



# Lest we forget

A Commemorative Service  
at  
St Bride's Church, Fleet Street  
City of London

Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> November 2016  
6.30pm

# INTRODUCTION

As consumers of news in a fast-changing world, we demand a great deal of our journalists and foreign correspondents.

We expect them to keep us informed about difficult and complex situations in the trouble spots of the world, often at great personal risk, and sometimes, tragically, they pay the ultimate price.

So it is important that, as representatives of the media industry and the public life of this nation, we honour their memory in this service and remind ourselves of the sacrifice they make in order to bring us the truth.

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## INTROIT

*God be in my head – Walford Davies*

## WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER

The Rector

Welcome to St Bride's for our annual service of commemoration, at which we honour the memory and give thanks for the lives of those journalists, camera-crew and support staff who have died, particularly those who have lost their lives during the course of their professional duties.

This is also an occasion on which we remember and hold in our prayers those members of the profession who are currently held captive and all whose work places them in situations of grave risk or personal danger.

In remembering them today we mark their courage, their dedication, and their commitment. And as we celebrate all that is best in investigative journalism, we do so mindful of the fact that our news is sometimes brought to us at terrible cost – a price that is paid by those journalists, and by their families, friends and colleagues.

Almighty Father,  
in whose perfect realm  
no sword is drawn but the sword of justice,  
and no strength known but the strength of love:  
guide and protect all who seek to bear witness  
to the truth of your troubled world;  
all who seek to give a voice to the voiceless,  
and to tell stories that would otherwise remain untold.  
We remember especially this day all members of this profession  
who have died, or whose fate is unknown  
that you may bless their work,  
and strengthen and sustain those who love them.  
In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.



## HYMN

*Praise to the Lord, the Almighty*

Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation;  
O my soul, praise him, for he is thy health and salvation:  
Come ye who hear, brothers and sisters draw near,  
Praise him in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:  
Hast thou not seen all that is needful hath been  
Granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;  
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;  
Ponder anew all the Almighty can do,  
He who with love doth befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!  
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!  
Let the Amen sound from his people again:  
Gladly for ay we adore him.

## FIRST READING

Read by Emma Tucker  
Deputy Editor, The Times

*Proverbs 8: 1-11*

Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice?

She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths.

She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.

Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man.

O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.

Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things.

For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips.

All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them.

They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge.

Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold.

For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

## CHOIR

*Valiant for truth* – Ralph Vaughan Williams

## SECOND READING

Read by Rohit Kachroo  
Security Editor, ITV News

Extract from *Berlin Diary* – William Shirer

Berlin, 4th March 1940

Last night, by request, I broadcast a piece about the actual routine of broadcasting from here in War-time. Had never stopped to think of it before. Some extracts, for the record: The daily broadcast at six forty-five p.m., New York time, means our talking from here at a quarter to one on the following morning. If I could get gasoline for my car I could drive to the studio in twelve minutes. As it is, I have a ten-minute walk down the completely blacked-out Wilhelmstrasse to the subway. It is a rare night that I do not collide with a lamp-post, a fire-hydrant, or a projecting stair-way, or flop headlong into a pile of snow.

Safely in the subway, I have a half-hour's ride to the Rundfunk House. As half of the route is above ground, the train is plunged in darkness for fifteen minutes. My pockets are stuffed full of passes. If I cannot find the right one I must wait in the vestibule on arriving at the station and fill out a paper permitting me to enter. Finally arrived, I go to an office and write my script. Two offices down I can hear Lord Haw-Haw attacking his type-writer with gusto or shouting in his nasal voice against "that plutocrat Chamberlain."

A half hour before my broadcast I must have my script in the hands of the censors. Follows a half-hour battle with them. If they leave enough to make it worthwhile to do the broadcast, as they usually do, I must then, in order to reach the studio and microphone, dash through winding corridors in the Broadcasting House, down many stairs, and out into a pitch-dark vacant lot in the middle of which are hidden steps – the lot being terraced – being careful not to bump into several sheds lurking in the way or to fall into a snow-drift.

In the course of this journey through the lot, I must get past at least three steel-helmeted S.S. guards whom I cannot see in the darkness, but who I know are armed with sawed-off automatic rifles and have orders to shoot anyone not halting at their challenge. They must see my pass. I search for it with my frozen fingers, and if I'm lucky and find it, I arrive at the studio in time and not too much out of breath, though not always in the sweetest of tempers. If the censors keep me, or the guards keep me, I arrive late, out of breath, sore and sour. I suppose listeners wonder why we pant so often through our talks.

## CHOIR

*Many rivers to cross* – Jimmy Cliff arr. Robert Jones

## THIRD READING

Read by Lord Black of Brentwood  
Executive Director, Telegraph Media Group

*He won't be home for the Holidays* – Emma Daly

Huffington Post, 23rd December 2013

This isn't the first time that Syria has separated my friend Monica's family at Christmas. In 2011, she spent the holidays reporting from the besieged city of Homs, while her husband, Javier, stayed home in Beirut with their two children. But this year it's different: Javier is in Syria, held against his will by extremist Islamist fighters.

Javier Espinosa and the photographer Ricardo Garcia Vilanova, both award-winning Spanish journalists with long experience covering the Syrian conflict, were seized during a reporting trip in September after fighting erupted between rebel forces of the Free Syrian Army (FSA) and the Al-Qaeda-affiliated Islamic State of Iraq and Sham (ISIS) in northern Syria. Four FSA soldiers were also captured.

Since then, Monica Garcia Prieto, a celebrated Spanish reporter who has covered the Middle East since the invasion of Iraq in 2003, has worked every contact she has to try to get Javier and Ricardo freed. She recorded an emotional video appeal, to no avail. The rebels released the four Syrians two weeks later, but they refuse to negotiate over her husband and his colleague.

Sadly, it's become a common story. This month the Committee to Protect Journalists said that at least 30 journalists are missing in Syria, which it described as the most dangerous country in the world for the media. It's hard to keep track of numbers, since many outlets and families choose to keep quiet about the missing in the hope of negotiating a return.

More than a dozen international media companies wrote to the Supreme Military Council (SMC) of the Free Syrian Army about the "increasingly common risk of abduction." Because of the increased threat, they wrote, many outlets "have decided to limit their coverage of the war." In response, the SMC promised to protect and support journalists, but said that most people going after the journalists were outside their control.

Of course Syrian journalists are also at greatest risk – including the many citizens and activists working to get information out about the fighting. One of the most prominent human rights defenders working inside Syria today, Razan Zeitouneh, was abducted by unknown forces on December 10, along with three colleagues. And a young freelance photographer was reported killed in Aleppo on Friday.

Among the other foreigners missing in Syria are the noted French foreign correspondent Didier Francois, another friend from Bosnia, Jim Foley, an American who was also held captive in Libya, a third Spanish reporter, two Swedish freelancers, and a Turkish photojournalist.

The world cannot learn about the horrors in Syria – or anywhere else – when journalists can't do their jobs. Their families need them home as soon as possible – but so do we all.

## HYMN

*My song is love unknown*

My song is love unknown,  
My Saviour's love to me,  
Love to the loveless shown,  
That they might lovely be.

O, who am I,  
That for my sake  
My Lord should take  
Frail flesh, and die?

He came from his blest throne,  
Salvation to bestow:  
But men made strange, and none  
The longed-for Christ would know.

But O, my Friend,  
My Friend indeed,  
Who at my need  
His life did spend!

Sometimes they strew his way,  
And his sweet praises sing;  
Resounding all the day  
Hosannas to their King.

Then 'Crucify!'  
Is all their breath,  
And for his death  
They thirst and cry.

They rise, and needs will have  
My dear Lord made away;  
A murderer they save,  
The Prince of Life they slay.

Yet cheerful he  
To suffering goes,  
That he his foes  
From thence might free.

Here might I stay and sing,  
No story so divine;  
Never was love, dear King,  
Never was grief like thine!

This is my Friend,  
In whose sweet praise  
I all my days  
Could gladly spend.



## ADDRESS

Sarah Sands  
Editor, London Evening Standard

## CHOIR

*Sacred love – Georgy Sviridov*

During which candles will be lit for those

- who have lost their lives
- who are missing or held captive
- who continue to report at great risk

## PRAYERS

The Rector

Eternal God, the Father of all mankind: we hold before you the needs of our broken and troubled world. We pray for peace between peoples and nations, and for peace in our hearts. We pray for all victims of violence, civil unrest, or natural disaster; for all migrants and refugees; and we pray for those who seek to come to their aid, and to draw attention to their plight.

Lord hear us.

**All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Loving God, we remember with thanksgiving our brothers and sisters whose lives we commemorate at this service, in sorrow at their loss, and mindful of all that we have received from them. May the example of their dedication and service be an inspiration to us all, that we may strive to build on their achievements, and commit ourselves in loving service to one another and to you.

Lord hear us.

**All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Comfort, O Lord we pray, all those who mourn the loss of loved ones, or who feel the pain of separation at this time. Be with us in our sorrow, support us in our loneliness, and help us all to look to the future with steadfastness and hope.

**All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

Almighty God, direct and bless, we pray, those who in this generation speak where many listen and write what many read; especially all journalists and broadcasters whose words and images can influence the hearts and minds of the nation. Keep safe, we pray, all who work in situations of danger, and bring them safely home.

Lord hear us.

**All:** Lord, graciously hear us.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER

**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, the power and the glory,  
for ever and ever. Amen.

## HYMN

*Ye holy angels bright*

Ye holy angels bright,  
Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
Fly at your Lord's command,  
Assist our song,  
For else the theme  
Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
And now, from sin released,  
Behold the Saviour's face,  
God's praises sound,  
As in his sight  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go  
Some joyful anthem sing;  
Take what he gives  
And praise him still,  
Through good or ill,  
Who ever lives!

My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above:  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love!  
Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er he send,  
Be filled with praise.

# BLESSING

The Rector

Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage; hold fast to that which is good; render to no one evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit.

And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit be amongst you and remain with you now and always.

Amen.

A retiring collection will be taken for St Bride's Church,  
the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world.

There will be a reception after the service in the Humble Grape  
1 St Bride's Passage, London EC4Y 8EJ



100 LONDON E. C. - Fleet Street. - LL.

Getty Images



AFP/Anwar Amro

Our thanks go to a number of organisations and individuals  
who have helped to make this service possible:-

News UK

dmg media

Telegraph Media Group

Independent Print

London Evening Standard

Financial Times

ITN

Getty Images



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*The Choir of St Bride's*

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Printed by

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