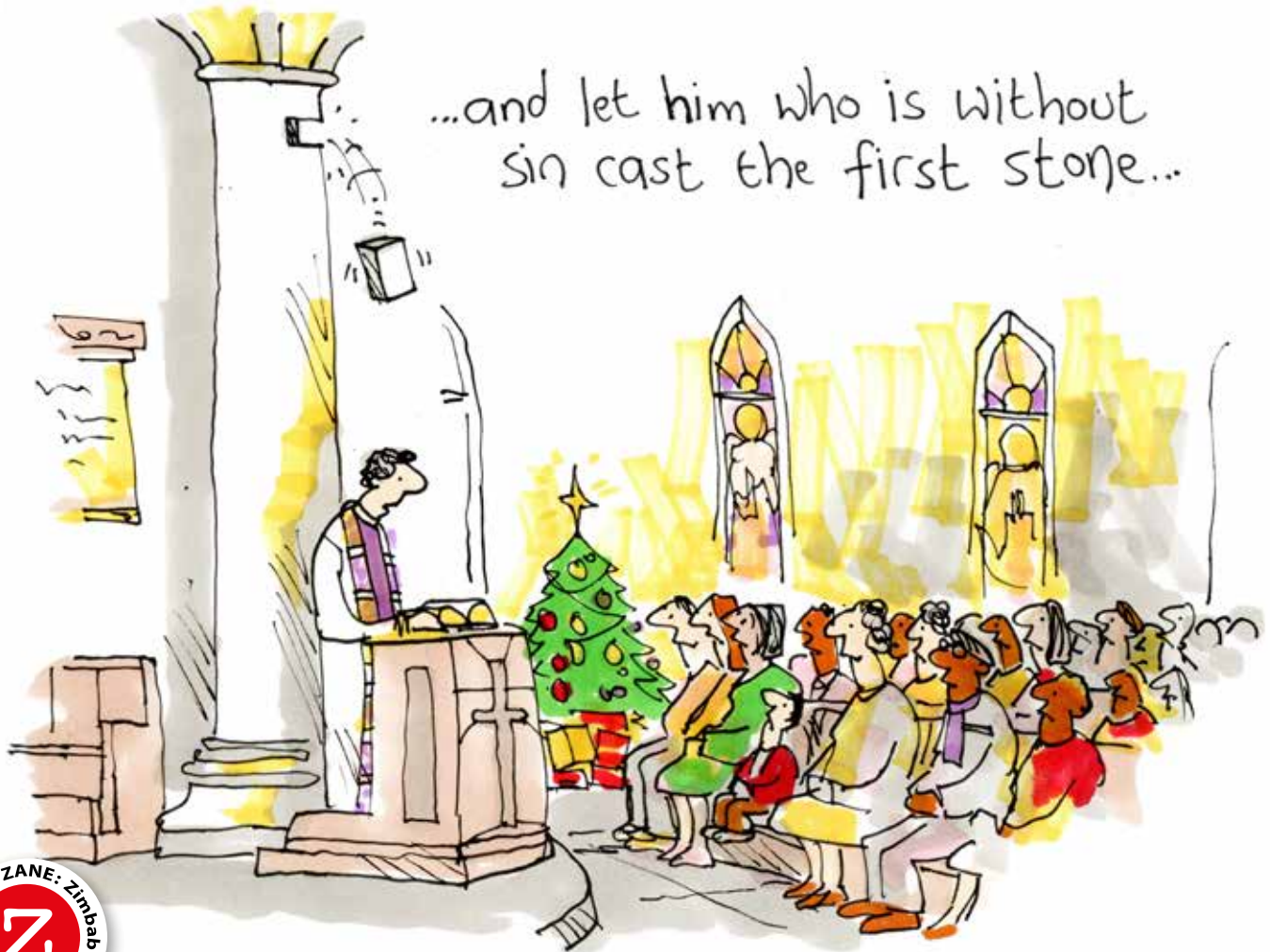


...and let him who is without  
sin cast the first stone...





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 Simpson CBE**

World Affairs Editor of the BBC



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

**Baroness Royall of Blaisdon**

Former Labour leader of  
the House of Lords



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe provides an essential lifeline of support for those who cannot help themselves. It is a wonderful charity and the money goes where it's needed.

**Lord Hastings  
of Scarisbrick CBE**

Chairman, ZANE Council of Reference  
Vice-President of Unicef



Reg Charity No 1112949

## ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

As we near the end of another challenging year, I'm reminded of a quote from Aesop:

*"No act of kindness, however small, is ever wasted."*

ZANE supporters have been kind over the years, and never more so than in the last year when the world has faced challenge and upheaval. We want to reassure you that your kindness is never wasted. Every donation is greatly appreciated and cautiously spent, always on those most in need. Your kindness and generosity save lives.

As you will read in the accompanying case study, it takes courage for a destitute pensioner to contact ZANE and ask for help. Most only do so when they are desperate and there is no one else to turn to.

It is thanks to our supporters that ZANE is able to reward that courage with kindness.



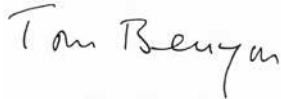
*Tom Benyon OBE*



Please spare a thought for the ZANE teams who work tirelessly with kindness and compassion to supply food and vital medicine to the poorest of the poor in Zimbabwe. They could not undertake this vital role without your unstinting generosity and loyalty. We thank you for continuing to respond generously to our appeals.

I hope you enjoy this ZANE collection of poetry.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Tom Benyon". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a thin horizontal line.

Tom Benyon OBE

PS: Please know that through your generosity, this poetry book recoups its production and distribution costs many times over.



ZANE does fantastic work looking after vulnerable people in Zimbabwe and showing servicemen and women that they are not forgotten. They are professional, passionate and scrupulous about how the money is spent.

**HMA Melanie Robinson**

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe  
Former Executive Director  
of the World Bank

“Such,” he said, “O King, seems to me to be the present life of men on earth... as if when on a winter’s night... a single sparrow should fly swiftly into the hall, and coming in at one door, instantly fly out through another... Somewhat like this appears the life of man; but of what follows or what went before, we are utterly ignorant.”

*Bede, Ecclesiastical History of the English People, Book II*

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?  
And one of them shall not fall on the ground  
without your Father... Fear ye not, therefore,  
ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

Matthew 10:29–31



“Every man has his secret sorrows, which the world  
knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold  
when he is only sad.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,  
Or what’s a heaven for?”

From “Andrea del Sarto”, by Robert Browning



“I have been blessed throughout my long life with a number of the dearest and kindest friends, both men and women, that ever man had. Gratefully conscious of all that they have meant to me, I declare friendship to be precious beyond words. But it is like a plant that withers if it be not heedfully tended. It must be fostered by means of visits, of letters, of little services and attentions, and by conscious thought, sympathy and kindness. I implore my children and grandchildren to remember this, in order that the blessings that have been so abundantly mine may also be theirs to the utmost.”

From the will of Sir Sydney Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, from 1908 to 1937

“We must make a distinction between those who are real ‘friends’ and those who show ‘friendliness’.”

Giles Brandreth on his relationship with the late HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh

“We must live for the few who know and appreciate us, and for whom we have the same affection and indulgence. The rest I look upon as a mere crowd... from whom there is nothing to be expected but fleeting emotions... which leave no trace behind them.”

Sarah Bernhardt

“Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be...”

From “Rabbi Ben Ezra”, by Robert Browning

### Good and Clever

If all the good people were clever,  
And all clever people were good,  
The world would be nicer than ever  
We thought that it possibly could.

But somehow 'tis seldom or never  
The two hit it off as they should,  
The good are so harsh to the clever,  
The clever, so rude to the good!

So friends, let it be our endeavour  
To make each by each understood;  
For few can be good, like the clever,  
Or clever, so well as the good.

Elizabeth Wordsworth



*Archy was a cockroach who lived in a newspaper office in 1930s New York. At night, he would leap on the keys of a typewriter and compose poems about life as he saw it. Archy couldn't create capital letters or punctuate! One of my favourites is about an egotistical toad called Warty Bliggens. I know a great many people like Warty, and perhaps sermons should be created around him.*

### archy meets warty bliggens

i met a toad  
the other day by the name  
of warty bliggens  
he was sitting under  
a toadstool  
feeling contented  
he explained that when the cosmos  
was created  
that toadstool was especially  
planned for his personal  
shelter from sun and rain  
thought out and prepared  
for him

do not tell me said warty bliggens  
that there is not a purpose  
in the universe  
the thought is blasphemy  
a little more conversation revealed  
that warty bliggens  
considers himself to be  
the center of the said  
universe  
the earth exists  
to grow toadstools for him  
to sit under  
the sun to give him light  
by day and the moon  
and wheeling constellations  
to make beautiful  
the night for the sake of  
warty bliggens





to what act of yours  
do you impute  
this interest on the part  
of the creator  
of the universe  
i asked him  
why is it that you  
are so greatly favored

ask rather  
said warty bliggens  
what the universe  
has done to deserve me  
if i were a  
human being i would  
not laugh  
too complacently  
at poor warty bliggens  
for similar  
absurdities  
have only too often  
lodged in the crinkles  
of the human cerebrum

archy

From *archy and mehitabel*  
by Don Marquis

## When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true,  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,  
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

WB Yeats



## Nativity

A flower has opened in my heart...  
What flower is this, what flower of spring,  
What simple, secret thing?  
It is the peace that shines apart,  
The peace of daybreak skies that bring  
Clear song and wild swift wing.

Heart's miracle of inward light,  
What powers unknown have sown your seed  
And your perfection freed?...  
O flower within me wondrous white,  
I know you only as my need  
And my unsealed sight.

Siegfried Sassoon



## The Last Enemy

And He, who each day,  
Reveals a new masterpiece of sky,  
And whose joy  
Can be seen in the eyelash of a child,  
Who, when He hears of our smug indifference,  
Can whisper an ocean into a lashing fury  
And talk tigers into padding roars.  
This is my God,  
Whose breath is in the wings of eagles,  
Whose power is etched in the crags of mountains,  
It is He whom I will meet,  
In whose presence I will find tulips and clouds,  
kneeling martyrs and trees,  
The whole vast praising of His endless creation.  
And He will grant the uniqueness  
that eluded me,  
in my earthly bartering with Satan.  
That day when He will erase the painful gasps of my ego,  
And I will sink my face into the wonder of His glorylove.  
And I will watch planets converse with sparrows.  
On that day  
When death is finally dead.

Stewart Henderson

## Old Friends

The sky widens to Cornwall. A sense of sea  
Hangs in the lichenous branches and still there's light.  
The road from its tunnel of blackthorn rises free  
To a final height,

And over the west is glowing a mackerel sky  
Whose opal fleece has faded to purple pink.  
In this hour of the late-lit, listening evening, why  
Do my spirits sink?

The tide is high and a sleepy Atlantic sends  
Exploring ripple on ripple down Polzeath shore,  
And the gathering dark is full of the thought of friends  
I shall see no more.

Where is Anne Channel who loved this place the best,  
With her tense blue eyes and her shopping-bag  
falling apart,  
And her racy gossip and nineteen-twenty zest,  
And warmth of heart?

Where's Roland, easing his most unwieldy car,  
With its load of golf-clubs, backwards into the lane?  
Where's Kathleen Stokes with her Sealyhams?  
There's Doom Bar:  
Bray Hill shows plain;

For this is the turn, and the well-known trees  
draw near;  
On the road their pattern in moonlight fades  
and swells:  
As the engine stops, from two miles off I hear  
St Minver bells.



What a host of stars in a wideness still and deep:  
What a host of souls, as a motor-bike whines away  
And the silver snake of the estuary curls to sleep  
In Daymer Bay.

Are they one with the Celtic saints and the years  
between?  
Can they see the moonlit pools where ribbonweed  
drifts?  
As I reach our hill, I am part of a sea unseen –  
And oppression lifts.

John Betjeman

## 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 – tonight –  
In thee!

Emily Dickinson

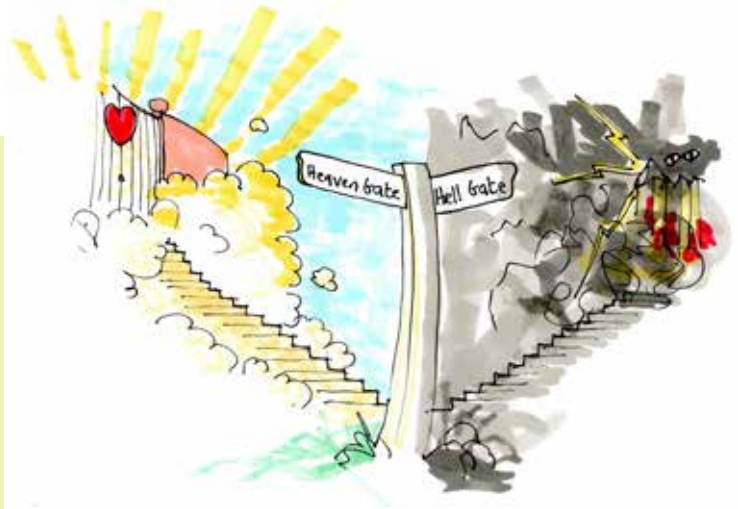


*This poem used to sit on Margaret Thatcher's desk.*

### You Have No Enemies

You have no enemies, you say?  
Alas! My friend, the boast is poor.  
He who has mingled in the fray  
Of duty, that the brave endure  
Must have made foes! If you have none,  
Small is the work that you have done.  
You've hit no traitor on the hip,  
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,  
You've never turned the wrong to right,  
You've been a coward in the fight.

Charles Mackay



### The Rock (Excerpt)

There shall always be the Church and the World;  
And the Heart of Man;  
Shivering and fluttering between them,  
    choosing and chosen,  
Valiant, ignoble, dark, and full of light;  
Swinging between Hell Gate and Heaven Gate.  
And the Gates of Hell shall not prevail.  
Darkness now, then  
Light.

TS Eliot



## Sweetness

Just when it has seemed I couldn't bear  
one more friend  
waking with a tumor, one more maniac  
with a perfect reason, often a sweetness  
has come  
and changed nothing in the world  
except the way I stumbled through it,  
for a while lost  
in the ignorance of loving

...and now, my friend,  
sweetness descends...



someone or something, the world shrunk  
to mouth-size,  
hand-size, and never seeming small.

I acknowledge there is no sweetness  
that doesn't leave a stain,  
no sweetness that's ever sufficiently sweet.

Tonight a friend called to say his lover  
was killed in a car  
he was driving. His voice was low  
and guttural, he repeated what he needed  
to repeat, and I repeated  
the one or two words we have for such grief  
until we were speaking only in tones.

Often a sweetness comes  
as if on loan, stays just long enough  
to make sense of what it means to be alive,  
then returns to its dark  
source. As for me, I don't care  
where it's been, or what bitter road  
it's traveled  
to come so far, to taste so good.

Stephen Dunn





She's a journalist



### How to Deal with the Press

She'll urge you to confide. Resist.  
Be careful, courteous, and cool.  
Never trust a journalist.

"We're off the record," she'll insist.  
If you believe her, you're a fool.  
She'll urge you to confide. Resist.

Should you tell her who you've kissed,  
You'll see it all in print, and you'll  
Never trust a journalist

Again. The words are hers to twist,  
And yours the risk of ridicule.  
She'll urge you to confide. Resist.

"But X is nice," the publicist  
Will tell you. "We were friends at school."  
Never trust a journalist

Hostile, friendly, sober, pissed,  
Male or female – that's the rule.  
When tempted to confide, resist.  
Never trust a journalist.

Wendy Cope

## *Santa Claus in a Department Store*

Wolsey, or possibly my John of Gaunt,  
Was the best thing I did. Come over here,  
Behind the Christmas crib (I'm not supposed  
to let the children see me having tea.)  
To tell the truth I'm glad of this engagement.  
Dozens applied, but all they said was "Thank you,  
We'll stick to Mr Borthwick."

It's nice to feel one has given satisfaction.  
Time was I had it all at my fingertips,  
Could plant a whisper in the back of the pit,  
Or hold them breathless with the authority  
Of absolute repose – a skill despised,  
Not seen, in your day. It amounts to this:  
Technique's no more than the bare bones.

There are some  
Unwittingly instil the faith that Man  
Is greater than he knows. This I fell short of.

You never met my wife. You are too young.  
She often came with me on tour. One night  
At Nottingham, got back from the show, and there  
She was. I knew at once what made her do it.  
She had resented me for years. No, not  
Myself, but what she knew was in me, my  
Belief in – Sir, forgive me if I say



My "art", for I had shown, you'll understand,  
Some promise. To use her word, she felt herself  
"Usurped", and by degrees, unconsciously  
She managed somehow to diminish me,  
Parch all my vital streams. A look would do it.  
I was a kind of shrunken riverbed  
Littered with tins, old tyres, and bicycle frames.

Well, that was years ago, and by then too late  
To start afresh. Yet all the while I loved her.  
Explain that if you can... By all means, Madam,  
These clocks are very popular this year.  
I'll call the man in charge. No, there's no risk  
of damage. They pack the cuckoo separately.

Christopher Hassall

If

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,  
if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling



Try to be happy for me... If  
You can't, though, I'll be happy  
anyway



### The Final Analysis

People are often unreasonable, illogical and self-centered. Forgive them anyway.  
If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives. Be kind anyway.  
If you are successful, you will win some false friends and some true enemies. Succeed anyway.  
If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you. Be honest and frank anyway.  
What you spend years building, someone could destroy overnight. Build anyway.  
If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous. Be happy anyway.  
The good you do today, people will often forget tomorrow. Do good anyway.  
Give the world the best you have, and it may never be enough. Give your best anyway.  
You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and your God. It was never between you and them anyway.

Mother Teresa



### My Husband

Ah, yes, put him down, that's right  
Oh, 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 with me now?  
I cannot argue with an alien face,  
And all faces seem alien to me now.  
Poor Alfred cramped into 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 that 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 you have done.  
Good afternoon.

David Lockwood



## *The Conversion of St Paul*

Now is the time when we recall  
The sharp Conversion of St Paul.  
Converted! Turned the wrong way round –  
A man who seemed till then quite sound,  
Keen on religion – very keen –  
No-one, it seems, had ever been  
So keen on persecuting those  
Who said that Christ was God and chose  
To die for this absurd belief  
As Christ had died beside the thief.  
Then in a sudden blinding light  
Paul knew that Christ was God all right –  
And very promptly lost his sight.



Poor Paul! They led him by the hand  
He who had been so high and grand  
A helpless blunderer, fasting, waiting,  
Three days inside himself debating  
In physical blindness: “As it’s true  
That Christ is God and died for you,  
Remember all the things you did  
To keep His gospel message hid.  
Remember how you helped them even  
To throw the stones that murdered Stephen.  
And do you think that you are strong  
Enough to own that you were wrong?”

They must have been an awful time,  
Those three long days repenting crime  
Till Ananias came and Paul  
Received his sight, and more than all  
His former strength, and was baptized.  
Saint Paul is often criticized  
By modern people who’re annoyed  
At his conversion, saying Freud  
Explains it all. But they omit  
The really vital point of it,  
Which isn’t how it was achieved  
But what it was that Paul believed.



He knew as certainly as we  
Know you are you and I am me  
That Christ was all He claimed to be.  
What is conversion? Turning round  
From chaos to a love profound.  
And chaos too is an abyss  
In which the only life is this.  
Such a belief is quite all right  
If you are sure like Mrs Knight  
And think morality will do  
For all the ills we're subject to.

But raise your eyes and see with Paul  
An explanation of it all.  
Injustice, cancer's cruel pain,  
All suffering that seems in vain,  
The vastness of the universe,  
Creatures like centipedes and worse –  
All part of an enormous plan  
Which mortal eyes can never scan  
And out if it came God to man.  
Jesus is God and came to show  
The world we live in here below  
Is just an antechamber where  
We for His Father's house prepare.

What is conversion? Not at all  
For me the experience of St Paul,  
No blinding light, a fitful glow  
Is all the light of faith I know  
Which sometimes goes completely out  
And leaves me plunging round in doubt  
Until I will myself to go  
And worship in God's house below –  
My parish Church – and even there  
I find distractions everywhere.

What is Conversion? Turning round  
To gaze upon a love profound.  
For some of us see Jesus plain  
And never once look back again,  
And some of us have seen and known  
And turned and gone away alone,  
But most of us turn slow to see  
The figure hanging on a tree  
And stumble on and blindly grope  
Upheld by intermittent hope.  
God grant before we die we all  
May see the light as did St Paul.

John Betjeman



### Pray Don't Find Fault

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps  
or stumbles along the road,  
unless you have worn the shoes he wears  
or struggled beneath his load.  
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,  
though hidden away from view,  
or the burden he bears, placed on your back  
might cause you to stumble too.  
Don't sneer at the man who's down today  
unless you have felt the blow  
that caused his fall or felt the shame  
that only the fallen know.

You may be strong, but still the blows  
that were his if dealt to you,  
in the selfsame way, at the selfsame time,  
might cause you to stagger too.  
Don't be too harsh with the man who sins  
or pelt him with word or stone,  
unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,  
that you have no sins of your own  
for you know perhaps if the tempter's voice  
should whisper as softly to you  
as it did to him when he went astray,  
it might cause you to stumble too.

Rama Muthukrishnan

## Rich Man

Rich man, rich man, who are you?  
Do you seek the Christ Child too?  
In your palace and your court,  
life is busy, life is short.  
Have you time to go away  
to find a baby in the hay?  
Can you get your camel through  
the needle's eye, as you must do?

Rich man, rich man, you've come far.  
Where did you learn to trust a star  
instead of turning to a king  
to guide you in your wandering?  
Rich man, how did you grow wise  
in spite of all your kingly guise?  
Who taught you to play your part,  
to bring an educated heart  
to the stable in the west  
so you could kneel there and be blessed?

Elizabeth Rooney



Sorry, gotta go... Zoom meetings  
starting!..



## Time

Time, Lord, time.  
I've hardly a moment to think about it!  
So much to do,  
So much to accomplish.  
Lord, slow me down...  
After all, time is yours.  
And eternity...  
Lord, when I am busy,  
Dragged down, deep mired in self-made burdens,  
Put your hand on my shoulder.  
Slow me down.  
Help me see that people matter more than projects.  
That listening and loving mean more,  
Than the endless whirling circles of activity that  
dizzy me.  
Make me understand  
That if I go rushing around,  
I'm no different from the rest of my world.  
Amen

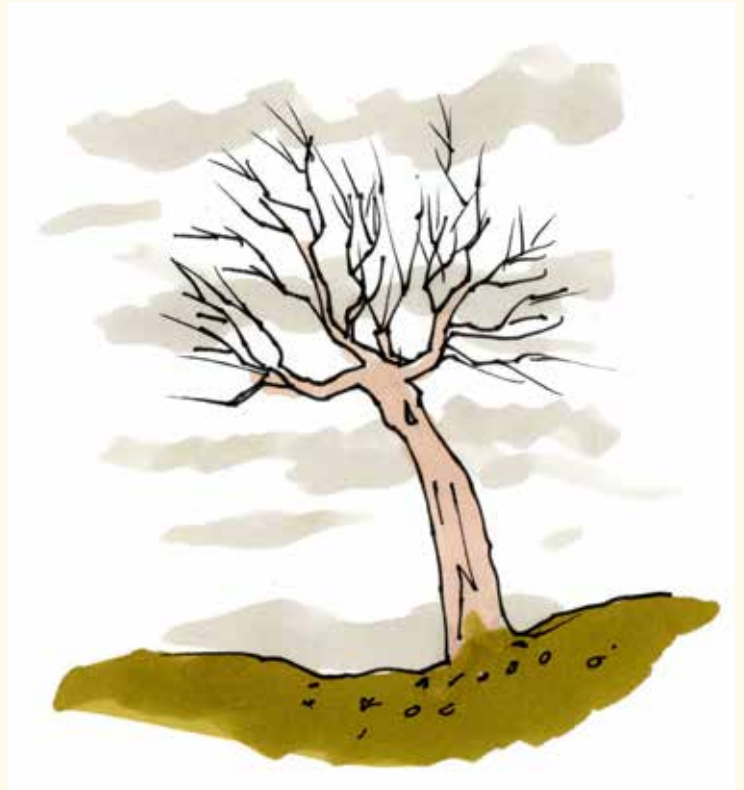
Anon

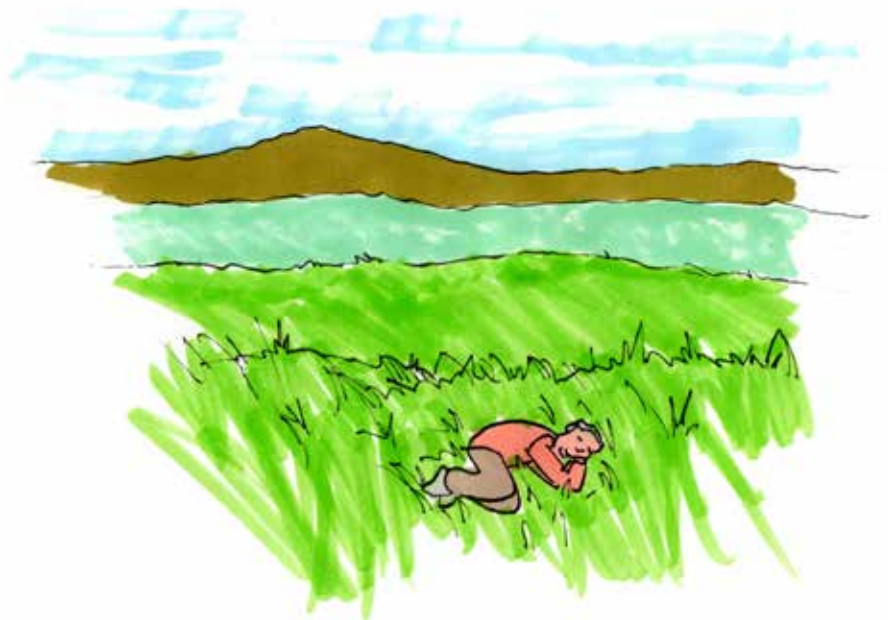
### *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,  
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain  
Under my head till morning; but the rain  
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh  
Upon the glass and listen for reply,  
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain  
For unremembered lads that not again  
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,  
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,  
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:  
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,  
I only know that summer sang in me  
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Edna St. Vincent Millay





### The Mystery

I am the wind which breathes upon the sea,  
I am the wave of the ocean,  
I am the murmur of the billows,  
I am the ox of the seven combats,  
I am the vulture upon the rocks,  
I am the beam of the sun,  
I am the fairest of plants,  
I am the wild boar in valour,  
I am a salmon in the water,

I am a lake in the plain,  
I am a word of science,  
I am the point of the lance of battle,  
I am the God who created in the head the fire.  
Who is it who throws light into the meeting  
on the mountain?  
Who announces the ages of the moon?  
Who teaches the place where couches the sun?  
(If not I)

Amergin Glangel

### The Two Parents

I love my little son, and yet when he was ill,  
I could not confine myself to his bedside.

I was impatient of his squalid little needs,  
His laboured breathing and the fretful way he cried  
And longed for my wide range of interests again,  
Whereas his mother sank without another care  
To that dread level of nothing but life itself  
And stayed day and night, till he was better, there.

Women may pretend, yet they always dismiss  
Everything but mere being just like this.

Hugh MacDiarmid







### Miracles

Why! who makes much of a miracle?  
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles,  
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,  
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,  
Or wade with naked feet along the beach, just in the edge of the water,



Or stand under trees in the woods,  
Or talk by day with any one I love – or sleep in the bed at night with any one I love,  
Or sit at table at dinner with my mother,  
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,  
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive, of a summer forenoon,  
Or animals feeding in the fields,  
Or birds – or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,  
Or the wonderfulness of the sun-down – or of stars shining so quiet and bright,  
Or the exquisite, delicate, thin curve of the new moon in spring...  
These, with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,  
The whole referring – yet each distinct and in its place.

To me, every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,  
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,  
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same;  
Every spear of grass – the frames, limbs, organs, of men and women, and all that concerns them,  
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.

To me the sea is a continual miracle;  
The fishes that swim – the rocks – the motion of the waves – the ships, with men in them,  
What stranger miracles are there?

Walt Whitman

## Not Love, Perhaps

This is not Love, perhaps,  
Love that lays down its life,  
that many waters cannot quench,  
nor the floods drown,  
But something written in lighter ink,  
said in a lower tone, something, perhaps,  
especially our own.

A need, at times, to be together and talk,  
And then the finding we can walk  
More firmly through dark narrow places,  
And meet more easily nightmare faces;  
A need to reach out, sometimes, hand to hand,  
And then find Earth less like an alien land;  
A need for alliance to defeat  
The whisperers at the corner of the street.

A need for inns on roads, islands in seas,  
Halts for discoveries to be shared,  
Maps checked, notes compared;  
A need, at times, of each for each,  
Direct as the need of throat and tongue for speech.

ASJ Tessimond



## *Solitude*

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone;  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air;  
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go;  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all, –  
There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.  
There is room in the halls of pleasure  
For a large and lordly train,  
But one by one we must all file on  
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

### Portrait of a Romantic

He is in love with the land that is always over  
The next hill and the next, with the bird that is never  
Caught, with the room beyond the looking-glass.

He likes the half-hid, the half-heard, the half-lit,  
The man in the fog, the road without an ending,  
Stray pieces of torn words to piece together.

He is well aware that man is always lonely,  
Listening for an echo of his cry, crying for the moon,  
Making the moon his mirror, weeping in the night.

He often dives in the deep-sea undertow  
Of the dark and dreaming mind. He turns at corners,  
Twists on his heel to trap his following shadow.

He is haunted by the face behind the face.  
He searches for last frontiers and lost doors.  
He tries to climb the wall around the world.

ASJ Tessimond



## Dirge Without Music

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.  
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:  
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned  
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.  
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.  
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,  
A formula, a phrase remains, – but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love, –  
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled  
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.  
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave.  
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;  
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.  
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Edna St. Vincent Millay



## Elegy

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,  
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,  
And all my good is but vain hope of gain.  
The day is gone and yet I saw no sun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told,  
My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves are green,  
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,  
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen,  
My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb,  
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,  
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,  
And now I die, and now I was but made.  
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

Chidiok Tichborne

*(Composed on the eve of his execution for his part in the Catholic Babington Plot, to assassinate Queen Elizabeth I in 1586).*

## Jeremiah 9:23–24

Thus saith the Lord,  
Let not the wise man boast in his wisdom,  
neither let the mighty man boast in his might,  
let not the rich man boast in his riches;  
But let him that boasteth boast in this,  
that he understandeth and knoweth me,  
that I am the Lord which exercise  
loving kindness, judgement, and righteousness  
in the earth:  
for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

### Ecclesiasticus 43:11–26

Look at the rainbow, and praise him who made it;  
it is exceedingly beautiful in its brightness.  
It encircles the sky with its glorious arc;  
the hands of the Most High have stretched it out.  
By his command he sends the driving snow  
and speeds the lightnings of his judgement.  
Therefore the storehouses are opened,  
and the clouds fly out like birds.  
In his majesty he gives the clouds their strength,  
and the hailstones are broken in pieces.  
The voice of his thunder rebukes the earth;  
when he appears, the mountains shake.  
At his will the south wind blows;  
so do the storm from the north and the whirlwind.  
He scatters the snow like birds flying down,  
and its descent is like locusts alighting.  
The eye is dazzled by the beauty of its whiteness,  
and the mind is amazed as it falls.  
He pours frost over the earth like salt,  
and icicles form like pointed thorns.

The cold north wind blows,  
and ice freezes on the water;  
it settles on every pool of water,  
and the water puts it on like a breastplate.  
He consumes the mountains and burns up the wilderness,  
and withers the tender grass like fire.  
A mist quickly heals all things;  
the falling dew gives refreshment from the heat.  
By his plan he stilled the deep  
and planted islands in it.  
Those who sail the sea tell of its dangers,  
and we marvel at what we hear.  
In it are strange and marvellous creatures,  
all kinds of living things, and huge sea-monsters.  
Because of him each of his messengers succeeds,  
and by his word all things hold together.

*This was the first reading at the funeral of  
Prince Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh*

### An Apologist's Evening Prayer

From all my lame defeats and oh! much more  
From all the victories that I seemed to score;  
From cleverness shot forth on Thy behalf  
At which, while angels weep, the audience laugh;  
From all my proofs of Thy divinity,  
Thou, who wouldst give no sign, deliver me.

Thoughts are but coins. Let me not trust, instead  
of Thee, their thin-worn image of Thy head.  
From all my thoughts,  
even from my thoughts of Thee,  
O thou fair Silence, fall, and set me free.  
Lord of the narrow gate and the needle's eye,  
Take from me all my trumpery lest I die.

CS Lewis

### The Priest

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!  
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!  
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God  
The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!  
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,  
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!  
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who  
Hath been pour'd out on thee! Go, in the name  
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name  
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name  
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name  
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!  
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;  
And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name  
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name  
Of Holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,  
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;  
And may thy place today be found in peace,  
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount  
Of Sion: – through the Same, through Christ,  
our Lord.

Cardinal Newman

(From *"The Dream of Gerontius"*)





### Christmas Song

Above the weary waiting world,  
Asleep in chill despair,  
There breaks a sound of joyous bells  
Upon the frosted air.  
And o'er the humblest roof-tree, lo,  
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance  
Upon the brink of night?  
What makes the breaking dawn to glow  
So magically bright, –  
And all the earth to be renewed  
With infinite beatitude?

The singing bells, the throbbing star,  
The sunbeams on the snow,  
And the awakening heart that leaps  
New ecstasy to know, –  
They all are dancing in the morn  
Because a little child is born.

Bliss Carman

## Ain't I a Woman?

That man over there say  
A woman needs to be helped into carriages  
And lifted over ditches  
And to have the best place everywhere.  
Nobody ever helped me into carriages  
Or over mud puddles  
Or gives me a best place...

And ain't I a woman?  
look at me  
Look at my arm!  
I have ploughed and planted  
And gathered into barns  
and no man could head me...  
And ain't I a woman?  
I could work as much  
And eat as much as a man -  
When I could get to it -  
And beat the lash as well

And ain't I a woman?  
I have borne thirteen children  
And seen most all sold into slavery  
And when I cried out a mother's grief  
None but Jesus heard me...  
And ain't I a woman?  
That little man in black there say  
A woman can't have as much rights as a man  
cause Christ wasn't a woman  
Where did your Christ come from?  
From God and a woman!  
Man had nothing to do with him!  
If the first woman God ever made  
Was strong enough to turn the world  
upside down, all alone  
together woman ought to be able to turn it  
rightside up again.

Erlene Stetson

*from a speech by Isabella, a slave freed in 1827, and known as  
"Sojourner Truth"*

### *Feeding the Poor at Christmas*

---

Every Christmas we feed the poor.  
We arrive an hour late, poor dears,  
Like children waiting for a treat.  
Bring your plates. Don't move.  
Don't try turning up for more.  
No. Even if you don't drink  
You can't take your share  
for your husband. Say thank you  
and a rosary for us every evening.  
No. Not a towel and a shirt,  
even if they're old.  
What's that you said?  
You're a good man, Robert, yes,  
beggars can't be exactly.

Eunice de Souza

### *The Journey*

---

And if you go up that way, you will meet with a man  
Leading a horse, whose eyes declare:  
There is no God. Take no notice,  
There will be other roads and other men  
With the same creed, whose lips yet utter  
Friendlier greeting, men who have learned  
To pack a little of the sun's light  
In their cold eyes, whose hands are waiting  
For your hand. But do not linger,  
A smile is payment; the road runs on  
With many turnings towards the tall  
Tree to which the believer is nailed.

RS Thomas

## When all Thy Mercies, O My God

When all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the last a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

...Not just for eternity, but  
for all eternity...



Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
For, oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison

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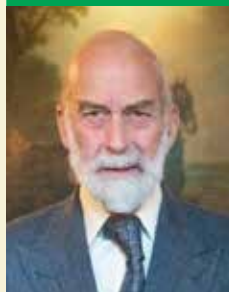
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ZANE is a brilliant charity working in the failed state of Zimbabwe, caring for the old and lonely, providing medical treatment and supporting communities. You can choose where your money goes.

**Dame Prue Leith DBE DL**

Cookery writer and restaurateur



I have supported ZANE for many years as they do excellent work amongst the vulnerable in Zimbabwe.

**HRH Prince Michael  
of Kent Gcvo**



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a lifeline 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.

**Deborah Bronnert CMG**

UK Ambassador to Russia  
and former UK Ambassador to  
Zimbabwe, 2011–2014



# Finding the



**It took Valerie\* (77) three months to find the courage to contact ZANE. Her situation had become so desperate that she had nowhere else to turn.**

Valerie and her late husband, Ian, worked hard all their lives and were able to buy a house that they hoped would be a good investment. Ian became unwell in 2005 and after a long and expensive treatment regime, he sadly died in 2007. Valerie moved into a small flat, renting out the marital home to top up her small monthly income. Unfortunately, the devaluation of the Zimbabwe dollar in 2008 reduced her funds to a pittance and she had no choice but to sell her home for \$60,000. She banked the money and continued to live as frugally as possible.

In 2011, Valerie's flat was broken into, and she was badly beaten and sexually assaulted. On leaving hospital, she could not face returning to her flat and she moved into a cottage in a

# courage ...

retirement complex. However, her experiences had left her suffering with PTSD and she was unable to work. Surviving on the proceeds of her house sale, Valerie was extremely cautious –she went without hot water and ate just two small meals a day.

In 2019, Valerie's savings were converted to Zimbabwe "bond" dollars. This move by the government took the country by storm, causing serious inflation and catastrophic consequences for people who once again saw their savings disappear overnight. Valerie was left destitute. By the time she found the courage to contact ZANE, she was severely malnourished and almost out of medication.

Valerie's life is now much easier. ZANE provides her with a regular food parcel, covers her medication costs and ensures she can afford hot water.

***“Who knew a hot shower  
would feel so good!  
I was so ashamed to  
ask for help but you  
have been so kind and  
understanding.  
Life feels worth living  
again. Thank you.”***

# Reasons to support ZANE

1. **ZANE** provides aid, comfort and support to 2,090 impoverished pensioners with nowhere else to turn. Only those genuinely in need of assistance receive it.
2. Donors can choose which area of **ZANE**'s work they wish to support.
3. **ZANE** was the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
4. **ZANE** is looking after around 600 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in the Second World War, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Without ZANE, they would be living with insufficient food and no healthcare.
5. **ZANE** runs education programmes in a high-density suburb, assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.
6. **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Thirteen treatment centres have been established and over 4,220 children have received treatment to date.
7. **ZANE** funds the provision of prosthetic limbs for victims of landmine explosions and treatment for people with hearing loss.
8. **ZANE**'s funds are subject to rigorous audits and **ZANE** is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to collapsed banks, middlemen or corruption.
9. An independent consultancy reviewed **ZANE** and the report stated:  
*"The charity thrives on its responsiveness, flexibility and lack of bureaucracy. Operationally, ZANE is frugal, focused and effective in delivering aid to the needy."*

**If you want to save a life, then please support ZANE**

**[www.zane.uk.com](http://www.zane.uk.com)**

## **RESPECTING YOUR DATA**

Like any charity, we could not do our important work without being able to communicate with valued supporters like you. ZANE will never sell your details to any third party. You can find more information about how we use and look after your data and your rights, including what to do if you want to hear from us less or stop hearing from us, in our Privacy Policy. You can obtain a copy of this on our website ([www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp](http://www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp)) or by:

- calling 020 7060 6643
- emailing [info@zane.uk.com](mailto:info@zane.uk.com)
- writing to us at ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY.



*What a difference your donation makes!*



**Zimbabwe A National Emergency**

You can make a donation by phone or online  
**020 7060 6643    [www.zane.uk.com](http://www.zane.uk.com)**

Reg Charity No 1112949

Please detach form and post in an envelope to:  
ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY England

Please help the people of Zimbabwe continue to get vital aid and support

3491221



**Zimbabwe A National Emergency** Registered Charity No 1112949

You can make a donation by phone **020 7060 6643** or online **www.zane.uk.com**

Title Initials Surname

Address

Postcode

Tel Email

Please tick if you are happy for ZANE to send you updates by email ☐



**Please complete this form and send it to: ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY**

Preferred use of gift: Trustees' Discretion ☐, Pensioner Work ☐, Impoverished Communities ☐

If a specified project is fully funded, donations will be used where most needed.

*giftaid it*

Please tick the box below and make this gift and any donations made in the future, or made in the past 4 years, worth 25% more with Gift Aid. Gift Aid is reclaimed by ZANE from the tax you pay for the current tax year. Your address is needed to identify you as a current UK taxpayer.

☐ I am a UK taxpayer and understand that if I pay less income tax and/or Capital Gains tax than the amount of Gift Aid claimed on all of my donations in that tax year, it is my responsibility to pay any difference.

Date Signature

Please notify ZANE if you

- Want to cancel this declaration
- Change your name or home address
- No longer pay sufficient tax on your income and/or capital gains.

Please consider leaving a gift to ZANE in your will. Tick here for further information ☐

Completed name and postal address required above for a Direct Debit

SEE OVERLEAF TO DONATE BY DIRECT DEBIT

I would like to make a regular gift via Direct Debit of £  every month OR £  quarterly  
 OR £  annually. Please debit the above amount from my account on or around the  
 (tick as appropriate) 1st ☐ or 15th ☐ of (month)

ZANE:  
 Zimbabwe A National Emergency

## Instruction to your bank or building society to pay by Direct Debit



Please fill in the form and send to: ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY.

Name and full postal address of your bank or building society

To: The Manager	Bank/building society
Address	
Postcode	

Name(s) of account holder(s)

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Branch sort code

--	--	--	--	--	--

Bank/building society account number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Service user number

8	3	9	9	7	5
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Reference

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Instruction to your bank or building society

Please pay ZANE Direct Debits from the account detailed in this  
 Instruction subject to the safeguards assured by the Direct Debit Guarantee.  
 I understand that this Instruction may remain with ZANE and, if so,  
 details will be passed electronically to my bank/building society.

Signature(s)

Date									

Banks and building societies may not accept Direct Debit Instructions for some types of account.

**DD15**

**DONATE BY CHEQUE OR CARD** I enclose a cheque for £  payable to "ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency"

Or please debit my Debit/Credit Card for £

Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Amex ☐ CAF ☐ Debit ☐ Name on Card

Card no

Start date  Expiry date