



ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949



All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost;
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring;
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.

J.R.R. Tolkien

In Africa, you do not view
death from the auditorium
of life, as a spectator, but
from the edge of the stage,
waiting only for your
cue. You feel perishable,
temporary, transient.
You feel mortal.

Peter Godwin

Being unwanted, unloved, uncared for,
forgotten by everybody, I think that is a
much greater hunger, a much greater poverty
than the person who has nothing to eat.

Mother Teresa

Christmas 2013

Dear Reader

For all too many of Zimbabwe's pensioners, this Christmas will be a time of real loneliness and despair. During the so-called "election" earlier this year, they could only look on as yet again democracy was brutally perverted. The eyes of the world soon turned away, but the suffering does not cease for those forced to live under Mugabe's brutal rule.

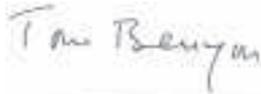
For those we assist, ZANE is frequently their only means of support and our workers are often the only real "friends" those frail individuals have. Last year, we provided essential aid to well over 2,600 pensioners. However, there is a long waiting list of these we simply cannot afford to help. Please remember that ZANE depends wholly on private donor support – we receive no assistance from the UK government, so if you can afford to help, please do so.

I very much hope that you will enjoy the poems collected here. May I remind you that ZANE needs to have an "edge" if it is to compete with other charities; we hope that this booklet will be kept, perhaps finding its way to a wider audience. In the process, ZANE publications always attract donations many times the costs of production.

I would be grateful if you could take a look at page 25 and see the nine reasons that make ZANE a unique charity in Africa.

I pay tribute to our staff working in difficult and often dangerous circumstances, and I thank all our generous donors for enabling ZANE to save lives.

With best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.



Tom Benyon OBE

PS Please consider donating the value of your winter fuel allowance to ZANE.

However, any donations will be gratefully received.

Goodwill to Men

.....

It was Christmas Eve on a Friday
The shops was full of cheer,
With tinsel in the windows,
And presents twice as dear.
A thousand Father Christmases,
Sat in their little huts,
And folk was buying crackers
And folk was buying nuts.

All up and down the country,
Before the light was snuffed,
Turkeys they get murdered,
And cockerels they got stuffed,
Christmas cakes got marzipanned,
And puddin's they got steamed,
Mothers they got desperate,
And tired kiddies screamed.

Hundredweight's of Christmas cards,
Went flying through the post,
With first class postage stamps
 on those,
You had to flatter most.
Within a million kitchens,
Mince pies was being made,
On everyone's radio,
"White Christmas", it was played.

Out in the frozen countryside
Men crept round on their own,
Hacking off the holly,
What other folks had grown,
Mistletoe on willow trees,
Was by a man wrenched clear,
So he could kiss his neighbour's wife,
He'd fancied all the year.

And out upon the hillside,
Where the Christmas trees had stood,
All was completely barren,
But for little stumps of wood,
The little trees that flourished,
All the year were there no more,
But in a million houses,
Dropped their needles on the floor.

And out of every cranny, cupboard,
Hiding place and nook,
Little bikes and kiddies' trikes,
Were secretively took,
Yards of wrapping paper,
Was rustled round about,
And bikes were wheeled to bedrooms,
With the pedals sticking out.

Rolled up in Christmas paper
The Action Men were tensed,
All ready for the morning,
When their fighting life commenced,
With tommy guns and daggers,
All clustered round about,
"Peace on Earth – Goodwill to Men"
The figures seemed to shout.

The church was standing empty,
The pub was standing packed,
There came a yell, "Noel, Noel!"
And glasses they got cracked.
From up above the fireplace,
Christmas cards began to fall,
And trodden on the floor, said:
"Merry Christmas, to you all."

Pam Ayres

Everyone Sang

.....

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark green fields:
on – on – and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears; and horror
Drifted away... O, but Everyone
Was a bird; and the song was wordless;
the singing will never be done.

Siegfried Sassoon

Survivor

.....

Everyday,
I think about dying.
About disease, starvation,
violence, terrorism, war,
the end of the world.

It helps
keep my mind off things.

Roger McGough

Late Fragment

.....

And did you get what
you wanted from this life even so?
I did.
And what did you want?
To call myself beloved, to feel myself
beloved on the earth.

Raymond Carver

Hold Thou My Hand

.....

Deliver me from my own shadows, my lord,
from the wrecks and confusion of my days.
For the night is dark and thy pilgrim is blinded,
Hold thou my hand.
Deliver me from despair.
Touch with thy flame the lightless lamp of my sorrow.
Waken my tired strength from its sleep.
Do not let me linger behind counting my losses.
Let the road sing to me of the house at every step.
For the night is hard, and thy pilgrim is blinded.
Hold thou my hand.

Rabindranath Tagore

My Husband

.....

“Ah yes, put him down, that’s right,”
Of Alfred Dear, into that small square hole.
And in that very modern ugly canister,
That I cannot bear to see.
Quiet, see the Rector reads.
I cannot hear his words, but they are true
I know. Yet dear Lord, my loneliness is great
As here I stand, alone.

Look how my wreath of heather shimmers in the wind,
Picked from the rockery that we together built:
Pale purple bells, silent as those on our wedding day,
When sixty years ago we slipped into church
And out again married and all unknown.

Of course, Alfred was not perfect.
But neither then was I.
Both of us were obstinate and set in ancient ways.
We differed often, but who will differ from me now?
I cannot argue with an alien face,
And all faces seem alien to me now.
Poor Alfred cramped in that bronze canister
Like a Christmas pound of tea.
And yet, of course, not there at all.
I want to weep, but shall not,
Not before these strange young things,
They might not understand.
But sixty years with one is a long, long time.

Ah there, the Rector closes his book.
Why do they nudge me. I know quite well,
That this is when I scatter in my flowers
To my dear, dead man.

Oh dear, dear. How provoking. There they go,
Two bunches, bump, bump, upon that tin.
Oh my foolish fingers, so stiff, so graceless,
Incapable of the flowing, gentle and smooth.
I had wanted to scatter them like a cloud,
I did not see they were tied.
I am sorry Alfred, for that ugly gesture,
And your still more ugly tin.
Still, you would not mind, you never saw,
For it was only I who worried so
About beauty and the look of things.

Now they all turn to go: I must go too.
Oh Alfred, I wish it were a longer journey,
Not that empty house.
But Home my last Home, safe once more with you.
“Thank you Rector, for all that you have done.
Good Afternoon.”

David Lockwood

Power
.....

this is how we dress
power:
with whistles and muskets and gunpowder
from outriders
flashing lights
smoked glass windows
motorcades
titles
minus handshakes
minus smiles
minus sorrow.
we dress power
like a pestilence.

Chenjerai Hove

Ozymandias
.....

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Percy Shelley

Waiting for the Bus

.....

All along the road from Bulawayo
to Gwanda or Matopos or Vic Falls;
at bus-stops, lay-bys, under shadeless trees,
the people wait beside their bundled things.
All day long they wait, and sometimes all night
too, and the next day – anxiously waiting.

Waiting for the public transport to stop
and let them in and take them home. Waiting
with babies to nurse, children to comfort
and feed, chickens, the occasional goat.
They have learned to come prepared, with blankets,
izinduku, pots for cooking sadza.

Waiting for ZUPCO or SHU-SHINE, AJAY,
to get them to their Uncle's funeral,
their cousin's wedding, their baby brother's
baptism. Waiting with the new Camper Vans
cruising by. Anxious to be at work on
time. Anxious not to lose their jobs. Waiting.

They take their time now not by wrist-watches
but by the sun and the stars and the moon;
by the appearance of the mopani worms;
by the ripening of marula fruit;
by the coming of the rains. Not by bus
timetables but by birth, marriage and death.

And while they wait they count the jets that fly
to Harare and Johannesburg.
Liverish businessmen sucking whiskies
are in these jets. And Chefs with mistresses
wearing the latest digital watches,
Digital dolly-birds. All carry brief-
cases with combination locks, and next
to nothing inside: dark glasses perhaps;
and a newspaper to study the Stock
Exchange; something digital, perhaps, for
calculating profit . . . and more profit.
It's something for people to do while

they wait – counting the jets high overhead.
Often the vapour trails are the only
clouds in the sky. No Forex for buses,
They tell us, but the five-star hotels go
up, and another Boeing is purchased.
All day they wait; all night; long suffering.

And when, at last, a bus does stop, its tyres
are likely to be bald, its brakes likely
to be held together with wire, its body
battered, belching clouds of brain-tightening,
lung-collapsing smoke. Who's responsible?
“Not me,” says the Chef dipping his fingers

in his girlfriend's cocktail, shifting his vast belly, vast enough to accommodate at least seven baby goats. "Don't look at me," says the Managing Director, "my bottom line is profit. I owe it to the shareholders. Another whisky please."

And I don't think it is going to be any different tomorrow or the next day or the next. The time of sweet-becoming is over. For those millions who depend on buses, nothing has changed; only their expectations have once again been dashed.

The time of bitter arrival is here: not safe new buses, but the amassing of personal wealth, the cultivation of another crop of heroes. Street names change, statues change; hotels go up, jets go up, and the people go on waiting.

John Eppel

Anger Lay by Me

.....

Anger lay by me all night long,
His breath was hot upon my brow,
He told me of my burning wrong,
All night he talked and would not go.

He stood by me all through the day,
Struck from my hand the book, the pen;
He said: "Hear first what I've to say,
And sing, if you've the heart to, then."

And can I cast him from my couch?
And can I lock him from my room?
Ah no, his honest words are such
That he's my true-lord, and my doom.

Elizabeth Daryush

Father's Day

.....

It's about eating ice cream
Mainly –
In silent sodden parks;
On hard soaking benches
Beneath miserable dripping trees.

It's about eating ice cream
Mostly –
In hot choking cafes
Where the windows have steamed up
Because of the rain outside
And nervous people smoking.

It's about eating ice cream
Usually –
In an empty cinema,
Watching a film
You've already seen
With your Mum and her boyfriend.
But you don't tell him that
And anyway, it's better than the park.

It's about eating ice cream
Really –
As he wanders the streets with you
Weeping.

And you'd like to weep too
But you can't.
And you wonder if he knows
That it's impossible
To cry
And eat ice cream
At the same time.

Lindsay MacRae

Charity

.....

Trouble has done her good,
trouble has stopped her trivialising everything,
giggling too much,
glittering after other people's husbands.

Trouble has made her think;
taken her down a peg,
knocked the stuffing out of her.
Trouble has toned down the vulgarity.

Under the bruises she looks more deserving:
someone you'd be glad to throw a rope to,
somewhere to send your old blouses
or those wormy little windfalls.

Connie Bensley

My Careful Life
.....

My careful life says: “No surrender,
Not an inch.” Sometimes I wonder

what thrills the darkness as I pass
the scented gardens of excess

or pause in the twilight to condemn
the parked cars rocking in the lane.

But still my life cries: “Work and save.
Rise early. Stay home after five

and pull the curtains. They are blessed
– prudent, abstemious – who resist.

All things in moderation. Share
nothing. Be seemly and austere.”

My careful life sighs: “Love? Forget it!
Avoid what is sexually transmitted.

The ‘wasteful virtues,’ I’m afraid,
earn nothing. They put you in the red.

Samaritans get mugged. Be wise.
Pass watchfully on the other side.

Your youth was stainless. Now your joy’ll
be the middle years full of self denial,

and an old age as ripe and warm
as is commensurate with decorum.”

Frank Ormsby

Cloths of Heaven

.....

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

William Butler Yeats

Time and Twilight

.....

In the dark twilight of an autumn morn
I stood within a little country town,
Wherefrom a long acquainted path went down
To the dear village haunts where I was born;
The low of oxen on the rainy wind,
Death and the Past came up the well-known road,
And bathed my heart with tears, but stirred my mind
To tread once more the track so long un-trod;
But I was warned, "Regrets which are not thrust
Upon thee, seek not; for this sobbing breeze
Will but unman thee; thou art bold to trust
Thy woe-worn thoughts among these roaring trees,
And gleams of bygone playgrounds – Is't no crime,
To rush by night into the arms of Time?"

Charles Tennyson-Turner

One Art

.....

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practise losing further, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! My last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

– Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Elizabeth Bishop

Musée des Beaux Arts
.....

About suffering, they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or
Just walking dully along;
How, when the aged are reverently, passionately waiting
For the miraculous birth, there always must be
Children who did not specially want it to happen, skating
On a pond at the edge of the wood:
They never forgot
That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the torturer's horse
Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.

In Brueghel's Icarus, for instance: how everything turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere else to get to and sailed calmly on.

W.H. Auden

Mission
.....

The wind went over
me
saying
Why are you so distressed
Oh I said I
Can't seem to make
Anything
Round enough to last

But why
The wind
Said
Should you be so distressed

As if anything here belonged to you
As if anything here was your concern.

A.R. Ammons

Whisper of a Thin Ghost
.....

I bought the books of the Careful-Wise
And I read the rules in a room apart
And I learned to clothe my finching heart
Against hate and love and inquisitive eyes
In the Coat of Caution, the Shirt of Pride.
And then, the day before I died,
I found that the rules of the wise had lied:
That life was a blood warm stream that ran
Through the fields of death, and that no man can
Bathe in the stream but the naked man.
And that is why my ghost now must
So grope, so grieve, as grieve all those
In whom death found no wounds to close,
In whom dust found no more than dust.

A.S.J. Tessimond

Cat's in the Cradle
.....

My child arrived just the other day
He came to the world in the usual way
But there were planes to catch and bills to pay
He learned to walk while I was away
And he was talkin'fore I knew it, and as he grew
He'd say, "I'm gonna be like you, Dad
You know I'm gonna be like you."

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home, Dad?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then
You know we'll have a good time then.

My son turned ten just the other day
He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, come on let's play
Can you teach me to throw," I said "Not today
I got a lot to do," he said, "That's okay"
And then he walked away but his smile never dimmed
And said, "I'm gonna be like him, yeah
You know I'm gonna be like him."

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home, Dad?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then
You know we'll have a good time then.

Well, he came home from college just the other day
So much like a man, I just had to say
"Son, I'm proud of you, can you sit for a while?"
He shook his head and said with a smile
"What I'd really like dad, is to borrow the car keys
See you later, can I have them please?"

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home, Son?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, Dad
You know we'll have a good time then.

I've long since retired, my son's moved away
I called him up just the other day
I said, "I'd like to see you if you don't mind?"
He said, "I'd love to Dad, if I could find the time
You see, my new job's a hassle and the kids have the flu
But it's sure nice talking to you, Dad
It's been sure nice talking to you."

And as I hung up the phone, it occurred to me
He'd grown up just like me
My boy was just like me.

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver spoon
Little boy blue and the man in the moon
When you comin' home, Son?
I don't know when, but we'll get together then, Dad
We're gonna have a good time then.

Henry Chapin

Hunger

.....

I come among the people like a shadow.
I sit down by each man's side.
None sees me, but they look on one another,
And know that I am there.
My silence is like the silence of the tide
That buries the playground of children;
Like the deepening of frost in the slow night,
When birds are dead in the morning.
Armies trample, invade, destroy,
With guns roaring from earth and air.
I am more terrible than armies,
I am more feared than the cannon.
Kings and chancellors give commands;
I give no command to any;
But I am listened to more than kings
And more than passionate orators.
I unswear words, and undo deeds.
Naked things know me.
I am first and last to be felt of the living.
I am Hunger.

Robert Laurence Binyon

Three Tame Ducks

.....

There are three tame ducks in our back yard
Dabbling in mud and trying hard
To get their share, and maybe more
Of the overflowing barnyard store,
Satisfied with the task they're at
Of eating and sleeping and getting fat.
But whenever the free, wild ducks go by
In a long line streaming down the sky
They cock a quizzical, puzzled eye
And flap their wings and try to fly.

I think my soul is a tame old duck
Dabbling around in farmyard muck,
Fat and lazy with useless wings.
But sometimes when the north wind sings
And the wild ones hurtle overhead
It remembers something lost and dead
And cocks a wary, bewildered eye
And makes a feeble attempt to fly.
It's fairly content with the state it's in,
But it isn't the duck it might have been.

Kenneth Kaufman

They May Rail At this Life
.....

They may rail at this life – from the hour I began it
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that Isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why – this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare,
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Thomas Moore

Wild Nights

.....

Wild nights! Wild nights!
Were I with thee,
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile the winds
To a heart in port –
Done with the compass
Done with the chart!

Rowing in Eden!
Ah! The sea!
Might I but moor
To-night in Thee!

Emily Dickinson

Pain Which Cannot Forget

.....

Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget
Falls drop by drop upon the heart
Until, in our own despair, against our will
Comes wisdom through the awful grace of God.

Aeschylus

Love

.....

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

“A guest,” I answer'd, “worthy to be here:”
Love said, “You shall be he.”
“I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,
I cannot look on Thee.”
Love took my hand and smiling did reply,
“Who made the eyes but I?”

“Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.”
“And know you not,” says Love, “Who bore the blame?”
“My dear, then I will serve.”
“You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my meat.”
So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert

The Darkling Thrush
.....

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-gray,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy

A Marriage
.....

We met
under a shower
of bird-notes.
Fifty years passed,
love's moment
in a world in
servitude to time.
She was young;
I kissed with my eyes
closed and opened
them on her wrinkles.
"Come," said death,
choosing her as his
partner for
the last dance. And she,
who in life
had done everything
with a bird's grace,
opened her bill now
for the shedding
of one sigh no
heavier than a feather.

R.S. Thomas

The Confirmation

.....

Yes, yours, my love, is the right human face.
I in my mind had waited for this long,
Seeing the false and searching for the true,
Then found you as a traveller finds a place
Of welcome suddenly amid the wrong
Valleys and rocks and twisting roads. But you,
What shall I call you? A fountain in a waste,
A well of water in a country dry,
Or anything that's honest and good, an eye
That makes the whole world bright. Your open heart,
Simple with giving, gives the primal deed,
The first good world, the blossom, the blowing seed,
The hearth, the steadfast land, the wandering sea.
Not beautiful or rare in every part.
But like yourself, as they were meant to be.

Edwin Muir

The Bright Field

.....

I have seen the sun break through
to illuminate a small field
for a while, and gone my way
and forgotten it. But that was the pearl
of great price, the one field that had
treasure in it. I realise now
that I must give all that I have
to possess it. Life is not hurrying

onto a receding future, nor hankering after
an imagined past. It is the turning
aside like Moses to the miracle
of the lit bush, to a brightness
that seemed as transitory as your youth
once, but is the eternity that awaits you.

R.S. Thomas

Four Quartets: Little Gidding

(Excerpt)

Let me disclose the gifts reserved for age
To set a crown upon your lifetime's effort.
First, the cold friction of expiring sense
Without enchantment, offering no promise
But bitter tastelessness of shadow fruit
As body and soul begin to fall asunder.
Second, the conscious impotence of rage
At human folly, and the laceration
Of laughter at what ceases to amuse.
And last, the rending pain of re-enactment
Of all that you have done, and been; the shame
Of motives late revealed, and the awareness
Of things ill done and done to others' harm
Which once you took for exercise of virtue.
Then fools' approval stings, and honour stains.

T.S. Eliot

The Life That I Have

The life that I have
Is all that I have
And the life that I have
Is yours.

The love that I have
Of the life that I have
Is yours and yours and yours.

A sleep I shall have
A rest I shall have
Yet death will be but a pause.

For the peace of my years
In the long green grass
Will be yours and yours and yours.

Leo Marks

Our Revels Now Are Ended

(From The Tempest, Act IV, Scene i)

Our revels now are ended. These, our actors,
As I foretold you, were all sprits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare

This is What I Wanted to Sign Off With

You know what I'm
like when I'm sick: I'd sooner
curse than cry. And people don't often
know what they're saying in the end.
Or I could die in my sleep.

So I'll say it now. Here it is.
Don't pay any attention
if I don't get it right
when it's for real. Blame that
on terror and pain
or the stuff they're shooting
into my veins. This is what I wanted to
sign off with. Bend
closer, listen, I love you.

Alden Nowlan

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day
.....

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The word repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead: nor doth he sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Henry Longfellow

Everything that we see is a shadow cast
by that which we do not see.

Martin Luther King, Jr.



Deborah Bronnert CMG

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe

ZANE’s work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a life-line to those who are least able to help themselves. Their committed, inspirational team works hard to ensure that every penny raised goes to where it is needed most.



Rt Hon Andrew Mitchell MP

Secretary of State for Overseas Development 2010-2012

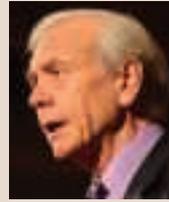
I much admire ZANE’s valuable work amongst the poorest of the poor in Zimbabwe, particularly amongst pensioners and for its Clubfoot programme.



John Simpson CBE

World Editor of the BBC

I have seen a little bit of ZANE’s work on the ground and from what I have seen it is very, very impressive . . . ZANE is one of those lovely organisations that make a little bit of money go a long, long way. ZANE is a good cause and the money is properly and well spent.



John Humphrys

Author, journalist, radio & TV presenter

ZANE is really in touch with the people it assists . . . ZANE’s work is wonderfully moving . . .



Baroness Royall of Blaisdon

Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords

I am deeply impressed with the work of ZANE; one of those charities that make a little money go a long way.



The Rt Revd John Pritchard

The Bishop of Oxford

ZANE is an extraordinary charity set up by inspiration . . . I have been enormously impressed by the vision, the hard work and the unquenchable spirit of everyone I have met.



Rt Hon the Lord Hurd of Westwell CH CBE PC

ZANE has done a remarkable job and it has a practical and down-to-earth way of helping people. They make a real practical difference to people’s lives. ZANE is a charity well worth supporting.

Reasons to support ZANE

ZANE does not supply money or food in bulk. Rather, ZANE is a “relational” charity in that we gently means test the 2,600 elderly people to whom we give aid. At the same time we give encouragement to some very lonely people. That includes about 600 ex-servicemen and their widows/wives. In this way, ZANE ensures that only those who are really in need of support receive it and that we don’t waste donor money.

ZANE is the only charity that provides a holistic social services network across Zimbabwe.

ZANE has lost no donor money to corrupt officials since its foundation in 2002.

Support goes to where it’s needed to make a vital difference.

ZANE is the only charity that allows donors to choose which aspect of the work they would like to support.

ZANE is the only charity operating in Zimbabwe that supplies aid to all communities.

ZANE is the largest supplier of financial grants to the pensioner community in Zimbabwe.

ZANE is in effective partnership with all the UK services’ charities in Zimbabwe. Since 2004, ZANE has facilitated about £2.2m in grants to WW2 veterans and their widows (and others).

ZANE runs a micro finance initiative to encourage start up businesses in the impoverished communities around Harare.

ZANE - and partners - has funded a club foot correction programme, and consequently the lives of some 400 children have been transformed in the last year with five centres of remedial treatment established in Zimbabwe. We hope that another 400 children will be helped in the next year.



HE Mark Canning CMG

Former Ambassador, British Embassy, Zimbabwe, 2009-11

ZANE does quite outstanding work on behalf of vulnerable communities in Zimbabwe . . .

The work ZANE does through its committed and inspirational team continues to provide a valuable lifeline . . . It has been a privilege to see the skill and care with which the organisation directs its precious resources towards those in greatest need.



Rt Hon the Lord Paul Boateng of Akyem and Wembley

Former UK High Commissioner to South Africa

ZANE is a wonderful charity. (ZANE) is about service and it’s

about love . . . what is special is that ZANE forms relationships with everyone it helps.

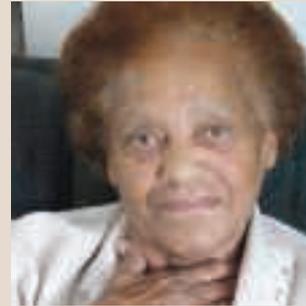


Colonel Paul Davis CBE

Secretary General, The Royal Commonwealth Ex-Services League

I am overcome by the ZANE workers’ dedication and efficiency and humbled by their bravery. Through ZANE’s

infrastructure and hard work, hundreds of veterans and widows are seeing out their twilight years with some dignity.



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