



PILGRIMAGE TO OUR PAST

Celebrating 225 Years of Parishioners for Others

September 2019

Parishioner Reflections

"We're Moving Home for Holy Trinity."

"It's you—it's always been you," Holy Trinity. Like the end of a bad rom-com, I think of these words as I remember how Holy Trinity has been with me since the beginning—Thanksgiving 1981, when Fr. Foley baptized a chunky baby with red fuzz on her head. Like a scavenger hunt, I've collected all sacraments here since then—and with God's grace, hopefully I will not receive the final one any time soon.

Growing up in the parish, I have memories of being an altar server and a lector, and of Father Madden's installation as pastor. I remember being on the parish worship committee as a high school student, sitting in meetings in space that is now the Chapel and chaired by Maria's mom, aka Margaret Costello. Along the way, a seed to love liturgy was planted.

After graduating from college and spending some time with the British Jesuits while living in London, I was happy to be back home at Holy Trinity and served on the parish council. When Fr. Horak talked about the new "baptisms and weddings coordinator" position, I thought that sounded like an awesome job.

In his homily at our wedding liturgy, Father Greenfield talked about our very unique choice of readings (including *John 3:16*, because I had fun) and his prayer for us to welcome "humor, hospitality and holiness" into our married life together. At the reception that night, my dad toasted the complementary nature of our differences.

Shortly thereafter (and nine months after a snow storm), we welcomed our son Oliver into the world and Fr. Murray claimed him for Christ on a very cold and rainy January morning. We named him for Saint Oliver and gave him my father's name as a middle name, enjoining him with my two cousins who also bear John as their middle name.

On my first Mother's Day, I cried the whole way to Mass. Being a new mom is no joke—but also, we were moving to Texas. A year after we moved, while sitting in our kitchen talking to my dad on the phone, he told me he would begin treatment for multiple myeloma. Shortly thereafter, I found out I was pregnant again. After nine months of chemo at Georgetown, my dad underwent a stem cell transplant in June. He never recovered.

Cont. on page 2



Basketball Miracles and Musical Joy

It wasn't easy that year being four foot ten and a freshman at Holy Trinity High School. The transition should have been easy—after all, I had been at Holy Trinity for the previous eight years. To all appearances, I just walked out that heavy steel door that faced the south side of the church and found the identical door on the other side.

I tried not to let my size discourage me, even though the Trinity Termites as they were called had just finished an undefeated season that captured them their first city championship.

"Think of it," Sister Anne O'Donnell, from that year's basketball team (and the eldest daughter of long time parishioner Bridie O'Donnell), told me recently. The newspaper reported, and Anne recited it to me verbatim, "They are the smallest school in the city. They have no gym. They have room for no other sport. They even have to borrow another high school for their home games."

When I reminisced with Anne and some of the other stars of that era, they could not even recall where in the high school building there might have been a hoop tucked in some corner where they could practice a few baskets in between classes. But somehow, Anne and the others never saw it that way at the time. They loved their basketball time at Trinity and agreed with Anne who told me these had been "the best years of her life." Basketball, she said, taught her so much about

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Our daughter was born in July, and I flew home with her as soon as I could in September. Because of my dad’s compromised immune system and her recent vaccinations, they did not meet on that first trip home. He moved to a rehab facility and when I came home in December, we briefly introduced them. He died one week later.

All four of us flew back to D.C. and my mom and I met with David Pennington, Kathy DeJardin, and Fr. Campbell. Coming to Holy Trinity to begin planning my dad’s funeral liturgy was a welcome and comforting distraction.

We had previously planned to baptize the new baby girl at Holy Trinity in January, so we asked if we could also baptize her while we were in town. Rather than making them two separate events, we baptized her in the middle of my father’s funeral, blessing them both with the same holy water. She wore the family christening gown that was first worn by my father at his baptism in 1945. He wanted to be there for her baptism, and so he was. For us—the ability to smile amidst the sadness, to celebrate alongside the grief—is a gift from God.

The following summer, my husband was offered a job in D.C. and my mom said, “Don’t move home for me.” I told her, “Don’t worry—we’re moving home for Holy Trinity.”

Someone must have heard me because, as of this past June, I work at the parish as the baptisms and weddings coordinator. Beth, who most recently had this position, moved to Texas. That’s very subtle, God.

In the beginning, I thought about the couples who marry and then come back to baptize their babies. Now it’s my prayer that the babies we baptize grow here in this place forever. Without question, the sum of these memories here at Holy Trinity fill my heart. Without question, these experiences of loss sometimes bring me to tears. Without question, this opportunity to serve families making their own happy memories in this place is life giving. May God be praised.

—Moirra Gillick Duggan

the lasting value of friendship, the strength of parent support, and school spirit at every level. As a Mercy sister and principal, Anne could naturally spread that learning to students from Baltimore to Mobile in the years that followed. Anne retired in 2011 but she still radiates the enthusiasm of those years.

Three championship seasons followed, so Holy Trinity brought the trophy home for keeps. The picture of Sister Mary de Lourdes placing into the trophy case in the front hall can still be seen in the yearbook. Another basketball star of that era told me that in the cold weather coach Emma Berry would practice half the team on the boys’ playground and when their hands got too cold, she would bring out the other half of the team who had been observing by the radiator inside at the window across from the first grade classroom. There was one regulation height basket—it stands there today, the same one my brother, Mike Tholl, insists was there when he was in grade school in the 1950s.

In my second year, another basketball miracle appeared. It was the new pastor, Fr. Emory Ross, S.J. His predecessor had been a serious, quiet, and gentle Fr. Arthur O’Leary, S.J. The yearbook had been dedicated to him with the inscription “Steadfast” under his picture. Fr. Ross was of a different mold: energetic, gregarious and multi-talented. He seemed to enjoy just being present. He quickly emerged as an unofficial coach of the team and attended most of the games. He could on occasions be seen in the schoolyard helping a player to polish her dribble.

I was still not yet five feet tall and it seemed to me that no one could escape basketball. Reluctantly, I tried out for the JV basketball team. In every school where we played, however, I searched for (and found!) some corner or a space under a staircase where I could hide if it looked as though they were getting down to the last two players on the bench. But I still found myself looking forward to every pep rally and learning every cheer.

Afternoons after school, I would edit in the office of the school newspaper, “The Triangle.” I quickly became involved in sports writing, especially when my school seemed always on the winning end. One afternoon, I wandered over to the balcony. There, I spotted Father Ross pushing the huge Steinway onto the stage. He played a few classical pieces, then some jazz. Soon, a half dozen girls gathered around the piano calling out show tunes. I went down and joined them. If basketball was his first love, music was certainly a close second. Barbara remembered him cracking jokes with the girls, just being present, and having such a good time. He was in every way an artist with the artist’s eye she said. He had, concluded Barbara, 100 ways of brightening up spirits.

As for myself, I never returned to the JV bench, but my spirits brightened every Friday when I took the bus downtown to report the city basketball games, highlighting those Holy Trinity scores. I never forgot Fr. Ross, most especially at the piano. Like his fellow companion of Ignatius, Teilhard de Chardin, he lived a phrase that we would soon be hearing in the future: “Joy is the infallible sign of the presence of God.”

—Natalie Ganley

Memories of Black Georgetown

A Conversation with Adele Dodson, Holy Trinity School's First Black Student

Her name is Adele Dodson. She has a reserved smile and a twinkle in her eye. She's smart. She is kind, while projecting a gentle strength. As a young girl, she took herself on the trolley car down M Street to the end of the line, walked up the 'exorcist steps' and continued her walk up the street, to be the first black child to attend Holy Trinity School.

Adele is the youngest of eight children, four girls and four boys. Maybe that's the source of the twinkle in her eye and her clever approach to life.

Adele's grandfather lived at 1438 36th Street, up the street from Holy Trinity. Adele was born at 2611 Dumbarton and grew up next door at 2613. The home is memory lane for Adele. It is pictured in the book "Black Georgetown Remembered: A History of Its Black Community From the Founding of 'The Town of George' in 1751 to the Present Day" by Lesko, Babb and Gibbs on page 60. The person in the picture is Adele's grandmother, sitting on a bench in front of the home.

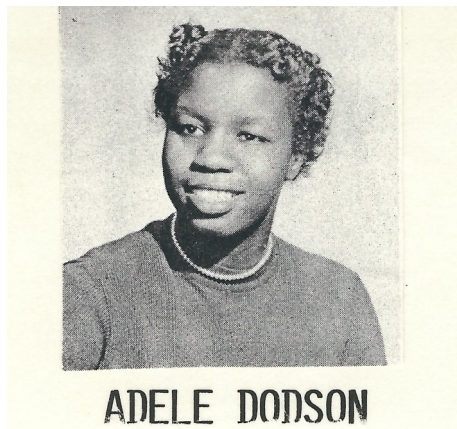
The two Georgetown neighborhood doctors lived across the street from each other, Dr. Dodson, Adele's uncle, and Dr. Marshall. Dr. Dodson was the also school physician. "There weren't any strangers in Georgetown," she said.

Adele's father worked at Chestnut Hill Farms Dairy, across the M Street Bridge traversing Rock Creek. On Fridays, the dairy would share the bounty, and he would bring home cheese, butter and flour. He later worked as a messenger for Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter and as chauffeur for Chief Justice Earl Warren in the Supreme Court.

Adele remembers Rose Park tennis courts and (even though she was younger) the legendary African-American tennis players Margaret and Matilda Peters, who also grew up in Georgetown. They were fondly nicknamed "Pete and Repeat" for their skill at doubles.

Adele shared many warm memories as a child. There were candlelight processions through Georgetown for special

occasions like Halloween and Christmas. Mrs. McKinney, Rose Park Playground Director, and her aid, were legendary for shepherding and entertaining the neighborhood children, including Adele, her siblings and cousins, through the summers when school was out and their parents were working. Mrs. McKinney's dedication left all of these children and parents with favorite memories of a wonderful childhood.



At Holy Trinity School, Fr. O'Leary and Fr. Ross were principals. Adele was 14 in the graduating class of 1955. She happily recalls being welcomed and enjoying the school and the children.

Adele, as an afterthought, does mention that she did have an incident at Holy Trinity School. A boy in Adele's class placed a note on her desk telling her that black people are not allowed in this school. Sister Christopher, along with four priests, apologized to her in front of the whole class, making it clear to all that she was welcome.

But, sometimes people want to carve out a place of their own. "My grandmother Dodson was a principled person," Adele said, "who wrote the Bishop of Baltimore asking, if they built a church, would he send a priest? And his reply was 'Yes.'" Epiphany became the Catholic Church in Georgetown for African-Americans.

The character building that Adele gained, including her time at Holy Trinity, served her well. After college, Adele worked hard. Her career journey began at Georgetown University Hospital for five years as an administrator, followed by time at the University of

California Medical Center in San Francisco—where she did not care for the climate. She then spent more than 15 years as Community Affairs Director producing Public Service Announcement for Washington DC's most viewed local news coverage WTOP/WUSA-TV.

Adele was welcomed back to Georgetown University in their Alumni Relations Office. She then went on to the World Bank as Program and Training Coordinator for 10 years. She retired in 2015 after spending more than 10 years at the National Football League Players Association.

The common thread in all these jobs? Adele spent her career in positions of helping others.

With the same enthusiasm that Adele demonstrated in her career, she moves into her retirement. She just finished a three year term on an advisory board for the Women's National Democratic Club where she thoughtfully and generously invited me to meet and visit with her.

Adele enjoys her solitude. She enjoys international cruises by herself, as a time to reflect, viewing how others live and how fortunate she is. These trips, to a dramatic change of scenery, are a demonstration of her depth and appreciation for life, "a good and happy life with and serving God"

Holy Trinity had a very constructive impact on Adele's life. She has made an impact on mine, as I gathered this information and came to know her from our visits.

—Marilyn Butler

Note: The author met with Adele on three separate occasions. The first, at the Georgetown Public Library in the Peabody Room, the author introduced Adele to Jerry McCoy, special collections for DC Library. Adele went on to introduce them to her family in "Black Georgetown Remembered."

Adele's story, along with several more by her siblings and friends, are included in the author's "Mapping Georgetown" project. Learn more about the project and share your own Georgetown story at www.mappinggeorgetown.com/blog.

An Anniversary Hymn Celebrating 225 Years

As part of our 225th Anniversary celebration, David Pennington, Pastoral Associate for Liturgy, commissioned a new hymn for Holy Trinity. The music is written by Tony Alonso and the lyrics are written by Mel Bringle. The hymn will premiere at the Anniversary Mass on October 6 at 11am. In an email exchange with David, Mel shared her inspiration:

[The text is] something I think I've been wanting in the back my head to write ever since hearing Fred Craddock preach a sermon in Cannon Chapel at Emory University when I was a doctoral student there. He was linking "the good measure, pressed down" text from Luke in wonderful ways to Jesus' extravagance (in both Luke and John) in providing the disciples with more fish than their nets or their boats could hold. I remember with joy Craddock's dramatic recounting of the fish leaping into the nets, the disciples straining to deal with a catch

so vast after they'd thought they were going to head back to shore with nothing... and the high, holy laughter of God's providing far more grace than our small vessels can accommodate.

So, when you talking in the commissioning request about the sacramentality of your congregational life together, it seemed a wonderful time to pull up the Lukan passage and start imagining all those good things (grains, olives, grapes) to which we could literally ascribe 'good measure, pressed down, running over'...and then to amplify that with the metaphorical abundance of welcome, grace, and love (which, indeed, multiplies in the giving)...You will also have noted how the very line "good measure, pressed down, running over" begins to "run over" in the text through the frequency of use. It was my hope that people could relax joyfully into the numerous repetitions of that line."

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To the people of God at Holy Trinity Catholic Church in Washington, DC in celebration of their 225th Anniversary

COME AND BE FED, COME AND BE FILLED

Mary Louise Bringle Tony Alonso

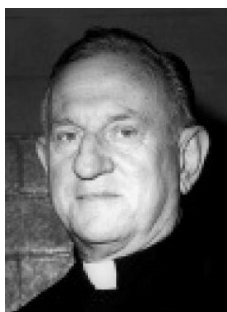
Crisp and light ♩ = ca. 68

Verbes

1. God's	is	vish	a	but	dance	en
2. The	dry	land	bursts	forth	in	to
3. The	grain	at	the	har	vest	are
4. The	oil	of	the	oil	vine	er
5. The	grapes	of	the	vine	yard	are
6. God's	well	come	spreads	wid	er	than

Join us in singing our new hymn at the Anniversary Mass on October 6 at 11am!

Father Emory Ross, S.J., Pastor at Holy Trinity, 1953-1958



Fr. Emory Ross, S.J., became pastor of Holy Trinity in August 1953. He was very popular with the parishioners, and he was always ready to celebrate the liturgical and seasonal events in the

Church. For example, in 1957, Fr. Ross suggested that the men's club and mother's club work together to put on a four-day bazaar with games, pony rides, and other social activities. The pony ride was set up in front of the girls' high school around the statue of Mary. The bazaar ended on a Saturday night with a raffle with prizes of \$1,000 and \$500. The students of the schools were given five ticket books each to sell for the raffle. The bazaar became an annual event, but it was discontinued after Fr. Ross's tenure as pastor.

At Holy Trinity School, Fr. Ross taught religion in the 1957-1958 school year to the fifth grade. One of Fr. Ross's favorite activities was to play the piano, and he would play Broadway show tunes on the stage of the theater after school.

One of the acquisitions for the church under Fr. Ross's pastorate that has had a lasting effect was the installation of the Skinner Organ. In 1954, Holy Trinity purchased a 1925 E.M. Skinner organ that had originally been in the Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress. According to "Holy Trinity's Pipe Dream," an article published in an earlier edition of this publication, an organ built by Ernest M. Skinner was installed in the original 1869 case. The pipes of the original organ were incorporated. Ernest Martin Skinner (1866-1960) was one of the most successful American pipe organ builders of the early 20th century. The organ was refurbished again several times over the years and after the latest work in 2000, "Now complete, this historic organ has 50 ranks over 4 divisions and over 2,500 pipes. It is a versatile instrument, capable of playing the majority of organ repertoire, and perfectly suited to lead Catholic liturgy."

After departing from Holy Trinity parish, Fr. Ross went to teach and coach basketball at St. Joseph's University in Philadelphia. He was the moderator, chaplain, and coach of the basketball team. A story told by Theresa Greutz, successful coach of the women's bas-

ketball team at St. Joseph's, gives another insight into the Fr. Ross's humor. She remembers, "Our team's moderator, Father Ross, and I wound up coaching St. Joe's for two years. He was a wonderful man who accompanied the team and said Mass on road trips. During one particular road trip - I couldn't have been more than 23 years old at the time - there was a knock on my hotel door, and it was Father Ross. He handed me a bottle of White Label Scotch. I said, "Father, I don't drink." And he said, "'My dear, if you stay in this profession, you might consider it." To this day, I still have that bottle, unopened. Those are the kind of people that mentored me."

—Linda Nystrom

