

An Eruption of Change

St. Anne in the Eighties

With a bang felt around the world, Mount. St. Helen's started the 80s with a massive eruption. The explosion killed 57 people, wiped out thousands of acres of forest and dumped tons of ash around the world.

Seattle's growth was explosive, too. Downtown got a serious makeover with building projects such as the Columbia Seafirst Center, the Westlake Center and a new convention center.

However, beneath this thin veneer of growth was unemployment and poverty. In 1981 some 30 million Americans were living in poverty and Seattle had the nation's fourth-highest unemployment rate.

Let the good times roll

But good times were coming and Seattle was upwardly mobile. The drivers? Boeing, of course, with its new 757 and 767 jetliners. But our economy was expanding and diversifying. Microsoft made Bill Gates the nation's youngest billionaire and gourmet coffee and microbrew beers added flavor to Seattle's growth. By the end of the decade gone were the days when the only good restaurants in town were Clark's Red Carpet and the Dublin House. Suddenly Seattle was on everyone's "Most Livable" list.

Then the land rush was on to buy a piece of this moist paradise and hordes of Californians and eastern Yuppies arrived, driving home prices to

astounding levels. In 1988 the average Seattle home price jumped from \$88,900 to \$110,000. A year later it hit \$137,000.



Mt. St. Helens erupted on Sunday, May 18, 1980.

In politics, two of Washington's favorite sons — Senators Henry "Scoop" Jackson and Warren Magnuson — died, but Spokane's U. S. Representative Tom Foley became Speaker of the House. And in November 1989 Norm Rice became the first black mayor of this mostly white city.

The Catholic Church in Seattle was also making national headlines as Archbishop Hunthausen became one of our most beloved—and controversial—leaders. In 1982, Hunthausen withheld half of his income tax to protest the stockpiling of nuclear weapons at the nearby Trident Missile base. In a speech, he called Trident "the Auschwitz of Puget

Sound."

Hunthausen's views on homosexuality, among other issues, led to a six-year Vatican investigation headed by Cardinal Ratzinger, later to become Pope Benedict XVI. At the end of the investigation, Hunthausen's authority was restored and he stoutly maintained that his archdiocese was never in violation of Vatican doctrine. Despite the publicity surrounding the investigation, Hunthausen is remembered as a gentle, loving man who was the champion of the poor and marginalized.

Fr. Tony Haycock comes to St. Anne



At the St. Anne School 1980 8th grade graduation. From left: Tim Malloy, Principal Sr. Mary Sontegrath, Tom Lamb and Pastor Fr. John Horan.

Fr. John Horan had been named pastor of St. Anne Parish in 1976. Three years later a young priest from Ireland, Fr. Tony Haycock, was looking for an assignment in the Seattle Area. The director of the Archdiocesan Priest Personnel Office, Fr. Ibar Lynch sent him to see Fr. Horan at St. Anne. Fr. Tony recalls that interview: “Fr. John came from a rural background, so he wanted to talk about the price of sheep in Ireland. I was a city boy and knew next to nothing about sheep.” The interview was going nowhere until Horan asked “Will you take a drink?” It was just what the doctor ordered. “After that we were both on the same wavelength,” Fr. Tony recalled with a laugh, “and I got the job.”

Fr. Tony was a breath of fresh air with his guitar on his back and ready to sing an Irish tune with a pint of Guinness. He was quite a change from the staid Fr. Horan.

The “holy” pajamas.

Ray and Rosemary Siderius recall an amusing incident when Fr. Tony became a surprise overnight guest. Fr. Tony was awakened one night around midnight by a racket behind the rectory. He slipped downstairs to investigate and when he stepped outside to see the source, he heard a soft “click” behind him—the door had closed and locked him out. “Fr. Horan was hard of hearing,” Fr. Tony recalls, “as was the priest-in-residence,

Fr. White, so I knew I’d never be able to wake them. I decided to go to the home of Ray and Rosemary, the closest parishioners. “But there I was in pajamas that were quite ‘holy’ so I had to hide behind a tree whenever a car came along. When I rang the bell at the Siderius home, Ray took one look at me and said, ‘Don’t say a word,’ and pointed me to the sofa. It was a great port in a storm.” One can only imagine Fr. Horan’s surprise when he opened the rectory door the next morning and found young Fr. Tony standing there in his PJs.

After three years at St. Anne, Fr. Tony went on to serve as chaplain of the Catholic Seamen’s Club and pastor of St. Mary Church in Seattle’s Central District.



Fr. Tony Haycock risks life and limb on a 1980 mid-winter teen retreat. The first “tuber” is Eric Flynn and the last is Joel Steck; the third is unknown.

A major change happened at St. Anne School during Fr. Horan’s watch. By 1980 there were fewer nuns, requiring the hiring of more lay teachers. To pay for the rising salary costs, it was necessary to begin charging tuition. Prior to that time, tuition was free for the children of parish families; all school costs were covered by the parish.

Nancy Moriarty has fond memories of Fr. Horan. He worked with her and Connie Lamb to add patrons for the Italian dinner, making it even more successful than before. He was also very faithful in visiting Nancy’s mom until her death, even though he had long since left the parish.

Singing his heart out

In 1983 a new pastor was assigned to St. Anne. Fr. Ed Norris had a full mane of white hair and was strikingly tall and handsome. He loved taking brisk walks along the Elliott Bay waterfront at Myrtle Edwards Park. Judy and Terry Casey are among the many parishioners who have fond memories of Fr. Norris. “He loved Irish music,” Judy recalls, “and introduced us to the music of Phil Coulter and many other Irish artists.”

Fr. Tony Haycock says that Fr. Norris loved to spend the evening at an Irish pub and would “sing his heart out.” Judy Casey recalls that Fr. Ed remodeled his room in the rectory to give him a much more pleasant place to live and to entertain his friends. “He had very good taste and his room became a beautiful sanctuary for him.”

More than anything else, however, Fr. Ed will be remembered for his oratory. Parishioners who were present at his first Mass at St. Anne came away saying, “Wow!” His homilies were eloquent, dramatic and uplifting. He called himself “a preacher man,” but that was an understatement. Most people would agree that he was a spell-binder.

Fr. Norris will also be remembered for restoring the carillon bells to working order, thanks to deceased parishioner Jack Harrington. The carillon



Fr. Ed Norris with members of the Malloy Family on Puget Sound. From left: Theo Malloy, Tim Malloy, Fr. Ed and Eileen Malloy.

is composed of 62 tiny bells housed in a cabinet in the sacristy and can be programmed to play amplified music of your choice—much like a player piano. This proved to

be a huge temptation, according to Mr. Harrington. “One morning Fr. Ed collared me and asked, ‘What the hell did you do to those bells—they were playing *Danny Boy* at midnight!’”

Fr. Norris was reassigned in 1992 and, tragically, cancer claimed his life shortly thereafter. Even then his Irish wit never left him.

When he was too ill to receive visitors he would pace the hospital halls with his IV, which he called his “Iron Maiden.” Fr. Norris died in 1995.

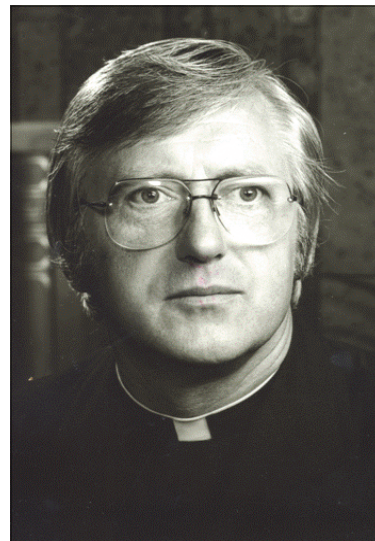
Throughout the decade St. Anne School was continuing to grow and expand its educational opportunities. A kindergarten program was added in 1984 and the parish hall kitchen was remodeled. A year later a portable classroom became the home of the school’s art and science programs. Computers came to St. Anne School in 1986.

(Priestly) Musical Chairs

Movement became the key word to describe St. Anne’s parish leadership after Fr. Ed Norris’ pastorate. In four years the parish had four pastors. The first was another Irishman, Fr. Jim Mallahan, who was the first principal of Bishop Blanchet High School and had been pastor in a number of parishes.

Fr. Mallahan, named priest administrator, will be remembered for his great sense of humor, always ready for a good laugh. Fr. Jim had a commitment to visiting the sick and the shut-ins. He immediately began visiting them and recruited parishioners to help in this often forgotten ministry.

Parishioner Judy Clark recalls Fr. Jim’s instructions when she began bringing communion to this



Fr. Ed Norris, pastor of St. Anne Parish 1983 - 1992.

congregation: “When you bring communion, stay a while,” he said told her. “These folks are often hungry for conversation and companionship.” Former parishioner Gretchen McCarthy recalls working with Fr. Mallahan when she was chairman of the parish Finance Committee. “I was impressed that although he was a very forceful leader, he never hesitated to ask questions and usually accepted my recommendations. In those days taking advice from a woman was rare.”

Fr. Richard Basso was next, coming to St. Anne from St. Matthew Parish in Seattle in January 1993. All the Italians in the parish breathed a sigh of relief, happy to have a *compadre* break up the long line of Irish priests.

Fr. Basso liked to talk about food and often wove the subject into his homilies. He was enthusiastic and preached exuberant sermons. He lasted one year.

By 1994 the priest shortage was getting acute. The archdiocese decided to cluster St. Margaret Parish and St. Anne Parish with one pastor, and the search was on for a priest who could juggle the responsibilities of these two neighboring parishes. The choice: Fr. Kevin Moran.

Growing pains

Seattle and St. Anne shared a common challenge in the 1990s—coping with growth. Growth had come with a vengeance to Seattle and its image as one of the nation’s “most livable cities” was slipping a bit. Residents had plenty of time to ponder the city’s future, caught in traffic rated as the third worst in the nation (the city had slipped to sixth place by 2008).

St. Anne had growing pains, too. The school was flourishing, adding students, staff, educational re-

sources and more portable classrooms to meet its growing needs. Meanwhile, little had been done to improve the church since it was built. As lay participation in the life of the church increased after Vatican II, more meeting spaces were needed. The church also needed a major renovation to be in line with Vatican II liturgical changes. Even routine maintenance needed to be brought up to date.



Fr. Jim Mallahan, priest administrator of Saint Anne in the early 1990s.

Fr. Moran wasted little time attacking the problems. He assembled a building committee, hired an architect and involved the parish in the decision-making process. Parish-wide meetings were held to review three different sets of building plans. Then color-coded blueprints of the plans were posted in the vestibules of the church for months.

“We don’t dance well together.”

Unfortunately, there were too many choices and too little leadership, as Fr. Moran announced in 1996 that he was leaving the parish. “This parish and I just don’t dance well together,” he said from the pulpit. After Mass one parishioner told him that married couples had no choice but to learn to dance with each other. Fr. Moran’s reply: “I’m not married.” And with that, Fr. Kevin rode off into the sunset.

Fr. Moran’s early departure and the drift of the building program left many parishioners disillusioned and with many questions: Who would be the next pastor — the fourth in four years? With the priest shortage would St. Anne’s even be given a priest pastor? Would the new pastor breathe life into the moribund building program? Would he accept the existing building plans or would the parish start all over again?

The man to answer those questions was Fr. Bob Camuso. Watch for Chapter 8 to see how St. Anne began to find the answers to these questions, to renew itself and to burnish “the light on the hill.”