

A SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

Margaretta Conderman Arnold

December 24, 1940 – December 28, 2025



Saturday, April 18, 2026, at 11 a.m.

SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH

LAFAYETTE SQUARE • WASHINGTON, DC

*St. John's is a church for people of all races, ethnicities, genders, sexual orientations,
and viewpoints grounded in love. Whoever you are, we welcome you.*

MARGO ARNOLD

Margaretta Conderman Arnold died on December 28, 2025. She was born in Pittsburgh on December 24, 1940. There she went to the Ellis School before completing her secondary education at the Foxhollow School in Lenox, Massachusetts. She developed a lasting love for modern and contemporary art in her early years. She earned a BA in Art History at Connecticut College and a degree in Commercial Art from the Paier School of Art in Hamden, Connecticut.

Margo lived in Connecticut before moving to Washington, DC, with her husband, Douglas Arnold, in March 1990. Her professional career encompassed a series of positions in graphic design, marketing, and sales. Most recently, she worked for the downtown DC franchise of Sir Speedy Printing and Graphics. She published a book about her sales techniques entitled *Shameless Self-Promotion*.

In 1994, Margo founded the International Artists Support Group (IASG), which mounted over 30 exhibitions in the United States and abroad. Over the years, she and Doug built a substantial art collection, mostly from artists they met through IASG.

Margo enjoyed foreign travel with Doug to England, France, Australia, New Zealand, Italy, Brazil, India, and South Africa. In DC, she was a member of St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, and the Cosmos Club. She spent her childhood summers in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where her family built and operated a guest ranch. Jackson Hole remained a special place in her heart as she enjoyed returning to the Tetons with her son and daughter-in-law, Christopher and Catherine Carter and grandchildren, Margaretta and John Carter.

Margo will be remembered for her outgoing personality, her devotion to family, her deep love of art, and her generosity of spirit.

IN MEMORIAM: Margaretta Park Frew

I think there never was a day
more beautiful
I think there never was a sky
so blue
Crisply, with sounds like silken
taffeta, the river
Flowed around the ranch she loved
and knew.
The pool, translucent blue beyond
the shallows,
The water, jade by the steep bank's
break,
The aspen were a spurt of golden
glory
Beside the tumbled pebbles of the
Snake.

Lining the west, on jagged graph
of Tetons
The slanting pencil of the sun gay
morning brought,
And in their twilight reticence
and shadow
She found the immortal peace her
spirit sought.
She has not passed from our
horizon,
She is released, refreshed, to
pillowed rest
In the everlasting arms of God
the father,
In the eternal skies which guard
the west.

—*William M. Milliken*

Welcome to St. John's Church, Lafayette Square.
*All are invited to participate in the service as able. Congregational responses appear in **bold**.*

*The flowers are given to the glory of God, and in loving memory of Margo Arnold,
by Pete and Katherine Kyle and Natalie Popovic.*

VOLUNTARY

INTROIT

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts

Henry Purcell (1659–1965)

Sung by the choir.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
shut not thy merciful ears unto our prayers;
but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty.
O holy and most merciful Savior, thou most worthy judge eternal,
suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee. Amen.

—*Funeral Sentence from the Book of Common Prayer*

Please stand as you are able as the procession enters.

Priest I am Resurrection and I am Life, says the Lord.
Whoever has faith in me shall have life,
even though he die.
And everyone who has life,
and has committed himself to me in faith,
shall not die for ever.

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 himself,
and none becomes his own master when he dies.
For if we have life, we are alive in the Lord,
and if we die, we die in the Lord.
So, then, whether we live or die,
we are the Lord's possession.

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

COLLECTS

Priest The Lord be with you.

People **And also with you.**

Priest Let us pray.

O God of grace and glory, we remember before you this day our sister Margo. We thank you for giving her to us, her family and friends, to know and to love as a companion on our earthly pilgrimage. In your boundless compassion, console us who mourn. Give us faith to see in death the gate of eternal life, so that in quiet confidence we may continue our course on earth, until, by your call, we are reunited with those who have gone before; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding: Deal graciously with Margo's family and friends in their grief. Surround them with your love, that they may not be overwhelmed by their loss, but have confidence in your goodness, and strength to meet the days to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

WELCOME *Please be seated.*

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

REMEMBRANCES

Gwineth Clarkson, Margaretta Day Carter,
and Douglas M. Arnold

HYMN 671

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound

Sung by all, standing as you are able.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of two systems of music. The first system covers the first five lines of the hymn, and the second system covers the next five lines. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef.

1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, that
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
3 The Lord has prom - ised good to me, his
4 Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
5 When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

1 saved a wretch like me! I once was lost but
2 grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
3 word my hope se - cures; he will my shield and
4 have al - rea - dy come; 'tis grace that brought me
5 shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

1 now am found, was blind but now I see.
 2 grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
 3 por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
 4 safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
 5 sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Words: John Newton (1725-1807), alt.; st. 5, from *A Collection of Sacred Ballads*, 1790; compiled by Richard Broaddus and Andrew Broaddus. Music: *New Britain*, from *Virginia Harmony* 1831; adapt. att. Edwin Othello Excell (1851-1921); harm. Austin Cole Lovelace (b. 1919). Harmonization Copyright © 1974 by Abingdon Press.

THE FIRST READING

“Look to this day”

Read by Curtis D. Rooney.

Please be seated.

Look to this day, for it is life,
 The very life of life,
 In its brief course lie all the realities
 And verities of existence:

The bliss of growth, the splendor of action,
 The glory of power.
 For yesterday is but a dream
 And tomorrow is only a vision.

But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
 A dream of happiness!
 And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Look well, therefore, to this day!

—*Kalidasa, Gupta Empire*

PSALM 23

Led by Becky Swain Sanderson, said in unison by all.

The LORD is my shepherd; *
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; *
he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; *
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; *
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; *
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, *
and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

THE SECOND READING

Romans 8:24-28, 35, 37-39

Read by David W. Palmquist.

For in hope we were saved. Now hope that is seen is not hope, for who hopes for what one already sees? But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience. Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness, for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but that very Spirit intercedes with groanings too deep for words. And God, who searches hearts, knows what is the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for the saints according to the will of God. We know that all things work together for good for those who love God, who are called according to his purpose.

Who will separate us from the love of Christ? Will affliction or distress or persecution or famine or nakedness or peril or sword? No, in all these things we are more than victorious through him who loved us. For I am convinced that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor rulers, 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.

Reader The Word of the Lord.

People Thanks be to God.

THE SERMON

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

ANTHEM

O quam gloriosum

Tomás Luis de Victoria (c. 1548–1611)

Sung by the choir.

*O quam gloriosum est regnum, in quo cum Christo gaudent omnes Sancti!
Amicti stolis albis, sequuntur Agnum, quocumque ierit.*

O how glorious is the kingdom in which all the saints rejoice with Christ!
Clad in robes of white, they follow the Lamb wherever he goes.

– *Antiphon for the Feast of All Saints*

THE APOSTLES' CREED

Said by all, standing as you are able.

**I believe in God, the Father almighty,
creator of heaven and earth.**

**I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord.
He was conceived by the power of the Holy Spirit
and born of the Virgin Mary.
He suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was buried.
He descended to the dead.
On the third day he rose again.
He ascended into heaven,
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again to judge the living and the dead.**

**I believe in the Holy Spirit,
the holy catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and the life everlasting. Amen.**

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Priest And now, as our Savior Christ has taught us, we are bold to say,

All **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.**

THE PRAYERS

Led by Clark Ervin.

Intercessor For our sister Margo, let us pray to our Lord Jesus Christ who said, "I am Resurrection and I am Life."

Lord, you consoled Martha and Mary in their distress; draw near to us who mourn for Margo, and dry the tears of those who weep.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor You wept at the grave of Lazarus, your friend; comfort us in our sorrow.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor You raised the dead to life; give to our sister eternal life.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor You promised paradise to the thief who repented; bring our sister to the joys of heaven.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor Our sister was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give her fellowship with all your saints.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor She was nourished with your Body and Blood; grant her a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

People **Hear us, Lord.**

Intercessor Comfort us in our sorrows at the death of our sister; let our faith be our consolation, and eternal life our hope.

The priest continues

Father of all, we pray to you for Margo, and for all those whom we love but see no longer. Grant to them eternal rest. Let light perpetual shine upon them. May her soul and the souls of all the departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. **Amen.**

THE COMMENDATION

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

People **where sorrow and pain are no more,
neither sighing, but life everlasting.**

Priest You only are immortal, the creator and maker of mankind; and we are mortal, formed of the earth, and to earth shall we return. For so did you 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.**

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

THE BLESSING

Priest Life is short. And we do not have too much time to gladden the hearts of those who travel the way with us. So be swift to love. Make haste to be kind. And the blessing of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be upon you and remain with you always. **Amen.**

THE DISMISSAL

Please stand as you are able.

Priest Let us go forth in the name of Christ. Alleluia, alleluia.

People **Thanks be to God. Alleluia, alleluia.**

1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2 I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour;
 3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 4 Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;

the dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
 what but thy grace can foil the tempt - er's power?
 ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
 shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;

when o - ther help - ers fail and com - forts flee,
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
 heaven's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain sha - dows flee;

help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
 Through cloud and sun - shine, Lord, a - bide with me.
 I tri - umph still, if thou a - bide with me.
 in life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me.

Words: Henry Frances Lyte (1793-1847). Music: *Eventide*, William Henry Monk (1823-1889).

VOLUNTARY

*Following the service, all are invited to a reception in
Togo West Parlor, on the first floor of St. John's Parish House.*

*Margo's ashes will be buried in the Aspen Hill Cemetery in Jackson Hole,
Wyoming, alongside her maternal grandmother, Margaretta Park Frew.*

*Memorial gifts may be made to St. John's Church (1525 H Street, NW, Washington, DC 20005)
or to The Mount, Edith Wharton's Home (2 Plunkett Street, Lenox, MA 01240).*

If you wish to make a memorial offering to St. John's, you may do so using the QR code or at bit.ly/sjc-offering.



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ASSISTING AT TODAY'S SERVICE

CLERGY

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher, *Rector*

CRUCIFER

Christopher Carter

REMEMBRANCES

Gwinneth Clarkson, Margaretta Day Carter, and Douglas M. Arnold

READERS

Curtis D. Rooney, Becky Swain Sanderson, and David W. Palmquist

INTERCESSOR

Clark Ervin

MUSICIANS

Brent Erstad, *Director of Music and Organist*

Tory Wood, *soprano* | Jennifer Mathews, *alto*

Nate Roper, *tenor* | Christopher Jones, *bass*

USHERS

Powell Hutton, Joanne Hutton, Patricia Leslie, and Michael Malloy

GREETERS

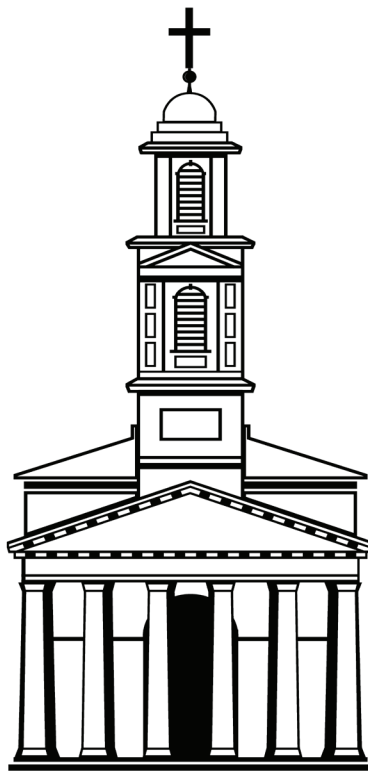
Angela Jackson and Jerry Daniels, Jr.

FLOWER GUILD

Pat Dalby, Joanne Hutton, and Katherine Kyle

LIVESTREAM TECHNICIAN

Jeremy Skog



ST. JOHN'S MISSION STATEMENT

St. John's shines as a beacon of God's love through faith, worship, care, and community, and offers a place of grace at our historic corner in the nation's capital.

Parish House

1525 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005-1005

(202) 347-8766 ♦ www.stjohns-dc.org