



# A Hard Calling

– Reporting from the Frontline

A service to commemorate journalists, camera-crew 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*

Monday 22<sup>nd</sup> October 2012, 6.30pm

St Bride's Church  
Fleet Street, City of London





## INTRODUCTION

Two years ago, Marie Colvin described her work as “a hard calling” when she gave the address at this commemorative service. She described the risks that she and her colleagues took to speak truth to power and send home that first rough draft of history.

In February this year, Marie died in Homs covering the conflict in Syria. Tragically, she too became a victim of war: she paid with her life for her bravery, commitment and dedication.

Tonight, we remember Marie, and many others like her, who have lost their lives to bring us the story. She hoped that because of what she did and others still do, people back home will care enough to read their stories, listen to their reports and watch their broadcasts. Tonight we are keeping faith with them by remembering and celebrating “the hard calling” that is frontline journalism.



# ORDER OF SERVICE

## INTROIT

*Psalm 121* – Henry Walford Davies

## THE BIDDING

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.

On this occasion two years ago, Marie Colvin, in her address, described her work as “a hard calling”. Someone, she said, has to go to the war zones of the world and report what is happening. Tragically this quest led to her losing her life in Homs this year. Others have paid the same ultimate price, in Syria and elsewhere.

As we honour them tonight, 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 at the end of our brief day is the eternity of God’s love.

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 James Harding, Editor, The Times

*Isaiah 21. 6-12*

*The writer sees himself as a watchman, reporting what he sees, and rousing the people to action in the face of danger and destruction, not unlike the frontline journalist of today.*

For these were the words of the Lord to me: Go, post a watchman to report what he sees. He sees chariots, two-horsed chariots, riders on asses, riders on camels. He is alert, alert, always alert.

Then the look-out cried: All day long I stand on the Lord's watch-tower and night after night I keep my station. See, there come men in a chariot, a two-horsed chariot. And a voice calls back: Fallen, fallen is Babylon, and all the images of her gods lie shattered on the ground.

O my people, once trodden out and winnowed on the threshing-floor, what have I heard from the Lord of Hosts, from the God of Israel, I have told you.

One calls to me from Seir: Watchman, what is left of the night? Watchman, what is left? The watchman answered: Morning comes, and also night. Ask if you must; then come back again.

## CHOIR

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

## SECOND READING

Read by Hugh Whittow, Editor, The Daily Express

From *My Trade* by Andrew Marr

When I asked Robert Fisk about the glamorous image of the foreign correspondent's life, he was quick to admit that there were times when he sat on the balcony of his Beirut flat and watched the Mediterranean through the palm trees outside, and perhaps punched the air at the thought of a story or pictures he had got out, which had made headlines round the world, and felt life was sweet.

But, he added, the life of a proper correspondent, who kept away from the pack and tried to discover what was going on for himself, was also hard, dangerous and lonely. It involved long days of uncomfortable and perilous travel in rickety cars, or being fired on. It involved food poisoning and sudden hunches which persuade you not to journey to a place of danger. 'At the end of the day, it does take its toll on you. I feel very tired sometimes. I feel angry.'

But Fisk, like most foreign correspondents of real quality, is an unconvincing depressive. He quickly moves on to another story, taking a great gamble, and a terrifying drive along a road being shelled by the Israeli navy, to get vital pictures and words back to London. Afterwards saying: 'I remember sitting on that balcony thinking, we did it, we did it. We took the risk and it was worth it.'

At the best that's what it is all about. They take the risk and it is worth it. Salut.

## CHOIR

*Agnus Dei* from *War Requiem* – Benjamin Britten

## THE ADDRESS

Peter Preston  
*Columnist & Former Editor, The Guardian*

## HYMN

Abide With Me

*Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.*

*Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O thou who changest not, abide with me.*

*I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.*

*I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.*

*Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.*

## THIRD READING

Read by Kevin Beatty, Chief Executive, A&N Media

*Memorial* by James Fenton

*This poem was commissioned by the BBC for the inauguration of the sculpture on top of Broadcasting House, honouring journalists and support staff who have given their lives for freedom and democracy. The poem explores the dedication and drive which motivates journalists to return to conflict zones in the quest for truth.*

We spoke, we chose to speak of war and strife –  
a task a fine ambition sought –  
and some might say, who shared our work, our life:  
that praise was dearly bought.

Drivers, interpreters, these were our friends.  
These we loved. These we were trusted by.  
The shocked hand wipes the blood across the lens.  
The lens looks to the sky.

Most died by mischance. Some seemed honour-bound  
to take the lonely, peerless track  
conceiving danger as a testing ground  
to which they must go back

till the tongue fell silent and they crossed  
beyond the realm of time and fear.  
Death waved them through the checkpoint.  
They were lost. All have their story here.





Photo: AFP

Association Mondiale des Journalistes  
[www.worldpressfreedomday.org](http://www.worldpressfreedomday.org)





## **UNVEILING AND DEDICATION OF A MEMORIAL PAGE TO MARIE COLVIN, FRONTLINE JOURNALIST**

Almighty God, from whom we come and to whom we return, we dedicate this memorial page within St Bride's Church in love and thanksgiving for the life and work of Marie Colvin, praying that the legacy of her life and death may make a real and lasting difference in our troubled and divided world.

Amen.

### **CHOIR**

*Bridge Over Troubled Water* – Paul Simon

## THE PRAYERS

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.

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.

### *A Moment of Silence*

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.

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

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.*

## 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

*In Paradisum* from *Requiem* – Maurice Duruflé

The retiring collection will be shared between **St Bride's Church**,  
the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world,  
and the **Marie Colvin Memorial Fund**,  
supporting organisations that reflect Marie's  
lifelong dedication to humanitarian aid,  
human rights, journalism and education.





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

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