

**Celebration of the Life and Legacy
of
Kathryn (Kate) Jishuang Wagner Billings**
May 8, 2000 - March 3, 2026
A beloved daughter, sister, friend & animal lover.



**Saturday, June 6, 2026
3:00 PM**

Co-Presiders

The Reverends Michele H. Morgan and Caitlin Frazier

Director of Music

Jeff Kempskie

PRELUDE MUSIC

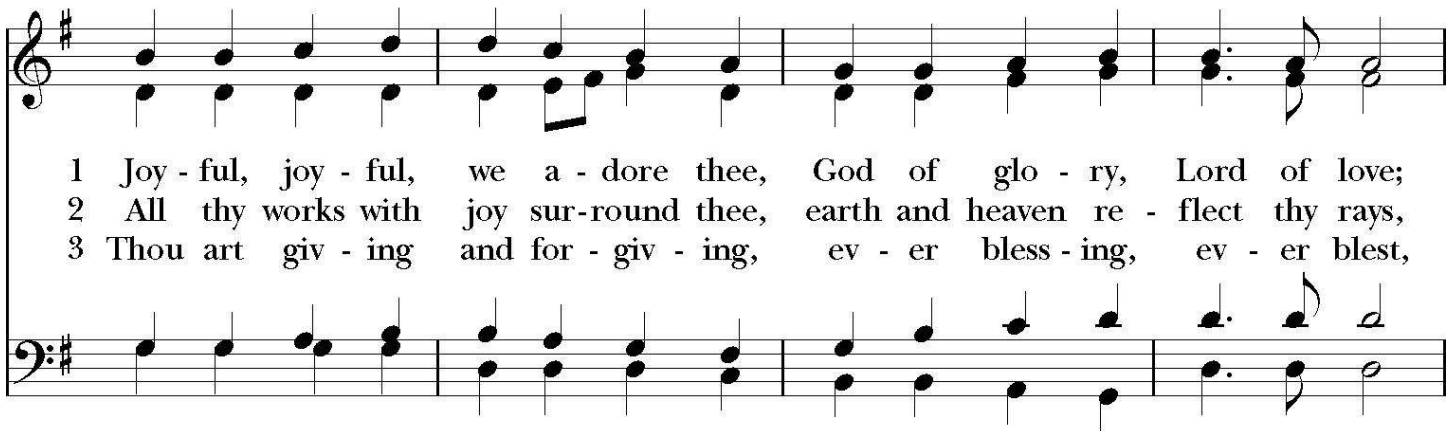
As the procession enters the Nave, all, as able, please stand.

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
God's mercies never come to an end;
They are new every morning;
Great is the faithfulness of God.

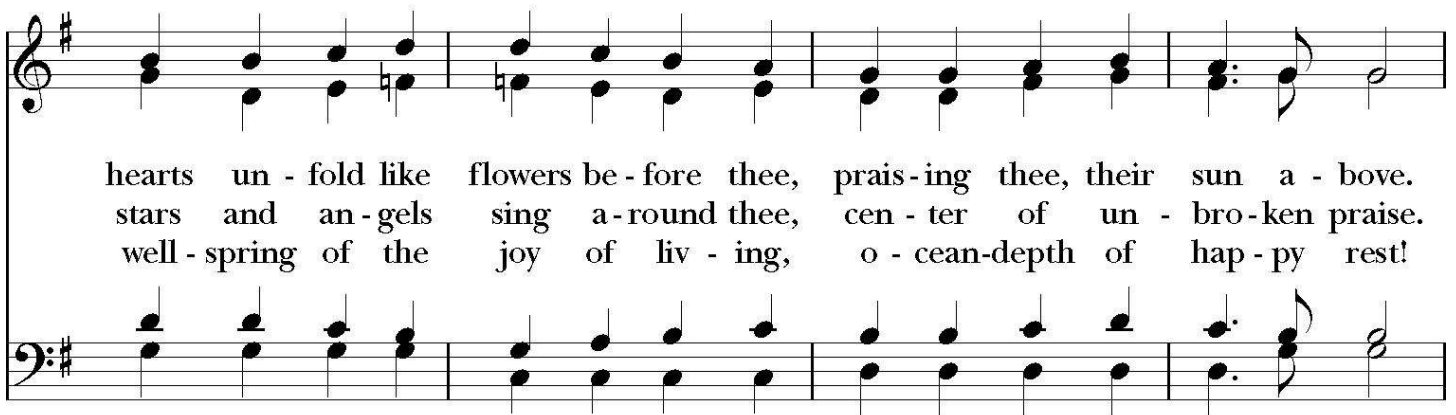
The Lord will not cast off for ever.
Though God causes grief, she will have compassion
According to the abundance of his steadfast love;
The Lord does not willingly afflict or grieve their children.

HYMN 376 Joyful, joyful, we adore thee

Hymn to Joy



1 Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2 All thy works with joy sur-round thee, earth and heaven re - flect thy rays,
3 Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,



hearts un - fold like flowers be - fore thee, prais - ing thee, their sun a - bove.
stars and an - gels sing a - round thee, cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise.
well - spring of the joy of liv - ing, o - cean - depth of hap - py rest!

Melt the clouds of sin and sad-ness; drive the dark of doubt a-way;
 Field and for-est, vale and moun-tain, bloom-ing mea-dow, flash-ing sea,
 Thou our Fa-ther, Christ our Bro-ther: all who live in love are thine;

giv-er of im-mor-tal glad-ness, fill us with the light of day.
 chant-ing bird and flow-ing foun-tain, call us to re-joice in thee.
 teach us how to love each o-ther, lift us to the joy di-vine.

THE COLLECT

God be with you.
 And also with you.

Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember this day our sister Kate. Deal graciously, we pray, with all who mourn: that, casting all their care on you, they may know the consolation of your love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The people are seated.

THE LITURGY OF THE WORD

THE FIRST READING Blessing for the Brokenhearted

By Jan Richardson

There is no remedy for love but to love more.
– Henry David Thoreau

Let us agree
for now
that we will not say
the breaking
makes us stronger
or that it is better
to have this pain
than to have done
without this love.

Let us promise
we will not
tell ourselves
time will heal
the wound,
when every day
our waking
opens it anew.
Perhaps for now
it can be enough
to simply marvel
at the mystery
of how a heart

so broken
can go on beating,
as if it were made
for precisely this—

as if it knows
the only cure for love
is more of it,

as if it sees
the heart's sole remedy
for breaking
is to love still,

as if it trusts
that its own
persistent pulse
is the rhythm
of a blessing
we cannot
begin to fathom
but will save us
nonetheless.

March 8, 2026

I still see you
in red paper lantern light,
in the crackle of fireworks
and the warm kitchen windows
of your house in February.

Your laugh used to bounce
off the walls like music—
bright and effortless,
like the world had decided
to be kind that day.

Every Chinese New Year
felt bigger at your house.
Shoes piled by the door,
voices layered in happiness,
the smell of dumplings and sweet rice
floating through every room.
We would sit on the floor
with pockets full of White Rabbit candies,
peeling back the little wrappers like
tiny gifts.

We always ate too many—
our tongues coated in milk and sugar
while we promised just one more.
And those glass Ramune bottles,
remember?

We'd push the marble down together and
laugh when the soda fizzed up,
spilling everywhere
while we tried not to make a mess.

It was simple then—
just laughter,
sticky candy fingers,
and the kind of friendship
that felt like it would last forever.
You were always
so gentle with people.
So quick to smile.
The kind of person
who made everyone feel
a little more welcome in the world.
I wish you could see
how many memories of you
are still alive here.
They live in red lanterns.
In candy wrappers.
In the sharp pop of fireworks
and the sweet taste of childhood.
But I like to believe
wherever you are now
there is quiet,
there is warmth,
there is peace
that the world could not give you here.
And maybe, somehow,
you're laughing again.
So every Chinese New Year
when the lanterns glow
and the fireworks rise into the sky,
I will think of you.
Of the sweetness.
Of the joy.
Of the girl who filled a room with light.

THE THIRD READING Adapted from “For the Fallen” by Laurence Binyon

She shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary her, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember her.
She mingles not with her laughing friends again;
She sits no more at familiar tables of home;
She has no lot in our labour of the day-time;
She sleeps beyond her beaches' foam.
But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of her new land she is known
As the stars are known to the Night;
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, she remains.

All, as able, please stand

THE GOSPEL Matthew 5:1-9,

The Gospel of Jesus according to Matthew.

Glory to you, Lord Christ.

When Jesus saw the crowds, he went up the mountain, and after he sat down, his disciples came to him. And he began to speak and taught them, saying: “Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. “Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted. “Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. “Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they will be filled. “Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy. “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

The Gospel of Jesus.

Praise to you, Lord Christ.

The people sit.

REFLECTIONS

James Clinton Billings III
Alice Yuchen Wagner Billings

THE HOMILY

The Reverend Michele Morgan

MUSIC I Want to Know What Love Is

Mick Jones, arr. Dietmar Steinhauer

The people stand.

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

At the rising sun and at its going down;
We remember her.

At the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter;
We remember her.

At the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring;
We remember her.

At the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer;
We remember her.

At the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of the autumn;
We remember her.

At the beginning of the year and when it ends;
We remember her.

As long as we live, she too will live,
For Kate is now a part of us, as we remember her.

When we are weary and in need of strength;
We remember her.

When we are lost and sick at heart;
We remember her.

When we have decisions that are difficult to make;
We remember her.

When we have joy, we crave to share;
We remember her.

When we have achievements that are based on hers;
We remember her.

For as long as we live, she too will live,
For Kate is now a part of us, as we remember her.

THE PEACE

May the peace of God be always with you.
And also with you.

All, one with another, exchange a sign of peace.

WELCOME

THE LITURGY OF THE TABLE

OFFERTORY MUSIC

A Million Dreams, from *The Greatest Showman*

Benj Pasek & Justin Paul

Katherine Buchanan & Marika Klein, duet

*I close my eyes and I can see
A world that's waiting up for me
That I call my own
Through the dark, through the door
Through where no one's been before
But it feels like home*

*They can say, they can say it all sounds crazy
They can say, they can say I've lost my mind
I don't care, I don't care, so call me crazy
We can live in a world that we design*

*'Cause every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head
A million dreams are keepin' me awake
I think of what the world could be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
Oh, a million dreams for the world we're
gonna make*

*There's a house we can build
Every room inside is filled
With things from far away
Special things I compile
Each one there to make you smile
On a rainy day*

*They can say, they can say it all sounds crazy
They can say, they can say we've lost our minds
I don't care, I don't care if they call us crazy*

*Run away to a world that we design
Every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head
A million dreams are keepin' me awake
I think of what the world could be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
Oh, a million dreams for the world we're
gonna make*

*However big, however small
Let me be part of it all
Share your dreams with me
You may be right, you may be wrong
But say that you'll bring me along
To the world you see*

*To the world I close my eyes to see
I close my eyes to see
'Cause every night I lie in bed
The brightest colors fill my head
A million dreams are keepin' me awake
A million dreams, a million dreams*

*I think of what the world could be
A vision of the one I see
A million dreams is all it's gonna take
A million dreams for the world we're gonna
make
For the world we're gonna make*

The people stand.

EUCCHARISTIC PRAYER

God is always present.

God is here, among us!

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to the living God.

Let us give thanks to our sovereign God.

It is right to give our thanks and praise.

It is right, and a good and joyful thing, always and everywhere to give thanks to you, Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, who rose victorious from the dead, and comforts us with the blessed hope of everlasting life. For to your faithful people, O Lord, life is changed, not ended; and when our mortal body lies in death, there is prepared for us a dwelling place eternal in the heavens. Therefore, we praise you, joining our voices with Angels and Archangels and with all the company of heaven, who for ever sing this hymn to proclaim the glory of your Name:

Holy, holy, holy Lord, God of power and might: heaven and earth are full of your glory! Hosanna in the highest! Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest!

Holy and gracious Mother: In your infinite love you made us for yourself, and, when we had fallen into sin and become subject to evil and death, you, in your mercy, sent Jesus Christ, your only and eternal Son, to share our human nature, to live and die as one of us, to reconcile us to you, the God and Source of all. He stretched out his arms upon the cross, and offered himself, in obedience to your will, a perfect sacrifice for the whole world.

On the night he was handed over to suffering and death, our Lord Jesus Christ took bread; and when he had given thanks to you, he broke it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, "Take, eat: This is my Body, which is given for you. Do this for the remembrance of me." After supper he took the cup of wine; and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them, and said, "Drink this, all of you: This is my Blood of the new Covenant, which is shed for you and for all for the forgiveness of sins. Whenever you drink it, do this for the remembrance of me."

Therefore we proclaim the mystery of faith:

Christ has died; Christ is risen; Christ will come again.

We celebrate the memorial of our redemption, O Father, in this sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. Recalling his death, resurrection, and ascension, we offer you these gifts.

Sanctify them by your Holy Spirit to be for your people the Body and Blood of your Son, the holy food and drink of new and unending life in him. Sanctify us also that we may faithfully receive this holy Sacrament, and serve you in unity, constancy, and peace; and at the last day bring us with all your saints into the joy of your eternal kingdom.

All this we ask through your Son Jesus Christ: By him, and with him, and in him, in the unity of the Holy Spirit all honor and glory is yours, Almighty Father, now and for ever. **Amen!**

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

THE BREAKING OF THE BREAD

Alleluia! Christ our Passover has been sacrificed for us.

Therefore let us keep the feast! Alleluia!

THE INVITATION TO COMMUNION

We recognize this as God's table set before us and this bread and wine as God's food for all.

Therefore, whoever we are, from wherever we have come, and whatever we believe or do not believe, all are welcome and invited to receive. Amen!

THE COMMUNION

St. Mark's receives communion "in the round" as a symbol of our strong belief in the power of community.

You will be offered bread and invited to drink from the common cup.

Please refrain from intincting (dipping) the host (the bread) into the wine.

MUSIC DURING COMMUNION

Feed the Birds, from *Mary Poppins*

Richard M. & Robert B. Sherman

Katherine Buchanan, soloist

*Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's
The little old bird woman comes
In her own special way to the people she call,*

*Come, buy my bags full of crumbs
Come feed the little birds,
Show them you care
And you'll be glad if you do
Their young ones are hungry
Their nests are so bare
All it takes is tuppence from you
Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag*

*"Feed the birds," that's what she cries
While overhead, her birds fill the skies*

*All around the cathedral the saints and
apostles
Look down as she sells her wares
Although you can't see it,
You know they are smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares*

*Though her words are simple and few
"Listen, listen," she's calling to you
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag."*

Katherine Buchanan & Marika Klein, duet

*I've heard it said
That people come into our lives
For a reason
Bringing something we must learn
And we are led
To those who help us most to grow
If we let them
And we help them in return*

*Well, I don't know if I believe that's true
But I know I'm who I am today
Because I knew you*

*Like a comet pulled from orbit
As it passes a sun
Like a stream that meets a boulder
Halfway through the wood
Who can say if I've been changed for the
better?
But because I knew you
I have been changed for good*

*It well may be
That we will never meet again
In this lifetime
So let me say before we part
So much of me
Is made of what I learned from you
You'll be with me
Like a handprint on my heart*

*And now whatever way our stories end
I know you have re-written mine
By being my friend*

*Like a ship blown from its mooring
By a wind off the sea
Like a seed dropped by a skybird
In a distant wood
Who can say if I've been changed for the
better?
But because I knew you
I have been changed for good*

*And just to clear the air
I ask forgiveness for the things I've done you
blame me for
But then, I guess we know there's blame to
share
And none of it seems to matter anymore*

*Like a comet pulled from orbit
(Like a ship blown from its mooring)
As it passes a sun
(By a wind off the sea)
Like a stream that meets a boulder
(Like a seed dropped by a bird)
Halfway through the wood (In the wood)*

*Who can say if I've been changed for the
better?
I do believe I have been changed for the
better
Because I knew you I have been changed
For good*

The people stand.

POST-COMMUNION PRAYER

Let us pray.

Almighty God, we thank you that in your great love you have fed us with the spiritual food and drink of the Body and Blood of your Son Jesus Christ, and have given us a foretaste of your heavenly banquet. Grant that this Sacrament may be to us a comfort in affliction, and a pledge of our inheritance in that kingdom where there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying, but the fullness of joy with all your saints; through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN Walk upon England's mountains green

Jerusalem



And did those feet in an - cient time Walk up - on Eng - land's mount - ains



green? And was the Ho - ly Lamb of God On Eng - land's plea - sant pas - tures



seen? And did the coun - te - nance di - vine Shine forth up - on our cloud - ed



hills? And was Je - ru - sa - lem build - ed here A - mong these dark sa - tan - ic mills?



Bring me my bow of burn - ing gold! Bring me my



ar - rows of de - sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds, un -



- fold! Bring me my char - i - ot of fire! I will not cease from men - tal

fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa -
- lem In Eng - land's green and plea - sant land.

THE BLESSING

Life is short, and we do not have much time to gladden the hearts of those who make the journey with us. So... be swift to love, and make haste to be kind. And the blessing of God, who made us, who loves us, and who travels with us, be with you now and forever.

Amen.

DISMISSAL

Go in peace to love one another and be of service to the world.

Amen!

POSTLUDE Defying Gravity, from *Wicked*

Stephen Schwartz

✠ ✠ ✠

All are invited to join the family in Baxter Hall immediately following the service for a reception and an opportunity to share remembrances.

✠ ✠ ✠

Liturgical Leaders & Worship Participants

Presiders	The Reverends Michele H. Morgan & Caitlin Frazier
Homilist	The Reverend Michele H. Morgan
Director of Music	Jeff Kempskie
Soloists	Katherine Buchanan & Marika Klein
Verger	Josie Jordan
Acolyte	Michael Knipe
Readers	Laura Burns, <i>Kate's godmother, first reading</i> Annadora Garner, <i>second reading</i> Michael Bayer, <i>Kate's godfather, third reading</i> Leonie Aksyonov & Rosalie Siegel, <i>Prayers of the People</i>
Eucharistic Ministers	Hanna & Duncan Andrews
Greeters	Karen Woodall, Jim Brooks, & Bill Jordan
Bread	Kevin W. Billings & Mary Louise Wagner
Altar Guild	Susan Sedgewick & Nancy Lucas
Video Director	Matt Dodge
Technical Director	Ben Wang



Thank you for joining us today to celebrate the life of our beloved Kate Billings. One of the best ways to honor her memory and legacy is to look out for animals who need our comfort and care through the Humane Rescue Alliance (humanerescuealliance.org) or City Wildlife (citywildlife.org), Both organizations are located in Washington, D.C.



Kathryn Jishuang Wagner Billings

Kathryn Jishuang Wagner Billings was born May 8, 2000 in Wuxi, China and joined her forever family on September 19, 2001, in Wuxi. Beloved daughter, sister, granddaughter, niece, cousin, friend, and animal lover, Kate passed away on March 3, 2026, at the age of 25.

She lived her life in Washington, DC, with short and longer visits to New York City, Rehoboth Beach, Nantucket, New Hampshire, Utah, London, and Germany.

Kate attended Lafayette Elementary School, Alice Deal Middle School, Woodrow Wilson High School, Emerson Preparatory High School, all in Washington, D.C., and Northern Virginia Community College. She loved the ballet and the theater, history, horseback riding, and occasionally soccer. Kate was employed by Quinn's Auction Galleries in Falls Church, Virginia, where she had a loving community of friends and colleagues.

She leaves behind her beloved sister and brother, Alice Yuchen Wagner Billings and James Clinton Billings III; her parents, Mary Louise Wagner and Kevin W. Billings; and her uncle, John E. Wagner, Jr. and his fiancé Rebecca Roper. She is mourned also by her beloved animals, Morgann, Oddie, Rubis, MeiMei, Connie, Simon, and Hattie, as well as many other dear and rescued members of the four-legged community.

Kate was predeceased by her beloved papa, John E. Wagner, her well-loved Sphynx cat Pluto, her birth twin sister in China, and a few other small or rescued animals, most notably Gigi and Turbo.

Kate's mission on this earth was short and temporary - to enrich the lives of those she encountered, those she loved, and those who loved her. She stayed around as long as she possibly could, she taught us many things, including the value of empathy and kindness, and she changed us all for the good.

