



Sunday, June 28, 2020 * Thirteenth Sunday of the Year * www.stjosephparish.org

ST. JOSEPH PARISH

THE JESUIT PARISH IN SEATTLE



*Jesus said to his
apostles: "Whoever
receives you receives
me, and whoever
receives me receives the
one who sent me."*

Virge Africaine - African Virgin
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THIRTEENTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME
JUNE 28, 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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Good-bye

I thank my God every time I remember you, constantly praying with joy in every one of my prayers for all of you, because of your sharing in the gospel from the first day until now. I am confident of this, that the one who began a good work among you will bring it to completion by the day of Jesus Christ. It is right for me to think this way about all of you, because you hold me in your heart, for all of you share in God's grace with me, both in my imprisonment and in the defense and confirmation of the gospel. For God is my witness, how I long for all of you with the compassion of Christ Jesus.

-Philippians 1:3-8-

When I arrived at St. Joseph Parish, 11 years ago, I was just at the end of the first sabbatical I had ever had, following six years as Provincial of the Oregon Province. Though rested by many restorative and contemplative months on the California coast, at the house I had helped my father to build, my sense of vocation and priesthood was not altogether secure. It wasn't that I was in a crisis—there was no urgent sense of despair or darkness—but a feeling had grown in me that perhaps I was just done. In my years as Provincial, I had been energized by the chance to articulate a vision that seemed to well-up from the women and men with whom I ministered—a vision of Jesuit-lay partnership and accompaniment of others, of integration among ministerial efforts and recommitment to ministries often overshadowed by the big institutions. Yet, even as my enthusiasm and hope began to grow, the sexual abuse and leadership crisis became more and more the focus of my work. Though I, like so many others, at first thought the abuse crisis was a distraction from my mission—the work of a few bad apples, as we now say about police violence—I soon began to realize that engaging this horrible history **was** my mission. For there had been a systemic breakdown of obedience and supervision, in which horrible acts of abuse often went unseen, and concern for the victims of abuse was often subjugated to concerns for the “reputation” of the Church or the Society. In the years that followed, I spent increasing amounts of time meeting with survivors, listening their stories, and trying to find just solutions and a way forward for the Province. While trying to act with integrity, as best I could discern, I accepted criticism from Jesuits and media, and learned to hold with love the righteous anger of those who had been so badly treated. I knew that I had been called to stand for the Jesuits not in order to protect or defend those who had abused, nor to deny our common failure, but so those who had been hurt could finally be heard (even when I could offer no other solution). I emerged from those years with a soul-weariness that made me wonder if, maybe, I had done all I could for the Church (which seemed still caught in its addiction to fear and denial). Thus, though my body was rested when I arrived at St. Joseph, I had a sense tentativeness, as though if this did not work out, I would simply “retire” from service to the Church and move on to something else—maybe becoming a teacher or going to work for my brother.

It did not take long, however, for the community of St. Joseph to begin to dismantle my exit plans and call me back to my deepest desire. Like the angel in the desert, sent with food and drink to the prophet Elijah as he is lying under a broom tree waiting for death, who tells him, “*Get up and eat or the journey will be too much for you!*” the community at St. Joseph did not let me lie down and give up, but rather summoned me to the mountain of God and nourished me for the work ahead. I was greeted by a wonderful Pastoral Council, who offered me a mission statement—“*Ignited by the Eucharist to love and to serve*”—which was the product of a two year process of listening and discernment, and they wanted to know how we might make that mission live. So, we began our work together: sending

out surveys and organizing listening sessions, using art to express our dreams and finding words to hold our hopes. At the same time, the community called me to my principal work, as convener of prayer and servant of the Sacraments. At weekly Mass and through the celebration of Baptism, in communal services of Reconciliation and in the solemnity of the funeral rites, I came to fall in love with this community by speaking its prayer and serving at its table. And when this service combined with this process of discernment—which resulted in the renewal of the commissions and committees of the Parish—I felt us growing closer together, ascending the mountain not as individuals or as factions, but with a common purpose and a deepening sense of joy. I felt my own gifts being called forth—not to command the community, but to articulate its heart, to listen to its hope, to sift and strengthen the movements of its spirit. Gradually, my thoughts of abandoning ministry were drowned by the clear water of the Holy Spirit, pouring out from the women and men who entrusted me with their hearts and fed me with the grace of their own goodness.

In the years since then, I remember so many moments where the summons of the People of God has raised me out of my chair or out of my comfort zone, and called me to use the office and the gifts with which I had been entrusted for the sake of proclaiming the gospel. Perhaps the clearest of these moments was when Christa Gray called me to hear the voices of LGBTQ parishioners, and asked me to support and then pray at a night she helped organize. As I sat with these women and men—so often silenced by the Church—I listened as they told their stories of growing up Catholic, and yet feeling unwelcome or unseen in their own community; as couples reflected on the comments of bishops and others who preached fear about the extension of the right to marriage, and wanted to isolate their children from the Church; and as a mother recalled the pain of having her son told, even in a progressive Catholic high school, that his very being was *“intrinsically disordered.”* In that moment, I could feel St. Joseph Parish moving, opening, committing itself to a course of justice that the Holy Spirit was guiding. And while I could have resisted that movement, could have held onto the Law and not the Spirit, I know it wasn’t me, but the spirit within this community that led us to open our doors to the wonderful LGBTQ community, who now walk openly at our side. It was that Holy Spirit, in us, who led our community to the Pride Parade and to the support of Brebeuf Jesuit in Indianapolis, and even to the works of reform going on in wake of this year’s protests at Kennedy Catholic.

Such moments have not been unusual during my years at St. Joseph, indeed, they have become something of the norm. Many times, I have been going happily along, just trying to get through the week, when someone—Deacon Steve or Vince Herberholt, MHB Conant or even Pope Francis—will intrude on my bureaucratic inertia. Moved by the sting of injustice or feeling wounded by the Church or civil society, these *“temples of the Holy Spirit”* come into my office or onto my e-mail and summon me out of my comfort and into the world, evangelizing me to Stand with the Sisters or speak out against the separation of children at the border, to decry the violence of Sandy Hook or to open the doors of our Parish to a refu-

gee family. Though I have been both admired as courageous because of these moments and decried as a trouble making Jesuit, who should *“keep quiet and obey his bishop,”* (as one e-mail put it), I am profoundly aware that my role in them has usually been small: to listen and discern, to speak or to write, to advise or to choose in a way that follows not my own comfort, but the call of the Spirit alive in the body of Christ. While I have often seen my own plans fall apart, inadequate to the needs of the moment, when I have stepped back, contributing my gifts to the work of the Holy Spirit—i.e., placing my few loaves and fish in the hands of Jesus—I have been amazed at the wonders that have occurred! Today, St. Joseph feels abundant in the gifts of the gospel, capable of dealing with a pandemic or many challenges of institutional racism, not because of my virtues, but because, through grace, I have managed (most of the time) to stay out of Jesus’ way when he has been on the move.

Today, eleven years after beginning as Pastor, on the eve of my second-ever sabbatical, I can honestly say that I have been healed of that soul-sickness that once made me question if I was called to ministry. Indeed, even my readiness to go from St. Joseph, thrilled that Fr. Glen and Fr. Matthew will be here, is a sign of how much I have been grounded again in the joy and love of my vocation—all thanks to the power of the Holy Spirit alive in all of you: the People of God with whom I have been blessed to serve. That is not to say that I no longer bear the scars of my past, or that I haven’t received a few new scars in the last years; but it is to say that over and over again, this community of faith has been a vehicle by which the love of Jesus Christ has glorified those wounds, after the example of his own wounds, and given me the grace to use my scars for his service. Your love, your mercy, your challenges, your (usually) gentle corrections, your many examples of thanksgiving and of sacrifice, and your willingness to accept my all-too-obvious humanity have been the sacraments by which I have come to discern God’s love, and through which I can root my life, unquestionably, in the service of God’s people, wherever they may be. Though my sins are real (and more obvious than I care to imagine), and though nothing I have ever done makes me worthy of the gifts I have received, I have no doubt that grace has placed me here—both at St. Joseph and in this sometimes goofy vocation of Jesuit and priest—and that, in leaving St. Joseph, I will continue to carry the grace of this community that you have so generously poured out upon me, like healing balm, like Sacred Chrism.

And so to end this letter—the last I will write to you as your Pastor—I will simply finish the quote of St. Paul with which I began: *“This is my prayer, that your love may overflow more and more with knowledge and full insight to help you to determine what is best, so that in the day of Christ you may be pure and blameless, having produced the harvest of righteousness that comes through Jesus Christ for the glory and praise of God.”*

Thank you, and may God bless you all.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John", with a stylized flourish at the end.

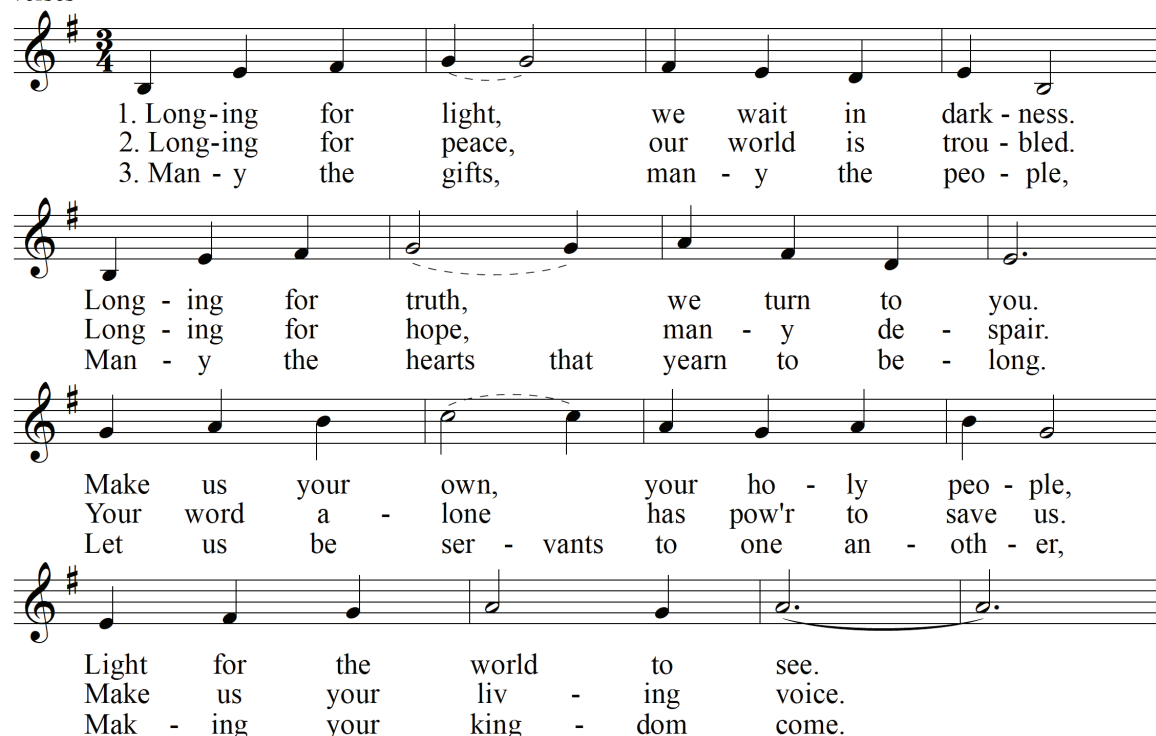
THIRTEENTH SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

Entrance Song

Christ Be Our Light

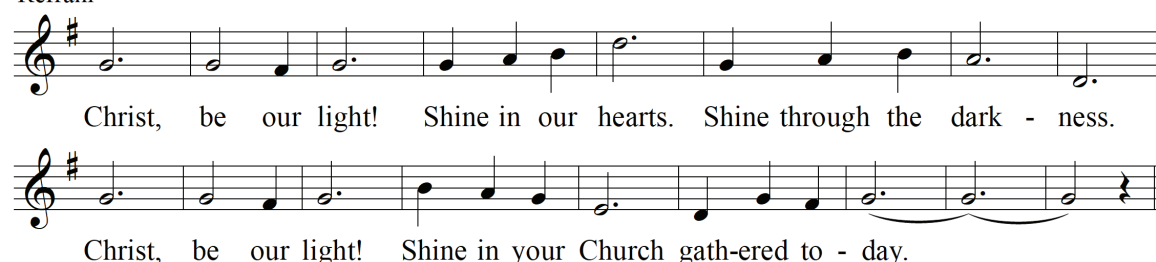
Farrell

Verses



1. Long-ing for light, we wait in dark-ness.
2. Long-ing for peace, our world is trou-bled.
3. Man-y the gifts, man-y the peo-ple,
Long-ing for truth, we turn to you.
Long-ing for hope, man-y de-spairs.
Man-y the hearts that yearn to be-long.
Make us your own, your ho-ly peo-ple,
Your word a-lone has pow'r to save us.
Let us be ser-vants to one an-oth-er,
Light for the world to see.
Make us your liv-ing voice.
Mak-ing your king-dom come.

Refrain

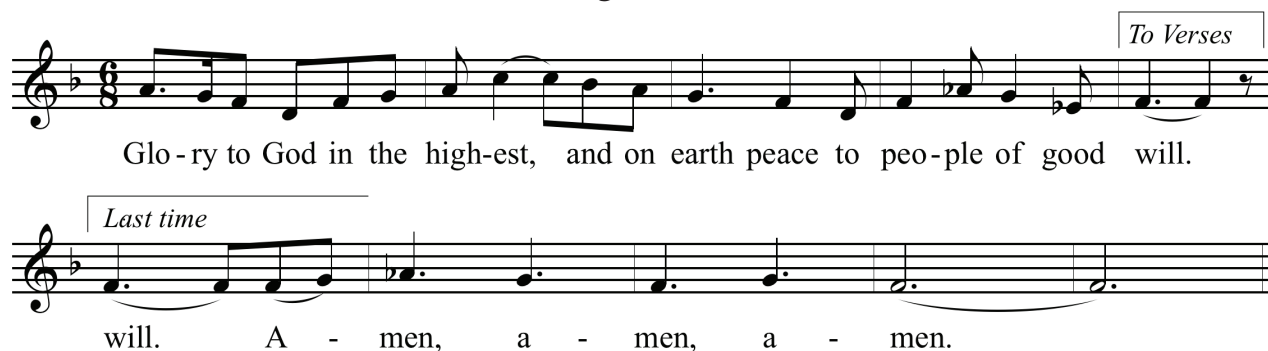


Christ, be our light! Shine in our hearts. Shine through the dark-ness.
Christ, be our light! Shine in your Church gath-ered to-day.

Gloria

Storrington Gloria

Haugen



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

First Reading

2 Kings 4:8-11, 14-16a

One day Elisha came to Shunem, where there was a woman of influence, who urged him to dine with her. Afterward, whenever he passed by, he used to stop there to dine. So she said to her husband, "I know that Elisha is a holy man of God. Since he visits us often, let us arrange a little room on the roof and furnish it for him with a bed, table, chair, and lamp, so that when he comes to us he can stay there." Sometime later Elisha arrived and stayed in the room overnight.

Later Elisha asked, "Can something be done for her?" His servant Gehazi answered, "Yes! She has no son, and her husband is getting on in years." Elisha said, "Call her." When the woman had been called and stood at the door, Elisha promised, "This time next year you will be fondling a baby son."

Responsorial Psalm

Psalm 89

Carroll



For ev - er I will sing the good - ness of the Lord.

I will sing forever of your mercies, O Lord; through all ages my mouth will proclaim your fidelity.

I have declared your mercy is established forever; your fidelity stands firm as the heavens. Ref.

How blessed the people who know your praise, who walk, O LORD, in the light of your face, who find their joy every day in your name, who make your justice their joyful acclaim. Ref.

For you are the glory of their strength; by your favor it is that our might is exalted.

Behold, the LORD is our shield; he is the Holy One of Israel, our king. Ref.

Second Reading

Romans 6:3-4, 8-11

Brothers and sisters: Are you unaware that we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were indeed buried with him through baptism into death, so that, just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might live in newness of life.

If, then, we have died with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him. We know that Christ, raised from the dead, dies no more; death no longer has power over him. As to his death, he died to sin once and for all; as to his life, he lives for God. Consequently, you too must think of yourselves as dead to sin and living for God in Christ Jesus.

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia



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

*You are a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation;
announce the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light.*

Gospel

Matthew 10:37-42

Jesus said to his apostles: "Whoever loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and whoever loves son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and whoever does not take up his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me. Whoever finds his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it.

"Whoever receives you receives me, and whoever receives me receives the one who sent me. Whoever receives a prophet because he is a prophet will receive a prophet's reward, and whoever receives a righteous man because he is a righteous man will receive a righteous man's reward. And whoever gives only a cup of cold water to one of these little ones to drink because the little one is a disciple— amen, I say to you, he will surely not lose his reward."

Offertory

Make Me A Channel Of Your Peace

Temple

1. Make me a chan - nel of your peace. Where
 2. Make me a chan - nel of your peace. Where
 4. Make me a chan - nel of your peace. It

there is ha - tred, let me bring your love. Where
 there's de - spair in life, let me bring hope. Where
 is in par - don - ing that we are par - doned, in

there is in - ju - ry, your par - don, Lord, And
 there is dark - ness, on - ly light, And
 giv - ing of our - selves that we re - ceive, and in

where there's doubt, true faith in you. —
 where there's sad - ness, ev - er joy. —
 dy - ing that we're born to e - ter nal life. —

3. Oh, Mas - ter, grant that I may nev - er seek So much to be con -
 soled as to con - sole. To be un - der - stood as to un - der -
 stand. To be loved as to love with all my soul. D.C.

Communion Song

Bless The Lord

Taize

Bless the Lord, my soul, and bless his ho - ly name.

Bless the Lord, my soul, who leads me in - to life.

Recessional

Lord, Whose Love In Humble Service

HOLY MANNA/Bayly

1. Lord, whose love in hum-ble ser-vice Bore the weight of hu-man need,
2. As we wor-ship, grant us vi-sion, Till your love's re-veal-ing light,
3. Called from wor-ship in-to ser-vice Forth in your great name we go,

Who up-on the Cross for-sak-en, Of-fered mer-cy's per-fect deed;
Till the height and depth and great-ness Dawns up-on our hu-man sight:
To the child, the youth, the ag-ed. Love in liv-ing deeds to show;

We, your ser-vants, bring the wor-ship Not of voice a-lone, but heart:
Mak-ing known the needs and bur-dens Your com-pas-sion bids us bear,
Hope and health, good-will and com-fort, Coun-sel, aid and peace we give

Con-se-cra-ting to your pur-pose Ev-'ry gift which you im-part.
Stir-ring us to tire-less striv-ing, Your a-bun-dant life to share.
That your chil-dren Lord, in free-dom, May your mer-cy know, and live.

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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!

