



ST. ANN

CATHOLIC CHURCH

4001 YUMA STREET NW / WASHINGTON, DC 20016

MASS SCHEDULE

Monday - Friday 12:00pm

Saturday Vigil Mass 5:00pm

Sundays 7:30am, 11:00am & 7:00pm

Holy Days of Obligation 7:30am, 12:00pm & 7:00pm

RECITATION OF THE ROSARY

Sundays 6:35pm

Monday - Friday 12:25pm

EUCCHARISTIC HOLY HOUR

Fridays 12:30 to 1:30pm

First Fridays (not June, July & August) ... 7:00 to 8:00pm

SACRAMENTS OF BAPTISM & MATRIMONY

Email the Pastor to arrange.

SACRAMENT OF PENANCE

Saturday, 4:00 to 4:45pm. Sunday 6-7pm.

Wednesdays 7-8pm during Lent (not Ash Wednesday).

HEALING MASS/BLESSING OF THE SICK

1st Friday of the month after the 12:00pm Mass

PARISH SCHOOL OF RELIGION (PSR)

September to May. Contact psr@stanndc.org

YOUTH MINISTRY PROGRAM

September to May. Contact director@stanndc.org

ORDER OF CHRISTIAN INITIATION OF ADULTS (OCIA)

September to May. Contact director@stanndc.org

PARISH OFFICE HOURS

9:00am to 3:00pm Tuesday - Thursday, 11:00am to 3:00pm Friday, Closed for Lunch 12 to 12:30pm

Telephone
(202) 966-6288

Facebook & Instagram
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23rd Sunday in Ordinary Time
September 7, 2025

Rev. Monsignor James D. Watkins

Pastor / watkins@stanndc.org / 202-363-4461

Mr. Robert Bright

Director of Music / music@stanndc.org /
202-363-9524

Mrs. Natalie Plumb Lucey

Director of Communications & Youth Ministry /
director@stanndc.org / 202-363-4460

Mrs. Rae Ann Bevington

Executive Manager / exec@stanndc.org /
202-803-2200

Mrs. Monica Young

Parish School of Religion (PSR) Coordinator /
psr@stanndc.org



TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME SEPTEMBER 7, 2025

@Mass Intentions

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

7:30am † Phillip Griffiths

11:00am † *Pro Populo*

7:00pm † Nora Wren

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

12:00pm † Alice Zischkau

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

12:00pm † Elizabeth & Frederick
Cox

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

12:00pm Jean F. Mason (*Living*)

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

12:00pm *Our Lady of Perpetual
Help*

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

12:00pm † Paul B. Ward

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

5:00pm † Max Ruggles

THIS WEEKEND!

Refreshments!



*First Sunday of the Month
in the Parish Library*



Pizza & Soda after 5:00pm Saturday Mass

Coffee & Donuts after 7:30am

& 11:00am Masses

Sponsored by the Knights of
Columbus Washington Council #224
THANK YOU

CONNECT WITH US!

Parish Emails: stanndc.org/email

Podcast: stanndc.org/podcast

Livestream: stanndc.org/live



**PSR BEGAN
SEPTEMBER 7!
LATE REG.
STARTS 9/21**

*School Academy Building &
Undercroft
Sundays, 10:00-10:50am*

Register your child in grades
K-8 for our Parish School of
Religion, or PSR, online at
stanndc.org/psr. Tuition
remains at \$60 per student
**(\$80 per student after
Sept. 21)**, or a flat fee of \$150
for three or more children.

NEW PARISHIONERS

If you are new in the area, you are encouraged to register with the parish. Register online at stanndc.org/member or find print registration forms at the entrances of the Church! Please let us know if you are relocating or moving by emailing or calling the Office at (202) 966-6288.

welcome
TO OUR CHURCH

Sunday, September 14

5 to 7pm

St. Ann Parish
Courtyard

4001 Yuma St NW
Washington, DC 20016*

Youth Ministry Kick-Off Night

Parents & Teens Invited!

*Courtyard is located on playground side of Church building.



SAINT JOHN
SOCIETY

St. Ann Youth Program ~ Hosted by the St. John Society



cenaculo@stanndc.org

stanndc.org/youth



Middle School

Find a solid Catholic community, get answers to your questions, and experience Jesus personally.

Sundays 5pm | St. Ann Undercroft*

*Enter at iron gate @ Wisconsin & Nebraska Aves



High School

A program centered around the works of mercy showing faith in action with Christ in the center.

Sundays 5pm | St. Ann Gym*

*4404 Wisconsin Avenue NW

OCIA CLASS OF 2025 TESTIMONY

by Scott Torrellas, parishioner

SECOND OF A SERIES

I stood lost in thought, waiting patiently along with my OCIA classmates, resolute and relaxed as we were initiated into the Catholic Church by receiving the

Sacraments of Baptism, Communion and Confirmation. It was a solemn occasion of introspection reverence and silent celebration which I had never before experienced in my life.

I didn't grow up in Church. As a union tradesman and fire safety engineer, I've spent my life fixing pipes and pumps, systems and safety codes, with my hands and my head. But nothing prepared me for the weight of watching my parents slip away. The Holy Church became my new bedrock foundation and this is how I found Her.

I'm a working man, not a saint. I spent years on job sites, building, testing and inspecting fire safety systems, ensuring public safety from fire hazards, working with my union brothers to protect lives and property.

Faith wasn't ever part of my toolbox. I could always handle anything with enough hard work, mixing hands on Big Apple blue collar trade experience with formal education as a fire safety systems engineer.

But then in the spring of 2024, a new danger nearly burned my entire life down. My stepmom was diagnosed with a rare hyper-aggressive glioblastoma, a brain cancer attacked her out of nowhere, she never drank or smoked, ate healthy stayed active, but that cancer left her blind in one eye, completely dizzy, disoriented depressed, and just plain terrified. It tore through her despite an almost immediate radical emergency surgery. Now that's bad enough.

But worse, my dad had been diagnosed back in 2021 with incurable, but treatable, multiple myeloma and my stepmom had always taken care of him. Now, within a month, that became totally impossible. One afternoon, she called me, crying and begging me to help her and dad, so I rushed right over and literally overnight became their primary caregiver, learning on the fly, managing chemo, radiation, surgeries, appointments, consultations, prescriptions, insurance and their emotional pain as they watched each other fading fast.

I watched helplessly, too, as their happiness died, fears came alive, and depression deepened; their worst fear, losing their beloved spouse was coming true. Now all my experience and education was worth nothing.

Worse, I was alone. Our extended family quickly, quietly and viciously turned on each other, fighting over estate planning and delusions of inheritance with ugly, naked greed before my parents had even passed on. I was losing them, and I had no one to lean on. Nothing to trust. Dad and mom were my foundation, and my foundation was shattered, sinking, and so was I.

I felt like I was drowning. I prided myself on being a guy who fixed things and helped people, but I couldn't fix this for the people who needed me most. I needed help fast, but all the online cancer research and oncology support groups



From left to right: attendee Lynne Cancelosi, catechumen Scott Torrellas, sponsor Tony Cancelosi

did nothing for the heartache my parents and I were feeling.

Then, just to make the difficult but manageable, laughingly impossible, I got tasked at work to head down to the Mid-Atlantic office in D.C. Our numbers were trending down, so I began helping them increase market share in a non-union, friendly region, nothing like New York City.

Tragically, my stepmom passed that summer despite all surgery and all the desperate painful attempts at treatment. Dad and I were devastated. Dad was completely inconsolable, he didn't want to eat, shower, get dressed, go to doctor's appointments or his weekly chemo.

With dead eyes, in a soft monotone voice, my dad told me he thought about jumping off the balcony. We lived on the 27th floor. That hit me like a hammer. I yelled at him and tried not to cry. I knew I couldn't leave him alone to go to D.C. for work.



Cardinal Wuerl baptizes Scott Torrellas

So, naively, I decided, I'd just take dad with me. Smart, right? I rented an Airbnb for that first weekend and drove 4 hours south on I-95 to D.C., so dad could be with me as I started helping the Mid-Atlantic office.

On a Saturday afternoon, during a ride along in a service van with one of our journeymen, we were driving past St. Ann Catholic Church on Wisconsin Avenue in Tenleytown, and stopped at the light. He crossed himself absentmindedly as we drove past and I looked over. The sun was glistening just right, and the well manicured lawn looked inviting for some reason. I asked him if he believed in God and he said maybe...and trailed off lost in his own thoughts, then he said, "maybe God becomes real when you've got nobody else." His words echoed in my mind the rest of the ride up to Rockville and long past that. But I never saw him again.

That Sunday morning, I impulsively decided to go to that pretty church. I Googled it: St. Ann DC. Mass at 11:00am. I begged and bullied dad through morning pills and soft boiled eggs and getting dressed and into the truck. Dad got angry when I pulled into the St. Ann parking lot. He hated Church and especially the Catholic Church, although he grew up

Catholic. I promised to take him to the diner, if he'd be good and he begrudgingly walked in on my arm, but only after pinching my cheek harder than normal and scolding me for tricking him into church.

The greeters, ushers and parishioners of St. Ann were universally welcoming. I was blown away. It was beautiful. The service: I didn't understand what was happening. But it was heavenly. The priest spoke caringly and candidly about a passage from the Bible and then pragmatically about church affairs and events. I liked him immediately. He spoke with an easy manner earnest and honest, with seasoned wisdom and good humor. I could see he was a man comfortable with leadership and who was deeply caring about the people in his care. He shook everyone's hand after the service at the big doors and welcomed me and Dad. As we slowly walked back to the parking lot, I couldn't stop thinking about those echoing words: "Maybe God becomes real when you've got nobody else."

At the diner, I ordered for dad who was still sulking about being tricked, and the Mass at St. Ann kept replaying in my

mind. It felt authentic, real. It felt authoritative, strong and true. It felt honest, comfortable and beautiful. Dad pushed his food around the plate for a while and drank two cups of coffee, not saying whatever he was thinking. Poor dad. He needed help. We needed help. I felt something different at St. Ann, sitting quietly, respectfully listening that morning. Maybe me and dad didn't have anyone else. I closed my eyes and thought of mom, almost a prayer, except I didn't know how to pray, and I made a decision. Fortune favors the brave. "Have the courage to be honest, son," I felt she'd say. I'd roll the dice and see what happens.

I inquired about how to join the Church, admitted I wasn't even Catholic and simple as that started the ball rolling.

I started the Order of Christian Initiation for Adults (OCIA) class that fall, which is the Church's initiation for converts and catechumens like me—not because I was sold, but because I was feeling something solemn, spiritual and real during each Sunday Mass that last summer that God granted me with my dad.

Over the next six months, I learned a lot about the Catholic faith, traditions about myself, and my OCIA classmates. My sponsor was crucial to my development in faith and understanding: quietly, gently, guiding me forward, toward a growing sense of knowledge purpose and peace.

I approached the class like a job: ask questions, test the system, look at the foundation. The Catholic faith wasn't fluffy or fake, it was solid, built on 2,000 years of hard work and sacrifice for the love of one another. The Eucharist humbled me: Christ, truly present, not just a symbol. Confession was tougher. I had to face my failures, anger at my family's infighting, pride in thinking I could do everything alone, my cowardice in facing the inevitable. Kneeling in that booth, speaking my failures out loud, I heard "You are forgiven. Go in peace." It was like a weight lifted, not because I was weak, but because I had the courage to be honest, and to trust in Christ.

The Easter Vigil was the turning point. The church glowed with candlelight, a symbol of Christ's victory over darkness. As the priest baptized me, saying, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit," I felt a quiet, peaceful strength settle in. Confirmation came next, with the Cardinal's oil marking me as a part of something beautiful and true with a Patron Saint to guide me. Then, receiving the Eucharist, Christ Himself, gave me a peace I hadn't known since before my parents' diagnoses. I wasn't just me, the guy trying to hold everything together; I was a Catholic, rebuilt by Christ and the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Life hasn't been easy since. My parents' illness and passing still weigh on me, the family drama hasn't stopped. Work is tougher than ever. But the Church gives me tools: The Mass, where I am greeted with Christ's peace and freely given Christ's strength; confession, where I unburden myself of my mistakes and reset my faith; prayer, where I can reveal my intentions and listen to hear God's reply. I'm not alone, even though my mom and dad are gone. Saints and angels, clergy and laity: I've found a solid foundation, the Holy Catholic Church. The welcoming parishioners of St. Ann, and a faith that holds me up.

I'm learning to forgive others, to find the strength to give peace, to focus on others with love, and mercy.

To anyone out there carrying a load too heavy to bear: I see you, I hear you, I was you and I know how you feel. You don't have to do it all alone. The Catholic Church isn't just rules or rituals; She is the foundation of faith and fellowship for people who work hard, love deep, and recognize something trustworthy, authentic and beneficial. The Holy Catholic Church is real and is really good for you. She is the best place, the only place to heal your heart and save your soul.

Easter Vigil 2025 changed me. It showed me that strength isn't just muscling through; it's knowing how to trust in Christ when life surrounds you with the impossible. Step into a Church, attend a Mass, ask your questions, and let faith rebuild you. It did for me, and it can for you.

May the love of the Lord and the Peace of Christ lead you home to heaven.



ST. ANN
CATHOLIC CHURCH

2025-2026

SUNDAY 3:00 PM CONCERT SERIES

"Tribute to Feliks Rybicki"

Magdalena Wór, Mezzo-soprano; Martin Labazevitch, Piano

September 7, 2025

Mount Vernon Virtuosi Orchestra's Season Opening Concert

Amit Peled, Conductor

October 5, 2025

Mickey Thomas Terry, Organ

October 12, 2025

"Celebrating Beethoven"

Andrés Cárdenes, Violin; Martin Labazevitch, Piano

November 9, 2025

"Mozart in Jeans"

Mount Vernon Orchestra, Amit Peled, Conductor

December 14, 2025

"From Past to the Future"

Alexander Fiterstein, Clarinet; Amit Peled, Cello;
Martin Labazevitch, Piano

January 18, 2026

"Panorama of Russian Romances"

Anastasia Sidorova, Soprano; Vera Danchenko-Stern, Piano

February 15, 2026

Dominic Fiacco, Organ

March 8, 2026

"Cello Gang"

Mount Vernon Virtuosi; Amit Peled, Conductor

March 22, 2026

"From Moscow through Paris to New York on Two Pianos"

Nikita Fitenko, Katerina Zaitseva, Piano

April 19, 2026

AGMA Relief Fund Concert

Fundraiser for musical artists in need

Members of Washington National Opera Chorus

Steven Gathman, Conductor

April 26, 2026

Washington Men's Camerata

Scott Tucker, Artistic Director

May 31, 2026

"Echoes and Embers"

Josu de Solaun Soto, Piano

June 7, 2026

Alceé Chris, Organ

June 14, 2026

**ALL CONCERTS ARE FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.
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FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT **WWW.STANNDC.ORG**

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ST. ANN | TENLEY CIRCLE

ST. ANN FLEA MARKET

September 27 and 28, 2025



What can I donate?
stanndc.org/market



DONATION DROP OFF

PARKING LOT

July 26 | 9 a.m.-noon

Aug. 3 | 8:15 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

Aug. 24 | 8:15 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

IN CHURCH
NEAR PIANO

Sept. 6 & 7 | before/after Mass

Sept. 13 & 14 | before/After Mass

FRIENDSHIP
PLACE

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FRIENDSHIP PLACE GALA

Dinner & Awards

NIGHT

SEPTEMBER 18, 2025 | 6:00 PM | SILENT AUCTION

REGISTER HERE:

stanndc.org/events

St. Ann DC again hosts Art All Night!

Join us in the Church or Gym!

Saturday, September 13, our **renowned organist** will perform on our **Létourneau organ** at 7:30pm.

Our **Church** also hosts an in-person guided tour at 8:30pm.

We are open for self-guided tours from 7:00 to 11:00pm.

You can take a self-guided tour online at stanndc.org/tour at any time.

Our **Gym** hosts **artistic events** from 7:00pm to midnight!



Twenty-third Sunday in Ordinary Time / Luke 14:25-33

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Find all the words... left, right, up, down or diagonally.

Jesus Addressed	A	D	D	R	E	S	S	E	D	C	R	O	S	S	Y
Great Crowds	C	T	D	E	D	I	C	A	T	I	O	N	N	A	F
Traveling With Them	C	H	T	W	D	I	O	V	A	R	T	C	O	L	S
Saying Discipleship Requires Total Dedication	E	E	H	A	P	P	I	N	E	S	S	A	I	V	S
Avoid Distractions Attachments Family Possessions Must Carry Own Cross Accepting Hardships Prepare Rewards Peace Love Happiness Salvation Mission God	T	E	T	D	A	H	E	O	G	Y	M	R	C	T	O
	I	E	J	S	O	V	M	S	S	I	N	Y	A	I	I
	N	R	E	Q	U	I	R	E	S	N	O	W	R	O	S
	G	A	S	D	W	O	R	C	N	G	I	I	T	N	S
	H	P	U	D	S	L	A	T	O	T	S	T	S	N	E
	I	E	S	G	O	D	H	A	R	D	S	H	I	P	S
	T	R	A	V	E	L	I	N	G	T	I	O	D	S	S
	S	P	E	A	C	E	U	Q	F	A	M	I	L	Y	O
	D	I	S	C	I	P	L	E	S	H	I	P	E	R	P

TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY IN ORDINARY TIME

“Great crowds were travelling with Jesus, and he turned and addressed them, ‘If anyone comes to me without hating father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, and even his own life, he cannot be my disciple. Whoever does not carry his own cross and come after me cannot be my disciple.’”

What does it take to be a disciple of Christ? A heavy question seeking a serious answer. Our text about hating family seems so distant from the norm, ‘love God above all things and my neighbor as myself.’ Perhaps the response is to make sure that God comes first in my life and that everything else flow from it.

We have been taught by the late and loved Pope Francis that we are called to be missionary disciples. I love my family; I accept the challenges of the cross that I bear for Him and try to follow the call of Jesus by practicing my faith. That is the first step. To be a missionary I am being sent to bring that faith and discipleship to others. If all Catholics returned to practice the faith and lived the message of Jesus, the beatitudes, what a different world it would be. It begins with me, here and now.

HIS WORD TODAY

BY REV. WILLIAM J. REILLY

A FRESH PERSPECTIVE ON
THE SUNDAY READINGS



faith

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https://stanndc.org/people/rev-msgr-james-d-watkins

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