



ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949

Christmas 2011

We were very touched at the warm response from ZANE donors last year to our Christmas poetry book. We hope you enjoy this one as much.

Please don't forget those who find themselves effectively imprisoned in Zimbabwe.

Tom & Jane Benyon

Dear Reader

I hope you enjoy these poems.

As we approach 2012, the situation in Zimbabwe is worse today than ever in ZANE's history. Recently prices have risen 500% and demand for aid has risen hugely. The frail and elderly pensioners, whose assets and pension were comprehensively destroyed by the greatest inflation recorded anywhere in the world, are still effectively imprisoned in a brutal and often terrifying police state. Many are now wholly dependent on the generosity of ZANE donors for their very survival. And, of course, despite our efforts, the desperate needs of those living in the High Density areas far outstrip what we can afford.

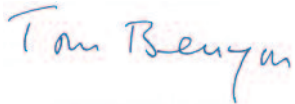
If you would please look at the last page of this booklet, you will see the nine points that make ZANE a unique charity in Africa.

I would like to pay tribute to our ZANE staff who, for eight long years, have bravely served very frail and vulnerable people.

As far as our donors are concerned, I now take a gentle liberty with the words of first century sage, Johann Ben Zakkai: "If all the heavens were parchment, and all the trees were pens and all the seas were ink, that is still insufficient to enable me to record my gratitude for your generosity..." to the needy people trapped in Zimbabwe during these eight long years.

Please once more remember ZANE with a donation this Christmas.

Best wishes

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Tom Benyon". The signature is written in a cursive style and is positioned above a horizontal blue line.

Tom Benyon OBE

For those who get too close

Some thirty inches before my nose
The frontier of my person goes
And all the untilled air between
Is private pagus or demesne.
Stranger, unless with bedroom eyes
I beckon you to fraternize,
Beware of ever crossing it:
I have no gun but I can spit.

WH Auden

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

In May 1974 a demolition expert, Derek Bates, described the following event on the BBC as one of his most memorable experiences.

I was approached by a large gentleman with moleskin trousers on with the crossed pockets leaning back on his pelvis. "Here, young fella," he said, "I want a word with thee." I said: "What's your trouble, master?" (That's how they are round our way). He said: "It's our septic tank, I've had a very nasty letter from the council."

It was about twice the size of this room and the top of it was like one of those horrible meringues gone wrong, with a six inch crust on it. It seemed to say: "Come any closer and I'll have yer." My God, it was my duty to destroy it. So we got the big 5 lb stick of explosive, tied them up at the ends of the cord and tossed one in. Plunk! It up ended, and a great green bubble come up and winked at me. And we heard the most evil chuckle as the swine swallowed it. I'm sure it thought I was feeding it.

There were four and a half thousand tons of effluent: all of it got to go. We got all the ends of a bit of wire, lit the fuse and detonator. Then the man in moleskins said: "What about him down there? " There's a bloke down in the field in a bit of hedge, bruising with a

blunt hook. I said, "He'll have to shift, he'll get the lot." Twelve seconds later, four and a half thousand tons of effluent leapt into the air. It climbed into the sky and, at 300 feet it mushroomed out and a shaft of sunlight hit it. You could see all the colours of a starling's wing, the greens and the golds and the brown and dark bottle green in it, a lot of pig muck, very sour smell, especially when it's been in there for eighty years. Then it turned over like an avenging cumulus and he fled down the field, like Sodom and Gomorrah, very like, and his face went "ahhghh"! and he tried to run.

But you can't run at 35 mph with clogs on, on wet porridge. He had only made four yards, and he was carrying 25 lb on his boots then. Visibly falling, and the second time he came up he got a face full of shite and a double hernia. The main flight went hissing on its way, then it went into a grey fog and the thing wriggled and writhed on the ground and then rose up like a phoenix arising from the ashes. The solids had mixed with the liquids and gone into a goo as he had a pair of multi-coloured gossamer wings..."

Lt General Sir Cameron Shute is the subject of scorn after he irritated everyone with his vigorous complaints about the disgusting state of the trenches that Portuguese troops had apparently used as a lavatory. Unfortunately for Shute, AP Herbert was one of the soldiers.

The General's Inspection

The General inspecting the trenches
Exclaimed with a horrified shout:
"I refuse to command a Division
Which leaves its excreta about."

But no one took any notice
No one was going to refute,
That the presence of shit was congenial
Compared to the presence of Shute.

And certain responsible critics
Made haste to reply to his words
Observing his staff advisors
Consisted entirely of turds.

For shit may be shot at odd corners
And paper supplied there to suit.
But as shit would be shat without mourners
If someone shot that shit Shute.

AP Herbert

Bitcherel

*Y*ou ask what I think of your new acquisition:
And since we are to be “friends”,
I’ll strive to the full to cement my position
With honesty dear – it depends.

“It depends on taste, which may not be disputed’;
For which of us does understand,
Why some like their furnishings pallid and muted,
Their cooking wholesome, but bland?”

There isn’t a law that a face should have features
It’s just that they generally do;
God couldn’t give colour to all of his creatures, and
only wit to a few;

I’m sure she has qualities, much underrated,
To compensate amply for this,
Along with a charm that is so understated
It’s easy for people to miss.

And if there are some who choose clothing to flatter
What beauties they think they possess,
Then what’s underneath has no shape, does it matter,
If there’s no shape to the dress?

It’s not that I think she is boring precisely,
That isn’t the word I would choose;
I know there are men who like girls who talk nicely
And always wear sensible shoes.
It’s not that I think she is vapid and silly,
It’s not that her voice makes me wince;
But chilli con carne without any chilli
Is only a plateful of mince....”

Eleanor Brown

What’s the use

*S*ure, deck your lower limbs in pants:
Yours are the limbs my sweeting.
You look divine as you advance
Have you seen yourself retreating?

Anon

Marriage Counsel

Marriage Counsel said to me:
“You know that Edgar loves you.
It happens with a man sometimes.
Okay! A few lost days now and then
But he’ll be back again.
His heart is home with you!
Trust me!
I said.
“I know home is where his heart is,
But damn that!
I wanna be where the rest of him is at.”

Ruby Dee

ZAP

Her back turned
The husband zaps his wife
With the TV remote.

Katrina Middleton

The Sending of Fire

Five potent curses
I send: the first
Love, which frequently
Drives men to suffer
Uncouth hair transplants

The second, riches,
Bringing in their train
The envy of friends
Expressed in the words
“it’s all right for some.”

My third curse is fame:
May you become a sport
For reporters, may
The dull quote you, may
Cranks think they are you.

My fourth: contentment.
Hugging you, white grub,
In a fat cocoon
That the cries of men
Cannot penetrate.

And last, a long life
May you live to be
Called: “The grand Old man.”
Smiling at you, may
The young crack their jaws.

Vicki Raymond.

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 needed, 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 dance
And the lost hand finds no brother
And the word is left unspoken
Till the theme and thread are broken.

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

ASJ Tessimond

Funeral Blues

Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone,
Prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone,
Silence the pianos with a muffled drum
Bring out the coffin, let the mourners come.

Let airplanes circle overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message, "he is dead".
Put crepe bows round the white necks of the public
Doves, let policemen wear white cotton gloves.

He was my North, my South, my East and West,
My working week and my Sunday rest,
My noon, my midnight, my talk, my song;
I thought that love would last forever: I was wrong.

The stars are not wanted now: put out every one:
Pack up the moon and dismantle the sun;
Put away the ocean and sweep up the wood.
For nothing now can ever come to any good.

WH Auden

Disciple

I will follow you

I will go to the ends of the earth for you
As long as the earth is round.

I will die to the flesh
In the sure and certain hope of resurrection.

I will put away the old man
For safe keeping.

Your yoke is easy –
That's good.

I don't mind what it costs...
If I can afford it.

I don't mind doing my bit on the cross
We could have a rota.

Put me down for a couple of hours
Sunday evening.

And please don't use nails.

I will follow you
Carefully
With helpful advice.

I will follow you,
Wherever I want to go.

Geoffrey Rust.

Rendezvous

I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air-
I have a rendezvous with death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It maybe that he shall take me by my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath-
It maybe I shall pass him still.

I have a rendezvous with death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear...

But I've a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips North again this year,
And I to me pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Written by Alan
Seeger, the
American Rupert
Brook in 1917 who
was killed soon
after it was written.

The Dead

Their hearts were woven of human joys and cares.
Washed wonderfully with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn is 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 of laughter
And lit by rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wondering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathering radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke

Time does not bring relief

Time does not bring relief; you have all lied.
Who told me time would ease my pain!
I miss him in the weeping of the rain:
I want him at the shrinking of the tide;
The old snows melt from every mountain-side,
And last year's leaves are smoke in every land;
But last year's bitter loving must remain
Heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts abide.
There are a hundred places where I fear
To go, for with his memory they brim.
And entering with relief some quiet place
Where never fell his foot or shone his face
I say: "There is no memory of him here!"
And so stand stricken, so remembering him.

Edna St Vincent Millay (1892-1950)

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

When you are in love with a country

When you are in love with a country
Where people laugh in the sun
And the people are warm as the sunshine and live
and move easily
And women with honey coloured skins and men
with no frowns on their faces
Sit on white terraces drinking red wine
While the sea spreads peacock feathers on cinnamon sands
And palms weave sunlight into sheaves of gold
And at night the shadows are indigo velvet
And there is dancing to soft guitars
Played by copper fingers under a froth of stars.

Perhaps your country is where you think you will find it.
Or perhaps it has not yet come or perhaps it has gone.
Perhaps it is east of the sun and west of the moon
Perhaps it is a country called Hesperides
And Avalon and Atlantis and Eldorado:
A country which Gaugin looked for in Tahiti
and Lawrence in Mexico,
And whether they found it only they can say, and they not now.
Perhaps you will find it where you alone can see it.
But if you can see it, though no one else can, it will be there,
It will be yours.

AJ Tessimond.

If
the earth were only a few
feet in diameter, floating a few feet
above a field somewhere, people would come
from everywhere to marvel at it. People would walk
around, marvelling at the big pools of water, its little
pools and the water flowing between the pools. People
would marvel at the bumps on it, and the holes in it, and they
would marvel at the very thin layer of gas surrounding it and the
water suspended in the gas. The people would marvel at the
creatures walking around the surface of the ball and at the
creatures in the water. The people would declare it as sacred
because it was the only one, and they would protect it so it would
not be hurt. The ball would be the greatest wonder known, and
the people would come to be healed, to gain knowledge and
to know beauty and to wonder how it could be. People
would come to love it and defend it with their lives,
because they would somehow know that their own
lives, their own roundness, could be nothing
without it. If the earth were only a few
feet in diameter.

The Final Analysis

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

Mother Teresa of Calcutta.

My Candle

My candle burns at both ends,
It will not last the night,
But ah, my foes, and oh my friends,
It gives a lovely light.

Edna St Vincent Millay

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 Lindsey Gordon

I also like:

Life is mainly toil and trouble
Two things get you through
Gloating when it hits your neighbour
Whining when it's you.

Anon

Yesterday . . . Today and Tomorrow

There are two days in every week about which we should not worry, two days that should be kept free from fear and apprehension.

One of these is **Yesterday** with its mistakes and cares, its faults and blunders, its aches and pains. **Yesterday** has passed forever from our control.

All the money in the world cannot bring back **Yesterday**. We cannot undo a single act we performed; we cannot erase a single word we said – **Yesterday** is gone.

The other day we should not worry about is **Tomorrow**, with its possible adversaries, its burdens, its huge promise and poor performance. **Tomorrow** is also beyond our immediate control.

Tomorrow's sun will rise, either in splendour, or behind a mask of clouds – but it will rise. Until it does, we have no stake in **Tomorrow**, for it is as yet unborn.

That leaves only one day – **Today**. Any man can fight the battles of just one day. It is only when you and I add the burden of those two awful eternities – **Yesterday** and **Tomorrow** that we break down.

It's not the experience of today that drives men mad – it is remorse or bitterness for something that happened **Yesterday** and the dread that **Tomorrow** may bring.

Anon

The Touch of the Master's Hand

*T*was battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought is scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But held it up with a smile
“What am I bid good folks,” he cried,
“A dollar, a dollar then, two only two?
Two dollars and who’ll make it three?
Three dollars, once, three dollars twice,
Going for three. But no!
From the room, far back, a grey haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening up the strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet
As a carolling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said: “What am I bid for the old violin?”
As he held it up with the bow.
A thousand dollars, and who’ll make it two?
Two thousand, once, three thousand twice,
And going, and gone,” said he.
The people cheered, but some of them cried,
“We do not quite understand what changed
its worth?” Quick came the reply,
“The touch of the Master’s hand.”

And many a man with a life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.
A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,
A game, and he travels on.
And he is “going once and going twice
He’s going and almost gone.”
But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand
The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought
By the touch of the Master’s hand.

Myra Brooks Welch

*T*o laugh often and much; To win the respect of
intelligent people and the affection of children; To earn
the appreciation of honest critics and endure the
betrayal of false friends: To appreciate beauty, to find
the best in others: to leave the world a bit better,
whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a
redeemed social condition; to know even one life has
breathed easier because you have lived. This is to
have succeeded.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Children Learn what they Live

If a child lives with criticism

He learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility

He learns to fight.

If a child lives with ridicule

He learns to be shy.

If a child lives with shame

He learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with tolerance

He learns to be patient.

If a child lives with encouragement

He learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise

He learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness

He learns justice.

If a child lives with security

He learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval

He learns to like himself.

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship

He learns to live in the world.

Dorothy Law Nolte

Good and Clever

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

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

Dame Elizabeth Wordsworth

NOISE

When I play
My music at full volume
I have to close all the windows.

I can't stand
The noise
Of the birds
Outside
In the trees.

Steve Turner

The Velveteen Rabbit

What is REAL asked the Rabbit to the skin horse one day when they were lying
Side by side near the nursery fender, before Nana came into the room...
It's a thing that happens to you
When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY
loves you, then you become REAL."
"Does it hurt," asked the Rabbit.
"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse, for he was always truthful.
"When you are REAL you don't mind being hurt."
"Does it happen all at once, like being wound up?" he asked,
"Or bit by bit?"
"It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse.
"You become," It takes a long time.
That's why it doesn't happen often to people
Who break easily, or who have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept.
Generally by the time you are REAL, most of your hair has been loved off,
And your eyes drop out and you get loose in the joints and very shabby.
But these things don't matter at all,
Because once you are REAL you can't be ugly,
Except to people who don't know how to love."

Margery Williams

God Made
Adam Bit
Noah Arked
Abraham Split
Joseph Ruled
Jacob Fooled
Bush Talked
Moses Balked
Pharaoh Plagued
People Walked
Sea Divided
Tablets Guided
Promise Landed
Saul Freaked
David Peeked
Prophets Warned
Jesus Born
God Walked
Love Talked
Anger Crucified
Hope Died
Love Rose
Spirit Flamed
Word Spread
God Remained.

Anon

I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year,
“Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.”

And he replied: “Go into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God.
That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.”

Minnie Louse Haskins 1908

ZANE does not supply money or food in bulk

ZANE is a relational charity and only gives aid to people it knows

ZANE's donors can choose
to support its work either
(a) at the discretion of the Trustees
(b) with Pensioners, or
(c) in impoverished communities.



Registered charity number: 1112949

ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY England

Tel: 020 7788 7803 Email: info@zane.uk.com

www.zane.uk.com

Donate online at
www.zane.uk.com

or call our credit card hotline
020 7060 6643

or fill out the donation form
opposite and send by post



Registered charity number: 1112949

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

Please pay on a regular basis by Standing Order

CODE: Christmas 2011

Instruction to your bank or building society to pay by standing order

Please pay £ monthly, annually from the date / / from the account detailed in this instruction to Sort Code: 30-99-74 Lloyds TSB Bank, Winslow, Acc No 00576568 - ZANE: Zimbabwe a National Emergency

Please fill in the form in BLOCK CAPITALS

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If you choose to use a stamp,
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Thank you for your support.



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

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

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I understand that I must pay an amount of income tax or capital gains tax in the relevant tax year equal to any tax reclaimed by ZANE in that period. I will tell ZANE if I am no longer a taxpayer.

Name

Signature

Date





- ★ ZANE does not supply money or food in bulk. Rather ZANE is a “relational” charity, in that we gently means test the 1,800 elderly people to whom we give aid. At the same time, we give encouragement to often very lonely people. That includes about 600 ex-servicemen and their widows/wives. In this way, ZANE ensures that only those who are really in need of support receive it and that we don’t waste donor money.
- ★ ZANE is the only charity that provides an holistic social services network across Zimbabwe.
- ★ ZANE has lost no donor money to corrupt officials since its foundation in 2003. Support goes to where it’s needed to make a vital difference.
- ★ ZANE is the only charity that allows donors to choose which aspect of the work they would like to support (see donation form).
- ★ ZANE is the only charity operating in Zimbabwe that supplies aid to all communities.
- ★ ZANE is the largest supplier of financial grants to the pensioner community in Zimbabwe.
- ★ ZANE is in effective partnership with all the UK services’ charities in Zimbabwe. Since 2004, ZANE has facilitated about £1.5m in grants to WW2 veterans and their widows (and others).
- ★ ZANE assists primary care clinics in the impoverished communities around Harare, where there is extensive disease and limited access to health care.
- ★ ZANE assists in the funding of an orphan prevention programme and a club foot correction programme.

If you want to save a life then please support ZANE



ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY www.zane.uk.com info@zane.uk.com