



ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949



Man, man, one cannot live quite without pity.

F.M. Dostoevsky

Be kind, for everyone you meet
is fighting a hard battle.

Inscription on the tombstone of Doctor Jeremy Cohen
in Highgate Cemetery

When power leads man towards arrogance,
poetry reminds him of his limitations.

When power narrows the area of man's
concern, poetry reminds him of the richness
and diversity of existence.

When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.

Christmas 2012

John F. Kennedy

Dear Reader

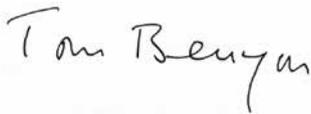
Christmas should be a time of fellowship; however, for Zimbabwe's pensioners, all too often it means isolation and misery. During this season of goodwill, we would be so grateful if you could assist ZANE in providing them with some comfort and cheer.

I hope you will enjoy the following poems. Some have asked how the cost of producing such booklets can be justified? ZANE is in competition with countless other charities and needs to have an "edge". It is our hope that these poems will be kept, perhaps working their way to a wider audience. Please note that ZANE's booklets have always attracted donations many times the cost of their production.

The situation facing those we serve is today worse than ever. The pensioners whose assets were comprehensively stolen by the Mugabe regime find themselves effectively imprisoned in a terrifying police state. Costs have spiralled, and if there is any improvement in trade then this is irrelevant to the elderly. What adds to their anguish is that other causes have come to dominate the world's attention.

Please take a look at page 21 and see the nine reasons that make ZANE a unique charity in Africa.

I would like to pay tribute to ZANE's brave staff who tirelessly serve very vulnerable people in Zimbabwe. And I thank all our generous donors for enabling ZANE to save lives.



Tom Benyon OBE

*PS Please consider donating the value of your winter fuel allowance to ZANE.
However, any donations will be gratefully received.*

The African Sun

.....

The African Sun
shines bright
even upon dictators
warms even
absolute rulers,

Sets even upon despots.

Julius Chingono

Psychiatric Folk Song

.....

I went to my psychiatrist to be psychoanalysed
To find out why I killed the cat and blacked my husband's eye.
He laid me on a downy couch to see what he could find,
And here's what he dredged up, from my subconscious mind.
When I was one, my Mummy hid my dolly in a trunk
And so it follows, naturally, that I am always drunk.
When I was two, I saw my father kiss the help one day,
And that is why I suffer from kleptomania.
At three I had a feeling of ambivalence towards my brothers
And so it follows naturally I poisoned all my lovers.
But I am happy now I have learned the lesson this has taught:
Everything I do that's wrong, is someone else's fault!

Anna Russell

A Hand in the Bird

.....

I am a maiden who is forty,
And a maiden I shall stay.
There are some who call me haughty,
But I care not what they say.

I was running the tombola
At our church bazaar today,
And doing it with gusto
In my usual jolly way...

When suddenly, I knew not why,
There came a funny feeling
Of something crawling up my thigh!
I nearly hit the ceiling!

A mouse! I thought. How foul! How mean!
How exquisitely tickly!
Quite soon I know I'm going to scream.
I've got to catch it quickly.

I made a grab. I caught the mouse,
Now right inside my knickers.
A mouse my foot! It was a HAND!
Great Scott! It was the vicar's!

Roald Dahl

*An Update on
Arthur Hugh Clough's
"The Latest Decalogue"*
.....

Have just one god, that's surely more
Than many bishops bargain for.

Worship no image, but strive to hold
Vast bars of 22-carat gold.

Thou shall not swear: that's far too clean:
Be true to life and be obscene.

Take care when seeking to evade
Taxation laws that Government made.

Honour with filial piety
Old parents who are mortgage-free.

Thou shall not kill, but urge with caution
Euthanasia and abortion.

Adultery brings complication,
So stick to simple fornication.

Thou shall not steal, but beat inflation
By using insider information.

Bear no false witness, but from youth,
Learn to compromise with truth.

Be loyal to wife: beware false pleading,
If she has housed your points for speeding.

Thou shall not covet, but arrange
Takeovers on the stock exchange.

Revised by Tom Benyon

I Think I Could Turn and Live with Animals
.....

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

Jasmine

When they cried freedom, when the sweet
mingling of woodsmoke and jasmine
with dust – grass, granite, antelope
bone – gathered into wrists which turned

light the colour of blood, darkness
a memory of the colour
of blood – when their voices lifted
that song and sent it echoing

across Africa, I knew it.
Sibanda had taught it to me,
polishing the family's shoes,
squatting outside the scullery

door. We both wore khaki trousers
many sizes too big; no shirt,
no shoes. I spat on the toecaps
while he brushed: and while he brushed

we sang: 'Nkosi sikelel'
iAfrika...' over and over
till the birds joined in. August birds.
'... Maluphakanisw' uphondo lwayo ...'*

It comes back to me, this August,
now that the jasmine is blooming
and the air is stilled by woodsmoke;
how they cried freedom, and how I

knew their song. A lingering chill
pinches Zimbabwean sunsets
into the cheeks of my children
squatting beside me as I write.

It is their song too. I teach it
to them, over and over, till
my tired eyes are pricked with tears
held back, sweet smoke, dust and jasmine.

John Eppel

* (Zulu) "God bless Africa ... Raise up her spirit."

An Ode to Husbands

.....

To keep your marriage brimming,
With love in the loving cup,
Whenever you're wrong, admit it;
Whenever you're right, shut up.

Ogden Nash
(sent to me by my friend Admiral Hervey)

Love is Not All

.....

Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink
Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain;
Nor yet a floating spar to men that sink
And rise and sink and rise and sink again;
Love can not fill the thickened lung with breath,
Nor clean the blood, nor set the fractured bone;
Yet many a man is making friends with death
Even as I speak, for lack of love alone.
It well may be that in a difficult hour,
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,
I might be driven to sell your love for peace,
Or trade the memory of this night for food.
It well may be. I do not think I would.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

The Laws of God, The Laws of Man

.....

The laws of God, the laws of man,
He may keep that will and can;
Not I: let God and man decree
Laws for themselves and not for me;
And if my ways are not as theirs
Let them mind their own affairs.
Their deeds I judge and much condemn,
Yet when did I make laws for them?
Please yourselves, say I, and they
Need only look the other way.
But no, they will not; they must still
Wrest their neighbour to their will.
And make me dance as they desire
With jail and gallows and hell-fire.
And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made.

They will be master, right or wrong;
Though both are foolish, both are strong.
And since, my soul, we cannot fly
To Saturn nor to Mercury,
Keep we must, if keep we can,
These foreign laws of God and man.

A.E. Housman

Harbours

.....

There is the one you started out from,
And the one you were bound for, once
But in between, there are so many,
Mariner, that you stand a high chance
Of ending where you never had in mind.
You put in for repairs at some small port,
And the days go gently, and the wind is always
In the wrong quarter to make a fresh start.

Or there's a woman, or even a good inn,
Something, anyway, that makes it seem
No great matter to get where you were going
When this will do as well... All the same,

They stare out sometimes, your Seaman's eyes,
Over the glittering road you should have gone
To your true harbour. You shrug your shoulders
And settle for less, like any man.

Sheenagh Pugh

The Act of Love

.....

The Act of Love lies somewhere
Between the belly and the mind
I lost the love sometime ago
Now I've only the act to grind.

Brought her home from a party
Don't bother swapping names
Identities not needed
When you are only playing games.

High on bedroom darkness
We endure the pantomime
Ships that go bang in the night
Run aground on the sands of time.

Saved in the nick of dawn
It's cornflakes and then goodbye
Another notch on the headboard
Another day wondering why.

The Act of Love lies somewhere
Between the belly and the mind
I lost the love sometime ago
Now I've only the act to grind.

Roger McGough

Snowflakes

.....

And did you know
That every flake of snow
That forms so high
In the grey winter sky
And falls so far
Is a bright six-pointed star?
Each crystal grows
A flower as perfect as a rose.
Lace could never make
The patterns of a flake.
No brooch
Of figured silver could approach
Its delicate craftsmanship. And think:
Each pattern is distinct.
Of all the snowflakes floating there –
The million million in the air –
None is the same. Each star
Is newly forged, as faces are,
Shaped to its own design
Like yours and mine.
And yet... each one
Melts when its flight is done;
Holds frozen loveliness
A moment, even less;
Suspends itself in time –
And passes like a rhyme.

Clive Sansom

Sic Vita

.....

Like to the falling of a star;
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrowed light;
Is straight called in and paid to night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester

Remembering

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

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

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

Noel Coward

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 awakened
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.”

A.S.J. Tessimond

Everything Changes

Everything changes. You can make
A fresh start with your final breath.
But what has happened has happened. And the water
You once poured into the wine cannot be
Drained off again.

What has happened has happened. The water
You once poured into the wine cannot be
Drained off again, but
Everything changes. You can make
A fresh start with your final breath.

Bertolt Brecht

Christmas Is Really For the Children

Christmas is really
for the children
Especially for children
who like animals, stables,
stars and babies wrapped
in swaddling clothes.
Then there are wise men,
kings in fine robes,
humble shepherds and a
hint of rich perfume.

Easter is not really
for the children
unless accompanied by a
cream-filled egg.
It has whips, blood, nails,
a spear and allegations
of body snatching.
It involves, politics, God
and the sins of the world.
It is not good for people
of a nervous disposition.
They would do better to
think on rabbits, chickens,
and the first snowdrop
of spring.

Or they'd do better to
wait for a re-run of
Christmas without asking
too many questions about
what Jesus did when he grew up
or whether there's any connection.

Steve Turner

As Much As You Can

Even if you can't shape your life the way you want,
at least try as much as you can
not to degrade it
by too much contact with the world,
by too much activity and talk.

Do not degrade it by dragging it along
taking it around and exposing it so often
to the daily silliness
of social relations and parties,
until it comes to seem a boring hanger-on.

C.P. Cavafy

The Unwept Waste

.....

Let funeral marches play,
Let heartbreak music sound
For the half death, not the whole;
For the unperceived slow sailing;
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.

A.S.J. Tessimond

Despair

.....

While we were visiting David's grave
I saw at a little distance

a woman hurrying towards another grave
hands outstretched, stumbling

in her haste; who then
fell at the stone she made for

and lay sprawled upon it, sobbing,
sobbing and crying out to it.

She was neatly dressed in a pale coat
and seemed neither old nor young.

I couldn't see her face, and my friends
seemed not to know she was there.

Not to distress them, I said nothing.
But she was not an apparition.

And when we walked
back to the car in silence

I looked stealthily back and saw she rose
And quieted herself and began slowly

To back away from the grave.
Unlike David who lives

In our lives, it seemed
whoever she mourned dwelt

there, in the field, under stone.
It seemed the woman

believed whom she loved heard her,
heard her wailing, observed

the nakedness of her anguish,
and would not speak.

Denise Levertov

Santa Claus in a Department Store

“Wolsey, or possibly my John of Gaunt,
Was the best thing I did. Come over here,
Behind the Christmas crib, (I’m not supposed
to let the children see me having tea.)
To tell the truth I’m glad of this engagement.
Dozens applied, but all they said was “Thank you,
We’ll stick to Mr Borthwick.”
It’s nice to feel one has given satisfaction.
Time was I had it all at my fingertips,
Could plant a whisper in the back of the pit,
Or hold them breathless with the authority
Of absolute repose – a skill despised,
Not seen, in your day. It amounts to this:
Technique’s no more than the bare bones. There are some
Unwittingly instil the faith that Man
Is greater than he knows. This I fell short of.

You never met my wife. You are too young.
She often came with me on tour. One night
At Nottingham, got back from the show, and there
She was. I knew at once what made her do it.
She had resented me for years. No, not
Myself, but what she knew was in me, my
Belief in – Sir, forgive me if I say
My “art”, for I had shown, you’ll understand,
Some promise. To use her word, she felt herself
“Usurped”, and by degrees, unconsciously
She managed somehow to diminish me,
Parch all my vital streams. A look would do it.
I was a kind of shrunken riverbed
Littered with tins, old tyres, and bicycle frames.

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

Christopher Hassall

Welcome to the Real World

I'm beginning to understand.
I saw a sign once
outside a church. It said
Are you really living
Or just walking around
To save the cost of a funeral?

I didn't know
that Love is real life,
and everything else
just a more or less entertaining way
of dying.

And I didn't know
that Love is like nothing on earth.

Love isn't what you fall in.
It's what pulls you out
of what you fall in.

Love isn't a good feeling.
Love is doing good
when you're feeling bad.

Love means hanging in
when everyone else
shrugs their shoulders
and goes off to McDonalds.

Love means taking the knocks
and coming back
to try and make things better.

Love hurts.
It's its way of telling you
that you're alive.

And the funny thing is that after all
Love does feel good.
People say Love is weak.
But Love is tougher than Hate.
Hating's easy.
Most of us have a gift for it.

But Love counts to ten
while Hate slams the door.
Love says you
where Hate says me.

Love is the strongest weapon
known to mankind.
Other weapons blow people up.
Only Love puts them back together
again.

And everything that seems real,
that looks smart,
that feels good,
has a sell-by date.
But Love has no sell-by date.
Love is Long Life.
Love is the ultimate preservative.

I don't know too much about Love
but I know a man who does,
up there on a cross
Loving us to death.

Love is the key
to the door of the place
he's prepared for you
in the kingdom of God.

If you're beginning to understand
then welcome to the real world.

Godfrey Rust

Heaven

.....

In the heaven of the god I hope for (call Him "X")
There is marriage and giving in marriage and transient sex
For those who will cast the body's vest aside
Soon, but are not yet wholly rarefied
And still embrace. For X is never annoyed
Or shocked; has read his Jung and knows his Freud,
He gives you time in Heaven to do as you please,
To climb love's gradual ladder by slow degrees,
Gently to rise from sense to soul, to ascend
To a world of timeless joy, world without end.

Here on the gates of pearl there hangs no sign
Limiting cakes and ale, forbidding wine.
No weakness here is hidden, no vice unknown.
Sin is a sickness to be cured, outgrown.
With the help of a god who can laugh, an unsolemn god
Who smiles at old wives' tales of iron rod
And fiery hell, a God who's more at ease
With Bawds and Falstoffs than with Pharisees.

Here the lame learn to leap, the blind to see.
Tyrants are taught to be humble, slaves to be free.
Fools become wise, and wise men cease to be bores,
Here bishops learn from lips of back-street whores,
And white men follow black-faced angels' feet
Through fields of orient and immortal wheat.

Villon, Lautrec and Baudelaire are here.
Here Swift forgets his anger, Poe his fear.
Napoleon rests, Columbus, journey done,
Has reached his new Atlantis, found his sun.
Verlaine and Dylan Thomas drink together,
Marx talks to Plato. Byron wonders whether
There's some mistake. Wordsworth has found a hill
That's home. Here Chopin plays the piano still.
Wren plans eternal domes; and Renoir paints
Young girls as ripe as fruit but not yet Saints.

And X of whom no coward is afraid,
Who's friend consulted, not fierce king obeyed;
Who hears the unspoken thought, the prayer unprayed;
Who expects not even the learned to understand
His universe, extends a prodigal hand,
Full of forgiveness, over His promised land.

A.S.J. Tessimond

Solitude

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

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

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

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I Thank Thee God, That I Have Lived

I thank thee God that I have lived
In this great world and known its many joys;
The song of birds, the strong sweet scent of hay
And cooling breezes in the secret dusk,
The flaming sunsets at the close of day,
Hills, and the lonely, heather-covered moors,
Music at night and moonlight on the sea,
The beat of waves upon the rocky shore
And wild, white spray, flung high in ecstasy:
The faithful eyes of dogs, and treasured books.
The love of kin and fellowship of friends,
And all that makes life dear and beautiful.

I thank thee too, that there has come to me
A little sorrow and, sometimes, defeat,
A little heartache and the loneliness
That comes with parting, and the word "goodbye."
Dawn breaking after weary hours of pain
When I discovered that night's gloom must yield
And morning light break through to me again.
Because of these and other blessings poured
Unasked upon my wondering head,
Because I know that there is yet to come
An even richer and more glorious life,
And most of all, because thine only Son
Once sacrificed life's loveliness for me –
I thank thee God that I have lived.

Elizabeth Craven

The Lost Chord

.....

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heav'n
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Sir Arthur Sullivan

Christianity is fuller, more interesting, more comprehensive, more demanding, more liberating, more satisfying, that it synthesises a wider range of human thought, 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 fulfilment than any alternative way of life and thought.

Eric Lionel Mascall (Professor of Theology, King's College London)

Miracles (Abridged)

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know nothing else but miracles.
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach,
 just in the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk by day with any one I love, or sleep in the bed at night
 with any one I love
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy round the hive
 of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining
 so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distant and in its place.

Walt Whitman

Light Looked Down

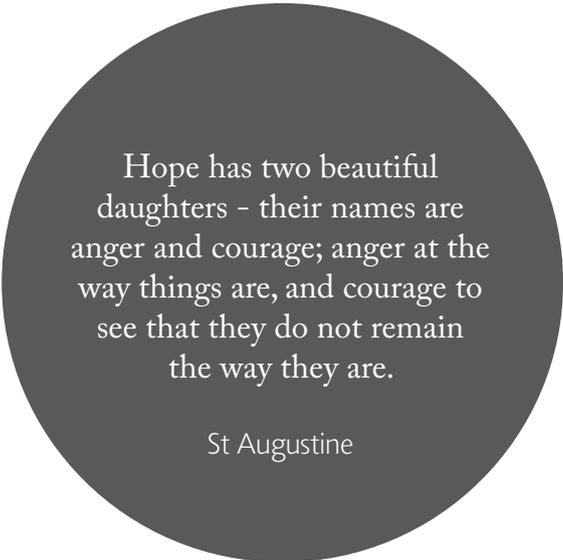
Light looked down and beheld Darkness.
"Thither will I go," said Light.
Peace looked down and beheld War.
"Thither will I go," said Peace.
Love looked down and beheld Hatred.
"Thither will I go," said Love.
So came Light, and shone.
So came Peace and gave rest.
So came Love and brought life.
And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.

Laurence Housman

Say Not the Struggle Naught Avaieth

Say not the struggle naught avaieth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here, no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough



Hope has two beautiful
daughters - their names are
anger and courage; anger at the
way things are, and courage to
see that they do not remain
the way they are.

St Augustine

ZIMBABWE **CRISIS** APPEAL

Zimbabwe A National Emergency | www.zane.uk.com



Poor Alison would rather stay ill than have her doctor know she couldn't afford knickers.*



Recently, over a cup of tea, Alison* slowly revealed the reason for her depression. She told me that there was not enough money for each month. After paying her bills, she couldn't afford a pair of knickers and didn't want the doctor to know.

What can you do?

There are hundreds of elderly people like Alison in today's Zimbabwe. Prices are high and ZANE cannot afford to help them all.

Save an old lady's dignity, make a gift today.

**GIVE
HOPE**

£16.20
per month
or £194.40 pa

Provides a food parcel which contains: bread, long-life milk, sugar, oil, rice, potatoes, minced meat, 2 dozen eggs, vegetables, soap and toothpaste

**Name has been changed on grounds of security*

Facts about ZANE

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 some 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 has lost no donor money to corrupt officials since its foundation in 2002. Support goes to where it’s needed to make a vital difference.

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 £2m in grants to WW2 veterans and their widows (and others).

ZANE assists in the funding of a clubfoot correction programme.

ZANE is the only charity operating in Zimbabwe that supplies aid to all communities.

ZANE is the only charity that provides a holistic social services network across Zimbabwe.

ZANE is the only charity that allows donors to choose which aspect of the work they would like to support.

2010/2011 **ZANE** was the Daily Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the Year.



Deborah Bronnert

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe

ZANE’s work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a life-line to those who are least able to help themselves. Their committed, inspirational team works hard

to ensure that every penny raised goes to where it is needed most.



Rt Hon the Lord Hurd of Westwell CH CBE PC

ZANE has done a remarkable job and it has a practical and down-to-earth way of helping people. They make a real practical difference to people’s lives. ZANE

is a charity well worth supporting.



John Simpson CBE

World Editor of the BBC

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

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