



Sunday, June 21, 2020 * Twelfth Sunday of the Year * www.stjosephparish.org

ST. JOSEPH PARISH

THE JESUIT PARISH IN SEATTLE



What I say to you in the darkness, speak in the light; what you hear whispered, proclaim on the housetops. And do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul.



*A Few of Those Who Died By Official Violence.
Say It Out Loud:*

“BLACK LIVES MATTER”

Pilgrimages

Paths are made by walking.

-Franz Kafka-

"Where I am going you know the way." Thomas said to him, "Master, we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father, except through me."

-John 14:4-6-

TWELFTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME JUNE 21, 2020

**Sunday Mass 10 am
on our YouTube Channel
St. Joseph, Seattle**

**Weekday Mass Schedule
Monday - Friday, 7 am, YouTube Live**

Please check the Parish Facebook page
www.facebook.com/stjosephseattle
and/or our website www.stjosephparish.org
and subscribe to our
YouTube channel, St. Joseph, Seattle
for updates.

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Last Friday, as the gray skies gave way to rain and the grass of Judkins Park turned slowly to mud, I stood flanked by about a dozen of my fellow parishioners, holding the St. Joseph Parish banner, and looking out on a sea of people waiting to move, ready to march. In the crowd, I could see young black men and women, beautiful in their determination and purpose; I could see young white families whose children held small signs that read *"Black Lives Matter,"* and older black couples obviously moved by the great crowds; I saw Filipinos and Latinas, Native women and Asian men. I saw some people with a rainbow banner, marked with a *"BLM"* in the center, and others carrying an American flag. Almost all of those I saw wore masks, to protect each other against the pandemic, and stood undeterred by rain or mud, by the long wait to clear the park or by the hovering helicopter above. They had come as pilgrims, committed to the journey more than to some predetermined end. They had come to march in silence, to say with their bodies, instead of their mouths, that George Floyd is not forgotten, that Breonna Taylor is not forgotten, that Rayshard Brooks is not forgotten, that all of those black women and men—killed not just by individual police officers or by angry vigilantes, but by a whole structure of violence and racism that goes back more than 400 years—are not forgotten. Rather, as the silence of the crowd proclaimed, the voices of these precious dead, like the blood of Abel, cry out to God for justice, and call out to us to be silent and to listen.

In the hours that followed, as we moved along 23rd Avenue, past hundreds of women and men—some with hand-made signs, others just standing in silent vigil—I began to reflect on how many such marches I had been part of during my years at St. Joseph, how many times I had been invited by parishioners or staff members to walk as a pilgrim on the way of justice. Often, I had at first resisted these invitations, wondering where such marches might lead and what goal could be achieved by them; but gradually, over time, I had repeatedly (and blessedly) surrendered, and so came to learn that it was never the destination that mattered as much as the walk itself. For the reign of God is not a goal that I can achieve by my hard work and sedentary determination; rather, it is a journey that each of us is called to undertake, in company with others. It is a journey whose end is assured by Christ but whose pathway is created only by those who walk. *"Like a pilgrim in a foreign land"*—as St. Augustine says—we become the Church step by step, making the path by walking it. St. Joseph has taught me this lesson over and over again—yet, still I need to learn, still I need to grow in the courage to take the next step, even when I cannot see the way.

The first march in which I participated at St. Joseph Parish occurred almost fifteen years before I was assigned here as Pastor. It began at exactly twelve o'clock noon, on June 19, 1994, when I stood at the back of the nave waiting for my cue to enter. On my arm was my mother, dressed in the salmon-colored suit she had bought for the occasion—

happy that her elbow, broken only six-weeks before on her way out of morning Mass, was free from the cast she feared would ruin this day. In front of us was Paul Cochran, similarly escorting his mother to the pews where the rite would begin. It had been nearly two years since my letter to the Provincial, requesting priestly ordination—and more than sixteen months since my diaconal ordination—yet, still I could remember clearly the confession I had offered regarding my vocation. I had warned the Provincial that, far from clarity or certainty, I came to ordination with only a vague but irresistible desire to serve, a desire that had risen in me one night in the kitchen of a Chicago restaurant, and from which I could not extricate myself. And yet, for all its power, this desire seemed never to map out for me a definitive path, something I found frustrating at times. As I wrote the Provincial: *“There have been many times of doubt and flight; often I have wished that some other love could move me as this call has done, and bring me happily to wife and family. Yet, in the quiet of my heart, I have always found my deepest desire inexorably bound to that kitchen conversion, and the trajectory that it began.”* The call to priesthood was, to me, a great mystery, one that had nothing to do with my worthiness or skill, nothing to do with a longing for heavenly rewards or with some other-worldly destination. Indeed, even on the morning of my ordination, I felt as though I was being called forward without much sense of what was ahead, called to leap before looking, and simply to trust that the way would appear. Yet, as crazy as that call seemed—especially for a person who likes predictability and control—refusal seemed so much worse. I was, it appeared, meant to make this pilgrimage without map or compass, guided only by my desire to seek the life and the truth of the One whose love itself became the way. I would make many mistakes in the years that followed, many fearful retreats and attempts to follow someone else’s path, but somehow I kept walking—as I still do—knowing only that to stop would be the death of my soul.

In the last 11 years, since coming back to St. Joseph, the calls to pilgrimage have rarely been as personal as the one that resulted in my ordination; yet, in each of those moments, the invitation of the Spirit has been met with the same temptation to *“normalcy”* and passivity, to follow a path already laid down by those in positions of power. And, indeed, there are certainly times when I gave into those temptations, when I have sought to fit in with other priests, with other Jesuits, with other parish leaders. But, thankfully, there have also been prophetic voices of hope and life in our community. Voices who spoke with the clarity of Jesus in the desert, and silenced the fear-laden voices of quietism and compromise: calling our community to be bold in the Spirit; to be the pilgrim People we are meant to be; to be the living Church, whose Way is not a directive from the powerful, but is the very One who suffered death at their hands. For Jesus does not *show* us the way, but *is* the Way, and in following him, we find ourselves building a path through the wilderness, or marching in the streets of the city.

So it is that, in these years, I have found myself marching through downtown Seattle in the Pride Parade, surrounded by parishioners, both gay and straight, and welcomed by women and men—sometimes weeping—who had come to doubt that the Church they loved would ever love them back. I have found myself Standing With the Sisters, in a march down Madison to the Chancery, called into the street by the love of those women who had given themselves so unfailingly to the service of God’s People and to the building up of the Church. I have found myself marching up Madison Street in a call for Peace in Syria, one voice among many, one small candle in a whole sea of light. And I have walked, called by the friendship and example of the Saadawi family, who came to be part of our community, outside the Immigration Detention Center in Tacoma, proclaiming with sisters and brothers from St. Leo’s and St. Joseph, the words of the gospel in the face of barbed wire and silence. And I have found myself in the Women’s March, surrounded by those who have suffered humiliations for their very nature, and who have been victimized in ways I cannot even imagine. Yet, though clearly privileged by the structures that had oppressed these thousands of my sisters, I was still called to walk at their side—an undeserving ally, made welcome. And, at last, I have found myself on 23rd Avenue, walking silently in the midst of thousands and thousands of fellow pilgrims—none of us knowing the future, each of us willing to put one foot in front of the other to build a path away from the sins of history.

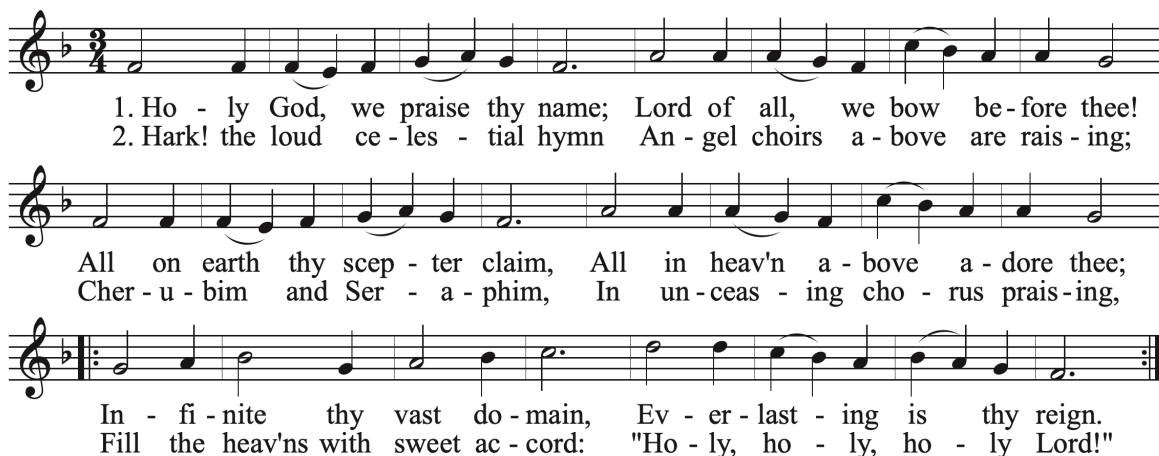
It is impossible to look at any one of these marches and say that it has changed the world, or that through them justice has triumphed over wickedness. Yet, I know that each of them has changed me—has torn down a bit of the wall of sin and self-satisfaction that seeks to paralyze my will and calcify my heart. We are a pilgrim people, not because pilgrimage gets us to a particular place, but because our walking together makes us one body, one spirit of love and hope. Invited into the Pride Parade, I accompany those so long oppressed by the Church and society. Standing with the Sisters, I am joined with them in common cause. Drawn out by the kindness of a refugee family, I am opened to violence beyond my experience and to the wickedness of policies that rarely touch my world. Called forth by women I love, I see, at last, the horrific extent of sexual violence and the privilege that would divide us. Summoned by the call of blood, I walk in the anguish my privilege has caused—and am invited to pitch my tent as an ally along the road. When Jesus walked the hills of Galilee, and climbed the road to Golgotha, it was not because he needed to reach a destination, but because, in journeying with us, he became as we are. I thank God for the ways St. Joseph has called me into the streets, and summoned me into this great communion of pilgrims. I pray that we never stop walking, never escape the summons of the road. May we build a path to justice, one step at a time.



TWELFTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

Entrance Song

Holy God We Praise Thy Name GROSSER GOTT/Franz



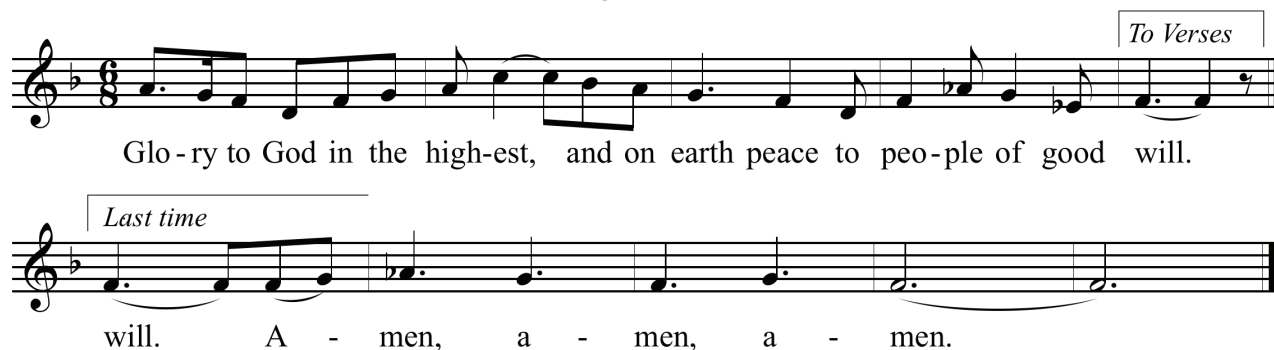
1. Ho - ly God, we praise thy name; Lord of all, we bow be-fore thee!
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;

All on earth thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore thee;
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,

In - fi - nite thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord: "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord!"

Gloria

Storrington Gloria



To Verses

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, and on earth peace to peo - ple of good will.

Last time

will. A - men, a - men, a - men.

1. We praise you,
we bless you,
we adore you,
we glorify you,
we give you thanks for your great glory,
Lord God, heavenly King,
O God, almighty Father.

2. Lord Jesus Christ, Only Begotten Son,
Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,
you take away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us;
you take away the sins of the world,
receive our prayer;
you are seated at the right hand of the Father,
have mercy on us.

3. For you alone are the Holy One,
you alone are the Lord,
you alone are the Most High,
Jesus Christ,
with the Holy Spirit *Haugen*
in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

First Reading

Jeremiah said:

"I hear the whisperings of many:
'Terror on every side!
Denounce! let us denounce him!'
All those who were my friends
are on the watch for any misstep of mine.
'Perhaps he will be trapped; then we can prevail,
and take our vengeance on him.'
But the LORD is with me, like a mighty champion:
my persecutors will stumble, they will not triumph.

Jeremiah 20:10-13

In their failure they will be put to utter shame,
to lasting, unforgettable confusion.
O LORD of hosts, you who test the just,
who probe mind and heart,
let me witness the vengeance you take on them,
for to you I have entrusted my cause.
Sing to the LORD,
praise the LORD,
for he has rescued the life of the poor
from the power of the wicked!"

Responsorial Psalm

Lord, In Your Great Love, Answer Me

Guimont



Lord, in your great love, an-swer me.

It is for you that I suffer taunts, that shame has covered my face.
To my own kin I have become an outcast, a stranger to the children of my mother.
Zeal for your house consumes me, and taunts against you fall on me.

But I pray to you, O LORD, for a time of your favor.
In your great mercy, answer me, O God, with your salvation that never fails.
LORD, answer, for your mercy is kind; in your great compassion, turn toward me.

The poor when they see it will be glad, and God-seeking hearts will revive;
for the LORD listens to the needy, and does not spurn his own in their chains.
Let the heavens and the earth give him praise, the seas and everything that moves in them.

Second Reading

Romans 5:12-15

Brothers and sisters: Through one man sin entered the world, and through sin, death, and thus death came to all men, inasmuch as all sinned—for up to the time of the law, sin was in the world, though sin is not accounted when there is no law. But death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over those who did not sin after the pattern of the trespass of Adam, who is the type of the one who was to come.

But the gift is not like the transgression. For if by the transgression of the one the many died, how much more did the grace of God and the gracious gift of the one man Jesus Christ overflow for the many.

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia.

"The Spirit of truth will testify to me, says the Lord, and you will also testify"

Gospel

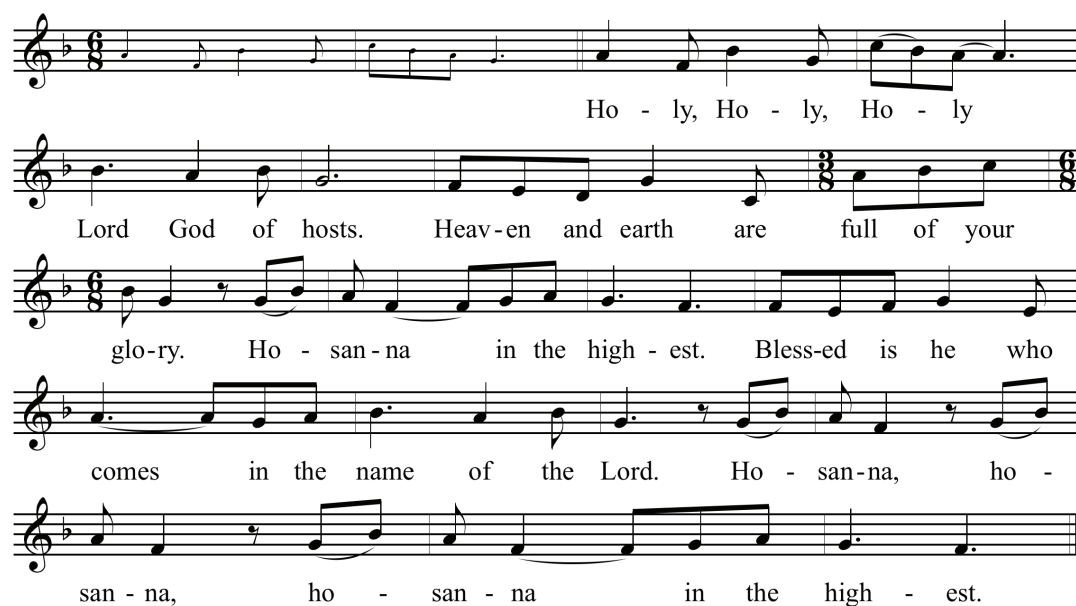
Matthew 10:26-33

Jesus said to the Twelve: "Fear no one. Nothing is concealed that will not be revealed, nor secret that will not be known. What I say to you in the darkness, speak in the light; what you hear whispered, proclaim on the house-tops. And do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul; rather, be afraid of the one who can destroy both soul and body in Gehenna. Are not two sparrows sold for a small coin? Yet not one of them falls to the ground without your Father's knowledge. Even all the hairs of your head are counted. So do not be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows. Everyone who acknowledges me before others I will acknowledge before my heavenly Father. But whoever denies me before others, I will deny before my heavenly Father."

Holy, Holy, Holy

Storrington Mass

Haugen



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly

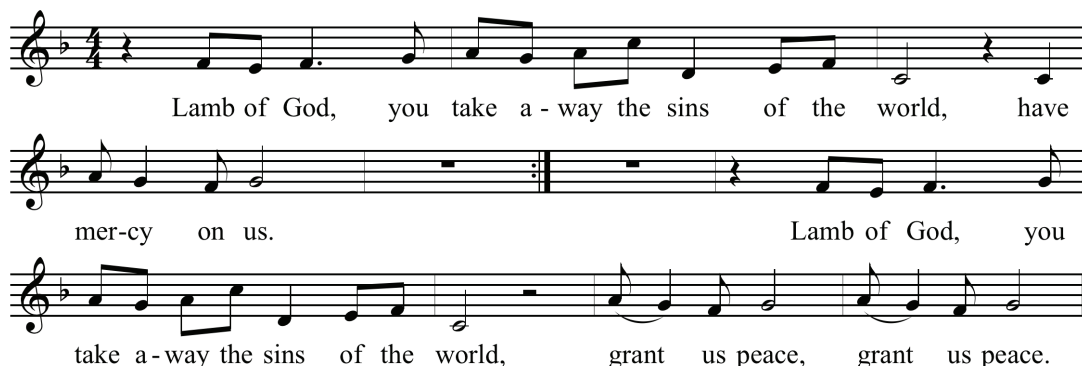
Lord God of hosts. Heav-en and earth are full of your

glo-ry. Ho - san-na in the high - est. Bless-ed is he who

comes in the name of the Lord. Ho - san-na, ho -

san - na, ho - san - na in the high - est.

Lamb of God



Lamb of God, you take a-way the sins of the world, have

mer-cy on us. Lamb of God, you

take a-way the sins of the world, grant us peace, grant us peace.


Communion Song

You Are Mine

Haas

I will come to you in the silence, I will lift you from all your fear.

You will hear my voice, I claim you as my choice, be still and know I am here.



Do not be a-fraid I am with you. I have called you each by

name. Come and fol - low me, I will bring you home; I

love you and you are mine.

I am hope for all the hopeless, I am eyes for all who long to see,

In the shadows of the night, I will be your light, come and rest in me. Ref.

Recessional

Now Thank We All Our God

NUN DANKET/Winkworth

1. Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands and voices, Who
2. O may this bounteous God Through all our life be near us, With
3. All praise and thanks to God The Father now be given, The

wondrous things has done, In whom his world rejoices; Who
ever joyful hearts And blessed peace to cheer us; Pre-
Son, and him who reigns With them in highest heav-en— The

from our mothers' arms Has blessed us on our way With
serve us in his grace, And guide us in distress, And
one eternal God, Whom earth and heav'n adore— For

count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.
free us from all harm Till heav-en we possess.
thus it was, is now, And shall be ever-more.

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ANNUAL CATHOLIC APPEAL

Every year, in the Annual Catholic Appeal, we are invited to support the ministries and mission of the Archdiocese of Seattle. But this year, under our new Archbishop Paul Etienne, there is a special urgency to this invitation—and, I think, a better reason to give what you can. Throughout this pandemic, we have seen the Archbishop and Archdiocese lead a bold and thoughtful response, fully in line with the scientific evidence and the pastoral needs of the Church in Western Washington. We have been fortunate, indeed, to have such leadership, and we do well, I think, to support the works of the Archdiocese that have been so much affected by this crisis. This is how hope works: we pray and then we act together to pull our larger Church forward into a future where more will be possible.

Our assessment this year for the ACA is \$159,386.00. Any amount over this will be returned to St. Joseph and will be designated to defray the cost of technology that we have put in place since the coronavirus hit. May God grace us with ever-deepening hope, that we might pull ourselves—and our Church—into a more blessed, more inclusive, and more just future.

If you can give a gift, please mail in your ACA envelope to the parish or go online to make a gift www.seattlearchdiocese.org

If you have any questions about the ACA, please reach out to Mary Wiseman at maryw@stjosephparish.org

A million thanks to those who have already donated!

