



ACN 613 802 574



ZANE Poems, 2017

The theme of this year's poetry collection is the "Forgotten Legion" – those aged veterans, many of whom are neglected, who served our country in its time of need.

The UK has a Military Covenant that dates back to the time of Henry VIII. This covenant (see right) states that all those who served the Crown are owed a "Duty of Care" from HMG to ensure that they may live out the rest of their lives in reasonable comfort. ZANE believes that HMG is in serious breach of this contract. We are doing all that we can to persuade the authorities to take steps to ensure the commitment is honoured, for it is more than a law: it is a solemn vow.

As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them.

John F Kennedy

Cartoons by Tony Husband

The Military Covenant

Soldiers will be called upon to make personal sacrifices – including the ultimate sacrifice – in the service of the Nation. In putting the needs of the Nation and the Army before their own, they forgo some of the rights enjoyed by those outside the Armed Forces.

In return, British soldiers must always be able to expect fair treatment, to be valued and respected as individuals, and that they (and their families) will be sustained and rewarded by commensurate terms and conditions of service.

In the same way, the unique nature of military land operations means that the Army differs from all other institutions, and must be sustained and provided for accordingly by the Nation.

This mutual obligation forms the Military Covenant between the Nation, the Army and each individual soldier: an unbreakable common bond of identity, loyalty and responsibility that has sustained the Army throughout its history. It has perhaps its greatest manifestation in the annual commemoration of Armistice Day, when the Nation keeps covenant with those who have made the ultimate sacrifice, giving their lives in action.

Dear Reader

In 1980, the former *Today* journalist Rod Liddle asked Ian Smith, “How will Mugabe do as leader?”

Smith replied, “He will be there for 30 years; he will murder or imprison all his opponents and bankrupt the country.”

In an age when pundits’ forecasts appear hopelessly awry, it wasn’t a bad call.

This ZANE Christmas anthology is particularly dedicated to the 600 Zimbabwean veterans who fought for our Crown; brave men and women who were promised they would be looked after in the evening of their lives by HMG, but who are instead existing on one meal a day – if they are lucky. To see their cruel plight, please take a look at the short film we made recently: www.theforgottenlegion.co.uk/zane and use the password Forgiven1@2.

Please remember that although Zimbabwe has rid itself of a tyrant, it still faces tyranny. Of course, like everyone else, I hope and pray that Mugabe’s departure will mark a real turning point in Zimbabwe’s politics. But it would be extremely foolish to disregard Emmerson Mnangagwa’s unfortunate record, and I can’t help but think of Hilaire Belloc’s quip:

“Always keep a-hold of Nurse
For fear of finding something worse.”

Whatever the future holds for Zimbabwe, it will undoubtedly take years to undo the damage Mugabe has wreaked upon the country. The political saga is playing out against the background of a country that has run out of cash: prices are escalating, unemployment is 90%. All these factors have a devastating impact



on the lives of those who look to ZANE for help. The streets are lined with beggars - from toddlers to pensioners - for, of course, hunger does not discriminate.

ZANE looks after the needs of veterans and pensioners, children afflicted with clubfoot, those affected by hearing loss, victims of landmines, and women and children who have been subjected to dreadful violence and abuse.

Without your generosity, the situation would be much worse. However, you enable ZANE to save lives and provide food to keep malnutrition at bay. You enable ZANE to provide medicine to keep people alive, and to help children to walk and to hear. You are enabling the ZANE team to bring comfort to the lonely.

We cannot help everyone: but please understand that by supporting ZANE you are providing hope and comfort at the bleakest and most challenging of times for so many people.

You are saving lives.

Happy Christmas

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Tom Benyon".

Tom Benyon OBE
Board Member, ZANE Australia

PS: Please note that through your generosity, our poetry book promotion recoups its cost of production many times over.

*Here is a poem to encourage those trapped in Zimbabwe.
This was one of Churchill's favourites in 1940:*

Say Not the Struggle Naught Avaieth

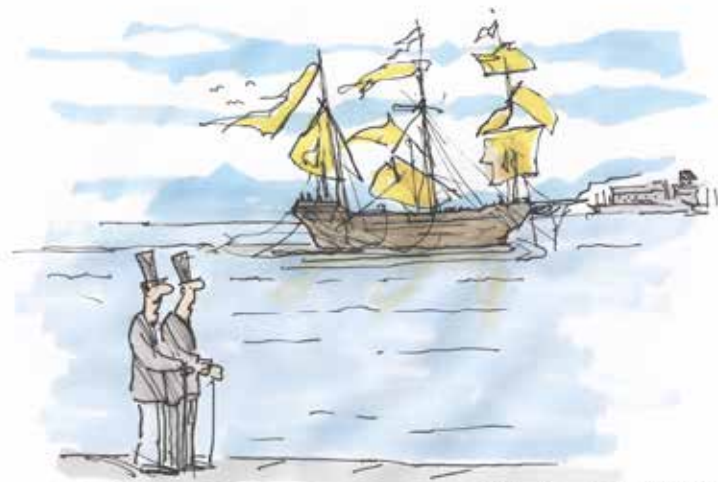
Say not the struggle naught avaieth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd
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



1st Gentleman... Sir, see what a shameful state that ship is in!
2nd Gentleman... But sir... that ship may have been twice
around the world so is in damn fine shape for that.

When the ship returns to harbour with the hull battered and the rigging torn, before we assess the blame of the pilot, before we award the verdict of posterity, let us pause to enquire whether the voyage has been twice round the world or to Ramsgate and the Isle of Dogs.

Thomas Carlyle

Those who would carry on great public schemes must be proof against the most fatiguing delays, the most mortifying disappointments, the most shocking insults, and, worst of all, the presumptuous judgment of the ignorant upon their designs.

Edmund Burke

This Kipling poem could have been written for today's Forgotten Legion:



Tommy

(Excerpt)

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
O, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy go away,"
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's "Thank you Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, Sir," when there's trouble in the wind.
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, Sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face,
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool – you bet that Tommy sees!

Rudyard Kipling

Does It Matter?

Does it matter? – losing your legs?...
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter? – losing your sight?
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter? – those dreams from the pit?
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know you've fought for your country
And no one will worry a bit.

Siegfried Sassoon

...But there's good news even for blind people
darling...they say they will find work
for them...er... You



In war, there are no unwounded soldiers.

José Narosky

You Cannot . . .

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.
You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.
You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.
You cannot build character and courage by destroying men's initiative and independence.
And you cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they can and should do for themselves.

Abraham Lincoln

Think where men's glory most begins and ends,
and say my glory was I had such friends.

William Butler Yeats

Glyndebourne

We're going to Glyndebourne – my dear what a treat
With Giles' fiancée (who's terribly sweet
And frightfully cultured – she's seen Hedda Gabler
And Waiting for Godot and Les Misérables).
I've made us a picnic – there's goose liver pate,
A lobster terrine and some yummy lamb satay,
Some vol-au-vents done in my own special way
And a brie that's so runny it may get away.
We've a table and chairs, which we're going to take
To our very own spot by the side of the lake.
My goodness, what bliss with a glass of shampoo!
What opera? My darling, I haven't a clue.

I'm going to Glyndebourne – Oh God what a bore
Standing there in a DJ at quarter to four.
But Mummy and Wonky have said that I must
'Cause this terrible Yank from the Guarantee Trust
Has some business with Daddy. So Muggins must go
And butter him up till he coughs up the dough.
Still Wonky enjoys it – she's turned on by Strauss
I hope it all lasts till we're back at the house.

I'm going to Glyndebourne – I'm not certain why
But I'm doing some business with this English guy.
Whose company's sponsoring one of our shows
With a girl playing a knight with this silver rose –
Der Rosenkavalier – that was the title.
I read it all up. Well, this deal's pretty vital.
He must think so too, cause he managed to make
Someone find me a seat. I hope I stay awake.

I'm going to Glyndebourne. Der Rosenkavalier.
Alone, for poor Molly died early this year.
We had waited for years but we couldn't get seats.
We both love the opera – it's one of our treats –
But we'd never been there. Then this year we got two.
And she died. So I gave one back. I wonder who
Will be sitting beside me? Some opera buff
Who's been going for years and can't get enough.
I hope he enjoys it as much as she would –
I might tell him about her – d'you think that I should?
It was one of her favourites, Der Rosenkavalier
She would have enjoyed it – I wish she was here.

Richard Stilgoe



Names

She was Eliza for a few weeks
When she was a baby –
Eliza Lily. Soon it changed to Lil.

Later she was Miss Steward in the baker's shop
And then “my love”, “my darling”, “Mother”.

Widowed at thirty, she went back to work
As Mrs Hand. Her daughter grew up,
Married and gave birth.

Now she was Nanna. “Everybody
Calls me Nanna,” she would say to visitors.
And so they did – friends, tradesmen, the doctor.

In the geriatric ward
They used the patients' Christian names.
“Lil”, we said, or “Nanna.”

But it wasn't in her file,
And for those last bewildered weeks
She was “Eliza” once again.

Wendy Cope



Birth

Oh, fields of wonder
Out of which
Stars are born,
And moon and sun
And me as well,
Like stroke
of lightning
In the night
Some mark
To make
Some word
To tell.

Langston Hughes



All You Who Sleep Tonight

All you who sleep tonight
Far from the ones you love,
No hand to left or right
And emptiness above –

Know that you aren't alone.
The whole world shares your tears,
Some for two nights or one,
And some for all their years.

Vikram Seth

God made a wonderful beginning
But man spoiled it all by sinning.
We hope that the story will end in
God's glory;
But at present the other side is
winning.

Madeleine Albright

The world is not a courtroom,
There is no judge no jury no plaintiff.
It is a caravan filled with eccentric beings
Telling wondrous stories about God.

Saadi

My Work is Loving the World

My work is loving the world.
Here the sunflowers, there the hummingbird –
equal seekers of sweetness.
Here the quickening yeast; there the blue plums.
Here the clam deep in the speckled sand.

Are my boots old? Is my coat torn?
Am I no longer young, and still not half-perfect?
Let me keep my mind on what matters,
which is my work,

Which is mostly standing still and learning to be astonished.
The phoebe, the delphinium.
The sheep in the pasture, and the pasture.
Which is mostly rejoicing, since all ingredients are here,

Which is gratitude, to be given a mind and a heart
and these body-clothes,
a mouth with which to give shouts of joy
to the moth and the wren, to the sleepy dug-up clam,
telling them all, over and over, how it is
that we live forever.

Mary Oliver

Peace and Tranquillity

This morning we started with Peace and Tranquillity –
With Mary and Jean side by side in the aisle –
Working together with wondrous ability
With many a kind word and many a smile.

Then Mary said, “Jean have you seen my Oasis?
I left it here on the side of this pew –
And though I have searched all the possible places –
It just isn’t there, so it must be with you!”

Jean, as she stuck flowers in Peace and Tranquillity,
Said, “Seen your Oasis? – Afraid not my dear –
But also,” she asked with the utmost civility –
“I’ve lost the dried grasses I left over here.”

“I’d not be seen dead with your rotten dried grasses”
Said Mary, “they’re ghastly – I’ve said so before.
If you weren’t so vain that you wouldn’t wear glasses –
You’d see they have fallen down there on the floor.”

“Excuse me” said Mary with icy gentility,
“But what have you done with my last orange dahlia?
Without it, I fear that our Peace and Tranquillity
Will be – (there is just one word for it) – a failure.”

“I trod on your dahlia,” said Jean, “It looked awful –
I’ve told you I hate them – but you, you won’t learn.”
Then Mary did something completely unlawful,
Hit Jean on the nose with a handful of fern.

They fought hand to hand, and both grabbed the
arrangement.
They tore it in half in their irascibility,
And that’s why you see this surprising estrangement –
For this side is “Peace” and that side is “Tranquillity.”

Richard Stilgoe



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



Why do I go to church?... oh...
to be seen there I suppose

Good

The old man comes out on the hill
and looks down to recall earlier days
in the valley. He sees the stream shine,
the church stand, hears the litter of
children's voices. A chill in the flesh
tells him that death is not far off
now: it is the shadow under the great boughs
of life. His garden has herbs growing.
The kestrel goes by with fresh prey
in its claws. The wind scatters the scent
of wild beans. The tractor operates
on the earth's body. His grandson is there
ploughing; his young wife fetches him
cakes and tea and a dark smile. It is well.

RS Thomas



Some go to church to see and be seen
Some go to church to say they've been
Some go to church to wink and to nod
But few go there to worship God.

Anon



*The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels.
Matthew 13:39*

I Saw the Cherubim

I saw the cherubim one summer's night
Reaping it seemed a field of endless wheat.
I heard their voices through the fading light
Wild, strange and yet intolerably sweet.
The hour such beauty first was born on earth
The dawn of judgement had that hour begun
For some would not endure love's second birth
Preferring their own darkness to that sun.
And still love's sun must rise upon our night
For nothing can be hidden from its heat;
And in that summer evening's fading light
I saw his angels gather in the wheat:
Like beaten gold their beauty smote the air
And tongues of fire were streaming in their hair.

Roger Wagner



Disturb us Lord

Disturb us, Lord, when
We are too well pleased with ourselves,
When our dreams have come true
Because we have dreamed too little;
When we arrived safely
Because we sailed too close to the shore.

Disturb us, Lord, when
With the abundance of things we possess
We have lost our thirst
For the waters of life;
Having fallen in love with life,
We have ceased to dream of eternity
And in our efforts to build a new earth
We have allowed our vision
Of the new Heaven to dim.

Disturb us, Lord, to dare more boldly,
To venture on wider seas
Where storms will show your mastery;
Where losing sight of land,
We shall find the stars.

We ask you to push back
The horizons of our hopes;
And to push into the future
In strength, courage, hope and love.

Sir Francis Drake

St Thomas Didymus

(Excerpt)

But when my hand
led by his hand's firm clasp
entered the unhealed wound
my fingers encountering
rib-bone and pulsating heat,
what I felt was not
scalding pain, shame for my
obstinate need,
but light, light streaming
into me, over me, filling the room
as if I had lived till then
in a cold cave, and now
coming forth for the first time,
the knot that bound me unravelling,
I witnessed
all things quicken to colour, to form,
my question
not answered but given its part
in a vast unfolding design lit
by a risen sun.

Denise Levertov



*I'll bet you all learned the following poem at school
and now you've forgotten most of it:*

Cargoes

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig lead,
Firewood, iron ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield

Once in a Lifetime

(Excerpt)

Human beings suffer
They torture one another
They get hurt and get hard.
No poem or play or song
Can fully right a wrong
Inflicted and endured.

History says, don't hope
On this side of the grave.
But then, once in a lifetime
The longed-for tidal wave
Of justice can rise up,
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change
On the far side of revenge.
Believe that a further shore
Is reachable from here.
Believe in miracles
And cures and healing wells.

Seamus Heaney



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
or 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

Poems about refugees can pierce our hearts – as does this poem by a young British-Somali woman:

Home

no one leaves home unless
home is the mouth of a shark
you only run for the border
when you see the whole city running as well

your neighbours running faster than you
breath bloody in their throats
the boy you went to school with
who kissed you dizzy behind the old tin factory
is holding a gun bigger than his body
you only leave home
when home won't let you stay.

no one leaves home unless home chases you
fire under feet
hot blood in your belly
it's not something you ever thought of doing
until the blade burnt threats into
your neck
and even then you carried the anthem under
your breath
only tearing up your passport in an airport toilet
sobbing as each mouthful of paper
made it clear that you wouldn't be going back.



You have to understand,
that no one puts their children in a boat
unless the water is safer than the land
no one burns their palms
under trains
beneath carriages
no one spends days and nights in the
stomach of a truck
feeding on newspaper unless the miles
travelled
mean something more than the journey.
no one crawls under fences
no one wants to be beaten
pitied

no one chooses refugee camps
or strip searches where your
body is left aching
or prison,
because prison is safer
than a city of fire
and one prison guard
in the night
is better than a truckload
of men who look like your father
no one could take it
no one could stomach it
no one skin would be tough enough

the
go home blacks
refugees
dirty immigrants
asylum seekers
sucking our country dry
niggers with their hands out
they smell strange
savage
messed up their country and now they
want
to mess ours up
how do the words
the dirty looks
roll off your backs
maybe because the blow is softer
than a limb torn off

or the words are more tender
than fourteen men between
your legs
or the insults are easier
to swallow
than rubble
than bone
than your child's body
in pieces.
I want to go home,
but home is the mouth of a shark
home is the barrel of a gun
and no one would leave home
unless home chased you to the shore
unless home told you
to quicken your legs
leave your clothes behind
crawl through the desert
wade through the oceans
drown
save
be hunger
beg
forget pride
your survival is more important

no one leaves home until home is a
sweaty voice in your ear
saying
leave,
run away from me now
I don't know what I've become
But I know that anywhere
is safer than here.

Warsan Shire

The acute pain of separation produces the following pearl:

Renouncement

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight –
The thought of thee – and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away –
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Alice Meynell

Civilisation hangs suspended, from generation to generation, by the gossamer strand of memory. If only one cohort of mothers and fathers fails to convey to its children what it has learned from its parents, then the great chain of learning and wisdom snaps.

Jacob Neusner



The Sparrow's Prayer

Father, before this sparrow's earthly flight
Ends in the darkness of a winter's night;
Father, without whose word no sparrow falls,
Hear this, thy weary sparrow, when he calls.
Mercy, not justice, is his contrite prayer,
Cancel his guilt and drive away despair;
Speak but the word, and make his spirit whole
Cleanse the dark places of his heart and soul,
Speak but the word, and set his spirit free;
Mercy, not justice, still his constant plea.
So shall thy sparrow, crumpled wings restored,
Soar like a lark and glorify his Lord.

Lord Hailsham

The People

Faces, faces in Leicester Square
Men and women everywhere –
Shop girls, lawyers, tired cashiers,
Housewives, models, auctioneers.

Thousands and thousands of you there are
Entered up by a registrar,
Sorted, checked and written on forms,
Ready for taxes and war's alarms.

To me you have no name or place,
But only a brief or casual face;
I see you with impersonal eyes
As a flux of faces and various ties.

I see you thus and yet you go
About my body to and fro:
Treading the pavement of my mind
Goes the procession of mankind.

Your despair is my distress,
I suffer at your ill success,
And when you weep and when you laugh,
I grieve and smile on your behalf.



O faces, faces, hurrying on
Seen, unrecognised and gone,
I carry with me from this street
The tangled prints of London's feet.

Clifford Dymont

Adoption

Not flesh of my flesh,
nor bone of my bone,
but still, miraculously,
my own.
Never forget
for a single minute,
you didn't grow under my
heart,
but in it.

Fleur Conkling Heyliger

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!"

ASJ Tessimond

Murder in the Cathedral

(Excerpt)

Forgive us, O Lord, we acknowledge ourselves as type of the common man,
Of the men and women who shut the door and sit by the fire;
Who fear the blessing of God, the loneliness of the night of God,
the surrender required, the deprivation inflicted;
Who fear the injustice of men less than the justice of God:
Who fear the hand at the window, the fire in the thatch
The fist in the tavern, the push into the canal,
Less than we fear the love of God.
We acknowledge our trespass, our weakness, our fault; we acknowledge
That the sin of the world is upon our heads, that the blood of the
martyrs and the agony of the saints
Is upon our heads.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us
Blessed Thomas, pray for us.

TS Eliot

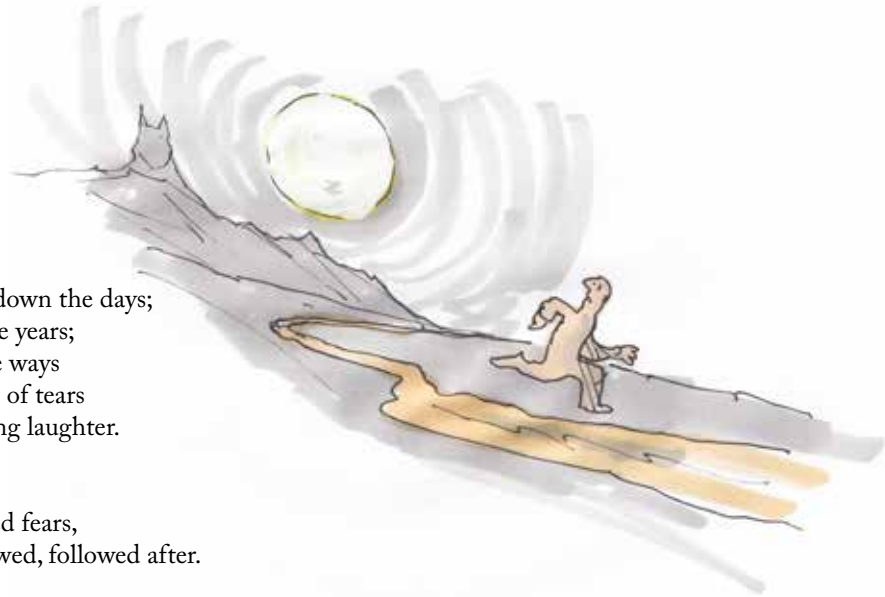
The Hound of Heaven

(Excerpt)

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped:
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat – and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet –
“All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”

Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of his hand, outstretched caressingly?
“Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest me.”

Francis Thompson





Little Gidding

(Excerpt)

The dove descending breaks the air
With flame of incandescent terror
Of which the tongues declare
The one discharge from sin and error.
The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre –
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

TS Eliot

Anguish

I shall know why, when time is over,
And I have ceased to wonder why;
Christ will explain each separate anguish
In the fair schoolroom in the sky.

He will tell me what Peter promised,
And I, for wonder at his woe,
I shall forget the drop of anguish
That scalds me now, that scalds me now.

Emily Dickinson



Uxbridge Road

The Western Road goes streaming out to seek the cleanly wild,
It pours the city's dim desires towards the undefiled,
It sweeps betwixt the huddled homes about its eddies grown
To smear the little space between the city and the sown:
The torments of that seething tide who is there that can see?
There's one that walked with starry feet the western road by me!

He is the Drover of the soul: he leads the flock of men
All wistful on that weary track, and brings them back again.
The dreaming few, the slaving crew, the motley caste of life –
The wastrel and artificer, the harlot and the wife –
They may not rest, for ever pressed by one they cannot see:
The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

He drives them east, he drives them west,
 between the dark and light;
He pastures them in city pens, he leads them home at night.
The towery trams, the threaded trains, like shuttles to and fro
To weave the web of working days in ceaseless travel go.
How harsh the woof, how long the weft!
 Who shall the fabric see?
The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

Throughout the living joyful year at lifeless tasks to strive,
And scarcely at the end to save gentility alive;
The villa plot to sow and reap, to act the villa lie,
Beset by villa fears to live, midst villa dreams to die;
Ah, who can know the dreary woe?
 And who the splendour see?
The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me.

Behold! He lent me as we went the vision of the seer;
Behold! I saw the life of men, the life of God shine clear.
I saw the hidden Spirit's thrust; I saw the race fulfil
The spiral of its steep descent, predestined of the Will.
Yet not unled, but shepherded by one they may not see –
The one who walked with starry feet the western road by me!

Evelyn Underhill

I have no right to this!



Fear

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light, not our darkness that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, “Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?”

Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There is nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine, as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It is not just in some of us: it is in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we are all liberated from our fear, our presence automatically liberates others.

Marianne Williamson

Tell us what it is that binds us together; show us the clue that leads through a thousand years; whisper to us the secret of this charmed life of England, that we in our time may know how to hold it fast.

Enoch Powell

(From a speech to The Royal Society of St George on St George's Day, 23 April 1961)

*This is perhaps the
greatest poem of
encouragement to
the old:*



Ulysses

(Excerpt)

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me –
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads – you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Richard II, Act 2 Scene 1

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry...

William Shakespeare

Christmas in Bulawayo

A hallelujah of Heuglin's robins
wakes me from a troubled sleep, troubled not
by regrets or misgivings but by hymns,
hymns of mosquitoes, high-pitched, pin-thin; prick
of crickets, strident cicadas, squirrels
bickering; and the blessing of soft rain
on a tin roof. Smell the frangipanis –
their blossoms, the milk of their bark, rotting
leaves, rotting into humus, life-giving
soil – earthworms, chongololos, flying ants;
and smell that neighbourly ham: pineapple,
cloves; basted with beer and honey: baking.

Expectant pets get meaty bones, rubber
toys, kapenta soaked in leftover soup.
Here comes the postman for his Christmas box,
here the garbage men, ZESA, WATER; queues
and queues of the homeless, the unemployed,
the downtrodden, the hungry and thirsty,
the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek,
the merciful, the peacemakers, the pure
in heart, the righteous; for theirs is the love
of a Jewish man who was sacrificed
so we may celebrate his birth, and so
we may learn that death makes life beautiful.

John Eppel

Indwelt

Not only in the words you say,
Not only by your deeds confessed,
But in the most unconscious way
Is Christ expressed.
Is it a beatific smile,
A holy light upon your brow?
Oh, no! I felt his presence
When you laughed just now.

For me, 'twas not the truth you taught
To you so clear, to me so dim,
But when you came to me
You brought a sense of Him.
And from your eyes He beckons me,
And from your lips His love is shed,
Till I lose sight of you
And see the Christ instead.

Beatrice Clelland



It should not surprise us that Nature should be so venerated by many as a source of spiritual uplift and romantic delight. Without awareness of God, the worship of nature is understandable as evidence of a deep sense of resonance in man to its beauty. What sights, smells, sounds, touches and tastes fill our being with delight: the naturalness of a butterfly, the silhouette of individual trees, the grandeur of alpine ranges, the daily horizon of sky and sea; the smell of new-mown hay, the fragrance of a rose, the scent of wet earth after rain; the sound of the sea, the babble of a brook, the call of a bird; the texture of a leaf, the feel of wood, the sponginess of moss; the crispness of an apple, the lingering flavours of a strawberry, the taste of spring water. Yet we make idols of creaturely things unless we see the hand of the Creator in all these delights. For none of them is invested with self-existence. God sustains them all.

James Houston

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.

Its involves politics, God
and the sins of the world.

It is 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



ZANE is one of the most impressive charities I have seen. The charity provides practical support to the most vulnerable people and does so in a way that caters for their mental and physical needs. ZANE has a dedicated team that focuses on building relationships. ZANE staff ensure that every penny raised is

used to deliver results.

HE Catriona Laing CB

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe



Having grown up in Zimbabwe and after many years of involvement with ZANE, I can state categorically that it is an excellent organisation. The team on the ground know each individual they help, and they treat the old, sick and afflicted with kindness and compassion. I have no hesitation in

recommending that you support this worthy cause.

Henry Olonga

Former Zimbabwe International Cricketer.



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 Editor of the BBC

Saving lives

Lois, 77, is a primary school teacher. She has colon cancer and recently had major surgery leaving her with a colostomy. As a result, Lois is in a great deal of pain and struggling to keep enough food down to keep her healthy.

Yet, Lois is still working. In Zimbabwe, those lucky enough to have jobs can't afford to retire. Sadly, many families also cannot afford school fees. Despite still working, Lois is often paid in cabbages or cooking oil as there is so little money available. Lois vows to work for as long as she is able; not just because she needs to, but because she loves to and is committed to ensuring the next generation receives a good education.

Lois' sister, 71, left to work as a care assistant in the UK

more than a year ago, the only work she could find. This story of fractured families is typical of Zimbabwe and one of the saddest outcomes of the economic collapse; children, husbands, grandchildren all emigrating in search of work, leaving their elderly relatives behind. Not having her sister close by when she needs her most is a source of great anguish to Lois.

Lois' situation would be significantly worse without the support of ZANE. We were able to cover Lois' rent and essential bills whilst she was in hospital for almost three months, ensuring she had a home to



come back to. ZANE continues to help Lois with her medical costs.

“I didn’t think I’d have anywhere to live. It was such a relief. I couldn’t have survived otherwise. Without ZANE, I simply wouldn’t be here.”

Reasons to



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



As a Zimbabwean who has represented my country on many occasions, I am saddened by the state of my beautiful homeland. If it wasn't for ZANE, the situation would be worse for many thousands of desperate people blighted by hunger, lack of access to education and ill health. ZANE provides a lifeline to these people and its efficiency and effectiveness is commendable.

Nick Price

Zimbabwean Professional Golfer

- 1 **ZANE** provides aid, comfort and support to 1,800 impoverished pensioners with nowhere else to turn. Only those genuinely in need of assistance receive it.
- 2 Donors are able to choose which aspect of **ZANE's** mission they plan to support.
- 3 **ZANE** was recently the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
- 4 **ZANE** is looking after over 600 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These men fought for the Crown in WW2, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Despite their loyal service to the UK, the overwhelming majority are living with insufficient food and limited healthcare.
- 5 **ZANE** runs education programmes in the high-density areas assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.

If you want to save a life

support ZANE

- 6 **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Eleven treatment centres have been established and over 2,600 children have received treatment to date.
- 7 **ZANE** receives no aid from the government and relies wholly on support from private donors.
- 8 **ZANE** funds the provision of prosthetic limbs for victims of landmine explosions and treatment for people with hearing loss.
- 9 **ZANE** funds are subject to rigorous audits and **ZANE** is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to busted banks, middlemen or corruption.
- 10 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.”*

then please support ZANE



ZANE does invaluable, literally lifesaving work in Zimbabwe in providing essential support for those who can no longer help themselves - especially amongst our senior citizens. As ZANE extends its fundraising activities to Australia, I am pleased to endorse

the importance of its work and guarantee that the money raised goes where it is needed most. I encourage fellow Australians to support them generously.

Matthew E K Neuhaus

Former Australian Ambassador to Zimbabwe



There are many people in Zimbabwe who today remain in desperate need of help, through no fault of their own. ZANE is a dedicated charity devoted to providing a lifeline to these people. The ZANE team is hard-working and focused, bringing impressive results for the poorest

and least advantaged, and is most worthy of our support.

Jonathan Sheppard

Former Australian Ambassador to Zimbabwe
Board member, ZANE Australia



What a difference your donation makes!



ACN 613 802 574

Zimbabwe A National Emergency

ZANE, Suite 1A, level 2, 802-808 Pacific Highway, Gordon NSW 2072

Tel: +61 466 580 127 email: zaneaustralia@gmail.com

www.zaneaustralia.org.au

Yes – I would like to support the work of ZANE Australia

3 ways to give:

- **Donate online** – <http://zaneaustralia.org.au/donate/>
- **Call us:** +61 (0) 473 113 483
- **Or return this form to:**

ZANE Australia, 502/2 Scotsman Street, Forest Lodge, NSW 2037

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

I would like to donate:

- A single gift of \$ _____
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Thank you for your support.



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ZANE will not pass on your details to third parties.

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