



*The Pen is mightier
than the Sword*

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

In the presence of
The Most Revd & Rt Hon Justin Welby
Archbishop of Canterbury

Wednesday 5th November 2014
12.30pm

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.

Journalists, cameramen and support staff have always been casualties during the conflicts they are sent to cover. In recent years more journalists than ever have lost their lives and in many parts of the world are now regarded as "legitimate targets" within the conflict zones of the world. The atrocious executions of journalists and other citizens during 2014 have further challenged us to comprehend the extremes of human behaviour.

This year, we are particularly conscious of the barbarism of various factions in the Middle East and elsewhere, but we come together as journalists, and celebrate the priceless value of freedom of speech, as we demonstrate that the Pen is, indeed, mightier than the Sword.

ORDER OF SERVICE

INTROIT

God Be In My Head – Walford Davies

BIDDING

The Rector

We come together for this annual service of commemoration to honour those journalists, camera-crew and support staff who have died on active service during the past year across the world.

In a year that has witnessed the brutal murders of James Foley and Steven Sotloff, and in which others working in the field have been killed, injured or taken hostage, the cost of good investigative journalism has never been more apparent. On this sad and proud day, we celebrate the courage, and we mourn the tragic loss of those who have committed their lives to giving a voice to the voiceless, and to telling stories that would otherwise remain untold.

As we honour them today, we pray that God will bless all they have done and make it fruitful. We pray, too, for the loved ones they have left behind, trusting that beyond our brief day the eternity of God's love awaits us.

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 Bridget Kendall MBE
BBC Diplomatic Correspondent

War Photographer by Carol Ann Duffy

In his darkroom he is finally alone
with spools of suffering set out in ordered rows.
The only light is red and softly glows,
as though this were a church and he
a priest preparing to intone a Mass.
Belfast. Beirut. Phnom Penh. All flesh is grass.

He has a job to do. Solutions slop in trays
beneath his hands which did not tremble then
though seem to now. Rural England. Home again
to ordinary pain which simple weather can dispel,
to fields which don't explode beneath the feet
of running children in a nightmare heat.

Something is happening. A stranger's features
faintly start to twist before his eyes,
a half-formed ghost. He remembers the cries
of this man's wife, how he sought approval
without words to do what someone must
and how the blood stained into foreign dust.

A hundred agonies in black-and-white
from which his editor will pick out five or six
for Sunday's supplement. The reader's eyeballs prick
with tears between bath and pre-lunch beers.
From aeroplane he stares impassively at where
he earns a living and they do not care.

CHOIR

Ubi Caritas – Duruflé

ADDRESS

Victoria Newton
Editor, The Sun on Sunday

CHOIR

For Lo, I Raise Up – Stanford

SECOND READING

Read by Paul Vickers
Secretary and Group Legal Director, Trinity Mirror

Isaiah 21. 6-12

This is what the Lord says to me: "Go, post a lookout and have him report what he sees. When he sees chariots with teams of horses, riders on donkeys or riders on camels, let him be alert, fully alert."

And the lookout shouted, "Day after day, my lord, I stand on the watchtower; every night I stay at my post. Look, here comes a man in a chariot with a team of horses. And he gives back the answer: 'Babylon has fallen, has fallen! All the images of its gods lie shattered on the ground!'"

My people who are crushed on the threshing floor, I tell you what I have heard from the Lord Almighty, from the God of Israel.

A prophecy against Duma. Someone calls to me from Seir, "Watchman, what is left of the night? Watchman, what is left of the night?" The watchman replies, "Morning is coming, but also the night. If you would ask, then ask; and come back yet again."

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.

SERMON

The Most Revd & Rt Hon Justin Welby
Archbishop of Canterbury

CHOIR

Into Thy Hands – Dove



PRAYERS

The Rector

Comfort, O Lord, we pray thee, all who are mourning the loss of those who laid down their lives on the frontline. Be with them in their sorrow, support them in their loneliness. Give them faith to look beyond the troubles of this present time, and to know that neither life nor death can separate us from thy love which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Lord hear us.

All: Lord, graciously hear us.

Eternal God, the Father of all mankind: We commit to thee the needs of the whole world. Where there is hatred, give love; where there is injury, grant pardon; where there is distrust, restore faith; where there is sorrow, renew hope; where there is darkness, let there be light; through Jesus Christ our saviour and redeemer.

Lord hear us.

All: Lord, graciously hear us.

Almighty and everlasting Lord, God of the spirits of all flesh: We commend to thy mercy the souls of our brothers and sisters whom we have remembered before thee; beseeching thee that the memory of their devotion may ever be an example and inspiration to us, and that we may serve thee faithfully all the days of our life; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

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 so powerfully influence the life of the nation.

Lord hear us.

All: Lord, graciously hear us.

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.

Lord hear us.

All: Lord, graciously hear us.

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 Archbishop of Canterbury

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.

CHOIR

Forever Autumn – Wayne/Osborne/Vigrass arr. Jones

The retiring collection will go to support **St Bride's Church**,
the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world,
and our current **Inspire! Appeal**.

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

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St Bride's Church
FLEET STREET, LONDON EC4Y 8AU

Rector

The Revd Canon Dr Alison Joyce

Director of Music

Robert Jones

Organist

Matthew Morley