ministry at the Cathedral. His first assignment was as an assistant at St. James. As Father Jerry Dooley wrote in an appreciation of Father Gallagher in the *Catholic Northwest Progress* in 1988: “He was terrified when he climbed the cathedral steps for the first time, suitcase in hand. In those days priests were ordained without any practical experience. They hadn’t baptized anyone; they’d given perhaps three homilies and those to a seminary audience.”

A year later, the young priest was given a special assignment: to serve as Master of Ceremonies for Bishop Gerald Shaughnessy. Bishop Shaughnessy was himself an expert on the various rites, and his copy of the guide to ceremonies was carefully underlined and annotated. “Everything had to be exactly right,” Father Gallagher recalled. “If there was too much starch in the alb that was set out for him or if the strings on his amice were too short, I’d hear about it.” Father Mike McDermott said in his homily at Father Gallagher’s funeral Mass: “Father Bill would tell us that was exacting duty. Most of the stories of those days are still sealed in the secret archives”!

In 1956, Archbishop Connolly gave Father Gallagher a new assignment: he was appointed pastor of St. Luke’s in north Seattle, which was then considered a “country” parish. When he began, the parish had just 400 families, but when he left in 1972 it had grown to 1200. These were the years of the Second Vatican Council. “It was a wonderful and exciting time,” Father McDermott recalls, “and the parish flourished.... Father Bill’s goal as a priest was to enrich the life of the people he served by being a match maker, that is, helping the people of his parishes fall in love with Jesus Christ and the community of Christ’s disciples—the Catholic Church. Father Bill let the grace of Christ shape and mold him so that he became a true



gentleman, a man of graciousness and kindness and a source of inspiration and strength for all.”

When he returned to St. James Cathedral as pastor in 1974, the Rectory was filled with young priests and associates, and Father Gallagher built community and friendship among them, in addition to being a mentor and a source of encouragement for younger priests. Father McDermott says: “Every Saturday he would invite the household to gather for a little social before dinner. He would carefully handcraft manhattans to warm both body and soul-- sometimes, I’m told, a little stronger than usual but good nonetheless.”

Father Gallagher also fostered lay ministry, commissioning the first Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion for the Cathedral Parish. He developed outreach programs—during his pastorate the English as a Second Language program began under the leadership of Sister Terence Maureen Reilly, SNJM. And he loved music. In 1981, he hired Dr. James Savage to restore the faded glory of the Cathedral’s music program. He continued to support Cathedral music long after he left the Cathedral in June, 1988.

On his retirement, Father Gallagher returned to Ruston, near Tacoma, where he had grown up. Later, with the onset of dementia, he moved to Providence Mt. St. Vincent in West Seattle. Father McDermott says: “As Alzheimer’s began to take its toll, Father Bill said what Bishop Topel of Spokane said when he too was suffering from that disease: ‘I have tried to give my whole life to God, I’m ready to give him my mind as well.’”

Father Gallagher died on September 26, 2013. On October 2, he entered the Cathedral he loved for the last time as Archbishop Sartain, with many of Father Gallagher’s beloved brother priests, his family, friends, and parishioners from across his more than fifty years of ministry, gathered for his funeral Mass.

Father Gallagher, faithful shepherd, rest in the peace of the God you served so well! ♦

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

An Encounter with St. Thérèse

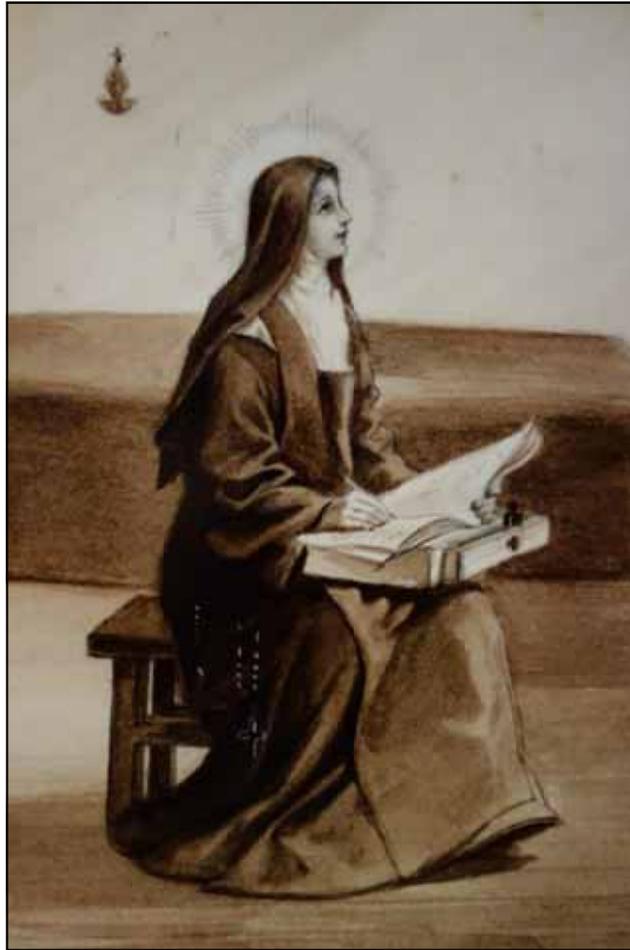
Saints, relics, and writing desks

One of the favorite things I own is a leaf I took from the house where Balzac lived at the end of his life when he was hiding out from creditors. His writing desk was in the house, slightly beaten up and dented all over the top where he had pressed too hard with his caffeine-fueled pen (he died of caffeine poisoning). I also have a picture of his coffee pot.

People try to imitate the people they admire and sometimes people try to get or to get near to a piece of them.

I was thinking this as I walked home from St. James Cathedral where I had gone to see the writing desk of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Her “desk” was a rectangular wooden box about the size of a briefcase with a drawer in it for paper, ink, little stuff. She wrote some amazing work on it which I finally got around to reading after having put it off because the other name of hers, “The Little Flower,” rubbed me wrong. Either “little” or “flower” sound gooey to me; together they’re almost toxic—like Shirley Temple or Little Nell or Disney or a grown woman who puts on a child’s voice to try to sound “cute.” Thérèse’s cursory biography didn’t help: she died young in a convent apparently without complaint. The myth of her made her seem like she was never human or flesh and blood, but invented by some gooey sentimentalist.

But then I actually read some of the work (an autobiography, *Story of a Soul*, letters, poems). That word “little” she uses is about her awareness that most



This watercolor drawing by St. Thérèse’s sister Céline shows the saint writing the *Story of a Soul* at her simple writing desk.

of us are never going to do huge, important things; we’ll never be crusaders or heroes or writers as great as Virginia Woolf, never have to make a choice as hard as Sophie’s or probably any choice that’s truly a matter of life and death. We’ll mostly just lead forgettable, little lives. These are lives in which you’ll be irritated, the way Thérèse wrote, by someone fidgeting next to you when you want them to be quiet, or by someone splashing water on you because they’re clumsy. There will be times you’ll want, if you’re like Thérèse, to glare, or if you’re like me, to throttle whoever is bugging you. But also, if you’re like Thérèse, there will times you will decide to not. Part of Thérèse’s “little” way is to recognize that though you are both insignificant and often very petty in your head, you don’t have to always act like that.

Thérèse lived a lot inside her head. She also lived the last nine of her twenty-four years in a convent. Like a lot of other nineteenth century Romantics, Thérèse dreamt of going to exotic places. The daughter of two extremely pious parents, however, she barely left the province where she was born—the one exception being a trip to Rome with her father to ask Pope Leo XIII if she could join the Carmel despite her being only fifteen years old. She wanted to do exotic, un-female things like be a priest or apostle or missionary, but became instead what a lot of brainy nineteenth-century females did: a nun.

Sometimes it seems the Catholic Church, if it has a sense of humor at all, has a bad one. But sometimes it has a terrific one—like when they made stay-at-home Thérèse, along with Francis Xavier, the sixteenth-

Rebecca Brown is a parishioner and an author. This article originally appeared in a slightly different form in *The Stranger*.

century Jesuit who missioned to Goa, India, Japan, Borneo, etc., a Patron of Missions. (Another funny Catholic and relic thing: Xavier's body—er, most of it—is in Goa; his forearm is in Rome).

It's funny to make those two the patrons of missions, but also serious, in that it values littleness. Thérèse wasn't able to have the adventures she imagined, but instead of becoming bitter, she thought and wrote adventurously. To recognize that Thérèse's role is important is to recognize the importance of desire and intent; of acknowledging the limits with which most of us live.

Like a lot of late nineteenth and early twentieth-century people and literary figures, Thérèse died of tuberculosis, which was a nasty way to die. It was long and smelly and wasted you and involved a lot of bodily fluids (some of why it was easy for Jonathan Larson to transpose the TB in *La Bohème* to AIDS in *Rent*). Thérèse didn't avoid the approach of death or constantly romanticize it the way a writer of a novel or opera or hagiography might. In addition to saying things about hope and that she was OK to die, she also said brutal things like, when asked what she was dying of: "I'm dying of death." Or funny things like, when shown a picture of two priests, "I'm much prettier than they are!"

Thérèse was human—a weird and awkward girl who discovered that because her life was small, she could write about what it is to be a petty, awkward, very human human. She wrote in searing, brave and self-aware ways about fear and aloneness and having and not having faith.

Catholics aren't the only ones with relics. Buddhists have a relic of Buddha's tooth. Mary Shelley kept the heart of her dead husband, Percy, wrapped up in napkin in her house. The EMP has stuff of Hendrix, Cobain, rock stars. It's as much of a reliquary as any cemetery or church.

I have my mother's ashes and my father's cigarette lighter. My wife wears a scarf from my dead best friend. I wear a t-shirt of the husband of a widowed friend who gave it to me and asked me to. I still have a bunch of my long dead friend Joe's books.



Father Andrew Small, OMI, is the director of the Pontifical Mission Societies in the United States, which sponsored the visit of the writing desk. The desk had never before left the convent of Lisieux. During the service, each in the assembly brought forward a petition which Father Small placed in the drawer of Thérèse's writing desk.

We keep these material things because they represent the people we no longer have. We keep them to remind us we can do or be or mean something and that the people we admire can inspire us.

Relics can get tricky, though, when the thing means more than whatever gave it meaning. This is partly why the Pontifical Mission Societies (they have a sense of humor too—the guy who was in charge of the "The Little Flower" relics tour is named—I kid you not—Father Small, and when I asked him if this was why he got the job he laughed) which sponsored the tour of Thérèse's relics, chose to send Thérèse's desk rather than robe or bone or bodily something. They wanted to honor her as a thinker, writer and theologian whose work merited her being named, in 1997, a Doctor of the Church (one of only four women to be so).

Missioning, i.e., people talking to people and feeding, housing and sheltering people, advocating for immigrants, prisoners and poor people, can change the world or other humans' lives and is work where sometimes you can actually see the change. But words and books can change things too, even though you probably won't see it. Thérèse's words were about trying to cope with the littleness of who you are but not letting yourself get bitter or squished. Her handwriting, of which there was a sample in a notebook on her desk, was really, really small. But the words and ideas she wrote in it were huge. ♦

Born in a Camp

Youth Ministry at St. James

Recently, a handful of St. James youth traveled to the Skagit Valley to assist migrant farmworkers during a treacherous strike. We assisted in the local food bank, provided child care for migrant families, hosted a community meal, and even hit the fields ourselves to pick fresh produce for the very people who pick our food.

During a visit to one of the migrant camps, an impromptu game of tag arose outside the substandard housing units. The migrant children, who were on the backs of St. James youth, squealed with delight as our team chased each other around. As I watched this scene unfold, it occurred to me that this was the very moment of our birth as a youth program.

As Pope Francis continues to awaken the Church to our key priorities as the Body of Christ and People of God, I find it fitting that our program was born amongst the poor in a migrant camp. "This is what I want, a poor church for the poor," Pope Francis said upon being elected. It's time for us, as members of Christ's body, to get serious about living our faith in a way that brings liberation and healing to the poor and suffering, both at home and abroad.

This is precisely what our new youth ministry program intends to do. According to our mission statement, "St. James Youth Ministry empowers the youth of St. James Cathedral to BE the hands and feet



St. James Youth Ministry is all about fun and service

of Christ, inviting them to embrace their baptismal priesthood, enter into the Paschal Mystery, and build the Kingdom of God. This is achieved through several justice-oriented activities, events, and programs designed to increase faith, promote sacrifice, and inspire joyful service, particularly with the poor." In other words, we are pouring our lives out for others – and finding life in doing so.

Since our inception in July 2013, a core group of young parishioners have stepped forward to engage this mission, including a 16-member Youth Leadership Team committed to planning and implementing the overall ministry. To date, our participants have served meals to underprivileged neighbors, worked in local

food banks, and supported Metro bus drivers—in concert with choir camp—following a recent shooting. They have additionally chatted with Sr. Helen Prejean about strategies for eradicating the death penalty in Washington State and facilitated a carnival for people with special needs, a beautiful experience of God's Kingdom.

Youth ministry is not a social club, though we certainly enjoy social activities from time to time. Our kick-off barbecue in October produced an abundance of laughter as we engaged in giant inflatable Twister, giant Connect 4, and Foosball! However, youth ministry offers much more than a place to play. In fact, our comprehensive package meets the many spiritual needs of young people via seven key components: Catechesis and Evangelization, Service and Justice, Leadership Development, Community Life, Pastoral

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



Above left, Youth Ministry is born! An impromptu game of tag at Youth Migrant Camp. Right, serving watermelon to our neighbors in need. Bottom left, the Youth Ministry Leadership Team knows when to be serious... and when to have fun! Bottom right, our teens participate in the Fun Without Limits Carnival for people with special needs, including Sophia Sunde!

Care, Prayer and Worship, and Advocacy, each with 1-2 representatives on the leadership team. A multitude of gatherings, retreats, conferences, service projects, social outings, prayer experiences, and purposeful meetings await you. And amongst the fun, faith, and connection, our ultimate identity emerges: youth ministry is a mission. It is the same mission that Jesus modeled during his lifetime, a mission to heal the world and bring everyone, particularly those who suffer the most, into the kinship of God.

Speaking of kinship, I cannot begin to adequately describe the beauty I witnessed as our young parishioners connected with the special needs community during our latest service endeavor. Our youth hula hooped with new friends, assisted in the making of crafts, and listened intently to people who have MUCH to teach. In these moments, there was no “us” and “them,” just us. As we move into the margins we subsequently erase them, simply by being there. Our service efforts are a hallway to something deeper and more meaningful: an experience of kinship. We

belong to each other. This is what the Kingdom of God is all about, the very kingdom our ministry seeks to bring further into being. And our young people are leading the charge!

To all parish youth, grades 9-12, who have not yet found their way to our doors, I invite you to join us! There is so much yet to be done and – truth be told – we need you! You have gifts and talents that only you can contribute. Without you, we are incomplete. We gather every Sunday evening from 6:30 – 8:30pm in the Pastoral Outreach Center to explore our faith and prepare ourselves for the mission at hand. We plan to bust out into the world to care for the poor, the sick, and the outcast just as Jesus did over 2000 years ago. After all, we are his body in the modern world and he depends on us to continue his saving efforts. Can you really imagine saying “no” to such a worthy calling? ♦

St. James Young Adults

Exploding with Energy

In a 2012 article from the Pew Research Center they reported in that one-third of adults under the age of thirty do not identify with any religion. At St. James Cathedral, however, we could fill up pews and pews of young adult Catholics in their twenties and thirties who are interested, engaged, and devoted to their Catholic faith. One year ago it may have been hard to find those young adults. They were in the pews but scattered. There was no organized group and no organized activities among the young adult parishioners. In fact, in the Seattle area there was not a strong sense of community among the young adult

Catholics. Today St. James Cathedral Young Adult Ministry is growing rapidly. The energy around Young Adult ministry is exploding as people in their 20's and 30's come together in faith to build community, and explore other shared interests.

Since the beginning of 2013, a young adult leadership team has formed at St. James and this team has organized dozens of events that have brought young adults to the St. James for events like an evening retreat and a viewing and discussion of Pope Francis's inaugural homily. On the first Friday of every month young adults gather to attend Taizé and head out for dinner in the Capitol Hill area afterwards. On the third Sunday of every month the young adults come together at the 5:30 mass and then gather at a reception following mass.

A number of the activities that the young adults engage in do not happen on campus. Every month young adults go to Operation Nightwatch and spend a few hours visiting with the elderly and low-income residents. As part of the Camino Seattle we hosted a Rosary walk for young adults at the Washington Park Arboretum. During the summer over 50 people filled the rosters of our two softball teams. The season was nine weeks long and in those weeks of playing



We had such a terrific turnout for summer softball that we created two teams, the "Sons of Thunder" and the "Roamin' Catholics."

together, getting to know teammates better, and celebrating (win or lose) together our community grew deeply.

The momentum carried into the fall for a three week Theology on Tap speaker series. The series was hosted at The Chieftain Pub. Catholics in their twenties and thirties from across the Seattle Archdiocese packed the bar to hear speakers, Father Michael G. Ryan, David Unger and Deacon Steve Wodzanowski talk about how young adult Catholics can live out their faith seven days a week. The series was a great success attracting an average of 80 young adults to each of the talks and we are looking forward to hosting another series in early 2014.

The Spirit is alive and well in the community of young adults at St. James. Each month we are growing in size and in programming, all while growing deeper in faith and deeper in relationship with Christ.

If you are in your twenties or thirties and would like to join us for an event or want to be added to our email list, contact Caitlin Lanigan, clanigan@stjames-cathedral.org, or 206-382-4235. Visit our webpage <http://www.stjames-cathedral.org/youngadults/> and "like" us on Facebook <https://www.facebook.com/StJamesYoungAdultMinistry>. ♦

Caitlin Lanigan is Pastoral Assistant for Social Outreach at St. James, and also coordinates our Young Adult Ministry.

Immigrant Assistance

St. James ESL has a new name

In 1994 the St. James Refugee program became the St. James ESL Program to reflect the primary way we served the refugee and immigrant community in the greater Seattle area. Over the past 20 years our program has continued to adapt to the changing needs of those we serve. We have added citizenship tutoring and application assistance and we provide life skills training and socialization opportunities for elder refugees and immigrants. Last year, we added assistance for Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA).

This year, the St. James ESL Program becomes St. James Immigrant Assistance. We will continue to provide English language instruction to low-income immigrants and refugees but our new name reflects everything we do. In addition to learning English, becoming a citizen, or applying for deferred action, all of the people we help can learn about civics, their rights and responsibilities, how things work in the U.S. and how to make the best use of the community and public resources they need.

Carlos grew up in Seattle. It wasn't until he entered high school and began to plan for his future that he found out he was undocumented. Although he was able to secure private funds and enroll in a local university, he worried about what he would do once he got his degree. When Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA) was passed in 2012, Carlos immediately applied and was granted work authorization. He is also eligible to apply for a special document that allowed him to participate in the study abroad program his professor suggested. With DACA status he can pay in-state tuition and apply for



Elder Integration clients making borscht in the kitchen with staff member Cecilia Walsh for their Cooking With Culture event

scholarships at the state and local levels. He already worked hard in school, but now he has real hope that he will actually be able to work and apply his education after he graduates.

Tamara and Ivan were supposed to emigrate from Kazakhstan with their son. But at the last moment he was unable to join them. They didn't know anyone in the U.S. and they could not speak English. Their case manager at Lutheran

Community Services referred them to the Elder Integration group in SeaTac. Although they were reluctant and afraid at first, they soon became active members. They attended the citizenship workshops and recently became citizens. Last spring Tamara and Ivan started Survival ESL classes, learning how to communicate in everyday life -- how to ask for a certain cut of meat at the butcher, how to tell their doctor where the pain is, how to ask for directions. Two years ago, Tamara became the Peer Elder for the SeaTac group. She has not only learned to take advantage of her citizenship, she is helping others to learn as well. As a Peer Elder she organizes activities like gardening and crafts. She reaches out to other immigrant and refugee seniors who are as shy and nervous as she and Ivan were when they first came to the United States.

Karabi, a widow in her early 60s, emigrated from Assam, India. With failing kidneys, congestive heart failure, and vision obscured by glaucoma, she could not attend a traditional citizenship class. We matched her with a citizenship tutor and she studied for three years despite a heart attack, a pacemaker malfunction, and eye surgery for a vitreous hemorrhage. We helped her to apply for a disability waiver so she could take the exam in Assamese. She was so grateful when she naturalized. As a U.S. citizen, Karabi can petition to bring her son to the United States. The first thing he wants to do when he arrives is donate a kidney to his mother. ♦

Mali Main is Development Assistant for St. James ESL.

The Pew Next to You

Meet Cyrus Habib

He puts his arm in mine and together we find a place to sit down. I didn't expect him to be so friendly and so approachable. I'm amazed he is so young.

St. James parishioner, Cyrus Habib juggles three jobs. First, he's an attorney at Perkins Coie, focusing on licensing and technology law. Then he teaches classes on intellectual property and legislation at Seattle University Law School. And last year, when Cyrus was just 31 years old, he was elected to the Washington House of Representatives from the 48th district, which includes Redmond and Bellevue. In Olympia, Cyrus serves as Vice Chair of the Committee on Technology and Economic Development.

Born in Maryland in 1981 to Iranian parents, Cyrus was diagnosed with eye cancer when he was 4-months old. He lost his sight in one eye when he was two, and despite long and painful treatment at Johns Hopkins, he lost his vision completely at the age of eight.

Shortly afterward, the Habibs moved across the country to Bellevue, where Cyrus was educated in the public schools. He went on to major in English literature at Columbia, and earned a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford in 2003.

Formal religion wasn't a part of the Habibs' life when Cyrus was growing up. But when he got to England, he started going to Mass at Blackfriars, the Dominican friary associated with Oxford. There he met Father Timothy Radcliffe, who had recently returned to Blackfriars after serving as Master of the Order of Preachers. Cyrus remembers: "Father Radcliffe is a wonderful, very progressive thinker. I got to know him, and that's when I really came back to the Church."

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



Father Ryan visits with Cyrus Habib at his office at the State Capitol

Cyrus was drawn to Blackfriars because of its monastic setting and intellectual rigor. "The homilies were highly cerebral. The Dominicans have Aquinas. They are reason-based. So it was a mixture of that plus a liturgy that was very reflective, meditative, repetitive, and almost hypnotic. That's what I needed at that point."

He also became familiar with the works of Oxford's famous Christian writers: John Henry Newman; Evelyn Waugh; G. K. Chesterton; Graham Greene ("who I think is the great 20th century Catholic novelist"), C.S. Lewis ("Anglican as he was, but still we'll take him"), and even Oscar Wilde, who became a Catholic on his deathbed.

After Oxford, Cyrus went on to Yale Law School, where he became editor of the Yale Law Review. In New Haven, he encountered another place with deep Catholic roots. He attended Mass at St. Mary's, a parish also run by Dominican friars.

When he came home from school for Christmas, Cyrus he told his mother he wanted to continue going to Mass in Seattle. That's when they found St. James.

St. James Cathedral strikes the perfect balance for

Cyrus. "I'm slightly traditionalist liturgically. There needs to be a level of formality in the Eucharist, as Father Ryan says, formal without being precious. The mixture of that kind of liturgy with a theology rooted in service is what makes St. James such an incredible place for me. And I love Father Ryan. He's my hero."

Another big hero is Pope Francis. "We have a great opportunity," Cyrus says, "to welcome people back right now with this new pope. I think that it's just extraordinary. No one could be happier than Father Ryan, but I'll tell you I'm right up there."

I ask Cyrus if he's taking some tips from the pope, such as Francis' practice of making cold calls. "How do you think we campaign?" Cyrus exclaims. "How do you think I got elected? I knocked on over 7,000 doors. Pope Francis is taking tips from us! We politicians have been doing this stuff for a long time!"

Cyrus' commitment to public service springs from his belief that government is critical to providing all people with the opportunity to develop their full potential. "The easiest thing in the world would be for me to tell people I was faced with this setback in life, which is that I lost my eyesight and had cancer as a child. I managed to pull myself up by my bootstraps and I managed to do things and go to these fancy schools and then get a great job in the private sector and make a great salary, and don't I feel great about myself that I was able to do those things.

"But it's my belief that public education and state services all came together to create an ecosystem in which I could succeed, even with a disability and even being the child of immigrants. I learned how to use this cane to get around from the Department of Services for the Blind. I learned how to use text to speech software at the Washington State School for the Blind. And I learned how to read from the Washington Talking Books and Braille Library. These institutions are part of government.

"No one who knows me or sees my resume is going to doubt that I've worked hard. But government created the opportunities and the conditions for me to succeed; no nonprofit or any other entity is able to do that. Some things need to be done at scale, and that's where government comes in. That's why public transit and public libraries and public schools exist because we need to do things at a large scale for many people.

"I'm passionate about the law and the rule of law as the way we solve our problems without the sword. I have enjoyed practicing law; I've enjoyed teaching law; and now I enjoy making laws. And I think if we do all of those things the right way we may create a situation where we won't have to solve our problems through violence."

The Eastside district Cyrus represents has a lot of

economic and ethnic diversity. "I have Bill Gates and Steve Ballmer as constituents. But we have two elementary schools where the majority of students qualify for free and reduced lunch. There are large numbers of Hispanic, Russian, East Indian, and East African residents. There are hundreds of families that are homeless and sleep in their cars. When the weather gets bad there's a tremendous demand for shelters. A lot of need is invisible because we don't have the street poverty that is in Seattle."

How does Cyrus connect his deep faith to his work out in the world?

First, he responds, he tries to take up the Ignatian challenge of seeing God in everything. "Going through my day, every single day with gratitude, I thank God for this, this, and this. I say, 'thank you for the Cobb salad,' for everything, small or big. I also say the Rosary every day. The Luminous Mysteries are beautiful. I think they are very comforting and very hopeful. You could just as easily call them the Hopeful Mysteries. All of them are about a form of conversion, and they are each transformative."

Cyrus always tries to remember that we find Christ in the people we meet. "It's the person asking you for money on the street. Christ challenged us to be more like him and to recognize him in others. As we recognize the other as Christ, we ourselves become more Christ-like. That occurs in the encounter. It's nothing you find in the Catechism."

"If you look at the Gospels, there is an evolution of recounting the same story in different ways and for different audiences. Matthew was writing for Jews, Luke writing largely for Gentiles. To me, when we get too wrapped around orthodoxy of a certain type, we get beyond the fact that there was diversity and nuance and complexity even among the apostles. You see that in Paul's writing too. That's what I love about Pope Francis. He doesn't reduce the church to the small dank chapel.

"But it's so tough for people who are impatient like I am. You need to slow down to understand where the other person is coming from. You're in a rush and you're doing your own thing, and you're encountering all kinds of people. How do we live in a world of frequent and high levels of contact and treat everyone in that way?

"If you were actually walking by Christ, Jesus of Nazareth, you wouldn't have a 30-second conversation. You'd want to talk forever. But how do we treat every person as divine in a world where we can't do that? How do we create a mode that is gracious? It's very hard.

"Holiness, I think, is in large part that ability. " ♦

Cathedral Almanac

Snapshots of life at St. James Cathedral, April—October, 2013

April

8. *Creation*, an art exhibit in conjunction with a series of events on the sacredness of creation, opened in the Cathedral Chapel.

17. This evening, we celebrated a special blessing for Cabrini Ministry Training graduates from many parishes.

29. Father Ryan took part in an interfaith press conference calling for an end to the gun violence that plagues our city and our nation. “We need to do more than just wring our hands about the terrible things that happen. We can no longer wait to take action.”

May

1. Five Christian Brothers renewed their vows in the presence of the O’Dea community during a special Mass honoring their founder, Blessed Edmund Ignatius Rice.

5. We celebrated First Holy Communion with twenty-nine beautiful children.

10. Lay ministers from around the Archdiocese gathered in the Cathedral for a special Mass celebrating the gifts lay ministers bring to the Church.

11. As part of a month-long series of events around the sacredness of creation, St. James hosted a workshop with Father Joe Mitchell, a renowned speaker on justice, peace, and the integrity of creation.

16. Around sixty senior parishioners gathered in the Cathedral Rectory for a lovely tea--complete with cucumber sandwiches!

16. Dr. Massimo Faggioli, a brilliant young scholar of the Second Vatican Council, spoke about the “battle for meaning”



From top to bottom: First Holy Communion, May 5; Corpus Christi, June 2; Ordination to the Priesthood, June 8; and Camino Seattle, June 23

over interpretation of the Council, and touched on what the future holds in light of the recent election of Pope Francis. Dr. Faggioli’s presence at the Cathedral was made possible by the parish of All Saints in Puyallup.

19. One hundred and twenty-one volunteer flautists helped us celebrate Pentecost with the haunting music of Henry Brant.

23. We celebrated the Holy Names Academy Baccalaureate. Congratulations, Class of 2013!

26. We celebrated the Rite of Reception into Full Communion with seven wonderful people.

30. We celebrated the O’Dea Baccalaureate Mass, Class of 2013. “Live Jesus in our hearts forever.”

June

2. We celebrated the feast of Corpus Christi with a festive procession around the block following the 10:00am Mass.

8. Deacon Mark Kiszelewski was ordained a priest for the Archdiocese of Seattle.

15. We celebrated the Seattle University Baccalaureate with the graduating class of 2013.

23. Camino Seattle, a five-week walking and prayer adventure leading to the Feast of St. James, kicked off its second year with well over two hundred participants.

27. Our annual Celebration of Ministries Dinner gathers hundreds of Cathedral volunteers for a festive evening of food and fun.

29. Archbishop Sartain celebrated Mass with the graduates of Christifideles, an important program which

enables lay ministers to complete Masters' Degrees at the School of Theology and Ministry at Seattle University.

July

16. Archbishop Sartain and his classmates from the North American College class of 1978 celebrated their 35th Anniversary of Ordination with Mass at the Cathedral.

22. Father Scott Connolly shared his Camino de Santiago story at a packed and fascinating presentation.

28. We celebrated the Feast of St. James with special solemnity, and with our annual parish picnic.

August

12-18. Our Schola Cantorum Choir Camp wound up a wonderful week by providing splendid music at the 10:00am Mass. This year's camp focused on the theme of "I am in your midst as one who serves," and each day the campers had the opportunity to experience different ministries of St. James. On Wednesday, they shared their gift of song with the city's bus drivers, in the wake of an attack on a Metro driver earlier in the month. One camper wrote: "Sharing our love and song with all the people made me feel good, like I was doing the right thing. It gave me confidence. When we went to the bus stops to do what we did it felt like it was going to make a difference in the world. A good difference, not one of the bad ones. And even though I can't read minds, I think others might have felt loved, and cared for."

24. Archbishop Sartain celebrated Mass for Catholics teaching in public schools.

September

7. Our annual Liturgy Day gathered the Cathedral's hundreds of liturgical ministers--Extraordinary Ministers of Holy Communion, Ushers, Emmaus Companions, Altar Servers, as well as members of the



From top to bottom: Parish Picnic, July 28; Choir Camp, August 18; Holy Sepulchre Mass, September 22; Funeral Mass of Father Bill Gallagher, October 2

Cathedral Choir and Women's Schola, for a day of reflection and renewal. Our keynote was offered by the Archdiocese of Seattle's new Director of Liturgy, Andrew Casad, who spoke about the liturgical minister as the "icon" of Christ.

7. In response to Pope Francis' call for a day of prayer and fasting for peace in Syria, St. James Cathedral partnered with Temple de Hirsch Sinai, St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral, and the Church Council of Greater Seattle to sponsor an interfaith prayer and procession for peace. Some 300 people joined in a procession along Madison Street from St. James Cathedral to Temple de Hirsch Sinai.

14. We welcomed a very special relic of St. Thérèse of Lisieux: her writing desk! *See the article on page 10 of this issue.*

16. The Hunthausen Charity Golf Tournament raised a record \$99,000 in support of the Cathedral's outreach ministries, especially the Cathedral Kitchen. Special thanks to tournament chairs, Matt and Mike Galvin.

22. We welcomed Archbishop Niederauer, Archbishop Emeritus of San Francisco, who celebrated a special Mass with the Knights and Ladies of the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem.

October

2. We celebrated the Funeral Mass of Father William Gallagher, Cathedral pastor from 1973-1988. *See the tribute on page 9 of this issue.*

6. Youth Ministry kicked off its weekly high school youth nights with an "Epic BBQ Blowout Bash," with food, fun, and prizes.

14. *Catholicism*, a six-week series viewing and discussing the documentary by Father Robert Barron, began. ♦

Cathedral Kitchen Garden

What do cardboard, wood chips and leaves have to do with faith? Can compost and “zoo doo” help to build the kingdom of God? These may seem like strange questions, but they are at the heart of the effort underway to turn an empty lot into the Cathedral Kitchen Garden.

For years, the lot at the corner of Terry Avenue and Cherry Street was an empty patch of weeds behind a chain link fence. When I would walk by the lot, I used to wonder: Wouldn't this wasted, ugly space be a great place for a garden? Why couldn't we put the earth to good use, growing food for those in need? And it turns out I wasn't alone in my dreaming. When St. James acquired ownership of the lot this past spring, several parishioners came forward with the same question, and our collective dream started to take shape.

The Cathedral Kitchen Garden is now being built, with layers of cardboard, wood chips, leaves and other compostable materials being turned into planting beds. Over the winter, these materials will decompose, creating fresh soil ready for planting in the spring. The goal is to grow vegetables for use in the Cathedral Kitchen meal program. Carol DeMatteis, Cathedral Kitchen Assistant Director, says that the need for



growing our own fresh health produce is increasing. “Right now, the vegetables we “glean” from grocery stores are what the stores would otherwise throw away because they’ve become too old to sell. We’re very grateful for the gleaning, but stores are becoming more efficient in their purchasing, which means less produce to pass on to us. We need to find ways to be more self-sufficient, so growing our own fresh produce is a great idea.” In fact, the name “Cathedral Kitchen Garden” is, in some ways, a throwback to an earlier era of “kitchen gardens,” small gardens many people used for growing their own vegetables.

In addition to raising vegetables, we also hope to raise awareness of how connected we are to God’s creation and of our call to care for one another and for the earth itself. “For me, the garden is a metaphor for my faith—a living and dynamic place where I can invest my skills, time and talent to benefit others who are in great need,” says parishioner Gary Scheider. Living in a city, it can be easy to feel disconnected from nature, but the experience of gardening can bring us closer to God. “I often don’t use gloves when gardening because I am fully aware of God’s presence in the world when my hands are in dirt,” says Liberty Sponek. “When I am in communion with others and the soil simultaneously, my heart soars and my soul feels complete.” ♦