

Service of Thanksgiving
for the life of
Richard Beeston

18th February 1963 19th May 2013



Friday 20th September 2013
at 11.30am

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street EC4



St Bride's Church

Fleet St

LONDON

EC4Y 8AU

020 7427 0133

www.stbrides.com

Service led by

The Venerable David Meara

Rector of St Bride's & Archdeacon of London

Director of Music

Robert Jones

Organist

Matthew Morley

Organ Music Before The Service

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr Bach

Choir

Miserere Allegri

Bidding Prayer

The Rector

Hymn

The Lord's My Shepherd

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

Yea though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill:
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou has furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

First Reading
Matthew 5:1-10
Read by Sam Kiley

Now when Jesus saw the crowds, he went up on a mountainside and sat down. His disciples came to him, and he began to teach them. He said:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.
Blessed are those who hunger
and thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called children of God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted
because of righteousness,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Choir
Dido's Lament Purcell

Second Reading

The Noble Nature by Ben Jonson

Read by Georgia Beeston

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night
It was the plant and flower of Light
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Choir

Down In The River To Pray Trad. Arr. Jones

First Address

Simon Cellan-Jones

Hymn
Jerusalem

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.

Third Reading

King Solomon's Mines by H. Rider Haggard

Read by Dan Green

Yet man dies not whilst the world, at once his mother and his monument, remains. His name is lost, indeed, but the breath he breathed still stirs the pine-tops on the mountains, the sound of the words he spoke yet echoes on through space; the thoughts his brain gave birth to we have inherited to-day; his passions are our cause of life; the joys and sorrows that he knew are our familiar friends - the end from which he fled aghast will surely overtake us also! Truly the universe is full of ghosts, not sheeted churchyard spectres, but the inextinguishable elements of individual life, which having once been, can never die, though they blend and change, and change again for ever.

Second Address

Ben Macintyre

Choir

Laudate Dominum – Mozart

Fourth Reading

The Mother Of All Battles by Richard Beeston

Read by John Witherow

Prayers

The Rector

Hymn

Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

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!

Blessing
The Rector

Choir

Rivers of Babylon – Dowe/McNaughton arr. Jones

Organ Voluntary

Carillon de Westminster Op 54 no 6 – Vierne

*There will be a retiring collection to be shared between
The Rory Peck Trust and St Bride's Church, Fleet Street.*

*After the Service, The Times invites everyone to
the Press House Wine Bar, 1 St Bride's Passage.*



To be given to Mrs Churchill in the event of my death:

Do not grieve for me too much. I am a spirit confident of my rights. Death is only an incident, and not the most important that happens to us in this state of being. On the whole, especially since I met you my darling one, I have been happy and you taught me how noble a woman's heart can be. If there is anywhere else, I shall be on the lookout for you. Meanwhile look forward, feel free, rejoice in life, cherish the children, guard my memory. God bless you!

Winston Churchill

By Richard Beeston, *The Times*, 18th January 2010

It has taken nearly 22 years for Ali Hassan al-Majid to be judged by Iraqis for perpetrating one of the worst massacres in modern history.

Even peering out from the smudged window of an Iranian military helicopter, it was clear that a terrible crime had been committed against the inhabitants of Halabja, as part of a campaign by Saddam Hussein and his commanders to teach Iraqi Kurds the cost of siding with the enemy - at that time Iran.

On the ground, the scale of the slaughter became clear. Entire families had been killed by the poison chemicals. Some died together huddled in makeshift shelters that offered no protection against the gas. One family was killed in their garden along with their pets.

Another succumbed as they tried to escape by car. We found the vehicle crashed into a wall with the driver and all occupants dead and the keys in the ignition. The most poignant memory of that day was a father in traditional Kurdish dress lying dead at the entrance to his home cradling a baby.

Those who survived were arguably worse off. Hundreds had been hit by mustard gas that burnt their eyes and lungs but did not kill them. Victims of this slow and painful poison are still dying of their injuries to this day.

Even by Saddam's ruthless standards the massacre broke new boundaries. Yet what was more shocking was the cynical response of the West. The US attempted to blame this crime on Iran. Britain carried on business as usual with the regime in Baghdad. Saddam was shielded from any meaningful punishment. He went on to invade Kuwait two years later and ordered the massacre of thousands of Iraqi Shia Muslims in 1991.

The failure of the West to respond adequately to this outrage made it difficult for George Bush and Tony Blair to make a moral case for overthrowing Saddam in 2003.

But as the Iraq war comes under new scrutiny and more voices argue that Saddam should have been left in place, it is worth sparing a thought for those thousands of innocent Kurdish men, women and children who died in the deadliest chemical weapons attack on civilians in history.