



Photos

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BBC

A celebration of the life and work of

John Cole

23 November 1927 – 7 November 2013

St Bride's Fleet Street
London EC4Y 8AU

Thursday, 15 May 2014
11.30am

BBC





The Service

The service will be conducted by

The Venerable David Meara

Archdeacon of London and Priest in Charge, St Bride's

Robert Jones FRCO

Director of Music

Matthew Morley FRCO

Organist

The Choir of St Bride's Fleet Street

There will be a retiring collection at the end of the service to be shared between St Bride's Fleet Street and Princess Alice Hospice in Esher, Surrey.

After the service, everyone is invited by the BBC to join John's family, friends and colleagues for drinks in the Bridewell Hall in the St Bride Foundation behind the church.

Note

Please remember to switch off any mobile phones or PDAs.
No photography or recording is allowed in the church.

Order of Service

Please stand

Choir

Lord, Who May Dwell in Your Sanctuary?

Psalm 15. 1-3, 8, Matthew Morley (1968 -)

Bidding Prayer

The Venerable David Meara

Hymn

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from his mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore

Please sit

Reading

I, John, saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and the sea was no more. And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a loud voice from the throne saying,

“See, the home of God is among mortals.
He will dwell with them;
they will be his peoples,
and God himself will be with them;
he will wipe every tear from their eyes.
Death will be no more;
mourning and crying and pain will be no more,
for the first things have passed away.”

And the one who was seated on the throne said, “See, I am making all things new.” Then he said to me, “It is done! I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.”

Revelation 21. 1-6

Read by Tony Hall, Director-General, BBC

Choir

'Lacrimosa Dies Illa' from 'Requiem Mass'

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Tribute

John Sergeant

Choir

'Ode to Joy' from 'Symphony No. 9'

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Reading

My starting point is always a sense of injustice. When I sit down to write a book or an article, I do not say to myself, 'I am going to produce a work of art'. I write it because there is some lie that I want to expose, some fact to which I want to draw attention, and my initial concern is to get a hearing.

But I could not do the work of writing a book, or even a long magazine article, if it were not also an aesthetic experience.... So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth, and to take a pleasure in solid objects and scraps of useless information.

It is no use trying to suppress that side of myself. The job is to reconcile my ingrained likes and dislikes and distance myself from them with the essentially public, non-individual activities that this age forces on all of us. It is not easy. It raises problems of construction and of language, and it raises in a new way the problem of truthfulness.

....One would never undertake such a thing if one were not driven on by some demon whom one can neither resist nor understand. For all one knows that demon is simply the same instinct that makes a baby squall for attention. And yet it is also true that one can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one's own personality. Good prose is like a windowpane.

I cannot say with certainty which of my motives are the strongest, but I know which of them deserve to be followed. And looking back through my work, I see that it is invariably where I lacked a political purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages, sentences without meaning, decorative adjectives and humbug generally.

George Orwell 1946

Read by Huw Edwards



Please stand

Hymn

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
Be all else but naught to me, save that thou art,
Be thou my best thought in the day and the night,
Both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,
Be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord,
Be thou my great Father, and I thy true son,
Be thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight,
Be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might,
Be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower,
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,
Be thou my inheritance now and always,
Be thou and thou only the first in my heart,
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,
O grant me its joys after vict'ry is won,
Great heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Please sit

Reading

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Read by Jon Soped

Tribute

The Rt Hon Lord Hattersley

Choir

'Danny Boy'

Words: Frederic Weatherly (1848-1929)

Music: 'Londonderry Air', arr. Bob Chilcott (1955-)

Prayers

Led by The Venerable David Meara

Please stand

Hymn

He who would valiant be

'Gainst all disaster,

Let him in constancy

Follow the Master:

There's no discouragement

Shall make him once relent

His first avowed intent

To be a pilgrim.

Who so beset him round

With dismal stories,

Do but themselves confound -

His strength the more is.

No foes shall stay his might,

Though he with giants fight:

He will make good his right

To be a pilgrim.

Since, Lord, thou dost defend

Us with thy Spirit,

We know we at the end

Shall life inherit.

Then fancies flee away!

I'll fear not what men say,

I'll labour night and day

To be a pilgrim.

Please remain standing

Blessing

Given by The Venerable David Meara

Please sit

Choir

'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles'

Kellette/Kenbrovin arr. Andrew Gant (1963-)

