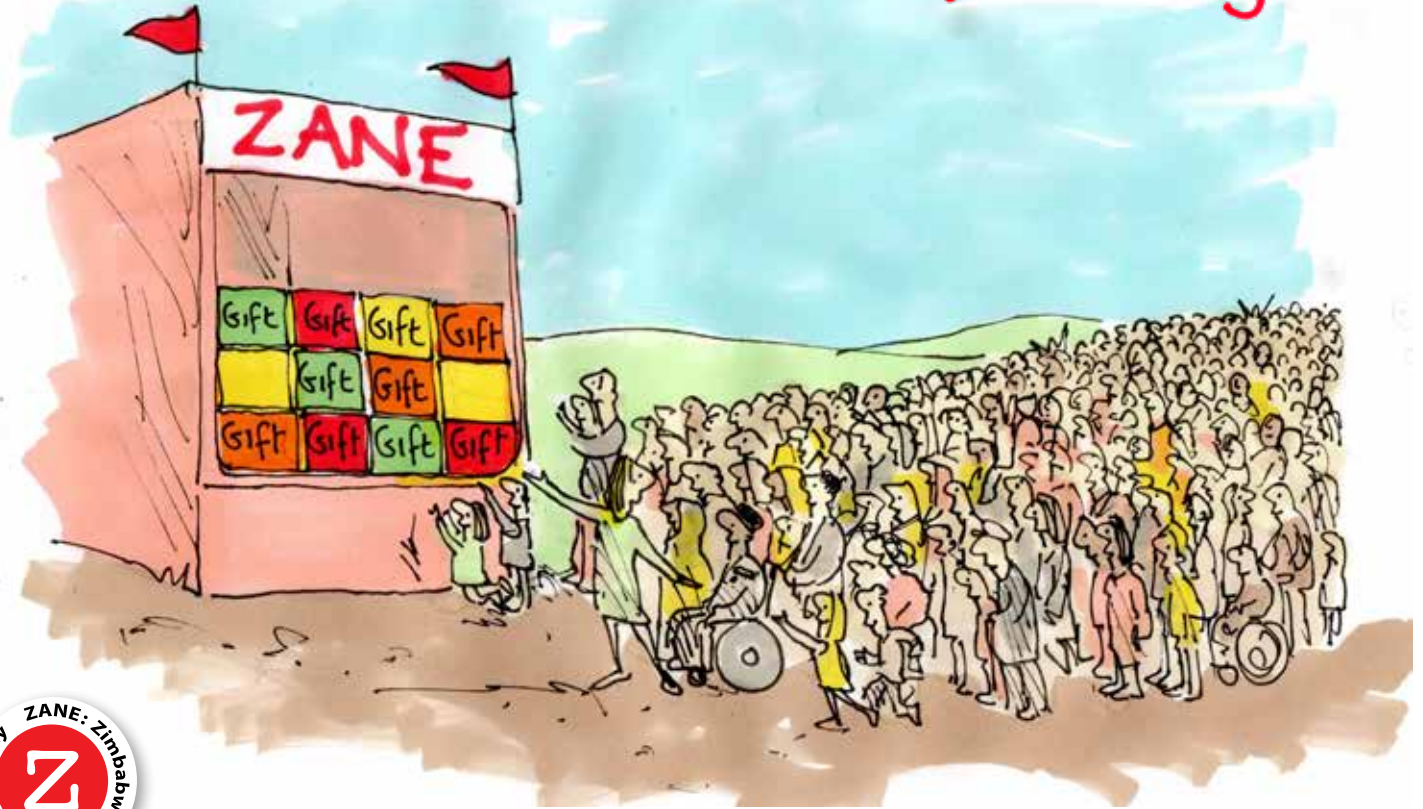


# The Kindness of Strangers





“ 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.

**The Rt Hon Andrew Mitchell MP**  
Minister of State for Development and Africa



“ 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

**It could be me – it could be you.**

I recently met a pensioner ZANE has been assisting this year. Lily (82), a former nurse, is now destitute as she has lost her life savings and pension in repeated bouts of hyperinflation. This is a familiar tale in Zimbabwe's economic collapse. Lily told me, "Were it not for the kindness of strangers who live thousands of miles away and fund ZANE, I would be dead."

The strangers Lily refers to are you, our loyal and generous supporters – friends of ZANE and lifesavers to thousands of destitute people in Zimbabwe.

That encounter inspired the title of this year's poem booklet. ZANE can only put food in the cupboards of impoverished pensioners and provide them with medication and shelter because you enable us to do so. The kindness of strangers is overwhelming.



*Tom Benyon OBE*



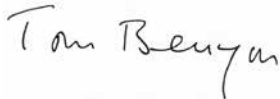
ZANE continues to face various headwinds: rising interest rates, high inflation, stubborn utility prices and the appalling conflicts in Ukraine and the Middle East. All these factors push Zimbabwe and ZANE away from the front pages of the media. Added to this, there has been another year of economic collapse in Zimbabwe – of course, because of mismanagement and gross incompetence – so it's not surprising that ZANE is facing a perfect storm.

With your help, however, ZANE will continue to provide aid to those facing despair.

I hope you enjoy ZANE's poems this Christmas. Please remember that this booklet always raises far more money than it costs to produce and distribute.

Thank you for your interest in ZANE, and for your kindness and compassion for the innocent people of Zimbabwe. Your generosity is never taken for granted and always benefits those most in need.

Warm wishes,



---

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**



## *The Kindness of Strangers*

“I have always depended on the kindness of strangers.”

Blanche DuBois, from *A Streetcar Named Desire* by Tennessee Williams (1911–83)

“Life’s an ugly, awful place to not have a best friend.”

Sarah Dessen (b.1970)

“There is nothing I would not do for those who are really my friends.  
I have no notion of loving people by halves, it is not in my nature.”

Jane Austen (1775–1817)



*Much-Needed Words  
for Married Men*

“You’re forgiven.”

“I love you.”

“What’s for supper?”

*A Few Cups of Love*

He took a few cups of love.  
He took one tablespoon of patience,  
One teaspoon of generosity,  
One pint of kindness.  
He took one quart of laughter,  
One pinch of concern.  
And then, he mixed willingness with happiness.  
He added lots of faith,  
And he stirred it up well.  
Then he spread it over the span of a lifetime,  
And he served it to each and every deserving person he met.

Muhammad Ali (1942–2016), in an interview with George Plimpton.  
This was the boxer’s response to the question, “What would you like people to think about you when you’ve gone?”

## You'll Never Walk Alone

*(Excerpt)*

Walk on through the wind,  
Walk on through the rain,  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.  
Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart  
And you'll never walk alone.

Show tune from the Rodgers and Hammerstein  
musical *Carousel*, 1945

## Wisdom

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 (525–456 BC)



“Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind.  
Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies.  
Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavours.  
If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that  
which is to come that we may be brave in peril,  
constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in  
all changes of fortune, and, down to the gates of  
death, loyal and loving to one another.”

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94),  
from *Prayers Written at Vailima*

## An Epilogue

I have seen flowers come in stony places  
And kind things done by men with ugly faces,  
And the Gold Cup won by the worst horse at the races,  
So I trust, too.

John Masefield (1872–1967)

## Who Told You?

Who told you that I might be weak,  
that fate I would obey?  
Who told you that my hand might shake,  
that word and thought are frail?  
You heard me sing a woeful song,  
a lamentation wail,  
But that was just a warm spring storm,  
and not the autumn gale.

Lesia Ukrainka (1871–1931). One of Ukraine's leading writers, as well as a political and feminist activist, Ukrainka (her pen name literally means "Ukrainian woman") believed passionately in the right of her country to be independent from Russia.

## Man's Testament

Question not, but live and labour  
Till yon goal be won,  
Helping every feeble neighbour,  
Seeking help from none;  
Life is mainly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone,  
Kindness in another's trouble,  
Courage in your own.

Adam Lindsay Gordon (1833–70). One of Australia's foremost poets of the nineteenth century, Gordon was also a horse-breaker, mounted policeman, steeplechase rider and politician. Little recognized in his lifetime, he killed himself before he was 40.



## Resolutions When I Come To Be Old

- Not to marry a young woman.
- Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it.
- Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.
- Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men of war, &c.
- Not to be too fond of children.
- Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.
- Not to be covetous.
- Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.
- Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and weaknesses.
- Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants, or others.
- Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.
- To desire some good friends to inform me of which of these resolutions I break or neglect and wherein; and reform accordingly.
- Not to talk much, nor of myself.
- Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladies, &c.
- Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman...
- Not to be positive or opinionative.
- Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

Jonathan Swift (1667–1745). The author wrote this list at the age of 32, more than a decade before he wrote *Gulliver's Travels*.



## *The Sea and the Mirror*

*(Excerpt)*

So if you prosper, suspect those bright  
Mornings when you whistle with a light  
Heart. You are loved; you have never seen  
The harbour so still, the park so green,  
So many well-fed pigeons upon  
Cupolas and triumphal arches,  
So many stags and slender ladies  
Beside the canals. Remember when  
Your climate seems a permanent home  
For marvellous creatures and strange men,  
What griefs and convulsions startled Rome,  
Ecbatana, Babylon.

WH Auden (1907–73)

We remember the hideous conflicts that trouble our world today, particularly in the Middle East as well as in Ukraine.

### A Lament

We who are left, how shall we look again  
Happily on the sun or feel the rain,  
Without remembering how they who went  
Ungrudgingly, and spent  
Their all for us, loved too the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings –  
But we, how shall we turn to little things,  
And listen to the birds and winds and streams  
Made holy by their dreams,  
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

Wilfred Gibson (1878–1962)



## Resistance

It's war again: a family  
carries its family out of a pranged house  
under a burning thatch.

The next scene smacks  
of archive newsreel: platforms and trains  
(never again, never again),

toddlers passed  
over heads and shoulders,  
lifetimes stowed  
in luggage racks.

It's war again: unmistakable smoke  
on the near horizon mistaken  
for thick fog. Fingers crossed.

An old blue tractor  
tows an armoured tank  
into no-man's land.

It's the ceasefire hour: godspeed the columns  
of winter coats and fur-lined hoods,  
the high-wire walk



over buckled bridges  
managing cases and bags,  
balancing west and east – godspeed.

It's war again: the woman in black  
gives sunflower seeds to the soldier,  
insists  
his marrow will nourish

the national flower. In dreams  
let bullets be birds, let cluster bombs  
burst into flocks.

False news is news  
with the pity  
edited out. It's war again:

an air-raid siren can't fully mute  
the cathedral bells –  
let's call that hope.

Simon Armitage (b. 1963).

This poem was the laureate's response to  
Russia's invasion of Ukraine.

## Questions

How can she catch the sunlight  
And bind it in her hair?  
Where is the golden apple  
Whose core is not despair?  
How shall one cull the honey  
And yet not rob the flower?  
And how can man being happy  
Still keep his happy hour?

Lord Thomson of Cardington (1875–1930)



## The Burning of the Leaves

*(Excerpt)*

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.  
They go to the fire; the nostril pricks with smoke  
Wandering slowly into a weeping mist.  
Brittle and blotched, ragged and rotten sheaves!  
A flame seizes the smouldering ruin, and bites  
On stubborn stalks that crackle as they resist.

The last hollyhock's fallen tower is dust;  
All the spices of June are a bitter reek,  
All the extravagant riches spent and mean.  
All burns! The reddest rose is a ghost;  
Sparks whirl up, to expire in the mist: the wild  
Fingers of fire are making corruption clean.

Now is the time for stripping the spirit bare,  
Time for the burning of days ended and done,  
Idle solace of things that have gone before:  
Rootless hope and fruitless desire are there;  
Let them go to the fire, with never a look behind.  
The world that was ours is a world that is ours no more.

They will come again, the leaf and the flower, to arise  
From squalor of rottenness into the old splendour,  
And magical scents to a wondering memory bring;  
The same glory, to shine upon different eyes.  
Earth cares for her own ruins, naught for ours.  
Nothing is certain, only the certain spring.

Laurence Binyon (1873–1943)



### *Epitaph to a Dog*

Near this spot  
Are deposited the Remains of one  
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,  
Strength without Insolence,  
Courage without Ferocity,  
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.  
The Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery  
if inscribed over Human Ashes,  
is but a just tribute to the Memory of  
BOATSWAIN, a DOG  
Who was born in Newfoundland May 1803,  
And died at Newstead Nov. 18th 1808.

Lord Byron (1788–1824)

## Song of Myself

*(Excerpt)*

I think I could turn and live with animals,  
They are so placid and self-contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, Not one is demented with the mania of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, Nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Walt Whitman (1819–92)

## Saving Grace

Fish do not smile, nor birds: their faces are not  
Equipped for it. A smiling dog's the illusion  
And wish-fulfilment of its owner. Cats wear  
Permanent smiles inspired by mere politeness.  
But human beings at times forget their  
Godlike responsibilities; the tension  
Slackens, the weasel-sharp intentness falters;  
Muscles relax; the eyes refrain from peering

Aside, before and after; and the burden  
Of detail drops from the forehead; cheekline gently  
Creases; the mouth wide-flowers; the stiff mask softens,  
And man bestows his simple, unambitious,  
Unservile, unselfseeking, undeceptive,  
Uncorrupt gift: the grace-note of a smile.

ASJ Tessimond (1902–62)





### *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 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 (b.1934)

### Three Tame Ducks

There are three tame ducks in our backyard  
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 wing 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 (b.1954)



## Candles

The days of the future stand in front of us,  
like a row of small lighted candles –  
golden, warm and lively candles.

The days past remain behind us,  
A mournful line of extinguished candles;  
The ones nearest to us are still smoking,  
Cold candles, melted and bent.

I do not want to look at them; their form saddens me,  
And it saddens me to recall their first light.  
I look ahead at my lit candles.

I do not want to turn back, lest I see and shudder  
At how fast the dark line lengthens,  
At how fast the extinguished candles multiply.

Constantine P Cavafy (1863–1933)



## 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 untrod;  
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 (1808–79)



## The Golden Journey to Samarkand

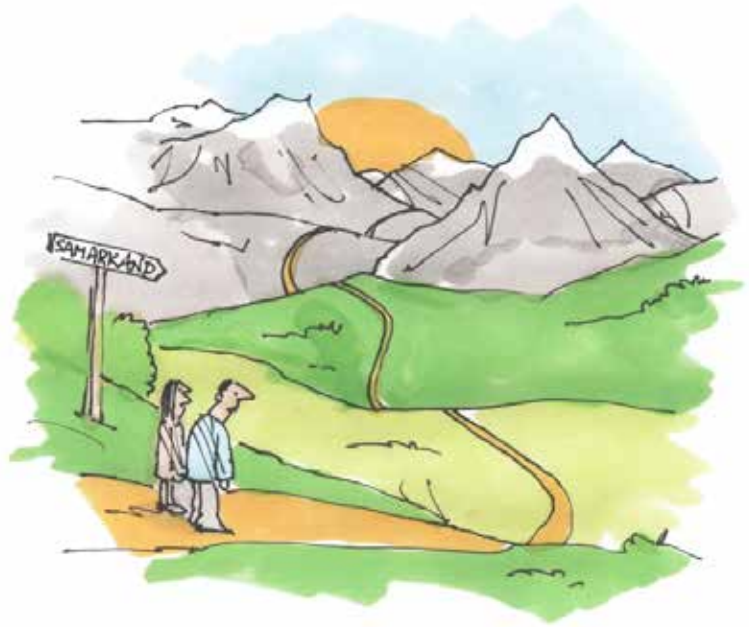
*(Excerpt)*

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,  
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

### *The Pilgrims*

We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go  
Always a little further: it may be  
Beyond the last blue mountain barred with snow,  
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,  
White on a throne or guarded in a cave  
There lives a prophet who can understand  
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,  
Who take the Golden Road to Samarkand...

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells  
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,  
And softly through the silence beat the bells  
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.



### *A Merchant*

We travel not for trafficking alone;  
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned;  
For lust of knowing what should not be known  
We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

James Elroy Flecker (1884–1915).

The second verse is inscribed on the memorial clock tower at the headquarters of 22 SAS Regiment near Hereford.

Stopping by Woods  
on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost (1874–1963)



At 3am

The room contains no sound,  
except the ticking of a clock  
which has begun to panic  
like an insect trapped  
in an enormous box.

Books lie open on the carpet.

Somewhere else  
you're sleeping,  
and beside you there's a woman,  
who is crying quietly,  
so you won't wake.

Wendy Cope (b. 1945)

## Walking Away

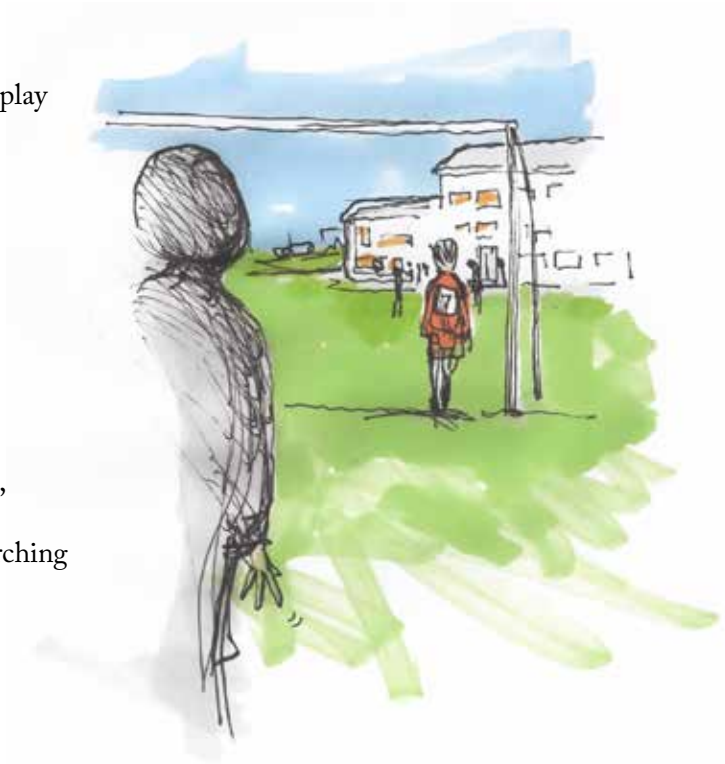
It is eighteen years ago, almost to the day –  
A sunny day with leaves just turning,  
The touch-lines new-ruled – since I watched you play  
Your first game of football, then, like a satellite  
Wrenched from its orbit, go drifting away

Behind a scatter of boys. I can see  
You walking away from me towards the school  
With the pathos of a half-fledged thing set free,  
Into a wilderness, the gait of one  
Who finds no path where the path should be.

That hesitant figure, eddying away  
Like a winged seed loosened from its parent stem,  
Has something I never quite grasp to convey  
About nature's give-and-take – the small, the scorching  
Ordeals which fire one's irresolute clay.

I have had worse partings, but none that so  
Gnaws at my mind still. Perhaps it is roughly  
Saying what God alone could perfectly show –  
How selfhood begins with a walking away,  
And love is proved in the letting go.

Cecil Day-Lewis (1904–72)







## Overwhelmed

When I feel overwhelmed by destruction,  
Let me go down to the sea.  
Let me sit by the immeasurable ocean  
And watch the surf  
Beating in and out all day and all night.  
Let me sit by the sea,  
And have the bitter sea winds  
Slap my cheeks with their cold, damp hands,  
Until I am sensible again.  
Let me look at the stars at night  
And let the stars tell me  
Of limitless horizons and unknown universes  
Until I am grown calm and strong once more.

Marjorie Pizer (1920–2016)



## Lonely Hearts

Can someone make my simple wish come true?  
Male biker seeks female for touring fun.  
Do you live in North London? Is it you?

Gay vegetarian whose friends are few,  
I'm into music, Shakespeare and the sun.  
Can someone make my simple wish come true?

Executive in search of something new –  
Perhaps bisexual woman, arty, young.  
Do you live in North London? Is it you?

Successful, straight and solvent? I am too –  
Attractive Jewish lady with a son.  
Can someone make my simple wish come true?

I'm Libran, inexperienced and blue –  
Needs slim non-smoker, under twenty-one.  
Do you live in North London. Is it you?

Please write (with photo) to Box 152.  
Who knows where it may lead once we've begun?  
Can someone make my simple wish come true?  
Do you live in North London. Is it you?

Wendy Cope (b. 1945)

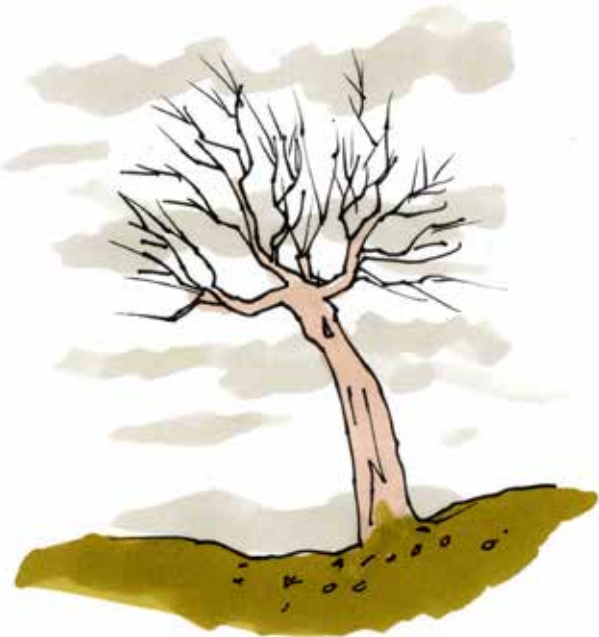


## Sonnet

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 (1892-1950)



## Black Monday Lovesong



In love's dances, in love's dances  
One retreats and one advances,  
One grows warmer and one colder,  
One more hesitant, one bolder.  
One gives what the other needed  
Once, or will need, now unheeded.  
One is clenched, compact, ingrowing  
While the other's melting, flowing.  
One is smiling and concealing,  
While the other's asking, kneeling.  
One is arguing or sleeping,  
While the other's weeping, weeping.

And the question finds no answer  
And the tune misleads the dancer,  
And the lost look finds no other,  
And the lost hand finds no brother,  
And the word is left unspoken,  
Till the theme and thread are broken.

When shall these divisions alter,  
Echo's answer seems to falter:  
"Oh, the unperplexed, unvexed time  
Next time... one day... one day... next time!"

AS| Tessimond (1902-62)

## Father's Day

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

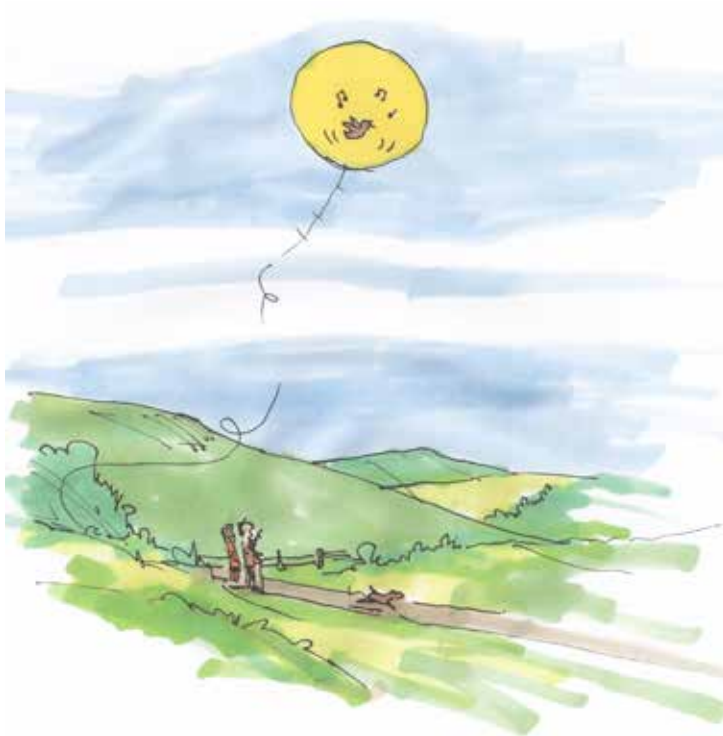
It's about eating ice cream,  
mostly –  
In hot, choking cafes,  
Where the windows have steamed up  
Because of the rain outside  
And nervous people smoking.

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.

Anon





### Sometimes

Sometimes things don't go, after all,  
From bad to worse. Some years, muscadell  
faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don't fail;  
Sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war,  
elect an honest man, decide they care  
enough, that they can't leave some stranger poor.  
Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go  
amiss, sometimes we do as we meant to.  
The sun will sometimes melt a field of snow  
that seemed hard frozen: may it happen for you.

Sheenagh Pugh (b. 1950)

## Look Closer

What do you see, nurse, what do you see?  
What are you thinking when you look at me?

A crabbit old woman, not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit, with far-away eyes?  
Who dribbles her food and makes no reply  
When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try!"  
Who seems not to notice the things that you do  
And forever is losing a stocking or shoe,  
Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will  
With bathing and feeding the long day to fill.

Is that what you're thinking, is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes, nurse, you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,  
As I rise at your bidding, as I eat at your will.  
I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,  
And brothers and sisters who loved one another.

A young girl of sixteen with wings on her feet,  
Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.  
A bride soon at twenty, my heart gives a leap,  
Recalling the vows that I promised to keep.

Eliza... Eliza!... Take your  
medicine. Oh, this is hopeless!



At twenty-five now I have young of my own,  
Who need me to build a secure, happy home.  
A woman of thirty, my young grown so fast,  
Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,  
But my man is beside me to see I don't mourn.  
At fifty, once more, babies play round my knee,  
Again we know children, my loved one and me.

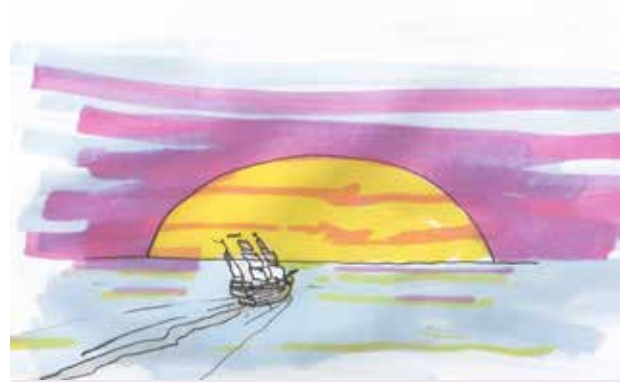
Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead,  
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing young ones of their own,  
And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm an old woman now and nature is cruel –  
Tis jest to make old age look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles, grace and vigour depart,  
There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass, a young girl still dwells,  
And now and again my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joy, I remember the pain,  
And I'm loving and living life all over again.

I think of the years, all too few, gone too fast,  
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, nurse, open and see,  
Not a crabbit old woman, look closer –  
See Me.

Phyllis McCormack. This poem was written when McCormack was working in a nursing home in Melrose, Scotland, in 1966.

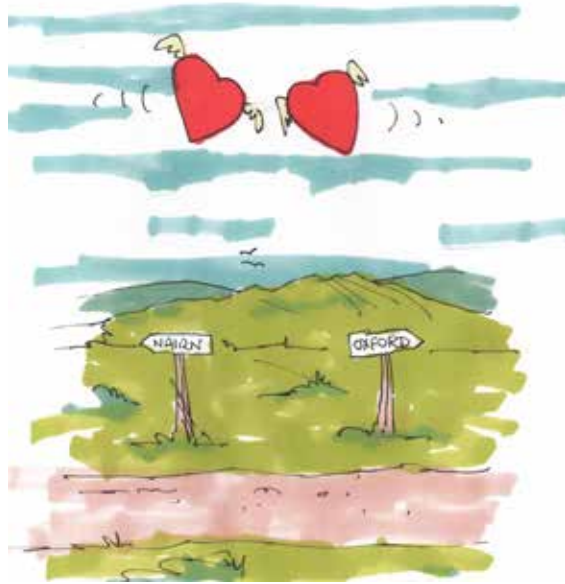


### A Psalm of Life

Tell me not, in mournful numbers;  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82)



### *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 (1887–1959)



## Atlas

There is a kind of love called maintenance,  
Which stores the WD40 and knows when to use it;

Which checks the insurance and doesn't forget  
The milkman; which remembers to plant bulbs;

Which answers letters; which knows the way  
The money goes; which deals with dentists

And Road Fund Tax and meeting trains,  
and postcards to the lonely; which upholds

The permanently rickety elaborate  
Structures of living; which is Atlas.

And maintenance is the sensible side of love,  
Which knows what time and weather are doing  
To my brickwork; insulates my faulty wiring;  
Laughs at my dryrotten jokes; remembers  
My need for gloss and grouting; which keeps  
My suspect edifice upright in the air,  
as Atlas did the sky.

UA Fanthorpe (1929–2009)

## 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 greetings, men who have learned  
to pack a little of the sun's light  
into 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 (1913–2000)

## 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.

RS Thomas (1913–2000)



## Remember Me

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you planned:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

Christina Rossetti (1830–94)





### *He is the Way*

He is the Way.  
Follow Him though the Land of Unlikeness;  
You will see rare beasts,  
and have unique adventures.

He is the Truth.  
Seek Him in the Kingdom of Anxiety;  
You will come to a great city  
that has expected your return for years.

He is the Life.  
Love Him in the World of the Flesh;  
And at your marriage  
all its occasions shall dance for joy.

WH Auden (1907–73)

## *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 at 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 (1933–83)



## 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 (1938–88)



“The faith which the Church has proclaimed throughout the ages, embraces and coordinates a wider range of human experience, opens up more possibilities of human living, and offers in the end a deeper and richer ecstasy of fulfillment than any alternative way of life and thought.”

Eric Lionel Mascall (1905–93), leading theologian and priest,  
and Professor of Historical Theology at Kings College, London

## The Dead

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth,  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched furs and flowers and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke (1887–1915)



## Ring Out, Wild Bells

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.





Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–92)

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“ 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



“ ZANE does an excellent job for the people of Zimbabwe. I wish the charity really well.

**The Rt Hon Lord Cameron**

Former Prime Minister (2010–16), Foreign Secretary (2023–)



# Lucy's Plight



**ZANE discovered Lucy\* (79) last year. A former teacher with no children, she had been working part-time in a supermarket but was forced to retire due to ill health. As well as having a weak heart, Lucy's lungs were found to have extensive damage. Bedridden, she became dependent on a cocktail of drugs and oxygen.**

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

Lucy's husband, Mick\*, was also a teacher, but – in an all-too-familiar story – he lost his pension in 2009, and his savings were destroyed through repeated bouts of hyperinflation. Then Mick lost his job and the effect was catastrophic. Suffering poor mental health followed by a series of strokes, he died in February last year.

Lucy was now alone and fell into a deep depression. Living in a country without adequate health care or social services provision, she struggled – her oxygen alone costs \$50 a week. Lucy faced a common dilemma in Zimbabwe – she could either eat or pay for medicine, but not both.

A local pharmacist saw that Lucy was desperate. He contacted ZANE and asked for

help. When we visited Lucy, there was no food in the house.

Today, ZANE provides Lucy with food parcels and enough money to fund her medical costs. She told us tearfully:

*“Thank you. I used to support charities and I cared for others. Now I need ZANE. The food you provide, and the kindness and care of your brave and tireless workers, mean I can face living again.”*

*“Please thank ZANE donors  
for their generosity.  
I’m so grateful.”*

# Reasons to support ZANE

1. **ZANE** provides aid, comfort and support to 2,100 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 500 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. Fifteen treatment centres have been established and over 5,400 children have received treatment to date.
7. **ZANE** funds a unique medical programme, providing basic medication to pensioners (including war veterans and their widows) for the treatment of conditions such as hypertension, diabetes and prostate issues.
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)



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