



# A Telling Witness

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

Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> November 2015  
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 their sacrifice to bring us the truth.

# ORDER OF SERVICE

## INTROIT

*O taste and see* – Vaughan Williams

## WELCOME & OPENING PRAYER

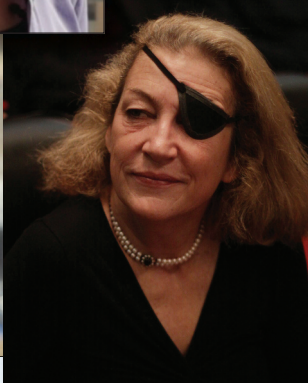
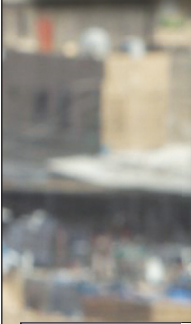
The Rector

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, or whose fate is unknown; we pray, too, for 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

*Come down, O Love divine*

Come down, O Love divine,  
Seek thou this soul of mine,  
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
Within my heart appear,  
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
Till earthly passions turn  
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
And let thy glorious light  
Shine ever on my sight,  
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity  
Mine outward vesture be,  
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;  
True lowliness of heart,  
Which takes the humbler part,  
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
With which the soul will long,  
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
For none can guess its grace,  
Till he become the place  
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

## FIRST READING

Read by David Dinsmore  
Chief Operating Officer, News UK

*John 8: 25-32*

So they said to him, "Who are you?" Jesus replied, "What I have told you from the beginning.

I have many things to say and to judge about you, but the Father who sent me is truthful, and the things I have heard from him I speak to the world."

They did not understand that he was telling them about his Father.

Then Jesus said, "When you lift up the Son of Man, then you will know that I am he, and I do nothing on my own initiative, but I speak just what the Father taught me.

And the one who sent me is with me. He has not left me alone, because I always do those things that please him."

While he was saying these things, many people believed in him.

Then Jesus said to those Judeans who had believed him, "If you continue to follow my teaching, you are really my disciples;

And you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free."

## CHOIR

*Remember not, Lord, our offences – Purcell*

## SECOND READING

*War Zone* – Michael Brett  
Former Press Officer, Bosnia & Herzegovina

A grand piano lies upended, like a seashell,  
On a beach of white plaster in a school hall cave  
Whose roof has been torn off by the shark bite of a bomb;

And all that there ever was: shot books and magazines,  
Like dead birds, lie in empty streets urged by street signs  
To Keep Left and Not Drop Litter;

Traffic lights that wink like call girls at bunted cars with no tyres  
Smashed like glasses on bar-top tarmac,  
And a tree that jumped like a ballerina in a shell-burst skirt  
Dangles its roots, like knees, from the twentieth floor;

These voiceless voices, empty shoes and cables  
Pulled like nerves out of giant brains, all resolve  
Like a maddened symphony's second movement,  
Into the purr of small arms in factory sheds and round street corners;

The zigzag of blood on pavements and children –  
In yellow T-shirts – looking for food and parents  
In the bins of abandoned hotels.

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## CHOIR

*And every stone shall cry* – Chilcott

## THIRD READING

Read by Penny Marshall  
Social Affairs Editor, ITV News

*An extract from an Address at St Bride's on 10th November 2010*  
– Marie Colvin, former Foreign Correspondent, Sunday Times

Covering a war means going to places torn by chaos, destruction, and death, and trying to bear witness. It means trying to find the truth in a sandstorm of propaganda when armies, tribes or terrorists clash. And yes, it means taking risks, not just for yourself but often for the people who work closely with you.

Despite all the videos you see from the Ministry of Defence or the Pentagon, and all the sanitised language describing smart bombs and pinpoint strikes, the scene on the ground has remained remarkably the same for hundreds of years. Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Men for their wives, mothers children.

Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice. We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado? I lost my eye in an ambush in the Sri Lankan civil war. I had gone to the northern Tamil area from which journalists were banned and found an unreported humanitarian disaster. As I was smuggled back across the internal border, a soldier launched a grenade at me and the shrapnel sliced into my face and chest. He knew what he was doing.

Many of you here must have asked yourselves, or be asking yourselves now, is it worth the cost in lives, heartbreak, loss? Can we really make a difference? I faced that question when I was injured. In fact one paper ran a headline saying, has Marie Colvin gone too far this time? My answer then, and now, was that it is worth it.

Today in this church are friends, colleagues and families who know exactly what I am talking about, and bear the cost of those experiences, as do their families and loved ones. Today we must also remember how important it is that news organisations continue to invest in sending us out at great cost, both financial and emotional, to cover stories.

We go to remote war zones to report what is happening. The public have a right to know what our government, and our armed forces, are doing in our name. Our mission is to speak the truth to power. We send home that first rough draft of history. We can and do make a difference in exposing the horrors of war and especially the atrocities that befall civilians.



In an age of 24/7 rolling news, blogs and twitters, we are on constant call wherever we are. But war reporting is still essentially the same - someone has to go there and see what is happening. You can't get that information without going to places where people are being shot at, and others are shooting at you.

The real difficulty is having enough faith in humanity to believe that enough people be they government, military or the man on the street, will care when your file reaches the printed page, the website or the TV screen.

We do have that faith because we believe we do make a difference. And we could not make that difference - or begin to do our job - without the fixers, drivers, and translators, who face the same risks and die in appalling numbers. Today we honour them as much as the front line journalists who have died in pursuit of the truth. They have kept the faith as we who remain must continue to do.

## 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.

## ADDRESS

Sarah Montague  
Journalist & Broadcaster, BBC



# CHOIR

*Pie Jesu – Duruflé*

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.

**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

*O praise ye the Lord*

O praise ye the Lord!  
Praise him in the height;  
Rejoice in his word,  
Ye angels of light;  
Ye heavens adore him  
By whom ye were made,  
And worship before him,  
In brightness arrayed.

O praise ye the Lord!  
Praise him upon earth,  
In tuneful accord,  
Ye sons of new birth;  
Praise him who has brought you  
His grace from above,  
Praise him who has taught you  
To sing of his love.

O praise ye the Lord!  
All things that give sound;  
Each jubilant chord,  
Re-echo around;  
Loud organs, his glory  
Forth tell in deep tone,  
And sweet harp, the story  
Of what he has done.

O praise ye the Lord!  
Thanksgiving and song  
To him be outpoured  
All ages along:  
For love in creation,  
For heaven restored,  
For grace of salvation,  
O praise ye the Lord!

## 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.

The retiring collection will go to support **St Bride's Church**, the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world, and **Asylum Aid**, which works to help refugees integrate in the UK

There will be a reception after the service in the Voltaire Bar at The Crowne Plaza Hotel, 19 New Bridge Street, EC4



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

News UK

dmg media

Trinity Mirror

The Independent

Evening Standard

Telegraph Media Group

Guardian Media Group

Financial Times

BBC

ITN



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*Ben Giddens*

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