



**THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF
STATIONERS AND NEWSPAPER
MAKERS**

RICHARD JOHNSON SERVICE

Tuesday, 7th June 2016
at 11.30 am



*St Bride's Church, Fleet Street
in the City of London*

MASTER

Mrs Helen Esmonde

CHAPLAIN

The Reverend Canon Dr Alison Joyce
Rector of St Bride's

PREACHER

The Very Reverend Dr John Hall
Dean of Westminster Abbey

THE CHOIR OF ST BRIDE'S

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Mr Robert Jones

ORGANIST

Mr Matthew Morley

RICHARD JOHNSON

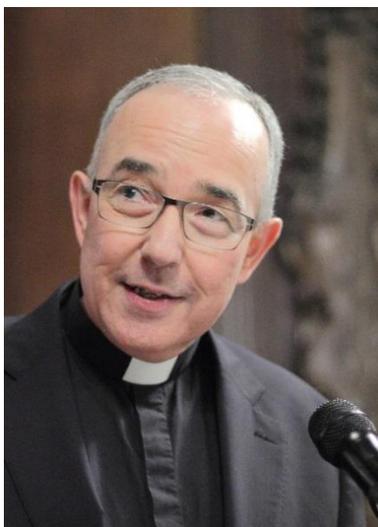
Richard Johnson was born in 1756 and died in 1795. He wrote the *Paper Maker and Stationer's Assistant* in 1794 and inscribed on the flyleaf of the manuscript that he bequeathed the proceeds of the book to the Stationers' Company 'towards the maintenance of the old widows above the age of sixty'.

He died at the age of 38; a sad bachelor and paper merchant, unable to achieve his wish of making his fortune by the age of forty. In his will he left his property to the Company to be divided half-yearly among 'five very poor widows'.

He also asked that the Master and Wardens go to St Mary's Parish Church in Hendon every year on the anniversary of his father's death to inspect his father's grave, in which he himself was buried, and to hear a sermon preached on the text *Vita humana bulla est*, and afterwards to dine.

Although the Company still sends someone to inspect the grave every year, the Hendon service and dinner were discontinued in 1917. For a number of years the annual service was held in St Martin's within Ludgate but it now takes place at St Bride's Church in Fleet Street. The dinner has been replaced by a lunch; however the theme of the sermon remains unchanged, *Vita humana bulla est... Life is a bubble!*

The Very Reverend Dr John Hall



The Very Reverend Dr John Hall was installed as the 38th Dean of Westminster on 2nd December 2006. He is Dean of the Order of the Bath and chairman of governors of Westminster School and the first chairman of governors of Harris Westminster Sixth Form. He was brought up in London and was ordained in 1975, serving in London and Lancashire. From 1998 until 2006, he was the Church of England's Chief Education Officer. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He has three honorary doctorates. He is an honorary liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Educators and a Pro Chancellor of the University of Roehampton.

ORDER OF SERVICE

At the entrance of the Choir, the congregation shall stand

INTROIT

Sing Joyfully

William Byrd (1543-1623)

During the singing of the Introit, the Master, Wardens and Members of the Court shall process to their appointed places

THE BIDDING

We gather in this Parish Church of Fleet Street, spiritual home of all who work with the written word, to give thanks to God for the Worshipful Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers and to remember Richard Johnson who calls us together year by year in fellowship and prayer. With thankfulness for all this Company has meant to us and to Richard, we offer this Service of Prayer and Praise in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

HYMN

The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never.
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth;
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me;
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spreadst a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

Sit

FIRST LESSON
The Book of Job, chapter 14: verses 1-15

read by

The Upper Warden, Mr Ian Bennett

Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. And dost thou open thine eyes upon such a one, and bringest me into judgment with thee? Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; Turn from him, that he may rest, till he shall accomplish, as a hireling, his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; Yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep.

O that thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past, that thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me! If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.

This is the word of the Lord.

All respond **Thanks be to God.**

CHOIR

Te Deum – in B flat

Stanford (1852-1924)

SECOND LESSON

The Gospel according to St Matthew, chapter 7: verses 1-14

read by

The Master, Mrs Helen Esmonde

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote, out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye. Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets. Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

This is the word of the Lord.

All respond **Thanks be to God.**

Stand

HYMN

Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art
Thou my best thought by day or by night
Waking or sleeping Thy presence my light

Be thou my wisdom and Thou my true word
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord
Thou my great Father, I, Thy true son
Thou in me dwelling and I with Thee one

Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise
Thou mine inheritance now and always
Thou and thou only first in my heart
High King of heaven my treasure Thou are

High King of heaven my victory won
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun
Heart of my own heart whatever befall
Still be my vision O Ruler of all

Sit

THE ADDRESS

The Very Reverend Dr John Hall

CHOIR

The Bubble Anthem

Kenbrovin/Kellette arr. Dr Andrew Gant (b1963)

Stand

IN MEMORIAM

The Clerk says

We remember the members of the Company who have died during the past year: Mark Austen, Neil Bailey, Jack Cocks, Douglas East, John Howitt, Stephen Ling, David Menhennet CB, Peter Pickering, Margaret Rodgers, Anthony Williams. Rest Eternal, grant unto them, O Lord.

All respond: and let light perpetual shine upon them.

The Chaplain says

Receive, O Lord, in tranquillity and peace, the souls of thy servants who, out of this present life, have departed to be with thee. Grant them rest, and place them in the habitations of life, the abodes of blessed spirits; and give them the life that knoweth not age, the good things that pass not away; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Sit

CHOIR

If Ye Love Me

David Bednall (b1979)

THE PRAYERS

Led by the Chaplain

O God of the Spirits of all flesh, we praise and magnify thy Holy Name for all thy servants who have finished their course in faith and fear: and here especially we commemorate Richard Johnson by whose pious forethought this Annual Service was established, and others, the benefactors of our Company: and we beseech thee that, encouraged by their fellowship, we may be found meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the Saints in Light; through the merits of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, which 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, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Stand

HYMN

A collection, towards the upkeep of the Church, will be taken during this hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

THE BLESSING

Led by the Chaplain

ORGAN VOLUNTARY