

A SERVICE IN CELEBRATION OF THE LIFE OF

# Harry Latane Martin

January 12, 1979 – July 16, 2024



Saturday, October 19, 2024, 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.*

## HARRY LATANE MARTIN

Harry Latane Martin died peacefully surrounded by family on July 16, 2024, from injuries resulting from an automobile accident. He was the beloved son of Judith and Harry Martin; brother of Lucy Martin McBride and Walter Reynolds Martin; uncle of Henry, George, and Stella McBride and of Louise and Claire Martin; cousin of Hamilton Leithauser and Anna McIntosh; and nephew of Mark Leithauser.

Harry was born and raised in Washington, D.C., and he attended Beauvoir Elementary School and St. Albans School, graduating in 1997. He attended Dickinson College, graduated from George Washington University, and received a master's degree from Trinity Washington University in mental health counseling. Harry worked as a therapist in Washington, D.C., until his death.

Harry's life was filled with friends and family, fun and uproarious laughter. He was passionate about music, motorcycles, physical fitness, philosophy, educational podcasts, his dog Zuzu, and spending time with people he loved, particularly in the Northern Neck of Virginia. His deep empathy was evident in his ability to connect with people on a human level. Remembered by many as the funniest person they'd ever met, he had a unique charm that will never be forgotten.

Charitable donations may be made in his honor to Pathways to Housing DC ([pathwaystohousingdc.org](http://pathwaystohousingdc.org)).

*Following the service, a reception will be held at the home of  
Lucy and Thad McBride (3419 36th Street, NW).*

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

## **VOLUNTARY**

*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 Harry, and grant him 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.**

Most merciful God, whose wisdom is beyond our understanding, deal graciously with Harry'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

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

*Please be seated.*

# REMEMBRANCES

Lucy McBride and Walter Martin

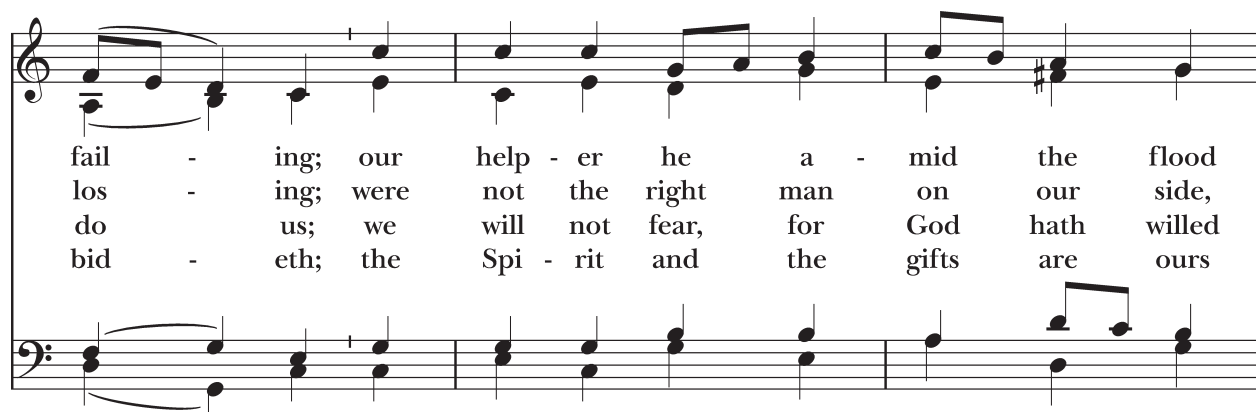
# HYMN 688

A mighty fortress is our God

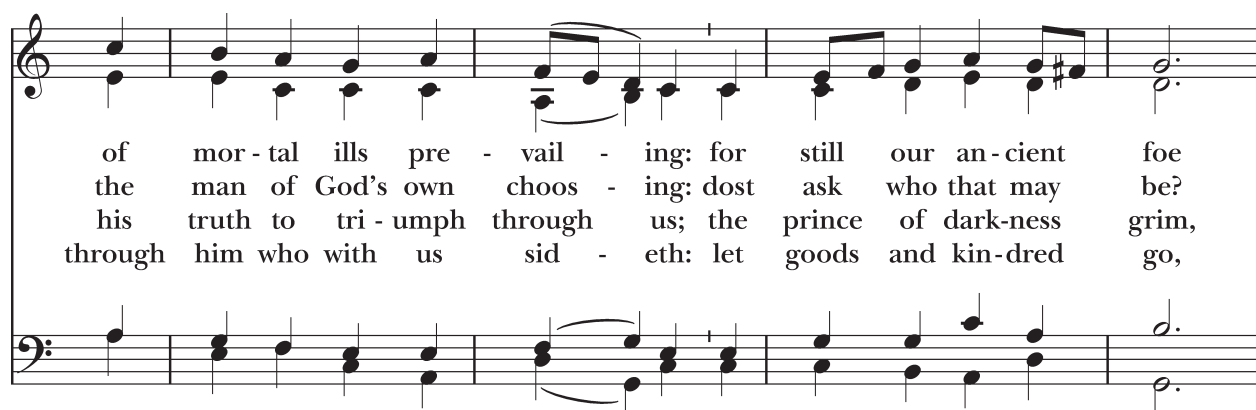
*Sung by all, standing as you are able.*



1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er  
2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be  
3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -  
4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -



fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood  
los - ing; were not the right man on our side,  
do us; we will not fear, for God hath willed  
bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours



of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; for still our an - cient foe  
the man of God's own choos - ing; dost ask who that may be?  
his truth to tri - umph through us; the prince of dark - ness grim,  
through him who with us sid - eth; let goods and kin - dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,  
 Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,  
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,  
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:

and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
 for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for ev - er.

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546); tr. Frederic Henry Hedge (1805-1890); based on Psalm 46. Music: *Ein feste Burg*, melody Martin Luther (1483-1546); harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750).

## READING

“Death is nothing at all”

*Read by Anna McIntosh.*

*Please be seated.*

Death is nothing at all.  
 I have only slipped away to the next room.  
 I am I, and you are you.  
 Whatever we were to each other,  
 that, we still are.

Call me by my old familiar name.  
 Speak to me in the easy way  
 which you always used.  
 Put no difference into your tone.  
 Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.

Laugh as we always laughed  
 at the little jokes we enjoyed together.  
 Play, smile, think of me. Pray for me.  
 Let my name be ever the household word  
 that it always was.

Let it be spoken without effect.  
 Without the trace of a shadow on it.

Life means all that it ever meant.  
 It is the same that it ever was.  
 There is absolute unbroken continuity.  
 Why should I be out of mind  
 because I am out of sight?

I am but waiting for you.  
 For an interval.  
 Somewhere. Very near.  
 Just around the corner.

All is well.

—Henry Scott Holland (1847–1918)

## PSALM 23

*Read by George McBride.*

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

He makes me lie down in green pastures \*  
and leads me beside still waters.

He revives my soul \*  
and guides me along right pathways for his Name's sake.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I shall fear no evil; \*  
for you are with me;  
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

You spread a table before me in the presence of those who trouble me; \*  
you have anointed my head with oil,  
and my cup is running over.

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

## READING

“Playing with Three Strings”  
by Rabbi Harold M. Schulweis

*Read by Hamilton Leithauser.*

## ANTHEM

Jesu, joy of man's desiring      Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

*Sung by the choir.*

Jesu, joy of man's desiring, holy wisdom, love most bright,  
drawn by thee, our souls aspiring soar to uncreated light.  
Word of God our flesh that fashioned with the fire of life impassioned,  
striving still to truth unknown, soaring, dying, round thy throne.

Through the way where hope is guiding, hark, what peaceful music rings;  
where the flock in thee confiding, drink of joy from deathless springs.  
Theirs is beauty's fairest pleasure, theirs is wisdom's holiest treasure.  
Thou dost ever lead thine own in the love of joys unknown.

—*Martin Janus (c. 1620–1682)*

## READING

1 Corinthians 13:1-13

*Read by Henry McBride.*

If I speak in the tongues of mortals and of angels, but do not have love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. If I give away all my possessions, and if I hand over my body so that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing.

Love is patient; love is kind; love is not envious or boastful or arrogant or rude. It does not insist on its own way; it is not irritable or resentful; it does not rejoice in wrongdoing, but rejoices in the truth. It bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. Love never ends. But as for prophecies, they will come to an end; as for tongues, they will cease; as for knowledge, it will come to an end. For we know only in part, and we prophesy only in part; but when the complete comes, the partial will come to an end. When I was a child, I spoke like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child; when I became an adult, I put an end to childish ways. For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then we will see face to face. Now I know only in part; then I will know fully, even as I have been fully known. And now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

*Reader* The Word of the Lord.

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

## THE SERMON

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher

## ANTHEM

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound

arr. Thomas Quigley

*Sung by the choir.*

Amazing grace! how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me.

I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and grace my fears relieved;  
how precious did that grace appear the hour I first believed.

When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun,  
we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun.

—*John Newton (1725–1807)*

## 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

*Said by all, still standing as you are able.*

*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 OF THE PEOPLE

*Read by Stella McBride.*

*Please remain standing as you are able.*

*Intercessor* For our brother Harry, 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 Harry,  
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 brother eternal life.

*People* **Hear us, Lord.**



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

*People* **Hear us, Lord.**

*Intercessor* Our brother was washed in Baptism and anointed with the Holy Spirit; give him fellowship with all your saints.

*People* **Hear us, Lord.**

*Intercessor* He was nourished with your Body and Blood; grant him a place at the table in your heavenly kingdom.

*People* **Hear us, Lord.**

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

*The priest continues*

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

## THE COMMENDATION

*Please remain standing as you are able.*

*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 Harry. 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.**

## 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 208

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia! The strife is o'er

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

*Antiphon (at the beginning)*

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

*Ped.* |

1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, the vic - to -  
 2 The powers of death have done their worst, but Christ their  
 3 The three sad days are quick - ly sped, he ris - es  
 4 He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell, the bars from  
 5 Lord! by the stripes which wound - ed thee, from death's dread

1 ry of life is won; the song of tri - umph  
 2 le - gions hath dis - persed: let shout of ho - ly  
 3 glo - rious from the dead: all glo - ry to our  
 4 heaven's high por - tals fell; let hymns of praise his  
 5 sting thy serv - ants free, that we may live and

1 has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 2 joy out - burst. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 3 ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 4 tri - umphs tell! Al - le - lu - ia!  
 5 sing to thee. Al - le - lu - ia! [Ant.]

*Antiphon (at the end)*

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!

*Ped.*

Words: Latin, 1695; tr. Francis Pott (1832-1909), alt. Music: *Victory*, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594); adapt. and arr. William Henry Monk (1823-1889).

## THE DISMISSAL

*Priest* Let us go forth into the world, rejoicing in the power of the Spirit.  
*People* Thanks be to God.

## VOLUNTARY

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### ASSISTING AT THIS SERVICE

#### CLERGY

The Rev. Robert W. Fisher, *Rector*

#### MUSICIANS

Brent Erstad, *Director of Music and Organist*

Elissa Edwards, *soprano*, Rachel Barham, *alto*

Luke Frels, *tenor*, Christopher Jones, *bass*

#### CRUCIFER

Jack Reiffer

#### REMEMBRANCES

Lucy McBride and Walter Martin

#### READERS

Hamilton Leithauser, George McBride, Henry McBride, and Anna McIntosh

#### INTERCESSOR

Stella McBride

#### USHERS

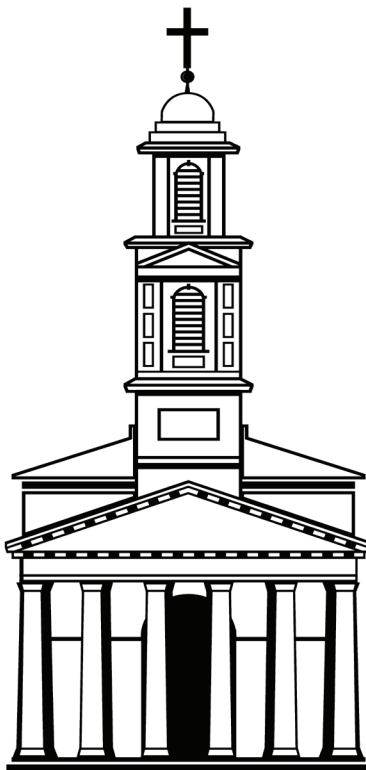
Richard Metzger, *Assistant Head Usher*

John Guinan, Debby Hailey, Lars Hydle,

Oliver Karelis, Tommy Keefer, and Adrian Williams

#### FLOWER GUILD

Joanne Hutton, Anna McIntosh, and Nicole Kleman Neufeld



### **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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