

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

Monday - Friday.....12:25pm

#### **EUCHARISTIC 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

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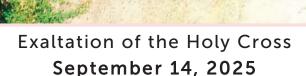
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Rev. Monsignor James D. Watkins

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



# Mass Intentions

## SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

7:30am † Guiomar Vivas

11:00am † Jack Lindsey

7:00pm † Herbert Zischkau

Monday, September 15

12:00pm † Danny Jenkins

Tuesday, September 16

12:00pm † Nora Mary Zimmerman

# Wednesday, September 17

12:00pm † Robert T. Gerken

# THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

12:00pm † Georjean Gonzaga

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

12:00pm † Jenaro & Daniel Garcia

Saturday, September 20

5:00pm † Paul Drescher



First Friday Holy Hour at St. Ann Friday, October 3 at 12:30pm and 7:00pm

### **CONNECT WITH US!**

Parish Emails: <u>stanndc.org/email</u>
Podcast: <u>stanndc.org/podcast</u>
Livestream: <u>stanndc.org/live</u>



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
<a href="mailto:stanndc.org/psr">stanndc.org/psr</a>. 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 <a href="mailto:stanndc.org/member">stanndc.org/member</a> 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.







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

cenaculo@stanndc.org



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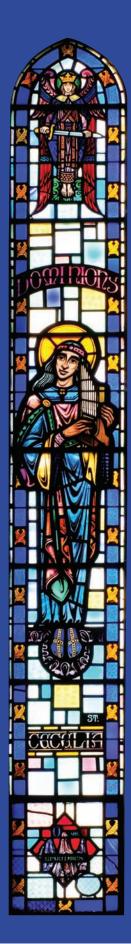


# **High School**

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





## 2025-2026

## **SUNDAY 3:00 PM CONCERT SERIES**

| "Tribute to Feliks Rybicki"<br>Magdalena Wór, Mezzo-soprano; Martin Labazevitch, Piano  | September 7, 2025 |
|---|-------------------|
| Mount Vernon Virtuosi Orchestra's Season Opening Concert<br>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<br>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. FREE-WILL OFFERING GREATLY APPRECIATED.

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT WWW.STANNDC.ORG

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202.966.6288



ST. ANN | TENLEY CIRCLE

# ST. ANN FLEA MARKET

September 27 and 28, 2025



# **VOLUNTEER**

Sept. 25 and 26

Sept. 27 and 28

Sign up form: stanndc.org/market

# **SHOP**

Sept. 27 | 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sept. 28 | 9 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Questions: events@stanndc.org

### 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.



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

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

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.



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.



**REGISTER HERE:** 

stanndc.org/events

### WORLDWIDE MARRIAGE ENCOUNTER WEEKENDS

The weekend centers entirely on your relationship. It is a positive, simple, common sense, private experience between you and your spouse that revitalizes marriage by helping you to see again those loving qualities in each other that you may be taking for granted.

Upcoming experience are:

September 12-14, 2025 - Richmond, VA

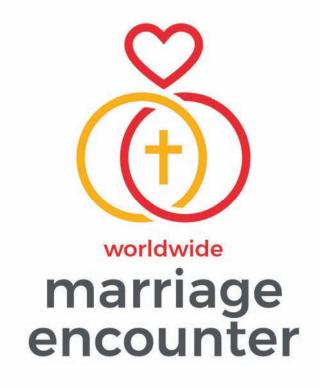
October 24-26, 2025 - Jessup, MD

November 7-9, 2025 - Rehoboth Beach, DE

February 13-15, 2026 - Waynesboro, VA

March 6-8, 2026 - Hampton, VA

For more information please call 757-690-1369 or to register, go to WWME.org, click "Apply" and search for your desired location.



# Faith Direct to Transition to Parish Soft

In the coming months, Faith Direct will upgrade to ParishSOFT Giving. Your account and payment information will transfer securely — no need to create a new account or re-enter your details. After the upgrade, you'll log in to ParishSOFT Giving to manage your giving or make updates.







First Friday Healing Mass with St. Ann Relic at St. Ann Friday, Oct. 3 at 12 noon



GIVE BACK

Weekly Parish Collection Totals & How to Give Online:

The Offertory Collection the weekends of August 17 and August 24 was \$8,368. The Online Faith Direct Total Deposit for the second half of August was \$14,801.

Faith Direct is convenient, free and saves us money. Already using Faith Direct? Please contact our Parish Office at (202) 966-6288 or <a href="mailto:stann@stanndc.org">stann@stanndc.org</a> to cancel your St. Ann's Church envelopes.

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Make a Recurring Gift:







# Gospel Today | The Exaltation of the Holy Cross | Jn 3:13-17

Jesus reminds us that "the Son of Man must be lifted up", and all who believe in Him will be with Him in Heaven.

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### **EXALTATION OF THE HOLY CROSS**

**Exaltation:** to raise high - to elevate by praise, glorify

In the name of the Father,

Color the cross and put it somewhere special.

and of the Holy

Spirit. Amen

We pray before it

We hope in it

We bless ourselves in the sign

It is a symbol of love

We are signed in it

What does the cross mean to you?

We focus on it

We believe in it

We honor it

It gives us strength

It is an important part of our faith

and of the Son,

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For further information, please contact the Pastor.

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

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