

A SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

# Barbara Quarles Harper

July 6, 1929 – July 31, 2025



Monday, September 8, 2025, at 11 a.m.

## SAINT JOHN'S CHURCH

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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.*

## ASSISTING AT TODAY'S SERVICE

### CLERGY

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher  
The Rev. Sarah Akes-Cardwell  
The Rev. Eric Bailey  
The Rev. William Morris

### CRUCIFER

Paul Barkett

### READERS

Debby Harper Hailey and Sam Danello

### REMEMBRANCES

Nick Hailey, Jeff Harper, and Betsy Harper Danello

### INTERCESSORS

Caroline Cole, Sarah Yeomans, Peter Hailey,  
Matt Harper, Ally Harper, Liza Pearce, and Mike Danello

### MUSICIANS

Brent Erstad  
The St. John's Choir  
Gil Hoffer, *trumpet*

### USHERS

James Czerwonky, *Head Usher*  
Matt Bode, Grant Kraus, and Richard Metzger, *Assistant Head Ushers*  
Pat Czerwonky, Fruzsina Harsanyi, and Anne Stewart

### FLOWER GUILD

Paul Barkett and Anne Harrington

### LIVESTREAM TECHNICIAN

Jeremy Skog

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

## VOLUNTARY

### INTROIT

Never weather-beaten sail

Richard Shephard (1949–2021)

*Sung by the choir.*

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:  
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

—*Thomas Campion (1567–1620)*

*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, whose mercies cannot be numbered: Accept our prayers on behalf of your servant Barbie, and grant her an entrance into the land of light and joy, in the fellowship of your saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen.**

Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then, in your mercy, grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. **Amen.**

**WELCOME** *Please be seated.*

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

**HYMN 473** *Sung by all, standing as you are able.*

Lift high the cross

*Refrain*

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim  
till all the world a - dore his sa - cred Name.

Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,  
Each new - born ser - vant of the Cru - ci - fied  
O Lord, once lift - ed on the glo - rious tree,  
So shall our song of tri - umph ev - er be:

*Repeat Refrain*

the hosts of God in con - quering ranks com - bine.  
bears on the brow the seal of him who died.  
as thou hast prom - ised, draw the world to thee.  
praise to the Cru - ci - fied for vic - to - ry.

Words: George William Kitchin (1827-1912) and Michael Robert Newbolt (1874-1956). Copyright © 1974 by Hope Publishing Co., Carol Stream, IL. 60188). All rights reserved. Used by permission. Music: *Crucifer*, Sydney Hugo Nicholson (1875-1947); desc. Richard Proulx (b. 1937). Copyright © 1974 by Hope Publishing Co., Carol Stream, IL. 60188). All rights reserved. Used by permission.

## READING

*Read by Debby Harper Hailey.*

Wisdom 3:1-5, 9

*Please be seated.*

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and no torment will ever touch them. In the eyes of the foolish they seemed to have died, and their departure was thought to be a disaster, and their going from us to be their destruction; but they are at peace. For though in the sight of others they were punished, their hope is full of immortality. Having been disciplined a little, they will receive great good, because God tested them and found them worthy of himself. Those who trust in him will understand truth, and the faithful will abide with him in love, because grace and mercy are upon his holy ones, and he watches over his elect.

*Reader* The Word of the Lord.

*People* **Thanks be to God.**

## ANTHEM

There is a balm in Gilead

arr. Robert Poovey (b. 1961)

*Sung by the choir.*

*There is a balm in Gilead to make the wounded whole.*

*There is a balm in Gilead to heal the sinsick soul.*

Sometimes I feel discouraged and think my work's in vain,  
but then the Holy Spirit revives my soul again. *Refrain*

If you cannot preach like Peter, if you cannot pray like Paul,  
then go and tell your neighbor, "He died to save us all." *Refrain*

—*African-American Spiritual*

## READING

Excerpts from "Gone from My Sight" by Henry Van Dyke

*Read by Sam Danello*

*Please be seated.*

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship, at my side, spreads her white sails to the moving breeze and starts for the blue ocean. I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come to mingle with each other. Then, someone at my side says, "There, she is gone." Gone where? Gone from my sight. That is all. Her diminished size is in me—not in her. And, just at the moment when someone says, "There, she is gone," there are other eyes watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, "Here she comes!"

## REMEMBRANCES

Nick Hailey, Jeff Harper, and Betsy Harper Danello

# HYMN 608

Eternal Father, strong to save

*Sung by all, standing as you are able.*

1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, whose arm hath bound the  
 2 O Christ, whose voice the wa - ters heard and hushed their ra - ging  
 3 Most Ho - ly Spi - rit, who didst brood up - on the cha - os  
 4 O Trin - i - ty of love and power, thy chil - dren shield in

rest - less wave, who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep its  
 at thy word, who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, and  
 dark and rude, and bid its an - gry tu - mult cease, and  
 dan - ger's hour; from rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, pro -

own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we  
 calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we  
 give, for wild con - fu - sion, peace; O hear us when we  
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; thus ev - er - more shall

cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 cry to thee for those in per - il on the sea.  
 rise to thee glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Words: William Whiting (1825-1878), alt. Music: *Melita*, John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876).

## READING

*Read by the Rev. Eric Bailey.*

John 14:1-6

*Please be seated.*

Jesus said, "Do not let your hearts be troubled. Believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many dwelling places. If it were not so, would I have told you that I go to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to myself, so that where I am, there you may be also. And you know the way to the place where I am going." Thomas said to him, "Lord, we do not know where you are going. How can we know the way?" Jesus said to him, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me."

*Reader* The Word of the Lord.

*People* **Thanks be to God.**

## THE SERMON

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

### A PRAYER ATTRIBUTED TO ST. FRANCIS

Lord, make us instruments of your peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy. Grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console, to be understood as to understand, to be loved as to love. For it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. **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 Caroline Cole, Sarah Yeomans, Peter Hailey,  
Matt Harper, Ally Harper, Liza Pearce, and Mike Danello.*

*Intercessor* For the life of Barbie Harper, for her wisdom, unassuming nature, and thoughtfulness.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For her love of family and devotion to her husband, John.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For her curiosity about the world and the many travels she enjoyed.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For her love of and commitment to this church and the St. John's community.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For the energy and enthusiasm she gave to any endeavor she undertook.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For her giving nature and kindness to others.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* For her devotion to her beloved summer home in Cape Cod and the many happy memories she created there.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

*Intercessor* Finally, heavenly Father, we thank you for sharing this special woman with us.

*People* **We thank you, Lord.**

## ANTHEM

Dear Lord and Father of mankind

C.H.H. Parry (1848–1918)

*Sung by the choir.*

arr. H.A. Chambers

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
forgive our foolish ways!  
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,  
in purer lives thy service find,  
in deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
beside the Syrian sea,  
the gracious calling of the Lord,  
let us, like them, without a word,  
rise up and follow thee.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
till all our strivings cease;  
take from our souls the strain and stress,  
and let our ordered lives confess  
the beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
thy coolness and thy balm;  
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)*

## 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 Barbie. 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.**

## HYMN 556

Rejoice, ye pure in heart!

*Sung by all, standing as you are able.*

1 Re - joice, ye pure in heart! Re - joice, give thanks, and sing! Your  
4 Yes, on through life's long path, still chant - ing as ye go, from  
5 Still lift your stand - ard high, still march in firm ar - ray, as

1 glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, the cross of Christ your King.  
4 youth to age, by night and day, in glad - ness and in woe.  
5 war - riors through the dark - ness toil, till dawns the gold - en day.

*Refrain*

Re - joice, re - joice, re - joice, give thanks, and sing.  
re - joice, re - joice,

6. At last the march shall end; the wearied ones shall rest;  
the pilgrims find their Father's house, Jerusalem the blest. *Refrain*

Words: Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821-1891). Music: *Marion*, Arthur Henry Messiter (1834-1916).

## THE DISMISSAL

*Priest* Let us go forth in the name of Christ.

*People* Thanks be to God.

## VOLUNTARY

Toccata from *Symphony V*

Charles-Marie Widor (1844–1937)

*Immediately following the service, all are invited to a reception  
in Togo West Parlor, on the first floor of the Parish House.*

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*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](https://bit.ly/sjc-offering).*

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## BARBARA QUARLES HARPER

Barbara Quarles Harper was born on July 6, 1929, in Boston and grew up in Wellesley, Massachusetts. The oldest of three children, she attended Dana Hall School, where she excelled in academics and sports and later served as trustee. At Smith College, she majored in zoology, enjoyed more sports, and as an alumna was elected president of the Class of 1951. After college, she worked as a researcher at Boston Lying In Hospital before marrying a young Episcopal priest in 1953. Her marriage to the Rev. John C. Harper lasted 49 years, ending only at his death. Barbie followed John to his parishes in Providence, Rhode Island; Foxborough, Massachusetts; Bedford, New York; and finally Washington, D.C., where she lived from 1963 until her death. Barbie had three children—Debby, Jeff, and Betsy—10 grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. She knitted sweaters and Christmas stockings for every grandchild.

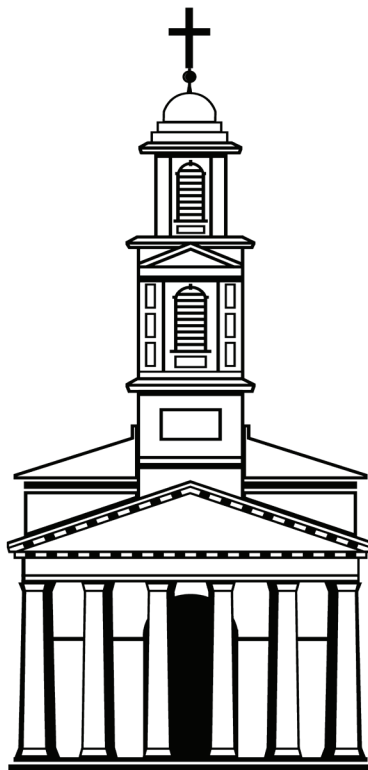
Barbie embraced her role as rector's wife. She hosted church gatherings, arranged flowers for the church, hushed her children in the President's pew each Sunday, and provided unending support to her husband. For almost a decade she taught learning-disabled children at the Lab School of Washington before turning to private tutoring. She also committed many hours to volunteer activities, including as a board member for the Washington Home, a parent volunteer at Potomac School, a tutor at an Anacostia elementary school, and Vice-Chair of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral in the United States.

Barbie lived an active life. Well into her 80s, she biked and played tennis several times a week, belonged to book and bridge clubs, and continued to enjoy the travels that took her all over the world. She especially loved spending time at "Beach Run," the family house on Cape Cod, where she designed great scavenger hunts for the grandchildren. Her family and many friends remember her energy, kindness, optimism, and graciousness.

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Only when we see death and life as they were, equal components of faith, can we risk that leap into the unknown and find that the leap is one of safety, into the arms, as it were, of a faithful and loving Friend. . . . We are right to fear death as we are right sometimes to fear life, for fear is a natural part of human existence. The unknown ghosts are there in the darkness and in the light keeping us off balance. But we can learn also to grow out of ourselves so that in Charles Morgan's lovely phrase "in death the walls go down, the light blows out; that is all, for death is not a change of state but a change of lodging."

—*Excerpt from a sermon preached by the Rev. John C. Harper,  
St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, October 30, 1977*



### **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**

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