



SID CALLAGHAN

AUGUST 12, 1996
MAY 25, 2026

A Memorial Service
in Celebration and Thanksgiving
for the Life of

Sidney Charles Callaghan

August 12, 1996 – May 25, 2026



The liturgy for the dead is an Easter liturgy. It finds all meaning in the resurrection. Because Jesus was raised from the dead, we too, shall be raised.

The liturgy, therefore, is characterized by joy, in the certainty that “neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

This joy, however, does not make human grief unchristian. The very love we have for each other in Christ brings deep sorrow when we are parted by death. Jesus himself wept at the grave of his friend. So, while we rejoice that one we love has entered into the nearer presence of our Lord, we sorrow in sympathy with those who mourn.

From The Book of Common Prayer, p. 507

Presider: The Reverend Doyt L. Conn, Jr., Epiphany Parish • Verger: Diane Carlisle, Epiphany Parish • Organist: Dr. Paul Meier, St. Thomas Medina • Minister of Ceremony: Hannah Hochkeppel, St. Mark's Cathedral • Crucifer: Ann Beck, Epiphany Parish • Choir: Epiphany Choir • Sound: Michael Perrera, St. Mark's Cathedral • Livestream: Seth Thomsen, St. Mark's Cathedral

We invite you to help create the experience of silence before our service. Our hope is to calm our hearts as we prepare to enter into an intensity of shared presence. Thank you for turning off all electronic devices. **Note: The congregation is invited to read the bolded words throughout the service.**

Voluntaries

Andante sostenuto, op. 70 no. 2

Adagio, op 65, no. 1

Nimrod from Enigma Variations op. 36, variation no. 9

Charles-Marie Widor

Felix Mendelssohn

Edward Elgar

The Entrance

The Presider says the following anthems:

I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith has life in God,
even though they die.
And everyone who has life,
and has committed themselves in faith,
shall not die forever.

As for me, I know that my Redeemer lives
and that at the last he will stand upon the earth.
After my awaking, he will raise me up;
and in my body I shall see God.
I myself shall see, and my eyes behold him
who is my friend and not a stranger.

For none of us has life in themselves,
and none becomes their own master when they die.
For if we have life, we are alive in God,
and if we die, we die in God.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are God's possession.

Happy from now on are those who die into divine grace!
So it is, says the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.

Hymn (sung by all)

Amazing Grace *New Britain*

A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
have al - rea - dy come; 'tis grace that brought me
shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

now am found, was blind but now I see.
grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807)
Music: from *Virginia Harmony* 1831

Collect of the Day

Presider The Lord be with you.

People **And also with you.**

Presider Let us pray.

Presider O God, whose mercies cannot be numbered:
Accept our prayers on behalf of your servant Sid,
and grant him an entrance into the land of light
and joy, into the fellowship of your saints; through
Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with
you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever.
Amen.

The people are seated.

Eulogies

Mark Callaghan, Hugo Rapp,
Juliet Callaghan, Greg Callaghan,
Shelley Callaghan

The Liturgy of the Word

The people remain seated.

Reading: John 1:1-5 *Erin Callaghan*

Lector A Reading From the Gospel of John.

Reader In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it.

Homily

The Reverend Doyt L. Conn, Jr.
Rector of Epiphany Parish, Seattle

Silence is kept after the homily

Anthem *(sung by the choir)*

Steal Away by Dale Adelman

Refrain:

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home.
I ain't got long to stay here.

1. My Lord, he calls me,
He calls me by the thunder.
The trumpet sounds within a-my soul.
I ain't got long to stay here.

2. Green trees are bending,
Poor sinners stand a-trembling.
The trumpet sounds within a-my soul.
I ain't got long to stay here.

The people stand.

The Prayers

Presider As our Savior Christ has taught us,
we are bold to pray,

People **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.
And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
and the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.**

Reading *Jack Westover*

The reader offers the following prayers to which the people respond, "Amen."

Almighty God, who has knit together humanity in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of your Son Jesus: Grant, we beseech you, to your beloved people in paradise and on earth, your light and your peace. **Amen.**

Grant to us who are still in our pilgrimage, and who walk as yet by faith, that your Holy Spirit may lead us in holiness and righteousness all our days. **Amen.**

Grant to your faithful people pardon and peace, that we may be cleansed from all our transgressions, and serve you with a quiet mind. **Amen.**

Grant to all who mourn a sure confidence in your divine care, that, casting all their grief on you, they may know the consolation of your love. **Amen.**

Give courage and faith to those who are bereaved, that they may have strength to meet the days ahead in the comfort of a reasonable and holy hope, in the joyful expectation of eternal life with those they love. **Amen.**

Grant us grace to entrust Sid to your never-failing love; receive him into the arms of your mercy, and remember him according to the favor which you bear to your people. **Amen.**

Remembrance Prayer for Sid *Rob Goodman*

read as a call and response

In the rising of the sun and its going down,
We Remember Sid

In the blowing of the wind and in the chill of winter,
We Remember Sid

In the opening of the buds and in the rebirth of spring,
We Remember Sid

In the blueness of the skies and in the warmth of summer,
We Remember Sid

In the rustling of the leaves and in the beauty of autumn,
We Remember Sid

In the beginning of the year and when it ends,
We Remember Sid

When we are weary and in need of strength,
We Remember Sid

When we are lost and sick of heart,
We Remember Sid

When we have joys and special celebrations we yearn to share,
We Remember Sid

As long as we live, he too shall live, for he is part of us,
We Will Forever Remember Sid Callaghan

The people are seated.

Musical Interlude *Mark Hendry and Ryan Devlin*
Into The Mystic by Van Morrison

The Mountains Are Calling *Lauren Grey*

Adapted from the words of John Muir

Reader The mountains are calling, and I must go-
Not just to climb, but to remember you.
Your footsteps left in the pine and stone,
A quiet echo in the wind's soft tone.

You walked where eagles soared
and steams sang clear,
Where sunlight spilled on moss
and stone.

You knew the hush of dawn,
the hush of night,
And found peace in every sight.

Now in the high places, you rest,
Beneath the sky you loved so well.
The pines still whisper your name,
And the wind carries your song
through the glen.

So when the trail calls you to the top,
Know you are part of the mountain's song-
A breath of air, a leaf, a stone,
Forever part of the wild, the home.

The Commendation

The people stand.

Presider Give rest, O Christ, to your servant
with your saints,

People **Where sorrow and pain are no more,
either sighing, but life everlasting.**

Presider You only are immortal, the creator and maker of
humankind; and we are mortal, formed of the
earth, and to earth shall we return. For so you did
ordain when you created me, saying, "You are

dust, and to dust you shall return." All of us go
down to the dust; yet even at the grave we make
our song: Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

People **Give rest, O Christ, to your servant with your
saints, where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

Presider Into your hands, O merciful Savior, we commend
your servant Sid. Acknowledge, we humbly
beseech you, a sheep of your own fold, a lamb of
your own flock, a sinner of your own redeeming.
Receive him into the arms of your mercy, into the
blessed rest of everlasting peace, and into the
glorious company of the saints in light. **Amen.**

Presider The Lord be with you.

People **And also with you.**

Presider Let us pray.
Almighty God, with whom still live the spirits of
those who die in the Lord, and with whom the
souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity: We give
you heartfelt thanks for the good examples of all
your servants, who, having finished their course in
faith, now find rest and refreshment. May we too
have perfect fulfillment and bliss in your eternal
and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our
Lord. **Amen.**

Presider Rest eternal grant to Sid, O Lord;

People **And let light perpetual shine upon him.**

Presider May his soul and the souls of all the departed,
through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

People **Amen.**

The people sit.

Anthem (sung by the choir)

Sing Me to Heaven by Daniel Gawthrop

In my heart's sequestered chambers lie
Truths stripped of poet's gloss.
Words alone are vain and vacant,
And my heart is mute.

In response to aching silence memory
Summons half-heard voices,
And my soul finds primal eloquence and
Wraps me in song, Wraps me in song.

If you would comfort me,
Sing me a lullaby.
If you would win my heart,
Sing me a love song.
If you would mourn me and bring me to God,
Sing me a requiem, Sing me to heaven.

Touch in me all love and passion,
Pain and pleasure,
Touch in me grief and comfort;
Love and passion, Pain and pleasure.

Sing me a lullaby, a love song, a requiem,
Love me, comfort me, bring me to God:
Sing me a love song, Sing me to heaven.

The people stand

The Blessing

Presider May God, who has given us, in the lives of the saints, patterns of holy living and victorious dying, strengthen your faith and devotion, and enable you to be witness to beauty and goodness. And the blessing of God Almighty, Father, Son and Holy Spirit—the God who loves you, who really really loves you—be upon you and remain with you forever. **Amen.**

Hymn (sung by all)

Joyful, joyful we adore thee

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.

Words: Henry Van Dyke (1852-1933)

Music: Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Dismissal

Presider Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

People **Thanks be to God.**

Voluntary

Allegro maestoso e vivace - Fuga, op. 65, no. 2

Felix Mendelssohn

Sid Callaghan

It is with shattered hearts that we announce the passing of our beloved Sid Callaghan, born August 12, 1996, in Seattle, Washington. He was 29 years old.

Sid was defined by kindness, humility, a childlike curiosity, and an infectious zest for life. He was the bright light in every room. An artist from the very beginning, Sid was rarely without a sketchbook in hand. Creativity was not something he enjoyed, it was how he understood the world. Whether drawing, designing, skiing or sewing, he approached life with imagination and an unwavering belief that anything could be learned.

He took that creativity and love to the mountains, to the water, and to the deep friendships he forged in every nook. Sid danced and played his way through all of it — on the slopes, in the water, alongside the people who mattered most. Crystal Mountain was his second home, and skiing was his passion. At the University of Vermont, he found another family through the UVM Freestyle Ski Team, forming friendships that would remain among some of the deepest and most meaningful of his life. The friends he found on mountains, waves and rivers became something more than friends. They became family. And summers in the Columbia Gorge were among the happiest of his life.

No relationships were more important to Sid than those he shared with his siblings. His brother Greg was his best friend and, in many ways, his opposite and yet between them lived one of the most remarkable bonds a family can

witness. His little sister Juliet held a completely singular place in his heart. He adored her, protected her, and never missed an opportunity to make her laugh.

After attending Bertschi, Seattle Academy, and the University of Vermont, Sid built a career in technical apparel design. Entirely self-taught, he combined artistic talent with an extraordinary work ethic. He was thriving at Outdoor Research in Seattle while quietly building a design brand of his own. It was a dream well underway.

On May 25, while on a reunion trip with his closest college friends, that future was taken from him while defending a friend. Sid's loyalty and love at the forefront.

The loss of Sid is immeasurable.

He is survived by his parents, Shelley and Mark Callaghan; his brother Greg; his sister Juliet; his Stepmom Erin, Shelley's fiancé, Robbie; and Jack and Sammy, whom he loved as family in every sense of the word. He leaves behind a grandmother, aunts, uncles, cousins, and a vast community of lifelong friends - because to Sid, cousins were like siblings, friends became family, and family was everything.

We will miss him every single day. We will tell his stories and laugh at the ones that made him laugh. We will look for him in the mountains, in a well-drawn line, in the moment a room fills with laughter for no apparent reason.

He was 29 years old. He had so much left to do. And he was so, so loved.

You are cordially invited
to the reception following the ceremony at:

The Jack Building
74 South Jackson St.,
Seattle, WA



Share Memories

Scan the QR code to share
your story, memory, or photo
on TributeWell so his family
can gather and treasure them.



Sid's Playlist

Scan the QR code to listen to
Sid's favorite music.