



TRUTH AT ALL COSTS

*A service to commemorate journalists, cameramen
and support staff who have died in the conflicts
of the 21st Century while bringing us the news.*

*In the presence of
HRH The Duchess of Cornwall*

Wednesday 10th November 2010, 6.30pm

St Bride's Church
Fleet Street, City of London

A VIGIL AT ST BRIDE'S

*By Joan Connell, Associate Director, Dart Center for Journalism and Trauma
at Columbia University, New York*

Journalism has all but abandoned Fleet Street, as news organizations that once occupied its old stone buildings have either folded or fled to higher-tech digs in Kensington, Wapping and Canary Wharf. But tucked away in a courtyard, in the ancient Anglican church of St Bride, a small flame flickers, keeping vigil for the women and men who risk their lives and sometimes lose them, in pursuit of the truth and the news.

In the beginning, notes the Gospel of John, was the Word. Since 1500, when the first printing press was installed in the corner of this Fleet Street churchyard and a publisher known as Wynkyn de Worde began cranking out religious tracts, the first travel books and transgressive popular fare like "The Tales of Robin Hood," St Bride's has been a patron and protector of those who tell stories and those who set type. And though the generations of chroniclers and pressmen who have laboured here have been replaced by financiers and lawyers, their footprints remain. Named after Bridget of Kildare, the Irish holy woman of legend known for her love of good cheer and the illustrated manuscripts her convent produced, St Bride's Institute also houses the City of London library whose collected works on typography, calligraphy and design are among the largest in the English-speaking world.

But it was the very contemporary Journalists' Chapel that drew me one Sunday morning to a small altar tucked inside St Bride's. Lit by an array of vigil candles, it was crowded with the framed portraits of scores of journalists who had lost their lives in recent years, covering disasters natural and man-made. Off to the side, a plaque recalled the nearly seven-year ordeal Terry Anderson endured, after being taken hostage in Lebanon in 1985.

To read the names and see the faces of former colleagues, people whose work I had read, whom I had known or written about over the years, elicited simultaneous feelings of shock, recognition and sorrow: Michael Kelly, editor of the New Republic and NBC Correspondent David Bloom, both killed in the early days of the Iraq War; fearless investigative reporter Anna Politkovskaya, gunned down in Moscow by those about whom she knew too much; Anthony Macharia, a young sound man from Reuters, among four news workers attacked by mobs in Somalia in 1994. Who could have known since then that the portraits of so many others, who put themselves in harm's way, would join them?

On 10th November at 6:30pm, many from the media industry will gather at St Bride's to honour journalists and support staff who have died as a result of the conflicts of the first decade of the 21st century. Some of us can be there only in spirit, but will count on the power of the word and the good people of St Bride's to stand vigil for all those who risk their lives and their well-being to bear witness to the most difficult human truths.

ORDER OF SERVICE

Journalists and cameramen have always been casualties during the conflicts they are sent to cover. And yet 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.

This service commemorates a small fraction of the many hundreds who have died across the world during the first ten years of the 21st Century. Foreign correspondents and cameramen are the high-profile casualties, but most victims are local. Whether indigenous, expatriate or on assignment, they all have the same thing in common – they died while telling the story, bearing witness to the truth...at all costs, to borrow a phrase from Martin Luther.

As Emma Daly, foreign correspondent for the Independent at the time of the conflict in Bosnia, has put it:-

“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. But in spite of the difficulties, dangers and the struggle to remain impartial, our only purpose is to record these scenes so that no one, not those who would rather ignore this nastiness, not even those in whose name the crimes were committed, would have an excuse to say: ‘I did not know’.”

ORGAN MUSIC BEFORE THE SERVICE

Elegy – George Thalban-Ball
Nimrod from *Enigma Variations* – Edward Elgar

INTROIT

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

THE BIDDING

We come together in St Bride’s Church today to commemorate and honour those journalists, cameramen and support staff who have died while covering the conflicts of the 21st Century.

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. Their families, many of whom are with us today, know only too well that bearing witness to the truth has a personal cost. 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.

As we commemorate those with links to the British media who have died, we remember countless others across the world who have lost their lives, and we pray for God’s blessing upon them and the loved ones they have left behind, trusting that at the end of our brief day is the eternity of God’s love.

AMEN.

HYMN

O God, Our Help In Ages Past

*O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.*

*Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.*

*Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.*

*A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.*

*Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.*

*O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.*

THE FIRST READING

Ecclesiasticus 44. 1-15

Read by Mark Byford, Deputy Director-General, BBC

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 in 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 are some of them, who 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 - Edgar Bainton

THE SECOND READING

The General Goes Zapping Charlie Cong
Nicholas Tomalin, *Sunday Times*, 5th June 1966

Read by John Witherow, Editor, Sunday Times

After a light lunch last Wednesday, General James F Hollingsworth took off in his personal helicopter and killed more Vietnamese than all the troops he commanded.

The General has a big, real American face, reminiscent of every movie general you have seen. He comes from Texas, and is 48.

“Our mission today,” says the General, “is to push those goddam VCs right off Routes 13 and 16. When we got here first we cleared Charlie Cong right out.

“I guess the ol’ VC reckoned he could creep back. So this day we aim to zapp him, and zapp him, and zapp him again till we’ve zapped him right back where he came from. Yes, sir. Let’s go.”

The General’s helicopter carries the General’s own M16 carbine (hanging on a strut), two dozen smoke bombs, and a couple of CS anti-personnel gas-bombs, each as big as a small dustbin.

“Put me down at Battalion HQ,” he calls to the pilot.

“There’s sniper fire reported in that area, General.”

“Goddam the snipers, just put me down.”

Battalion HQ is packed with tents, personnel carriers, helicopters and milling GIs. The General leaps out and strides through his troops.

“Why General, excuse us, we didn’t expect you here,” says a sweating major.

“You killed any ’Cong yet?”

“Well no General, I guess he’s just too scared of us today.”

Two F105 jets appear over the horizon in formation, then one passes over, dropping a tail of silver, fish-shaped canisters. Napalm. Trees and bushes burn, pouring dark oily smoke into the sky.

“Aaaaah,” cries the General. “Nice. Nice. Very neat. Come in low, let’s see who’s left down there.”

“How do you know for sure the Viet Cong snipers were in that strip you burned?”

“We don’t. That’s why we zapp the whole forest.”

“But what if there was someone, a civilian, walking through there?”

“Aw come on son, you think there’s folks just sniffing flowers? Anyone left down there, he’s Charlie Cong all right.”

The pilot shouts: “General, half right, two running for that bush.”

In one movement he yanks his M16 off the hanger, slams in a clip of cartridges and leans right out of the door, hanging on his seatbelt to fire one long burst in the general direction of the bush.

“But General, how do you know those aren’t just frightened peasants?”

“Running? Like that? Don’t give me a pain.”

Pow, pow, pow, sounds the gun. All the noises of this war have an unaccountably Texan ring.

For the first time I see the running figure, bobbing and sprinting towards a clump of trees dressed in black pyjamas. No hat. No shoes.

“Now hit the tree.”

We circle five times. Branches drop off the tree, leaves fly, its trunk is enveloped with dust and tracer flares. Then a man runs from the tree, in each hand a bright red flag which he waves desperately above his head.

“Stop, stop, he’s quit,” shouts the General, knocking the machine-gun so traces erupt into the sky.

“That’s a Cong for sure,” cries the General and with one deft movement grabs the man’s short black hair and yanks him off his feet, inboard. The prisoner falls into the seat beside me.

The red flags I spotted from the air are his hands, bathed solidly in blood.

THE ADDRESS

Marie Colvin, Foreign Correspondent, Sunday Times

HYMN

Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise

*Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, 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.*

THE THIRD READING

'War Photographer' by Carol Ann Duffy

Read by Robin Esser, Executive Managing Editor, Daily Mail

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.

THE ROLL CALL OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED

Read by Mark Austin (ITN) and Samia Nakhoul (Thomson Reuters)

“We have a guest tonight: one of the soldiers of the press, one of the little army of historians who are writing history from beside the cannon’s mouth.”
(extract from *Alfred Hitchcock’s Foreign Correspondent*, 1940)

Amongst the many hundreds who have died in the conflicts of the 21st Century we remember with love and gratitude the following journalists, cameramen and support staff:-

Anwar	Abbas Lafta	James	Miller
Kamaran	Abdurazaq Muhamed	Richard	Mills
Martin	Adler	Anthony	Mitchell
Anacleto	Benito da Silva	Hiro	Muramoto
James	Brolan	Dhia	Najim
Harry	Burton	Mir	Nawab
Saeed	Chmagh	Frédéric	Nérac
Simon	Cumbers	Mayilvaganam	Nimalarajan
Nasteh	Dahir Faraah	Namir	Noor-Eldeen
Mazen	Dana	Martin	O'Hagan
Nazeh	Darwazeh	Hussein	Osman
Paul	Douglas	Kate	Peyton
James	Forlong	Taras	Protsyuk
Miguel	Gil	Gaby	Rado
Kaveh	Golestan	Shamsur	Rahman
Azizullah	Haidari	Marla	Ruzicka
Rupert	Hamer	Manik	Saha
Saleh	Ibrahim	Abdul	Samad Rohani
Waleed	Khaled	Kurt	Schork
Javed	Khan	Roddy	Scott
Adlan	Khasanov	Fadel	Shana
Kerem	Lawton	Abed	Takoush
Terry	Lloyd	Richard	Wild
Aswan Ahmed	Lutfallah	John	Williams

(As the names are read out we shall hear the Sarabande from the Partita No 2 in D Minor by Johann Sebastian Bach, played by Ruth Palmer, violin.)

May the names of those who have died not be forgotten, and may we continue to remember the courage and dedication of those who are “writing history from beside the cannon’s mouth,” and who have paid the ultimate price.

AMEN.



CHOIR

Where Have All The Flowers Gone? – Pete Seeger; arr. Peacock

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 lives;

For we have seen in their friendship reflections of your compassion,

In their integrity demonstrations of your goodness,

In their faithfulness glimpses of your eternal love.

Grant to each of us, beloved and bereft, 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.

Merciful God, hear the cries of our grief, for you know the anguish of our hearts.

It is beyond our understanding and more than we can bear.

Accept our prayer that as those whom we remember today have been released from this world's cruelty so may they be received into your safe hands and secure love.

We pray that justice may be done and that we may treasure the memory of their lives more than the manner of their deaths.

We pray especially for the families of those who have died, those gathered here today and those who cannot be with us. When we long for words of comfort, yet find them hard to hear, turn our grief to truer living, and our affliction to firmer hope for your holy name's sake.

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.

HYMN

He Who Would Valiant Be

*He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.*

*There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.*

*Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound –
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.*

*Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.*

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

Bridge Over Troubled Water - Paul Simon; arr. Jones

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

Fugue 'St Anne' in E Flat Major (BWV 552) - J. S. Bach

From The Times, 27th January 2010 by James Hider

Another day, another round of bombs in Baghdad. A blip that barely registers in the news after so many years of bloodshed, and quickly blurs into the endless images of familiar carnage.

Except this day was different for me and many of my colleagues who have covered the Iraq war. This was the day that my friend Yasser vanished in that inevitable cloud of grey smoke that you see on your television screens or newspaper pages.

Yasser was *The Times's* driver for the past seven years, since the fall of the regime that he had hated so much. He joined the newspaper pretty much the same week I did, and together we worked through the bloodiest periods of the war. Yasser – whose surname I cannot put in print, even now, because of the danger to his brother, who also works as a *Times* driver – was one of the thousands of Iraqis who have made the media coverage of the war possible: uncredited, unsung heroes of a war most people would rather forget.

He had survived some terrifying episodes, from being “ethnically cleansed” with his family by Sunni insurgents from their home in 2006, when they moved into our hotel but did not stop working, to blocking the road with his car as a vehicle full of armed kidnappers tried to abduct a *Times* reporter one evening near the Tigris river. He saved my life and the lives of colleagues at the risk of his own, only to step out of *The Times* office at exactly the wrong moment on Monday, the moment when a suicide car bomber fought his way into the compound and blew himself up.

Over the years Yasser and his brother became close to all of us: they would be waiting at the airport when we flew in to drive us along the notorious Route Irish road when it was still a daily death trap; they would hug us like brothers when we left, always with a promise to return. But they did not just drive us into battle zones: they bought us cakes on our birthdays, invited us, when it was safe, to their home for meals cooked by their mother. Through the years we went to their weddings, saw Yasser become a proud father of two girls and, recently, hope for a better future for the country.

Yasser was a kind and funny man who had seen too much misery but retained his ability to crack a wicked joke. When we met, he told that me he had learnt English when training as a vet, but had never practised because he did not like any animals except for sheep. He was sweet and courteous, and called my girlfriend “Prince” until we pointed out that it was a male name. He cackled at his own mistake.

On one of my first outings with him through the lawless streets, he suddenly executed a U-turn through gridlocked traffic and sped off: he had spotted a gang of looters pulling people from the cars ahead, stabbing them and stealing their vehicles. Another time, when we were grabbed by the notorious al-Mahdi Army militia, masked gunmen dragged me and my translator off to an unknown destination in Sadr City. As a Shia from the area, Yasser could have driven off and no one would have blamed him: instead, I was hugely relieved to spot him through the rear window belting after us. He stayed with me until we managed to negotiate our release.

The last time I was in Baghdad, almost a year ago, Yasser made me promise to return. I will, very soon, but too late to see his smiling face. He was buried by his family yesterday in the Shia holy city of Najaf.

Instead, I will be greeted by his inconsolable brother, who was too devastated to do anything more than cry when I phoned him yesterday. I cried with him, because Yasser was not just another faceless statistic. He was a friend and a heroic colleague who will be missed forever.



Michelle Lang

1975-2009



Lang was killed by an improvised explosives device in Afghanistan Dec. 30, 2009, while covering the war for the Canwest News Service. Four Canadian soldiers also died in the blast.

Rupert Hamer

Sunday Mirror reporter
1970-2010



Anna Politkovskaya



Journalist shot dead in Moscow, 7th October 2006



FEARLE
CATED

In memory of

Nasteh Dahir Farah

BBC Journalist
Killed in Somalia

7TH JUNE 2008

and

Abdul Samad Rohani

BBC Journalist
Killed in Afghanistan

8TH JUNE 2008

We pray for

Martin Adler



Cameraman killed in Mogadishu, Somalia
On 23rd June 2006



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