ZANE POEMS 2025/26

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

"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
Former 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 Lee Fearnley

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949

Dear Reader

Chronic economic mismanagement and record-breaking inflation in today's Zimbabwe mean that for the elderly and infirm, mere survival has become a never-ending struggle.

Imagine living in a county with no money – a place with no state pension, no effective state health care and no social services. Without ZANE and your generosity, Zimbabwe's elderly would be left to die alone, in squalor and despair.

All too often, the stark choice is between essential medicine and bread – hunger is never far away.

Since ZANE's founding, supporters have been unstinting in their generosity. ZANE does not provide "bulk aid"; instead, we carefully target assistance to where it's most needed. Today, ZANE delivers food such as meat, vegetables and eggs to every care and nursing home we support. Their managers tell us that without our assistance – and your generosity – they simply could not survive.

Tom Benyon OBE

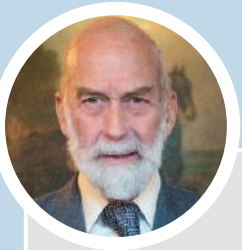
In addition, ZANE continues to supply individual food parcels to many vulnerable people throughout the country. They want you to know that your kindness is never taken for granted and is deeply appreciated. Each donation is cautiously spent, and always directed to those most in need.

I hope you enjoy this collection of poetry. At ZANE, we like to do things differently from other charities, and this booklet is one such example. We hope it brings you pleasure, knowing it raises far more than it costs to produce.

Thank you again for your generosity, which brings hope to the most destitute people in Zimbabwe. You are saving lives.

Warm wishes,

Tom and Jane Benyon



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

HRH Prince Michael of Kent GCVO

A picture tells a thousand words. For an insight into ZANE's work, please take a look at our website homepage (zane.uk.com), and click on the three-minute film.

"Those who were seen dancing were thought to be insane by those who could not hear the music."

Friedrich Nietzsche

"The way to judge really intelligent people is the speed with which they abandon their ideas when they are wrong."

Matthew Syed

"You can fool some of the people some of the time and those are the ones you need to concentrate on."

Former President Lyndon B Johnson

"When you go out into the world among the birds and flowers, count your change."

Max Miller

"Poverty is the worst form of violence."

Mahatma Gandhi

"Avoid people who call you 'old boy', and all politicians, and all those who have sideburns, moustaches and beards, and those who smell."

Ian Fleming

"In a country well governed, poverty is something to be ashamed of. In a country badly governed, wealth is something to be ashamed of."

Confucius

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart."

Edward Young

"Let me take your hand for love, and sing you a song," said the other traveller. "The journey is a hard one, but if we hold together in the morning and in the evening, what does it matter if, in the hours between, there is sorrow?"

Anon

"God's plan made a hopeful beginning
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story will end in God's glory,
But, at present, the other side's winning."

Oliver Wendell Holmes

"For the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

George Eliot, Middlemarch

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

Peter Godwin

"Everyone in the world has as much as they can do in caring for themselves and few have leisure to really think of their neighbour's distress, however they may delight their tongues in talking of them."

Samuel Johnson

Hunger is a blight across Zimbabwe. ZANE's food programme provides vital support to veterans and pensioners, whether they live in care homes or on their own. ZANE also assists some residents in high-density areas, making it a crucial service.

Thankfully, few of us living in the UK know firsthand what hunger is.

Hunger

I come among the peoples like
a shadow.
I sit down by each man's side.
None sees me, but they look on
one another,
And know that I am there.

My silence is like the silence of
the tide
That buries the playground of
children;
Like the deepening of frost in
the slow night,
When birds are dead in the
morning.

Armies trample, invade, destroy,
With guns roaring from earth
and air.
I am more terrible than armies,
I am more feared than the
cannon.

Kings and chancellors give commands;
I give no command to any.
But I am listened to more than kings
And more than passionate orators.

I unswear words, and undo deeds.
Naked things know me.
I am first and last to be felt by the living.

I am Hunger.

Robert Laurence Binyon

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 flowers and furs 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

Then we come to power…

Power

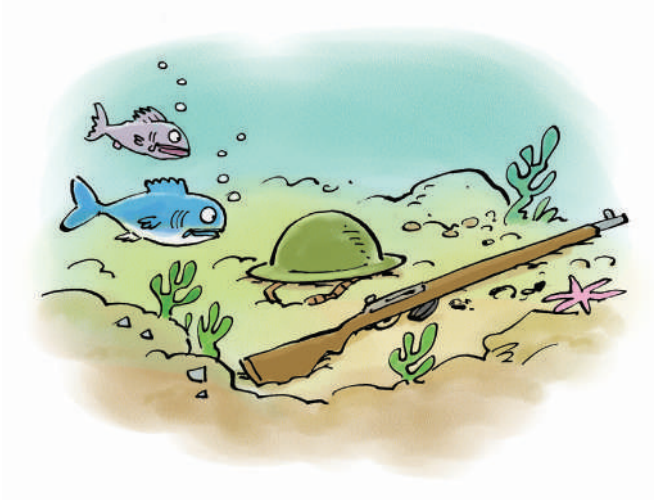
this is how we dress
power:
with whistles and muskets and gunpowder
from outriders
flashing lights
smoked glass windows
motorcades
titles
minus handshakes
minus smiles
minus sorrow
we dress power
like a pestilence.

Chenjerai Hove

If Posterity Should Ask of Me

If posterity should ask of me
What high, what base emotions keyed weak flesh
To face such torments, I would answer: "You!"
Not for themselves, O daughter, grandson, sons,
Your tortured forbears wrought this miracle…
But just because they realised that thus,
And only thus, by sacrifice, might they
Secure a world worth living in – for you.

Captain Gilbert Frankau, Royal Field Artillery



This poem speaks of the grief of war,
and the human cost it leaves behind…

The Son

I found the letter in a cardboard box,
Unfamous history. I read the words.
The ink was frail and brown, the paper dry
After so many years of being kept.
The letter was a soldier's from the Front –
Conveyed his love, and disappointed hope
Of getting leave. "It's cancelled now," he wrote.
"My luck is at the bottom of the sea."

Outside the sun was hot; the world looked bright;
I heard a radio, and someone laughed.
I do not sing, or laugh, or love the sun.
Within the quiet room I thought of him,
My father killed, and all the other men
Whose luck was at the bottom of the sea.

Clifford Dyment

The following poem came to prominence in 2012 when the late Queen Elizabeth II and the late Duke of Edinburgh shook hands with leading members of the IRA. Such grace is never easy – and it will need to be practised in the Middle East in the months to come.

Shaking Hands

Because what's the alternative?
Because of courage.
Because of loved ones lost.
Because no more.
Because it's a small thing; shaking hands; it happens every day.
Because I heard of one man whose hands haven't stopped shaking since a market day in Omagh.
Because it takes a second to say hate, but it takes longer, much longer, to be a great leader.
Much, much longer.

Because shared space without human touching doesn't amount to much.
Because it's easier to speak to your own than to hold the hand of someone whose side has been previously described, proscribed, denied.
Because it is tough.
Because it is tough.
Because it is meant to be tough, and this is the stuff of memory, the stuff of hope, the stuff of gesture, and meaning and leading.
Because it has taken so, so long.
Because it has taken land and money and languages and barrels and barrels of blood.

Because lives have been lost.
Because lives have been taken.

Because to be bereaved is to be troubled by grief.
Because more than two troubled peoples live here.
Because I know a woman whose hand hasn't been shaken
since she was a man.
Because shaking a hand is only a part of the start.
Because I know a woman whose touch calmed a man
whose heart was breaking.
Because privilege is not to be taken lightly.

Because this just might be good.
Because who said that this would be easy?
Because some people love what you stand for,
and for some, if you can, they can.
Because solidarity means a common hand.
Because a hand is only a hand; so hang onto it.

So join your much discussed hands.
We need this; for one small second.
So touch.
So lead.

Padraig O'Tuama

And when peace – we hope – finally comes…

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

The Price

Upon the plain where ebbed the tide
Of blood the human flotsam lay;
And as the night came down there died
More than those bodies, more than they.

Above the trenches by the cross
That marked each rough and nameless mound
Rose like a mist the form of loss
Filling the world from bound to bound.

And these the words that Shadow said,
And this the grief wherewith she grieved:
"I am the spirit of the dead,
And I the soul of the bereaved.

"I am a thousand songs unsung,
A thousand thousand roads unmade;
Legion my name: I am the young,
The swift, the strong, the unafraid.

"I am the myriad precious things
That perished 'ere they came to birth,
And I all fair imaginings
That shalt not now make glad the earth."

"Hear you my voice?" – a dreamlike cry
That beats from far and dies forlorn?
I am lost love and I, oh I
The children never to be born.

VH Friedlander

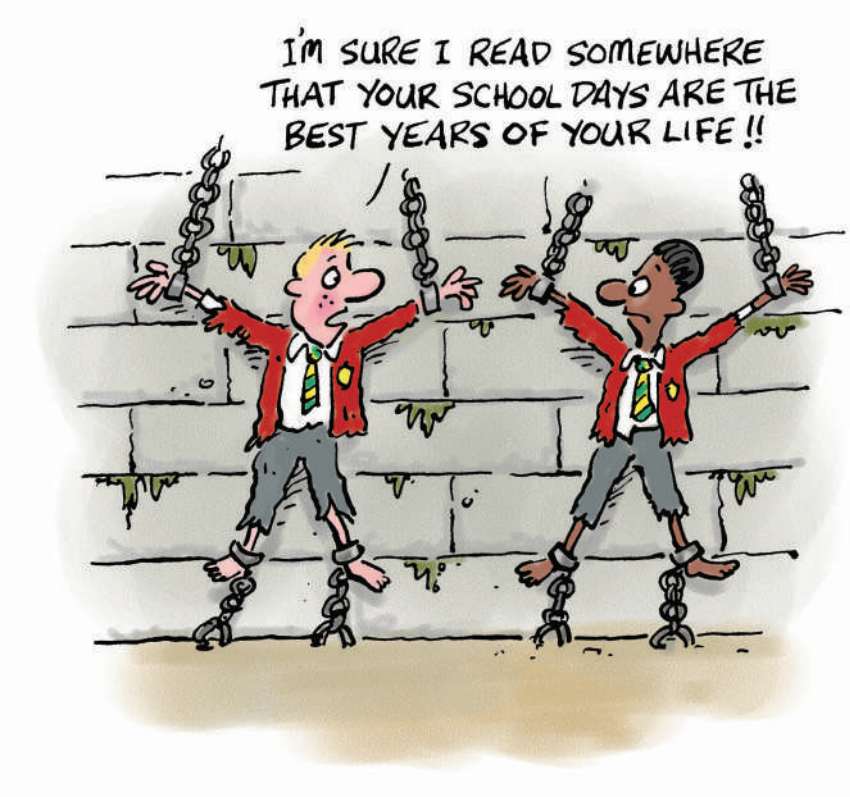
From Many a Mangled Truth a War is Won

From many a mangled truth a war is won,
And who am I to oppose
War and the lie and the pose,
Asserting a lie is good if a war be won?

From many a mangled truth a war is won,
And many a truth has died
That has lived undenied,
For there must be a loss that a war be won.

From many a mangled truth a war is won,
And when no thought is pure,
Who of us can be sure
Of lie and truth and war when the war is won?

Clifford Dyment



The schools in Zimbabwe are in a state of collapse…

Prisoners of Hope

Then one day I saw
The students of the school of suffering,
Wearing their tattered uniforms
With their badge of poverty.

They graduated from
The school of suffering,
They are the qualified candidates
Of the school of hope.

The school of hope is no ordinary school,
For it has a prison,
A dungeon specially reserved
For the prisoners of hope.

They are the victims of the tyrants' regime,
Who always promise them
All will be well,
But look, they are still prisoners,
Hungry, tattered, battered and poor,
For they have no job, no food, no life.

Emone Emmanuel

On 17 July 1915, Winston Churchill – then on the Western Front – wrote the following letter to his wife, Clementine: "To be sent to Mrs Churchill, in the event of my death."

"Do not grieve for me too much. I am a spirit confident of my rights. Death is only an incident, and not the most important that happens to us in this state of being. On the whole, especially since I met you my darling one, I have been happy, and you have taught me how noble a woman's heart can be. If there is anywhere else, I shall be on the lookout for you. Meanwhile, look forward, feel free, rejoice in life, cherish the children, guard my memory. God bless you. Goodbye.

W."

Talk in the Night

"Why are you sighing?"
"For all the voyages I did not make
Because the boat was small, might leak, might take
The wrong course, and the compass might be broken,
And I might have awoken
In some strange sea and heard
Strange birds crying."

"Why are you weeping?"
"For all the unknown friends and lovers passed
Because I watched the ground or walked too fast
Or simply did not see
Or turned aside for tea
For fear an old wound stirred
From its sleeping."

ASJ Tessimond

Blame the Vicar

When things go wrong it's rather tame
To find we are ourselves to blame,
It gets the trouble over quicker
To go and blame things on the Vicar.

The Vicar, after all, is paid
To keep us bright and undismayed.
The Vicar is more virtuous too
Than lay folks such as me and you.
He never swears, he never drinks,
He never should say what he thinks.

His collar is the wrong way round,
And that is why he's simply bound
To be the sort of person who
Has nothing very much to do
But take the blame for what goes wrong
And sing in tune at Evensong.

For what's a Vicar really for
Except to cheer us up? What's more,
He shouldn't ever, ever tell
If there is such a place as Hell,
For if there is it's certain he
Will go to it as well as we.

The Vicar should be all pretence
And never, never give offence.
To preach on Sunday is his task
And lend his mower when we ask
And organise our village fetes
And sing at Christmas with the waits
And in his car to give us lifts
And when we quarrel, heal the rifts.

To keep his family alive
He should industriously strive
In that enormous house he gets,
And he should always pay his debts,
For he has quite six pounds a week,
And when we're rude he should be meek
And always turn the other cheek.

He should be neat and nicely dressed
With polished shoes and trousers pressed,
For we look up to him as higher
Than anyone, except the Squire.

Dear People, who have read so far,
I know how really kind you are,
I hope that you are always seeing
Your Vicar as a human being,
Making allowances when he
Does things with which you don't agree.

But there are lots of people who
Are not so kind to him as you.
So, in conclusion you shall hear
About a parish somewhat near,
Perhaps your own or maybe not,
And of the Vicars that it got.

One parson came and people said,
"Alas! Our former Vicar's dead!
And this new man is far more 'Low'
Than dear old Reverend so-and-so,
And far too earnest in his preaching,
We do not really like his teaching,
He seems to think we're simply fools
Who've never been to Sunday Schools."

That Vicar left, and by and by
A new one came, "He's much too 'High',"
The people said, "too like a saint,
His incense makes our Mavis faint."
So now he's left and they're alone
Without a Vicar of their own.
The living's been amalgamated
With one next door they've always hated.

Dear readers, from this rhyme take warning,
And if you heard the bell this morning
Your Vicar went to pray for you,
A task the Prayer Book bids him do.
"Highness" or "Lowness" do not matter,
You are the Church and must not scatter,
Cling to the Sacraments and pray
And God be with you every day.

John Betjeman

Bad News is Coming Round the Corner

They're out of sorts in Sunderland
And terribly cross in Kent,
They're dull in Hull
And the Isle of Mull
Is seething with discontent,
They're nervous in Northumberland
And Devon is down the drain,
They're filled with wrath
On the Firth of Forth
And sullen on Salisbury Plain,
In Dublin they're depressed, lads,
Maybe because they're Celts
For Drake is going West, lads,
And so is everyone else.
Hurray-hurray-hurray!
Misery's here to stay.

There are bad times just around the corner,
There are dark clouds hurtling through the sky,
And it's no use whining
About a silver lining,
For we know from experience that they won't roll by.
With a scowl and a frown,
We'll keep our peckers down,
And prepare for depression and doom and dread.
We're going to unpack our troubles from our old kit bag,
And wait until we drop down dead.

Noel Coward

Love Poem

She's gazing at you so tenderly.
Drowning you in sparkling conversation,
Gay and witty, and her eyes
Absorbing you with their yearning.
But last night she was using all her skill
To give me secretly her little foot
Under the tablecloth for me to caress.

Alexander Pushkin

Along the Road

I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chatted all the way;
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow;
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh! The things I learned from her,
When Sorrow walked with me.

Robert Browning Hamilton

Nothing Gold Can Stay

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

Robert Frost

And now to a reflection on
the rarest kind of friendship…

The Thousandth Man

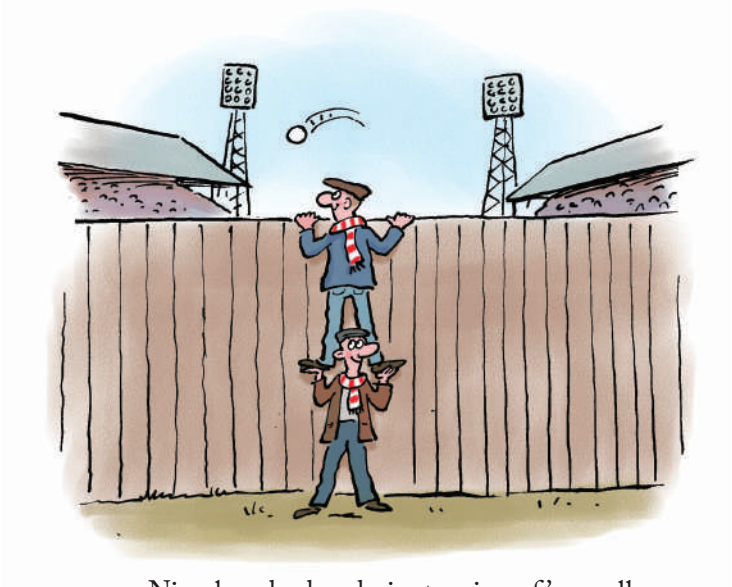
One man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.

But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings,
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.



Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight –
With that for your only reason!

Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot – and after!

Rudyard Kipling

First Meeting

When I first met you,
I knew that I had come at last home.
Home after wandering,
Home after long-puzzled searching,
Home after long being wind-borne,
Wave-tossed, night-caught, long being lost.
And being with you was normal and needful
And natural as sleeping or waking.
And I was myself,
Who had never been wholly myself.
I was walking and talking
And laughing easily at last.
And the air was softer,
And sounds were sharper,
And colours were brighter,
And the sky was higher,
And length was not measured by milestones,
And time was not measured by clocks.
And this end was a beginning,
And these words are the beginning –
Of my thanks.

ASJ Tessimond

On Marriage

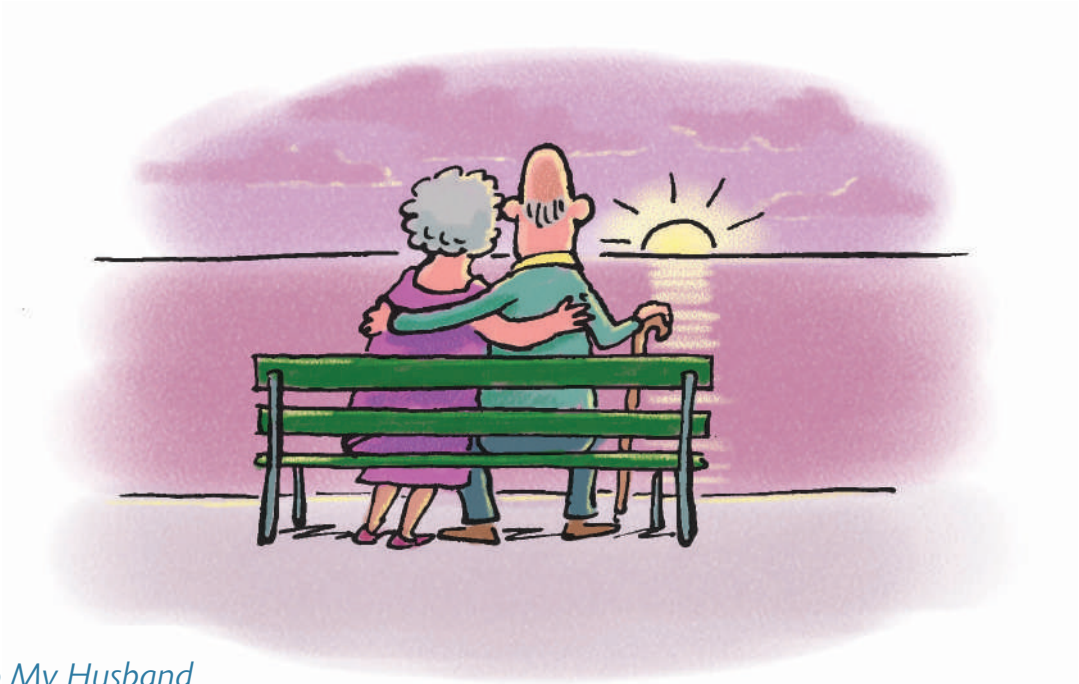
Then Almitra spoke again and said:
And what of Marriage, master?

And he answered saying:
You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore.
You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days.
Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,
And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone,
Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping.
For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.
And stand together, yet not too near together:
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

Kahlil Gibran



To My Husband

If we were never going to die, I might
Not hug you quite as often or as tight,
Or say goodbye to you as carefully
If I were certain you'd come back to me.
Perhaps I wouldn't value every day,
Every act of kindness, every laugh
As much, if I knew you and I could stay
For ever as each other's other half.

We may not have too many years before
One disappears to the eternal yonder
And I can't hug or touch you any more.
Yes, of course that knowledge makes us fonder.
Would I want to change things, if I could,
And make us both immortal? Love, I would.

Wendy Cope

How Do I Love Thee?

(Sonnet 43)

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

When I Go

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to live with my love,
in a different way.

And if you need to see me,
close your eyes,
or look in your shadow,
when the sun shines,
I'm there.

Sit with me in the quiet and you will know,
that I did not leave.

There is no leaving when a soul is blended with another.

When I go,
don't learn to live without me,
just learn to look for me in the moments.

I will be there.

Donna Ashworth

God's World

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart, – Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me, – let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Lullaby

Lay your sleeping head, my love,

Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
The entirely beautiful.

Soul and body have no bounds:
To lovers as they lie upon
Her tolerant enchanted slope
In their ordinary swoon,
Grave the vision Venus sends
Of supernatural sympathy
Universal love and hope;
While an abstract insight wakes
Among the glaciers and the rocks
The hermit's carnal ecstasy.

Certainty, fidelity
On the stroke of midnight pass
Like vibrations of a bell,
And fashionable madmen raise
Their pedantic boring cry:
Every farthing of the cost,
All the dreaded cards foretell
Shall be paid, but from this night
Not a whisper, not a thought,
Not a kiss nor look be lost.

Beauty, midnight, vision dies:
Let the winds of dawn that blow
Softly round your dreaming head
Such a day of welcome show
Eye and knocking heart may bless,
Find the mortal world enough;
Noons of dryness find you fed
By the involuntary powers,
Nights of insult let you pass
Watched by every human love.

WH Auden

The rhyming scheme (ABCBCDA) of the next poem is unique. In each verse, the first five lines swing like a pop song, showing a family engaged in a merry project – singing, gardening, picnicking, moving house with furniture and clocks on the lawn. But each stanza delivers a sucker punch: in the last two lines of each, the rhythm falters, and decay and death are evoked. By the end, we realise that the poet is standing in a graveyard looking at tombstones – and everyone in that happy family is dead.

During Wind and Rain

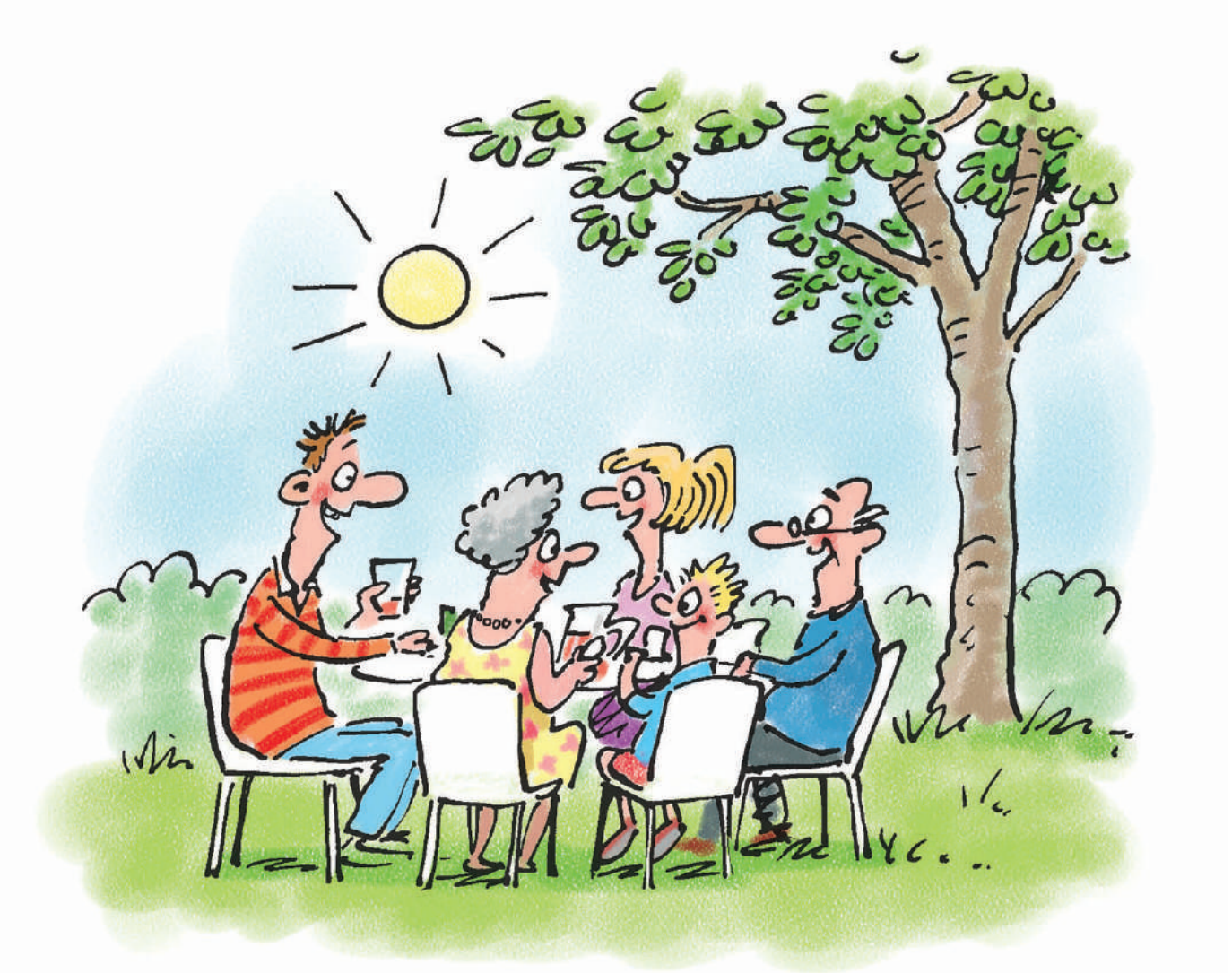
They sing their dearest songs –
He, she, all of them – yea,
Treble and tenor and bass,
And one to play;
With the candles mooning each face…
Ah, no; the years O!
How the sick leaves reel down in throngs!

They clear the creeping moss –
Elders and juniors – aye,
Making the pathways neat
And the garden gay;
And they build a shady seat…
Ah, no; the years, the years,
See, the white storm-birds wing across.

They are blithely breakfasting all –
Men and maidens – yea,
Under the summer tree,
With a glimpse of the bay,
While pet fowl come to the knee…
Ah, no; the years O!
And the rotten rose is ript from the wall.

They change to a high new house,
He, she, all of them – aye,
Clocks and carpets and chairs
On the lawn all day,
And brightest things that are theirs…
Ah, no; the years, the years;
Down their carved names the rain-drop ploughs.

Thomas Hardy



The Unwept Waste

Let funeral marches play,
Let heartbreak music sound,
For the half-death, not the whole;
For the unperceived slow soiling;
For the sleeping before evening;
For what, but for a breath,
But for an inch one way,
The shifting of a scene,
A closed or open door,
A word less, a word more,
Might have, so simply, been.

The final tragedies are,
Not the bright lights dashed out,
Not the gold glory smashed
Like a lamp upon the floor,
But the guttering away,
The seep, the gradual grey,
The unnoticed, without haste
Or protest, premature,
Unwept, unwritten, waste.

ASJ Tessimond

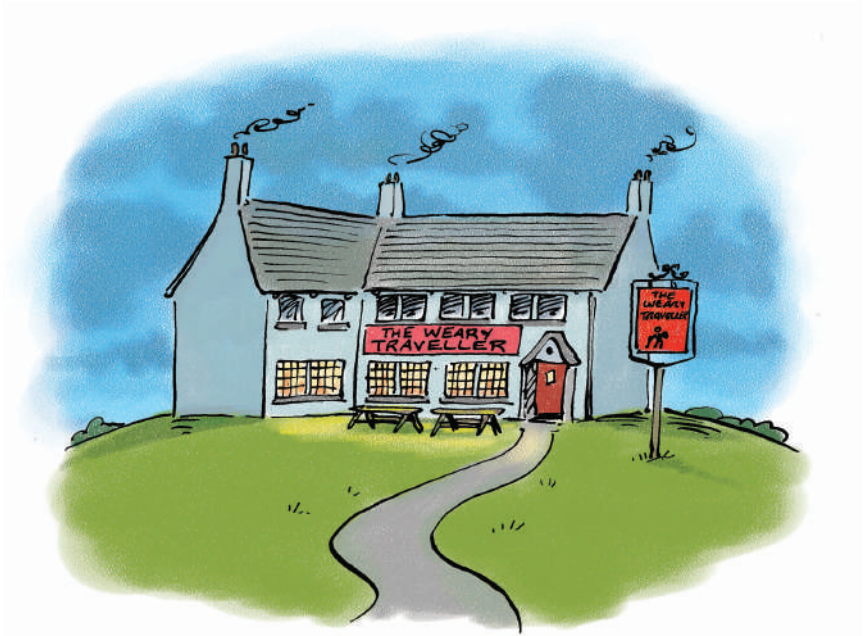
The Last Enemy

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 lashing fury
And talk tigers into padding roars –
This 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,
And 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 glory-love,
And I will watch as planets converse with sparrows,
On that day
When death is finally dead.

Stewart Henderson



Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
  A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
  Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti

Jesus of the Scars

If we have never sought, we seek Thee now;
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the Scars.

The heavens frighten us; they are too calm;
In all the universe we have no place.
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?
Lord Jesus, by Thy Scars, we claim Thy grace.

If, when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;
We know to-day what wounds are, have no fear,
Show us Thy Scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;
They rode, but Thou didst stumble to a throne;
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.

Edward Shillito

No Coming to God Without Christ

Good and great God! How sho'd I feare
To come to Thee, if Christ not there!
Co'd I but think, He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me;
To Hell I'd rather run, then I
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

Robert Herrick

Christmas Bells

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

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

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

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

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

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

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Love Came Down at Christmas

Love came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Worship we the Godhead,
Love Incarnate, Love Divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
But wherewith for sacred sign?

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine;
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Rossetti

"Whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable, whatever is excellent, whatever is praiseworthy, think about such things."

Philippians 4:8

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Lisette's Plight

Lisette, 78, was born and raised on her family farm. She was born with spina bifida, a condition that has caused her to struggle with mobility throughout her life.

However, as a gutsy Zimbabwean, Lisette "made a plan", completing degrees in engineering and computer-aided design (CAD) – at the time, one of only three people in Zimbabwe with such qualifications. Her skills were much in demand, and she worked for many years in the radiology department of a large hospital. Then, after switching career paths, she began working for an NGO helping victims of torture and political violence – a job she loved. However, ill health sadly forced her to retire at 65, a bitter blow.

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

Lisette's hospital pension was wiped out in Zimbabwe's economic crash. Then the family farm was seized during the land invasions, and she found herself struggling. Unable to secure further work, her small savings were gradually depleted by bouts of inflation and rising medical costs. After selling her jewellery and other possessions, Lisette faced destitution, homelessness and starvation.

"I can't believe my life has turned out this way," she told us. *"I have always worked and defied the odds, but my luck ran out. Thankfully ZANE reached me when I didn't know where else to turn."*

Today, ZANE covers Lisette's medical and utility bills and provides a regular food parcel.

"I dread to think what my life would look like without the kindness of ZANE workers and the generosity of its supporters. Thank you."

There, but for the grace of God, go we all.

"Please thank your generous donors."

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 over 440 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in WW2, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Without ZANE, they would be living with insufficient food and no healthcare.
5. ZANE runs education programmes in the high-density areas, 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 6,600 children have received treatment to date.
7. ZANE runs 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 ensures your donations are subject to rigorous audit and ZANE is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to collapsed banks, middlemen or corruption.
9. ZANE asked an independent consultancy to review it 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.

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Baroness Royall of Blaisdon
Former Labour leader of the House of Lords
and former Principal of Somerville College, Oxford

"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: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949

Zimbabwe A National Emergency

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

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

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

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£ 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

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

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Bank/building society account number

Branch sort code

Service user number

8	3	9	9	7	5

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DD15

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