



In the Eye of the Storm

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

In the presence of HRH The Duchess of Cornwall

Tuesday 21st November 2017
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

We wait for thy loving kindness – McKie

WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER

The Rector

A very warm welcome to St Bride's.

On Monday 16th October I was in Malta attending a conference. It was the day on which the Maltese investigative journalist Daphne Caruana Galizia was murdered in a car bomb explosion. That evening I spent time with a woman who knew her, who said this: 'Daphne was fearless. Even though she received repeated death threats, she continued to expose corruption and call the powerful to account.'

Daphne Caruana Galizia was unafraid of being in the eye of the storm. Indeed, she was unafraid of generating the storm itself. At our service this evening we honour the memory, and commemorate the lives of journalists who, like her, remind us of why journalism matters. We remember those who have lost their lives as a consequence of their work; those whose lives have been cut short by illness or accident; as well as those who have died full of years. We honour writers, reporters, photographers, camera-crew, and their support staff. And we also hold in our prayers those who are currently held captive; and all whose professional work puts them in situations of personal danger, as we honour all that is best in the profession.

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.



Clockwise from top left: Marie Colvin, Chris Hondros, Maria Golovkina, Mick Deane, Daphne Caruana Galizia & Kenji Goto

HYMN

Immortal, invisible, God only wise

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessèd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

To all life thou givest – to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish – but nought changeth thee.

Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render, O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

FIRST READING

Ecclesiasticus 44. 1-15

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent are their instructions:

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace; but their name liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.

CHOIR

And I saw a new heaven – Bainton

SECOND READING

Read by Caroline Wyatt
BBC News broadcaster

St Bride's – Jo Shapcott

There is a tower of the winds as tall
as this one in another city, a steeple
filled with fire by the incendiary raids
of a coalition of the unwilling. Nocturnal
shocks pound the citizens who survive,
blast them out of their beds into the streets,
children bundled under their arms. The gutters flame.
Dust is alight.

I was born in a city to come and go safely through the boroughs,
carrying inside me every morning's news: pictures
of soldiers in places they didn't want
to understand, made to fight for loose change,
for the hell of it, for a can of oil. I live here,
but the smell of print and ashes is in my nose.

CHOIR

He ain't heavy – Russell/Scott arr. Jones

THIRD READING

Read by Peter Willis
Editor, Daily Mirror

The Charge of the Light Brigade – William Howard Russell

This November 14, 1854 dispatch in the Times, written by William Howard Russell from the front of the Crimean War, later led Alfred Tennyson to compose the famous poem of the same name, The Charge of the Light Brigade.

SEBASTOPOL, OCTOBER 25

If the exhibition of the most brilliant valour, of the excess of courage, and of a daring which would have reflected lustre on the best days of chivalry can afford full consolation for the disaster of today, we can have no reason to regret the melancholy loss which we sustained in a contest with a savage and barbarian enemy.

I shall proceed to describe, to the best of my power, what occurred under my own eyes, and to state the facts which I have heard from men whose veracity is unimpeachable, reserving to myself the right of private judgement in making public and in surpressing the details of what occurred on this memorable day...

At 11:00 our Light Cavalry Brigade rushed to the front... The Russians opened on them with guns from the redoubts on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles.

They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! It was but too true -- their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part -- discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening the pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of sudden death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, the dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line was broken -- it was joined by the second, they never halted or checked their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewn with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry.

Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. The blaze of their steel, like an officer standing near me said, "was like the turn of a shoal of mackerel." We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight, we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale -- demigods could not have done what they had failed to do. At the very moment when they were about to retreat, a regiment of lancers was hurled upon their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger and rode his men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, where there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin. It was as much as our Heavy Cavalry Brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of that band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted in all the pride of life.

At 11:35 not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of those bloody Muscovite guns...

HYMN

Lord of all hopefulness

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever child-like, no cares could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe,
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.



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ADDRESS

Sam Kiley
Foreign Affairs Editor, Sky News

CHOIR

Justorum animae – Lassus

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.

Lord hear us.

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

Thine be the glory

Thine be the glory, risen conquering son;
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly he greets us; scatters fear and gloom;
Let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting,
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conqu'rors through thy deathless love;
Bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.
Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,
Endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.

BLESSING

The Rector

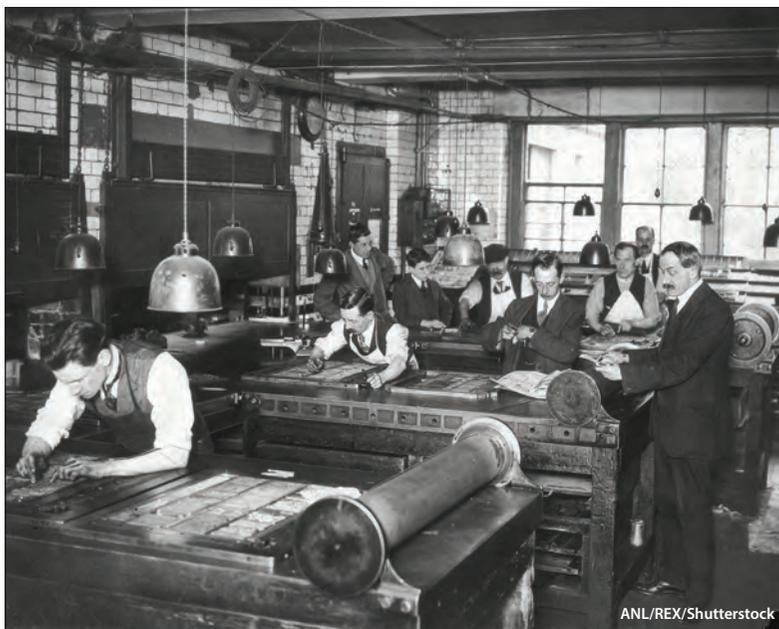
Go forth into the world in peace; be of good courage; hold fast to that which is good; render to no one evil for evil; strengthen the faint-hearted; support the weak; help the afflicted, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit.

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 and shared between St Bride's Church, the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world, and the Rory Peck Trust, supporting and assisting freelance newsgatherers and their families around the world

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



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