



**ST BRIDE'S  
CHURCH**

# **JOURNALISTS' COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE**

*Valiant for Truth*



**Tuesday 12<sup>th</sup> November 2024 at 6:30pm**

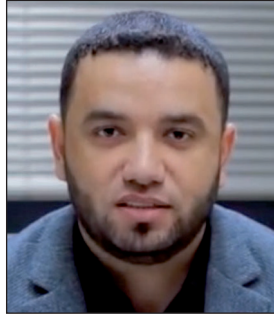
**St Bride's Church  
Fleet Street, London EC4**



**Muawiya Abdel Razeq**



**Mohamed El Sayed Abu Skheil**



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**Hamza Al Dahdouh**



**Hudaiberdy Allashov**



**Ahmed Youssef Arabi**



**Mohammed Bassam Al Jama**



**Kamran Dawar**



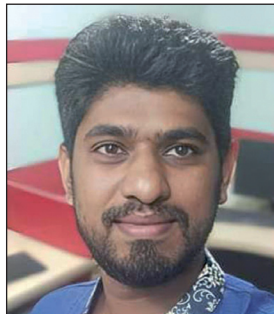
**Ryan Evans**



**Roberto Carlos Figueroa**



**Hassan Hamad**



**Mehedi Hasan**

## Introduction

As consumers of news in a fast-changing world, we demand a great deal of our journalists, correspondents, photographers, sound-crew and camera-crew. We expect them to keep us informed and enlightened 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, we honour their memory in this service and remind ourselves of the sacrifice they make in order to bring us the truth.

We commemorate and support, too, the support staff – drivers, translators, fixers – who make it possible for them to carry out their work.

But we also come together in this spiritual home of the media – local, regional, national and international – to celebrate the industry, its people and its achievements.

## **Choir**

*O pray for the peace of Jerusalem*  
Herbert Howells

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem.  
They shall prosper that love thee.  
Peace be within thy walls,  
and plenteousness be in thy palaces.

## **Welcome & Opening Prayer** The Rector

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

*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:  
all ye who hear,  
now to his temple draw near,  
joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things  
so wondrously reigneth,  
shieldeth thee gently from harm,  
or when fainting sustaineth:  
hast thou not seen how thy heart's wishes have been  
granted in what he ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work  
and defend thee;  
surely his goodness and mercy shall daily attend thee:  
ponder anew  
what the Almighty can do,  
if to the end he 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 aye we adore him!

## First Reading

*Psalm 46*

Read by Esme Wren  
Editor-in-Chief, Channel 4 News

## Choir

*Valiant-for-truth*

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(Words: John Bunyan)

After this is, it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for Truth was taken with a summons...; and had this for a token that the summons was true, 'That his pitcher was broken at the fountain.'

When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it.

Then, said he, "I am going to my father's, and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now do I not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill, to him that can get it.

My marks and scars, I carry with me to be a witness for me, that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which as he went, he said 'Death, where is thy sting?'"

And as he went deeper, he said "Grave, where is thy victory?"

So he passed over and the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

## Second Reading

*Words of Shrouq Al Aila, a journalist and producer from Gaza*

Read by Jodie Ginsberg

CEO, Committee to Protect Journalists

## Choir

*Versa est in luctum*

Tomás Luis de Victoria

*Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem flentium.*

*Parce mihi, Domine, nihil enim sunt dies mei.*

Translation:

*My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ to the voice of weeping.*

*Spare me, Lord, for my days are nothing.*

## **Third Reading**

*Kim Sengupta's reflections on being one of the only British  
journalists on the ground during the fall of Kabul on 14th August*

2021

Read by Caroline Gammell  
Assistant Editor, The Independent

## **Hymn**

*Lord of all hopefulness*

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
whose trust, ever childlike, 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**

Roula Khalaf  
Editor, Financial Times

## Choir

*Don't give up*

Peter Gabriel arr. Robert Jones

*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*

In this proud land we grew up strong;  
we were wanted all along.  
I was taught to fight, taught to win:  
I never thought I could fail.  
No fight left or so it seems,  
I am a man whose dreams have all deserted.  
I've changed my face, I've changed my name,  
but no one wants you when you lose.

Don't give up 'cause you have friends;  
don't give up, you're not beaten yet.  
Don't give up, I know you can make it good.

Though I saw it all around,  
never thought that I could be affected.  
Thought that we'd be last to go;  
it is so strange the way things turn.  
Drove the night toward my home,  
the place that I was born, on the lakeside.  
As daylight broke, I saw the earth:  
the trees had burned down to the ground.

Don't give up, you still have us;  
don't give up, we don't need much of anything.  
Don't give up, 'cause somewhere there's a place where we belong.

Rest your head, you worry too much:  
it's gonna be alright.  
When times get rough, you can fall back on us.  
Don't give up, please don't give up.

Got to walk out of here, I can't take any more.  
Gonna stand on that bridge, keep my eyes down below.  
Whatever may come, and whatever may go,  
that river's flowing, that river's flowing.

Moved on to another town,  
tried hard to settle down.  
For every job, so many men,  
So many men no-one needs.



Don't give up 'cause you have friends;  
don't give up, you're not the only one  
Don't give up, no reason to be ashamed;  
don't give up, you still have us.  
Don't give up now, we're proud of who you are;  
don't give up, you know it's never been easy.  
Don't give up 'cause I believe there's a place,  
there's a place where we belong.

## Prayers

The Rector

*Ending with*

### The Lord's Prayer

**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

*Thine be the glory*

Thine be the glory, risen conquering son;  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.  
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes where thy body lay.  
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us; scatters fear and gloom;  
let the Church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.  
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

No more we doubt thee, glorious Prince of life;  
life is nought without thee; aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conqu'rors through thy deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan to thy home above.  
*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

**Blessing**  
The Rector

**Organ Voluntary**  
*Elegy* – George Thalben-Ball

*A retiring collection will be taken and shared between St Bride's Church, the spiritual home of journalists throughout the world, and the Committee to Protect Journalists, which promotes press freedom worldwide and defends the right of journalists to report the news safely and without fear of reprisal.*

*There will be a reception after the service at  
CORD, 85 Fleet Street, London EC4Y 1AE*

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

News UK

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American journalist Evan Gershkovich was held  
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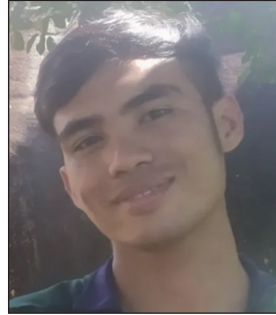
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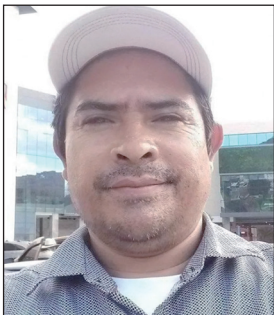
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