

We Will Meet Again . . .

ZANE POEMS 2022/23





“ 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

Principal of Somerville College, Oxford
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

”



“ 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

”

Illustrations by Tony Husband



Reg Charity No 1112949

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

As ZANE stands in the eye of a perfect storm of rising demand amidst economic turmoil, I'm reminded of a quote from Abraham Lincoln:

"Kindness is the only service that will stand the storm of life."

Since I founded ZANE, supporters have been unstinting in their kindness, and that kindness is never taken for granted. Every donation is warmly received and cautiously spent, always on those most in need. Please note that ZANE has never lost money through corruption, middlemen, bankrupt banks or theft.

Today, ZANE is battling a quagmire of difficulties. First, the dollar is high against the pound – and since we raise money in depreciated pounds and spend in expensive US dollars, we will need to raise significantly more than last year just to fund the same level of work. Second, many supporters have wrongly assumed that since




Tom Benyon OBE

the death of Robert Mugabe, the situation in Zimbabwe has improved – in fact, it has materially worsened. Further, Putin's war has distracted supporters' attention away from the acute miseries that afflict those we assist. As a result of these factors, your help is needed today more than ever before.

I hope this collection of poetry brings you pleasure. Please remember that it raises far more than it costs to produce.

Thank you for your interest in ZANE, for your compassion for the beleaguered people of Zimbabwe and for your generous support of our work.

Warm wishes,

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



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

HRH Prince Michael of Kent gcvo

”

From the funeral of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

“We will all face the merciful judgement of God: we can all share the Queen’s hope in which life and death inspired her servant leadership. Service in life, hope in death. All who follow the Queen’s example, and inspiration of trust and faith in God, can with her say: ‘We will meet again’.”

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Justin Welby

Prayed on the night of the Queen’s death

“Lord Jesus,
We are so sad that the Queen died today. As I speak to you right now, you are likely to be speaking to her as you welcome her into heaven. Please would you make her feel very welcome. Would you tell her what an incredible job she did and that everyone in the world is crying and missing her.”

Annabelle Benyon (aged nine)



“The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident.”

Charles Lamb

“As you grow old, you lose interest in sex, your friends drift away and your children often ignore you. There are other advantages of course, but these are the outstanding ones.”

Richard Needham, 6th Earl of Kilmorey



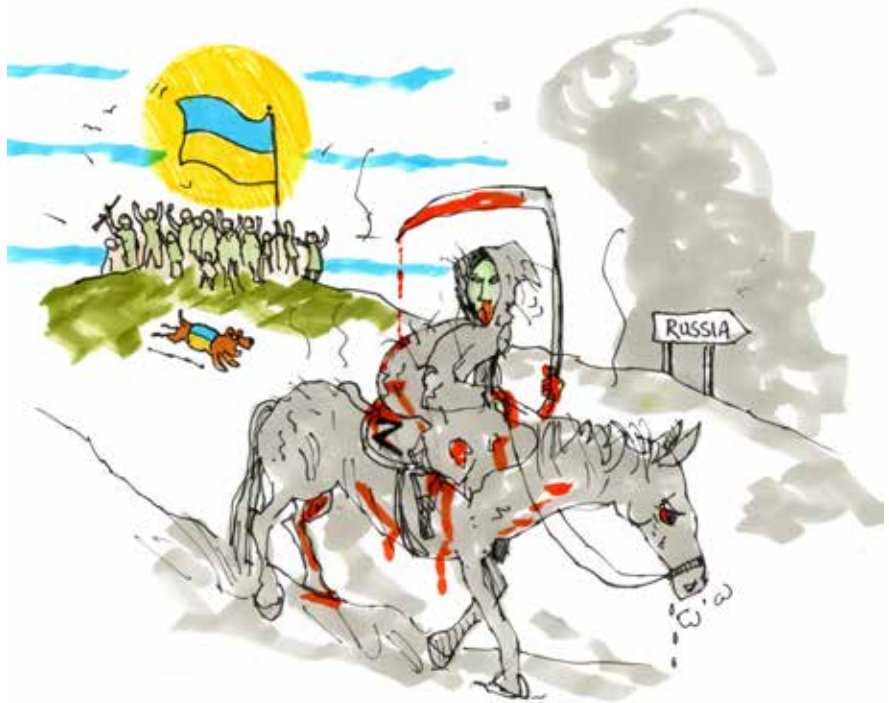
The rain it raineth on the just
And also on the unjust fella;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust hath the just's umbrella.

Charles Bowen

“Do you still think that we [Ukraine and Russia] are ‘one nation’? Do you still think you can scare us, break us, force us to make concessions? Have you really not understood anything? Not understood who we are? What we are for? What we are talking about?

“Read my lips: Without gas or without you? Without you. Without light or without you? Without you. Without water or without you? Without you. Without food or without you? Without you. Cold, hunger, darkness and thirst are not as frightening and deadly for us as your friendship and brotherhood. But history will put everything in its place. And we will be with gas, light, water and food – and without you.”

Ukraine’s president, Volodymyr Zelenskyy, in a Telegram post addressed to Russia



“I get into bed, turn out the light, say ‘Bugger the lot of them’ and go to sleep.”

Winston Churchill



One Perfect Rose

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet –
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret:
“My fragile leaves,” it said, “his heart enclose”.
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

Dorothy Parker

Darling, the rose is divine
but next time could you wrap it
in a limousine...





Leisure

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep and cows:

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars like skies at night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

WH Davies

Snow

The room was suddenly rich
and the great bay-window was
Spawning snow and pink roses against it
Soundlessly collateral and incompatible:
World is suddener than we fancy it.

World is crazier and more of it than we think,
Incorrigibly plural. I peel and portion
A tangerine and spit the pips and feel
The drunkenness of things being various.

And the fire flames with
a bubbling sound for world
Is more spiteful and gay than one supposes –
On the tongue on the eyes on the ears
in the palms of one's hands –
There is more than glass between
the snow and the huge roses.

Louis MacNeice

Leo Marks, the head of the Special Operations Executive during the Second World War, wrote this poem for his fiancée. Following her death in a plane crash, Marks gave the poem to the heroine of the French Resistance, Violette Szabo, to be used as her "code poem" in occupied France.

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



Weathering

Literally thin skinned, I suppose, my face catches the wind off the snow-line and flushes with a flush that will never wholly settle. Well: that was a metropolitan vanity, wanting to look young for ever, to pass.

I was never a Pre-Raphaelite beauty, nor anything but pretty enough to satisfy men who need to be seen with passable women. But now that I am in love with a place which doesn't care how I look, or if I'm happy,

happy is how I look, and that's all. My hair will grow grey in any case, My nails chip and flake, my waist thicken, and the years work all their usual changes. If my face is to be weather-beaten as well

that's little enough lost, a fair bargain for a year among the lakes and fells, when simply to look out of my window at the high pass makes me indifferent to mirrors and to what my soul may wear over its new complexion.

Fleur Adcock



Love

Since we parted, yester eve
I do love thee, love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer –
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer – thus much more
Than I loved thee, love, before.

Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton

How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



Top of the Pops by Tom Hnobarnd

Did I once tell you I played in a band?
I don't know its name but you'll understand
Why yes, we appeared on Top of the Pops
Toured with the Beatles, Stones and the 4 Tops

I have 3 children, I think my wife died
Can't remember her name, though I've tried and tried
So I sit here in my comfy chair
Searching for memories so rarely there

But sometimes, like magic, all becomes clear
Here with my family on Brighton Pier
laughing, singing, eating ice creams
talking and loving, fulfilling our dreams
Then without warning the curtain drops
Did I tell you I appeared on Top of the Pops?





No Man is an Island

No man is an island,
Entire of itself;
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.

If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less,
As well as if a promontory were:
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were.

Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind . . .
And therefore never send to know
 for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.

John Donne

My Funeral

I hope I can trust you, friends,
not to use our relationship
As an excuse for an unsolicited ego-trip.
I have seen enough of them at funerals
and they make me cross.
At this one, though deceased,
I aim to be the boss.
If you are asked to talk about me for five
minutes, please do not go on for eight.
There is a strict timetable at the crematorium and nobody wants to be late.
If invited to read a poem, just read the bloody poem.
If requested to sing a song, just sing it, as suggested,
And don't say anything.
Though I will not be there,
Glancing pointedly at my watch and fixing the speaker with a malevolent stare,
Remember that this is how I always reacted
When I felt that anybody's speech, sermon or poetry reading was becoming too protracted.
Yes, I was intolerant and not always polite,
And if there aren't many people at my funeral, it will serve me right.

Wendy Cope





Voice

Call, by all means, but just once.
Don't use the broken heart again voice,
the I'm sick to death of life and women
and romance voice but with a little help
I'll try to struggle on voice.

Spare me the promise and the curse voice,
the ansafoney call me please
when you get in voice, the nobody
knows the trouble I've seen voice,
the I'd value your advice voice.

I want the how it was voice,
the call me irresponsible but aren't I nice voice,
the such a bastard but I warn them in advance voice.
The we all have weaknesses
And mine is being wicked voice.

The life's short and wasting time's
the only vice voice, the stay in touch
but out of reach voice. I want to hear
the things it's better not to broach voice;
the things it's wiser not to voice voice.

Ann Samson

Sonnet

Not in a silver casket cool with pearls
Or rich with red corundum or with blue,
Locked, and the key withheld, as other girls
Have given their loves, I give my love to you;
Not in a lovers'-knot, not in a ring
Worked in such fashion, and the legend plain –
Semper fidelis, where a secret spring
Kennels a drop of mischief for the brain:
Love in the open hand, no thing but that,
Ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt,
As one should bring you cowslips in a hat
Swung from the hand, or apples in her skirt,
I bring you, calling out as children do:
“Look what I have – And these are all for you.”

Edna St Vincent Millay



New Every Morning

(Abridged)

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Susan Coolidge



Fears

When I have fears, as Keats had fears,
Of the moment I'll cease to be,
I console myself with vanished years,
Remembered laughter, remembered tears,
And the peace of the changing sea.

When I feel sad, as Keats felt sad,
That my life is so nearly done,
It gives me comfort to dwell upon
Remembered friends who are dead and gone
And the jokes we had and the fun.

How happy they are I cannot know
But happy I am who loved them so.

Noel Coward

The Peace of Wild Things

When despair for the world grows in me
and I wake in the night at the least sound
in fear of what my life and my children's lives may be,
I go and lie down where the wood drake
rests in his beauty on the water,
and the great heron feeds.
I come into the peace of wild things
who do not tax their lives with forethought of grief.
I come into the presence of still water.
And I feel above me the day-blind stars
waiting with their light. For a time
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Wendell Berry



This poem, written in 1919, captured the public mood of release following the First World War Armistice.

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





All That is Gold Does Not Glitter

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.

JRR Tolkien

The Way It Is

There is a thread you follow.
It goes among things that change.
But it doesn't change.
People wonder about what you are pursuing.
You have to explain about the thread.
But it is hard for others to see.

While you hold it you can't get lost.
Tragedies happen; people get hurt or die;
And you suffer and get old.
Nothing you can do can stop time's unfolding.
You don't ever let go of the thread.

William Stafford



Do Not Ask Your Children to Strive

Do not ask your children
to strive for extraordinary lives.
Such striving may seem admirable,
But it is the way of foolishness.
Help them instead to find the wonder
And the marvel of an ordinary life.
Show them the joy of tasting
tomatoes, apples and pears.
Show them how to cry
when pets and people die.
Show them the infinite pleasure
in the touch of a hand.
And make the ordinary come alive for them.
The extraordinary will take care of itself.

William Martin





The Orange

At lunchtime I bought a huge orange –
The size of it made us all laugh.
I peeled it and shared it with Robert and Dave –
They got quarters and I had a half.

And that orange, it made me so happy,
As ordinary things often do
Just lately. The shopping. A walk in the park.
This is peace and contentment. It's new.

The rest of the day was quite easy.
I did all the jobs on my list
And enjoyed them and had some time over.
I love you. I'm glad I exist.

Wendy Cope

The Moment

The moment when, after many years
of hard work and a long voyage
you stand in the centre of your room,
house, half acre, square mile, island, country,
knowing at last how you got there,
and say, I own this,

is the same moment when the trees unloose
their soft arms from around you,
the birds take back their language,
the cliffs fissure and collapse,
the air moves back from you like a wave
and you can't breathe.

No, they whisper. You own nothing.
You were a visitor, time after time
climbing the hill, planting the flag, proclaiming.
We never belonged to you.
You never found us.
It was always the other way round.

Margaret Atwood





Don't Hesitate

If you suddenly and unexpectedly feel joy, don't hesitate. Give in to it. There are plenty of lives and whole towns destroyed or about to be. We are not wise, and not very often kind. And much can never be redeemed. Still, life has some possibility left. Perhaps this is its way of fighting back, that sometimes something happens better than all the riches or power in the world. It could be anything, but very likely you notice it in the instant when love begins. Anyway, that is often the case. Anyway, whatever it is, don't be afraid of its plenty. Joy is not made to be a crumb.

Mary Oliver

Chemotherapy

I did not imagine being bald
At forty-four. I didn't have a plan.
Perhaps a scar or two from growing old,
Hot flushes. I'd sit fluttering a fan.

But I am bald, and hardly ever walk
by day, I'm the invalid of these rooms,
stirring soups, awake in the half dark,
not answering the phone when it rings.

I never thought that life could get this small,
that I would care so much about a cup,
the taste of tea, the texture of a shawl,
and whether or not I should get up.

I'm not unhappy. I have learned to drift
and sip. The smallest things are gifts.

Julia Darling





*The following words remind us:
Do not “take care” – instead, “take a risk”!*

Come to the Edge

Come to the edge.
We might fall.
Come to the edge.
It's too high!
COME TO THE EDGE!
And they came,
And he pushed
And they flew.

Christopher Logue



Thinking

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't.
If you'd like to win, but think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost;
For out in the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can!

Walter D Wintle

Phenomenal Woman

Pretty women wonder where my secret lies.
I'm not cute or built to suit a fashion model's size,
But when I start to tell them,
They think I'm telling lies.
I say,
It's in the reach of my arms,
The span of my hips,
The stride of my step,
The curl of my lips.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

I see Maya Angelou
has arrived...



I walk into a room
Just as cool as you please,
And to a man,
The fellows stand or
Fall down on their knees.
Then they swarm round me,
A hive of honey bees.
I say,
It's the fire in my eyes,
And the flash of my teeth,
The swing in my waist,
And the joy in my feet.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Men themselves have wondered
What they see in me.
They try so much
But they can't touch
My inner mystery.
When I try to show them,
They say they still can't see.
I say,
It's in the arch of my back,
The sun of my smile,
The ride of my breasts,
The grace of my style.
I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Now you understand
Just why my head's not bowed.
I don't shout or jump about
Or have to talk real loud.
When you see me passing,
It ought to make you proud.
I say,
It's in the click of my heels,
The bend of my hair,
The palm of my hand,
The need for my care.
'Cause I'm a woman
Phenomenally.
Phenomenal woman,
That's me.

Maya Angelou

I want to see you

I want to see you.
Know your voice.

Recognise you when you
first come round the corner.

Sense your scent when I come
into a room you've just left.

Know the lift of your heel,
the glide of your foot.

Become familiar with the way
you purse your lips
then let them part,
just the slightest bit,
when I lean into your space
and kiss you.

I want to know the joy
of how you whisper
“more.”

Rumi (attributed)



At Set of Sun

(Abridged)

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance, most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went –
Then we may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the life-long day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If, through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face –
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost –
Then count that day as worse than lost.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox



For Grief

When you lose someone you love,
Your life becomes strange,
The ground beneath you gets fragile,
Your thoughts make your eyes unsure;
And some dead echo drags your voice down
Where words have no confidence.
Your heart has grown heavy with loss;
And though this loss has wounded others too,
No one knows what has been taken from you
When the silence of absence deepens.
Flickers of guilt kindle regret
For all that was left unsaid or undone.



There are days when you wake up happy;
Again inside the fullness of life,
Until the moment breaks
And you are thrown back
Onto the black tide of loss.

Days when you have your heart back,
You are able to function well
Until in the middle of work or encounter,
Suddenly with no warning,
You are ambushed by grief.

It becomes hard to trust yourself.
All you can depend on now is that
Sorrow will remain faithful to itself.
More than you, it knows its way
And will find the right time
To pull and pull the rope of grief
Until that coiled hill of tears
Has reduced to its last drop.

Gradually, you will learn acquaintance
With the invisible form of your departed;
And, when the work of grief is done,
The wound of loss will heal
And you will have learned
To wean your eyes
From that gap in the air
And be able to enter the hearth
In your soul where your loved one
Has awaited your return
All the time.

John O'Donohue

From the final Christmas broadcast of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, 2021

“It is the simplicity of the Christmas story that makes it so universally appealing: simple happenings that formed the starting point of the life of Jesus – a man whose teachings have been handed down from generation to generation, and have been the bedrock of my faith. His birth marked a new beginning. As the carol says, “The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee tonight.”

The Proficiscere

Go forth upon thy journey from this world, O Christian soul.
Go in the name of God the Father Almighty who created thee,
In the name of Jesus Christ, His Son, who suffered for thee,
In the name of the Holy Ghost who strengthened thee.
In communion with the blessed saints and accompanied by angels and archangels
and all the armies of the heavenly host.
May thy portion this day be in peace, and thy dwelling in the heavenly Jerusalem.
Amen

This prayer, included in the text of Henry Newman's "The Dream of Gerontius", has its roots in a Frankish Benedictine monastery.

The following hymn was sung at the funeral of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank thee that thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton

In Paradisum

May the Angels lead you into paradise;
may the martyrs greet you at your arrival
and lead you into the holy City of Jerusalem.
May the choir of Angels greet you
And like Lazarus, who once was a poor man,
may you have eternal rest.

Gabriel Fauré

*The piper at the queen's funeral was
Pipe Major Paul Burns of the Royal
Regiment of Scotland, and he played
The Regimental Lament,
"Sleep, Dearie, Sleep".*



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

Rt Hon Andrew Mitchell MP

Minister of State for the Foreign,
Commonwealth & Development Office

Secretary of State for Overseas Development 2010–2012

”



“ 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 CMG

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe

Former Executive Director of the World Bank

”

Days from death



June, 80, worked as a secretary for a food manufacturer. When the firm folded, she took work in a supermarket and then as a cleaner, until a heart attack forced her to retire.

** Names and photos have been changed on grounds of security*

when ZANE stepped in ...

Having lost her pension and savings during Zimbabwe's record-breaking hyper-inflation, and without government support of any kind, June sold her car and jewellery to cover the rent on her home. When the rent increased, she could no longer afford her medicines. This culminated in her requiring urgent hospital treatment for a heart condition, pneumonia and kidney failure. June was days from death when ZANE stepped in to cover her medical bills.

With the help of ZANE, June now lives in a retirement complex and is slowly returning to health. ZANE covers her rent, and food and medication costs.

In order to continue supporting June – and hundreds more like her, who rely on us for their survival – ZANE must raise urgent funds.

June says, “Please thank ZANE’s generous donors. Without ZANE’s help I would have died.”

*“Please thank ZANE’s
generous donors.
Without ZANE’s help I
would have died.”*

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 560 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 4,500 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

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) or by:

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



What a difference your donation makes!



Reg Charity No 1112949

Zimbabwe A National Emergency

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

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

3771222



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

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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 new regular gift via Direct Debit of: OR ☐ Please increase my existing Direct Debit to:

£ 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)

Instruction to your bank/building society to pay by Direct Debit

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

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

Direct Debits can only be set up if you provide a postal address. **Please fill in your postal address overleaf.**

Under Direct Debit regulations, we are not able to set up any direct debits without an address being provided.



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)

Bank/building society account number

Branch sort code

Please ensure your name and address are completed overleaf

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

Service user number

8 3 9 9 7 5

Reference (for office use only)

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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

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Date

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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