



THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

*A service to commemorate journalists, cameramen
and support staff who have lost their lives
while bringing us the news.*

Wednesday 9th November 2011, 6.30pm

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street, City of London

President Franklin D. Roosevelt

*In the future days, which we seek to make secure,
we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.*

*The first is freedom of speech and
expression – everywhere in the world.*

*The second is freedom of every person to worship God
in his own way – everywhere in the world.*

The third is freedom from want...

The fourth is freedom from fear.

Address to Congress, 6 January 1941

ORDER OF SERVICE

Freedom is something we all take for granted in the western world. But in many other parts of the world it is a pipedream. Freedom of expression, in particular, is always under threat, not just in totalitarian regimes, but even in established democracies. In the name of a justified war against terrorism many regimes are openly attacking journalists who dare to speak out, and in western countries laws have been passed that undermine press freedom and civil liberty.

It is all the more important that we speak up for liberty and free expression, and that we honour and remember those who have died across the world in bringing us the news. This service is dedicated to those thousands of journalists who refuse to accept the idea that might makes right, who believe in democracy, and who are determined that the voices of those in power will not be the only ones heard. Every year more journalists die speaking truth to power. Tonight we remember those who have died during the past year, bearing the torch of freedom.

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Fidelis – Percy Whitlock

INTROIT

Lord, Who May Dwell In Your Sanctuary? – Psalm 15. 1-3, 8;
Arranged by Matthew Morley

THE BIDDING

We have come together in St Bride's Church to commemorate and honour those journalists, cameramen and support staff who have died on active service during the past year across the world.

Benjamin Franklin wrote two hundred and fifty years ago that "Whoever would overthrow the liberty of a nation must begin by subduing the freeness of speech." Those who report from conflict zones and repressive regimes know only too well that bearing witness to truth in the pursuit of freedom has a personal cost.

As we honour our foreign correspondents, cameramen and support staff and commemorate those who have died, we pray for God's blessing upon them and the loved ones they have left behind, trusting that one day freedom will reign and truth will prevail.

AMEN.

HYMN

Praise To The Lord, The Almighty, The King Of Creation

*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.*

THE FIRST READING

Isaiah 59. 6-11

Read by Trevor Kavanagh
Associate Editor, The Sun

Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen:
to loose the chains of injustice
and untie the cords of the yoke,
to set the oppressed free
and break every yoke?
Is it not to share your food with the hungry
and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter—
when you see the naked, to clothe him,
and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood?
Then your light will break forth like the dawn,
and your healing will quickly appear;
then your righteousness will go before you,
and the glory of the Lord will be your rear guard.
Then you will call, and the Lord will answer;
you will cry for help, and he will say: Here am I.

If you do away with the yoke of oppression,
with the pointing finger and malicious talk,
and if you spend yourselves on behalf of the hungry
and satisfy the needs of the oppressed,
then your light will rise in the darkness,
and your night will become like the noonday.
The Lord will guide you always;
he will satisfy your needs in a sun-scorched land
and will strengthen your frame.

CHOIR

Bring Us, O Lord God – William Harris

THE SECOND READING

Reporting from the Front Line

Emma Daly, foreign correspondent for the Independent and the Observer during the war in Bosnia.

Journalism can be a dirty game, in which competition drives people to shameful deeds. But in times of trouble, most of my colleagues will do all they can to assist – share material with their rivals, help the competition to call in, lend equipment, supplies, whatever it takes. Being surrounded by death and destruction does help to put things in perspective – an ‘exclusive’ tag is really not the point when the story is about a mass grave.

It is not that we are great humanitarians, that we suffer for the sake of others. But I think we are motivated to continue, at least in part, by the people we meet in these not-so-distant lands. I never thought I could change the world, but I would like to show you what I have seen. I want to give a voice to so many: to the 12-year-old girl who watched her 5-year-old sister ripped apart by a shell in the playground; to the grieving parents mourning a 17-year-old daughter whose death was stolen and re-broadcast as propaganda by her killers; to the 29-year-old keening, with great gasping sobs, over the body of her mother, to all those whose lives have been destroyed in the pursuit of power. To those friends whose memories and stories I never noted down – because sometimes you just want to talk as people, to set the job aside for a few moments. To all who survive with grace and humour and dignity, offering coffee to every stranger who crosses the threshold and time to every curious journalist dropping by to ask: ‘And how do you feel?/What do you think?/Show me your scars.’

We can do no more than record as faithfully as we can what we see and hear and smell and taste and touch. Each one of us is influenced by our history, our beliefs, our prejudices, and each of us has a responsibility to try to identify such traits and to work around them. By now I almost expect the work of reporters in the field to be dismissed as ‘naïve’ by diplomats, pundits and other specialists who rarely leave their comfortable Western capitals yet who have an unshakeable faith in their own knowledge, garnered mostly from official briefings. ‘You simply don’t see the big picture,’ is the patronizing phrase often used by those who choose to see only in the abstract. Or as a colleague once said to me, ‘All you people in Sarejevo are obsessed by dead children and that is simply not the point.’

But I think that exactly is the point.

(From the Penguin Book Of Journalism 1999)

THE ADDRESS

Mark Austin
ITN Anchorman

HYMN

Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us

*Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er this world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us:
For we have no help but thee;
Yet possessing every blessing
If our God our Father be.*

*Saviour, breath forgiveness o'er us:
All our weaknesses thou dost know;
Though didst tread this earth before us,
Thou did feel its keenest woe;
Self denying, death defying,
Thou to Calvary didst go.*

*Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Ever can our peace destroy.*

THE ROLL CALL OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

We remember with gratitude those who have died around the world during the past twelve months in the pursuit of truth and for the cause of freedom:

Wael Mikhael

Chris Hondros

Faisal Qureshi

Karim Fakhrawi

Maria Elizabeth Macías Castro

Zakariya Rashid Hassan al-Ashiri

Phamon Phonphanit

Anton Hammerl

Hassan al-Wadhaf

Sabah al-Bazi

Farhad Taqaddosi

Muammar Khadir Abdelwahad

Hadi al-Mahdi

Luis Emanuel Ruiz Carrillo

Pedro Alfonso Flores Silva

Mohammed al-Nabbous

Noramfaizul Mohd

Jamal al-Sharaabi

Farah Hassan Sahal

Ali Hassan al-Jaber

José Agustín Silvestre de los Santos

Noel López Olgúin

Ahmad Omaid Khpalwak

Marcel Legré

Alwan al-Ghorabi

Mohamed al-Hamdani

Shafiullah Khan

Rodolfo Ochoa Moreno

Edinaldo Filgueira

Ahmad Mohamed Mahmoud

Romeo Olea

Le Hoang Hung

Asfandyar Khan

Gerardo Ortega

Saleem Shahzad

Lucas Mebrouk Dolega

Nasrullah Khan Afridi

Wali Khan Babar

CHOIR

Songbird - Christine McVie

THE PRAYERS

Father in Heaven,
We give you thanks for those who have died and whom we remember today.
We praise you as we recollect their lives and cherish their memory.
We bless you that in bearing your image they have brought light to our world;
For we have seen in their integrity demonstrations of your goodness,
In their faithfulness glimpses of your eternal love.
Grant to each of us the grace to follow their good examples
So that we with them may come to your everlasting kingdom;
To whom be praise for all eternity.

AMEN.

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 so powerfully influence the life of the nation.

As we remember those who have died, keep those reporting safe in times of danger and bring those reporting from the trouble-spots of the world safely home to families, friends and colleagues.

AMEN.

For all those who came before us,
for all those who gave from their hearts,
who gave from their lives,
that there might be a better world,
a safer world, a kinder world,
we pray for peace,
in their name.
That all their dreams,
that all their struggles,
would not end like this -
in this great sadness -
we pray for peace,
in their name.

HYMN

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory Of The Coming Of The Lord

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.*

*He hath sounded forth the trumpet, that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His Judgement seat.
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.*

*In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
While God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
While God is marching on!*

*He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;
He is the wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave:
So the world shall be his foot-stool, and the soul of time his slave:
Our God is marching on!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Our God is marching on!*

THE BLESSING

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

And so may the blessing of God be your comfort;

May the Son of God bring you peace;

May the Spirit of God be your promise for the future.

And may the warmth of the life of God within you be for ever, your Blessing to keep.

AMEN.

CHOIR

The Parting Glass - Irish Traditional

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Nun Danket - Karg-Elert



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