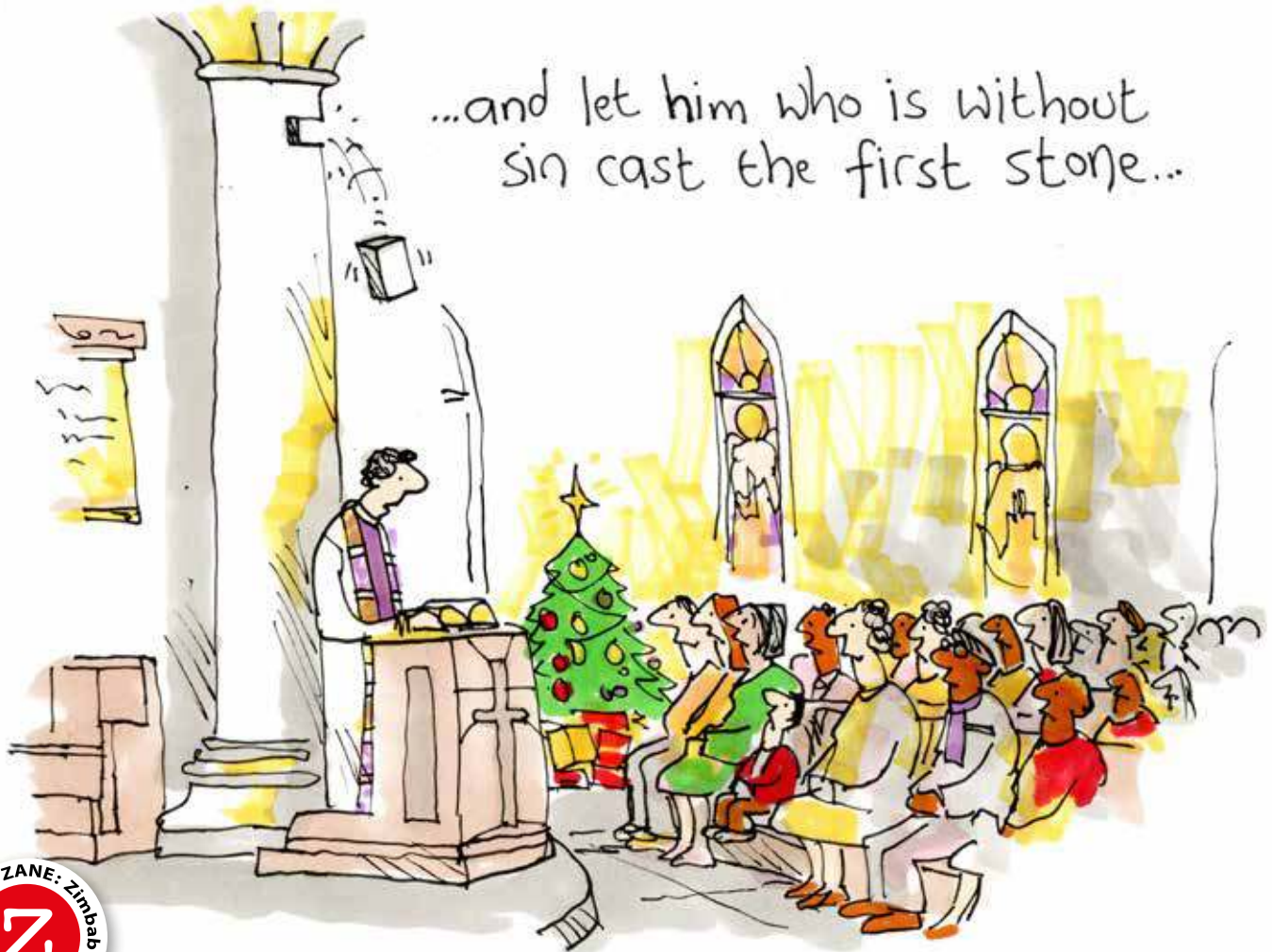


...and let him who is without
sin cast the first stone...





I have seen a little bit of ZANE's work on the ground and from what I have seen, it is very, very impressive . . . ZANE is one of those lovely organisations that make a little bit of money go a long, long way. ZANE is a good cause and the money is properly and well spent.

John Simpson CBE

World Affairs Editor of the BBC



I am deeply impressed with the work of ZANE; one of those charities that make a little money go a long way.

Baroness Royall of Blaisdon

Former Labour leader of
the House of Lords



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe provides an essential lifeline of support for those who cannot help themselves. It is a wonderful charity and the money goes where it's needed.

**Lord Hastings
of Scarisbrick CBE**

Chairman, ZANE Council of Reference
Vice-President of Unicef



Reg Charity No 1112949

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

As we near the end of another challenging year, I'm reminded of a quote from Aesop:

"No act of kindness, however small, is ever wasted."

ZANE supporters have been kind over the years, and never more so than in the last year when the world has faced challenge and upheaval. We want to reassure you that your kindness is never wasted. Every donation is greatly appreciated and cautiously spent, always on those most in need. Your kindness and generosity save lives.

As you will read in the accompanying case study, it takes courage for a destitute pensioner to contact ZANE and ask for help. Most only do so when they are desperate and there is no one else to turn to.

It is thanks to our supporters that ZANE is able to reward that courage with kindness.



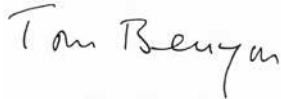
Tom Benyon OBE



Please spare a thought for the ZANE teams who work tirelessly with kindness and compassion to supply food and vital medicine to the poorest of the poor in Zimbabwe. They could not undertake this vital role without your unstinting generosity and loyalty. We thank you for continuing to respond generously to our appeals.

I hope you enjoy this ZANE collection of poetry.

Yours sincerely

A handwritten signature in dark ink that reads "Tom Benyon". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. Below the signature is a thin horizontal line.

Tom Benyon OBE

PS: Please know that through your generosity, this poetry book recoups its production and distribution costs many times over.



ZANE does fantastic work looking after vulnerable people in Zimbabwe and showing servicemen and women that they are not forgotten. They are professional, passionate and scrupulous about how the money is spent.

HMA Melanie Robinson

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe
Former Executive Director
of the World Bank

“Such,” he said, “O King, seems to me to be the present life of men on earth... as if when on a winter’s night... a single sparrow should fly swiftly into the hall, and coming in at one door, instantly fly out through another... Somewhat like this appears the life of man; but of what follows or what went before, we are utterly ignorant.”

Bede, Ecclesiastical History of the English People, Book II

“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?
And one of them shall not fall on the ground
without your Father... Fear ye not, therefore,
ye are of more value than many sparrows.”

Matthew 10:29–31



“Every man has his secret sorrows, which the world
knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold
when he is only sad.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

“Ah, but a man’s reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what’s a heaven for?”

From “Andrea del Sarto”, by Robert Browning



“I have been blessed throughout my long life with a number of the dearest and kindest friends, both men and women, that ever man had. Gratefully conscious of all that they have meant to me, I declare friendship to be precious beyond words. But it is like a plant that withers if it be not heedfully tended. It must be fostered by means of visits, of letters, of little services and attentions, and by conscious thought, sympathy and kindness. I implore my children and grandchildren to remember this, in order that the blessings that have been so abundantly mine may also be theirs to the utmost.”

From the will of Sir Sydney Cockerell, Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, from 1908 to 1937

“We must make a distinction between those who are real ‘friends’ and those who show ‘friendliness’.”

Giles Brandreth on his relationship with the late HRH Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh

“We must live for the few who know and appreciate us, and for whom we have the same affection and indulgence. The rest I look upon as a mere crowd... from whom there is nothing to be expected but fleeting emotions... which leave no trace behind them.”

Sarah Bernhardt

“Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be...”

From “Rabbi Ben Ezra”, by Robert Browning

Good and Clever

If all the good people were clever,
And all 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!

So friends, let it be our endeavour
To make each by each understood;
For few can be good, like the clever,
Or clever, so well as the good.

Elizabeth Wordsworth



Archy was a cockroach who lived in a newspaper office in 1930s New York. At night, he would leap on the keys of a typewriter and compose poems about life as he saw it. Archy couldn't create capital letters or punctuate! One of my favourites is about an egotistical toad called Warty Bliggens. I know a great many people like Warty, and perhaps sermons should be created around him.

archy meets warty bliggens

i met a toad
the other day by the name
of warty bliggens
he was sitting under
a toadstool
feeling contented
he explained that when the cosmos
was created
that toadstool was especially
planned for his personal
shelter from sun and rain
thought out and prepared
for him

do not tell me said warty bliggens
that there is not a purpose
in the universe
the thought is blasphemy
a little more conversation revealed
that warty bliggens
considers himself to be
the center of the said
universe
the earth exists
to grow toadstools for him
to sit under
the sun to give him light
by day and the moon
and wheeling constellations
to make beautiful
the night for the sake of
warty bliggens



to what act of yours
do you impute
this interest on the part
of the creator
of the universe
i asked him
why is it that you
are so greatly favored

ask rather
said warty bliggens
what the universe
has done to deserve me
if i were a
human being i would
not laugh
too complacently
at poor warty bliggens
for similar
absurdities
have only too often
lodged in the crinkles
of the human cerebrum

archy

From *archy and mehitabel*
by Don Marquis

When You Are Old

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

WB Yeats



Nativity

A flower has opened in my heart...
What flower is this, what flower of spring,
What simple, secret thing?
It is the peace that shines apart,
The peace of daybreak skies that bring
Clear song and wild swift wing.

Heart's miracle of inward light,
What powers unknown have sown your seed
And your perfection freed?...
O flower within me wondrous white,
I know you only as my need
And my unsealed sight.

Siegfried Sassoon



The Last Enemy

And He, who each day,
Reveals a new masterpiece of sky,
And whose joy
Can be seen in the eyelash of a child,
Who, when He hears of our smug indifference,
Can whisper an ocean into a lashing fury
And talk tigers into padding roars.
This is my God,
Whose breath is in the wings of eagles,
Whose power is etched in the crags of mountains,
It is He whom I will meet,
In whose presence I will find tulips and clouds,
kneeling martyrs and trees,
The whole vast praising of His endless creation.
And He will grant the uniqueness
that eluded me,
in my earthly bartering with Satan.
That day when He will erase the painful gasps of my ego,
And I will sink my face into the wonder of His glorylove.
And I will watch planets converse with sparrows.
On that day
When death is finally dead.

Stewart Henderson

Old Friends

The sky widens to Cornwall. A sense of sea
Hangs in the lichenous branches and still there's light.
The road from its tunnel of blackthorn rises free
To a final height,

And over the west is glowing a mackerel sky
Whose opal fleece has faded to purple pink.
In this hour of the late-lit, listening evening, why
Do my spirits sink?

The tide is high and a sleepy Atlantic sends
Exploring ripple on ripple down Polzeath shore,
And the gathering dark is full of the thought of friends
I shall see no more.

Where is Anne Channel who loved this place the best,
With her tense blue eyes and her shopping-bag
falling apart,
And her racy gossip and nineteen-twenty zest,
And warmth of heart?

Where's Roland, easing his most unwieldy car,
With its load of golf-clubs, backwards into the lane?
Where's Kathleen Stokes with her Sealyhams?
There's Doom Bar:
Bray Hill shows plain;

For this is the turn, and the well-known trees
draw near;
On the road their pattern in moonlight fades
and swells:
As the engine stops, from two miles off I hear
St Minver bells.



What a host of stars in a wideness still and deep:
What a host of souls, as a motor-bike whines away
And the silver snake of the estuary curls to sleep
In Daymer Bay.

Are they one with the Celtic saints and the years
between?
Can they see the moonlit pools where ribbonweed
drifts?
As I reach our hill, I am part of a sea unseen –
And oppression lifts.

John Betjeman

Wild Nights

Wild nights – Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile – the winds –
To a Heart in port –
Done with the Compass –
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden –
Ah – the Sea!
Might I but moor – tonight –
In thee!

Emily Dickinson

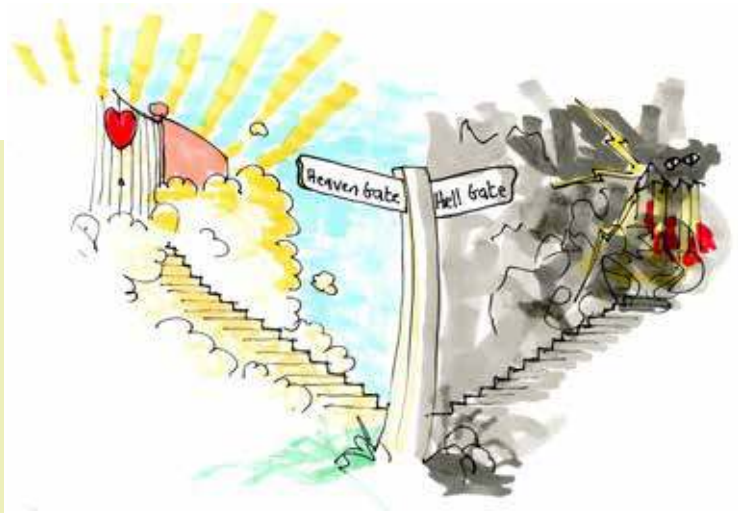


This poem used to sit on Margaret Thatcher's desk.

You Have No Enemies

You have no enemies, you say?
Alas! My friend, the boast is poor.
He who has mingled in the fray
Of duty, that the brave endure
Must have made foes! If you have none,
Small is the work that you have done.
You've hit no traitor on the hip,
You've dashed no cup from perjured lip,
You've never turned the wrong to right,
You've been a coward in the fight.

Charles Mackay



The Rock (Excerpt)

There shall always be the Church and the World;
And the Heart of Man;
Shivering and fluttering between them,
 choosing and chosen,
Valiant, ignoble, dark, and full of light;
Swinging between Hell Gate and Heaven Gate.
And the Gates of Hell shall not prevail.
Darkness now, then
Light.

TS Eliot

Sweetness

Just when it has seemed I couldn't bear
one more friend
waking with a tumor, one more maniac
with a perfect reason, often a sweetness
has come
and changed nothing in the world
except the way I stumbled through it,
for a while lost
in the ignorance of loving

...and now, my friend,
sweetness descends...



someone or something, the world shrunk
to mouth-size,
hand-size, and never seeming small.

I acknowledge there is no sweetness
that doesn't leave a stain,
no sweetness that's ever sufficiently sweet.

Tonight a friend called to say his lover
was killed in a car
he was driving. His voice was low
and guttural, he repeated what he needed
to repeat, and I repeated
the one or two words we have for such grief
until we were speaking only in tones.

Often a sweetness comes
as if on loan, stays just long enough
to make sense of what it means to be alive,
then returns to its dark
source. As for me, I don't care
where it's been, or what bitter road
it's traveled
to come so far, to taste so good.

Stephen Dunn



She's a journalist



How to Deal with the Press

She'll urge you to confide. Resist.
Be careful, courteous, and cool.
Never trust a journalist.

"We're off the record," she'll insist.
If you believe her, you're a fool.
She'll urge you to confide. Resist.

Should you tell her who you've kissed,
You'll see it all in print, and you'll
Never trust a journalist

Again. The words are hers to twist,
And yours the risk of ridicule.
She'll urge you to confide. Resist.

"But X is nice," the publicist
Will tell you. "We were friends at school."
Never trust a journalist

Hostile, friendly, sober, pissed,
Male or female – that's the rule.
When tempted to confide, resist.
Never trust a journalist.

Wendy Cope

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

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream – and not make dreams your master;
If you can think – and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling



Try to be happy for me... If
You can't, though, I'll be happy
anyway



The Final Analysis

People are often unreasonable, illogical and self-centered. 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 could destroy overnight. Build anyway.
If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous. Be happy anyway.
The good you do today, people will often forget tomorrow. Do good anyway.
Give the world the best you have, and it may never be enough. Give your best anyway.
You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and your God. It was never between you and them anyway.

Mother Teresa



My Husband

Ah, yes, put him down, that's right
Oh, Alfred dear, into that small square hole,
And in that very modern ugly canister,
That I cannot bear to see.
Quiet, see the rector reads,
I cannot hear his words, but they are true,
I know. Yet, dear Lord, my loneliness is great
As here I stand, alone.

Look how my wreath of heather shimmers in the wind,
Picked from the rockery that we together built;
Pale purple bells, silent as those on our wedding day,
When sixty years ago we slipped into church
And out again married and all unknown.

Of course, Alfred was not perfect,
But neither then, was I,
Both of us were obstinate and set in ancient ways.
We differed often, but who will differ with me now?
I cannot argue with an alien face,
And all faces seem alien to me now.
Poor Alfred cramped into that bronze canister
Like a Christmas pound of tea,
And yet, of course, not there at all.
I want to weep, but shall not,
Not before these strange young things,
They might not understand,
But sixty years with one is a long, long time.

Ah there, the rector closes his book.
Why do they nudge me, I know quite well
That this is when I scatter in my flowers
To my dear dead man.

Oh dear, dear. How provoking. There they go,
Two bunches, bump, bump upon that tin,
Oh, my foolish fingers, so stiff, so graceless,
Incapable of the flowing, gentle and smooth.
I had wanted to scatter them like a cloud,
I did not see that they were tied.
I am sorry, Alfred, for that ugly gesture,
And your still more ugly tin.
Still, you would not mind, you never saw,
For it was only I who worried so
About beauty and the look of things.

Now they all turn to go; I must go too.
Oh, Alfred, I wish it were a longer journey,
Not that empty house,
But Home, my last Home, safe once more with you.
Thank you, Rector, for all you have done.
Good afternoon.

David Lockwood

The Conversion of St Paul

Now is the time when we recall
The sharp Conversion of St Paul.
Converted! Turned the wrong way round –
A man who seemed till then quite sound,
Keen on religion – very keen –
No-one, it seems, had ever been
So keen on persecuting those
Who said that Christ was God and chose
To die for this absurd belief
As Christ had died beside the thief.
Then in a sudden blinding light
Paul knew that Christ was God all right –
And very promptly lost his sight.



Poor Paul! They led him by the hand
He who had been so high and grand
A helpless blunderer, fasting, waiting,
Three days inside himself debating
In physical blindness: “As it’s true
That Christ is God and died for you,
Remember all the things you did
To keep His gospel message hid.
Remember how you helped them even
To throw the stones that murdered Stephen.
And do you think that you are strong
Enough to own that you were wrong?”

They must have been an awful time,
Those three long days repenting crime
Till Ananias came and Paul
Received his sight, and more than all
His former strength, and was baptized.
Saint Paul is often criticized
By modern people who’re annoyed
At his conversion, saying Freud
Explains it all. But they omit
The really vital point of it,
Which isn’t how it was achieved
But what it was that Paul believed.

He knew as certainly as we
Know you are you and I am me
That Christ was all He claimed to be.
What is conversion? Turning round
From chaos to a love profound.
And chaos too is an abyss
In which the only life is this.
Such a belief is quite all right
If you are sure like Mrs Knight
And think morality will do
For all the ills we're subject to.

But raise your eyes and see with Paul
An explanation of it all.
Injustice, cancer's cruel pain,
All suffering that seems in vain,
The vastness of the universe,
Creatures like centipedes and worse –
All part of an enormous plan
Which mortal eyes can never scan
And out if it came God to man.
Jesus is God and came to show
The world we live in here below
Is just an antechamber where
We for His Father's house prepare.

What is conversion? Not at all
For me the experience of St Paul,
No blinding light, a fitful glow
Is all the light of faith I know
Which sometimes goes completely out
And leaves me plunging round in doubt
Until I will myself to go
And worship in God's house below –
My parish Church – and even there
I find distractions everywhere.

What is Conversion? Turning round
To gaze upon a love profound.
For some of us see Jesus plain
And never once look back again,
And some of us have seen and known
And turned and gone away alone,
But most of us turn slow to see
The figure hanging on a tree
And stumble on and blindly grope
Upheld by intermittent hope.
God grant before we die we all
May see the light as did St Paul.

John Betjeman



Pray Don't Find Fault

Pray don't find fault with the man who limps
or stumbles along the road,
unless you have worn the shoes he wears
or struggled beneath his load.
There may be tacks in his shoes that hurt,
though hidden away from view,
or the burden he bears, placed on your back
might cause you to stumble too.
Don't sneer at the man who's down today
unless you have felt the blow
that caused his fall or felt the shame
that only the fallen know.

You may be strong, but still the blows
that were his if dealt to you,
in the selfsame way, at the selfsame time,
might cause you to stagger too.
Don't be too harsh with the man who sins
or pelt him with word or stone,
unless you are sure, yea, doubly sure,
that you have no sins of your own
for you know perhaps if the tempter's voice
should whisper as softly to you
as it did to him when he went astray,
it might cause you to stumble too.

Rama Muthukrishnan

Rich Man

Rich man, rich man, who are you?
Do you seek the Christ Child too?
In your palace and your court,
life is busy, life is short.
Have you time to go away
to find a baby in the hay?
Can you get your camel through
the needle's eye, as you must do?

Rich man, rich man, you've come far.
Where did you learn to trust a star
instead of turning to a king
to guide you in your wandering?
Rich man, how did you grow wise
in spite of all your kingly guise?
Who taught you to play your part,
to bring an educated heart
to the stable in the west
so you could kneel there and be blessed?

Elizabeth Rooney



Sorry, gotta go... Zoom meetings
starting!..



Time

Time, Lord, time.
I've hardly a moment to think about it!
So much to do,
So much to accomplish.
Lord, slow me down...
After all, time is yours.
And eternity...
Lord, when I am busy,
Dragged down, deep mired in self-made burdens,
Put your hand on my shoulder.
Slow me down.
Help me see that people matter more than projects.
That listening and loving mean more,
Than the endless whirling circles of activity that
dizzy me.
Make me understand
That if I go rushing around,
I'm no different from the rest of my world.
Amen

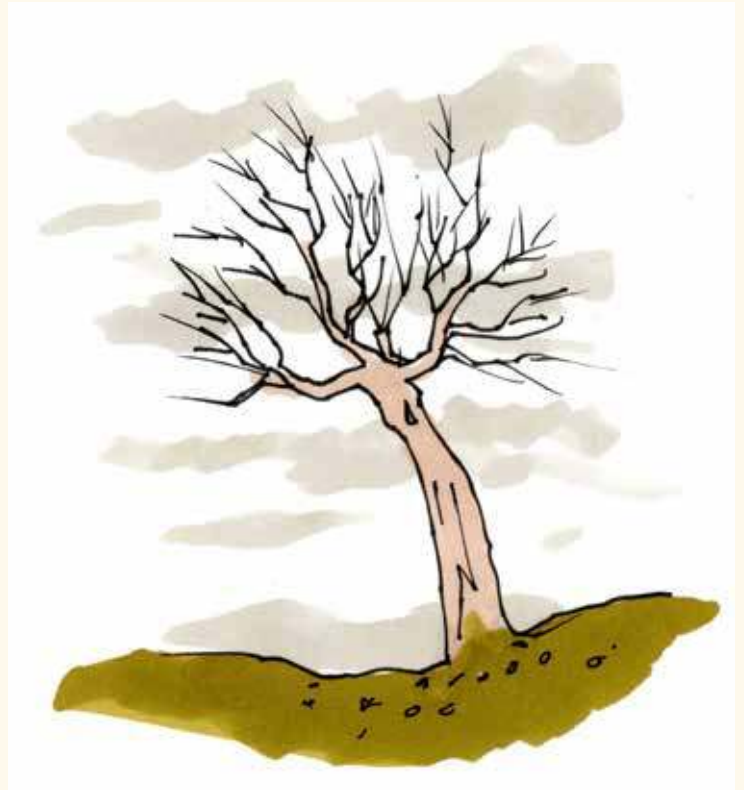
Anon

What Lips My Lips Have Kissed

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
Under my head till morning; but the rain
Is full of ghosts tonight, that tap and sigh
Upon the glass and listen for reply,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet pain
For unremembered lads that not again
Will turn to me at midnight with a cry.

Thus in the winter stands the lonely tree,
Nor knows what birds have vanished one by one,
Yet knows its boughs more silent than before:
I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
I only know that summer sang in me
A little while, that in me sings no more.

Edna St. Vincent Millay





The Mystery

I am the wind which breathes upon the sea,
I am the wave of the ocean,
I am the murmur of the billows,
I am the ox of the seven combats,
I am the vulture upon the rocks,
I am the beam of the sun,
I am the fairest of plants,
I am the wild boar in valour,
I am a salmon in the water,

I am a lake in the plain,
I am a word of science,
I am the point of the lance of battle,
I am the God who created in the head the fire.
Who is it who throws light into the meeting
on the mountain?
Who announces the ages of the moon?
Who teaches the place where couches the sun?
(If not I)

Amergin Glangel

The Two Parents

I love my little son, and yet when he was ill,
I could not confine myself to his bedside.

I was impatient of his squalid little needs,
His laboured breathing and the fretful way he cried
And longed for my wide range of interests again,
Whereas his mother sank without another care
To that dread level of nothing but life itself
And stayed day and night, till he was better, there.

Women may pretend, yet they always dismiss
Everything but mere being just like this.

Hugh MacDiarmid





Miracles

Why! who makes much of a miracle?
As to me, I know of 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 my mother,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around 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 sun-down – 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 distinct and in its place.

To me, every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same,
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same;
Every spear of grass – the frames, limbs, organs, of men and women, and all that concerns them,
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.

To me the sea is a continual miracle;
The fishes that swim – the rocks – the motion of the waves – the ships, with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

Walt Whitman

Not Love, Perhaps

This is not Love, perhaps,
Love that lays down its life,
that many waters cannot quench,
nor the floods drown,
But something written in lighter ink,
said in a lower tone, something, perhaps,
especially our own.

A need, at times, to be together and talk,
And then the finding we can walk
More firmly through dark narrow places,
And meet more easily nightmare faces;
A need to reach out, sometimes, hand to hand,
And then find Earth less like an alien land;
A need for alliance to defeat
The whisperers at the corner of the street.

A need for inns on roads, islands in seas,
Halts for discoveries to be shared,
Maps checked, notes compared;
A need, at times, of each for each,
Direct as the need of throat and tongue for speech.

ASJ 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 nectared 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 large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Portrait of a Romantic

He is in love with the land that is always over
The next hill and the next, with the bird that is never
Caught, with the room beyond the looking-glass.

He likes the half-hid, the half-heard, the half-lit,
The man in the fog, the road without an ending,
Stray pieces of torn words to piece together.

He is well aware that man is always lonely,
Listening for an echo of his cry, crying for the moon,
Making the moon his mirror, weeping in the night.

He often dives in the deep-sea undertow
Of the dark and dreaming mind. He turns at corners,
Twists on his heel to trap his following shadow.

He is haunted by the face behind the face.
He searches for last frontiers and lost doors.
He tries to climb the wall around the world.

ASJ Tessimond



Dirge Without Music

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains, – but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love, –
They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave.
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

Edna St. Vincent Millay



Elegy

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of gain.
The day is gone and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard and yet it was not told,
My fruit is fallen, and yet my leaves are green,
My youth is spent and yet I am not old,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen,
My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death and found it in my womb,
I looked for life and saw it was a shade,
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I was but made.
My glass is full, and now my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done.

Chidiok Tichborne

(Composed on the eve of his execution for his part in the Catholic Babington Plot, to assassinate Queen Elizabeth I in 1586).

Jeremiah 9:23–24

Thus saith the Lord,
Let not the wise man boast in his wisdom,
neither let the mighty man boast in his might,
let not the rich man boast in his riches;
But let him that boasteth boast in this,
that he understandeth and knoweth me,
that I am the Lord which exercise
loving kindness, judgement, and righteousness
in the earth:
for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

Ecclesiasticus 43:11–26

Look at the rainbow, and praise him who made it;
it is exceedingly beautiful in its brightness.
It encircles the sky with its glorious arc;
the hands of the Most High have stretched it out.
By his command he sends the driving snow
and speeds the lightnings of his judgement.
Therefore the storehouses are opened,
and the clouds fly out like birds.
In his majesty he gives the clouds their strength,
and the hailstones are broken in pieces.
The voice of his thunder rebukes the earth;
when he appears, the mountains shake.
At his will the south wind blows;
so do the storm from the north and the whirlwind.
He scatters the snow like birds flying down,
and its descent is like locusts alighting.
The eye is dazzled by the beauty of its whiteness,
and the mind is amazed as it falls.
He pours frost over the earth like salt,
and icicles form like pointed thorns.

The cold north wind blows,
and ice freezes on the water;
it settles on every pool of water,
and the water puts it on like a breastplate.
He consumes the mountains and burns up the wilderness,
and withers the tender grass like fire.
A mist quickly heals all things;
the falling dew gives refreshment from the heat.
By his plan he stilled the deep
and planted islands in it.
Those who sail the sea tell of its dangers,
and we marvel at what we hear.
In it are strange and marvellous creatures,
all kinds of living things, and huge sea-monsters.
Because of him each of his messengers succeeds,
and by his word all things hold together.

*This was the first reading at the funeral of
Prince Philip, The Duke of Edinburgh*

An Apologist's Evening Prayer

From all my lame defeats and oh! much more
From all the victories that I seemed to score;
From cleverness shot forth on Thy behalf
At which, while angels weep, the audience laugh;
From all my proofs of Thy divinity,
Thou, who wouldst give no sign, deliver me.

Thoughts are but coins. Let me not trust, instead
of Thee, their thin-worn image of Thy head.
From all my thoughts,
even from my thoughts of Thee,
O thou fair Silence, fall, and set me free.
Lord of the narrow gate and the needle's eye,
Take from me all my trumpery lest I die.

CS Lewis

The Priest

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of God
The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been pour'd out on thee! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
Of Holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
And may thy place today be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion: – through the Same, through Christ,
our Lord.

Cardinal Newman

(From *"The Dream of Gerontius"*)



Christmas Song

Above the weary waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air.
And o'er the humblest rooftree, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright, –
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?

The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know, –
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

Bliss Carman

Ain't I a Woman?

That man over there say
A woman needs to be helped into carriages
And lifted over ditches
And to have the best place everywhere.
Nobody ever helped me into carriages
Or over mud puddles
Or gives me a best place...

And ain't I a woman?
look at me
Look at my arm!
I have ploughed and planted
And gathered into barns
and no man could head me...
And ain't I a woman?
I could work as much
And eat as much as a man -
When I could get to it -
And beat the lash as well

And ain't I a woman?
I have borne thirteen children
And seen most all sold into slavery
And when I cried out a mother's grief
None but Jesus heard me...
And ain't I a woman?
That little man in black there say
A woman can't have as much rights as a man
cause Christ wasn't a woman
Where did your Christ come from?
From God and a woman!
Man had nothing to do with him!
If the first woman God ever made
Was strong enough to turn the world
upside down, all alone
together woman ought to be able to turn it
rightside up again.

Erlene Stetson

*from a speech by Isabella, a slave freed in 1827, and known as
"Sojourner Truth"*

Feeding the Poor at Christmas

Every Christmas we feed the poor.
We arrive an hour late, poor dears,
Like children waiting for a treat.
Bring your plates. Don't move.
Don't try turning up for more.
No. Even if you don't drink
You can't take your share
for your husband. Say thank you
and a rosary for us every evening.
No. Not a towel and a shirt,
even if they're old.
What's that you said?
You're a good man, Robert, yes,
beggars can't be exactly.

Eunice de Souza

The Journey

And if you go up that way, you will meet with a man
Leading a horse, whose eyes declare:
There is no God. Take no notice,
There will be other roads and other men
With the same creed, whose lips yet utter
Friendlier greeting, men who have learned
To pack a little of the sun's light
In their cold eyes, whose hands are waiting
For your hand. But do not linger,
A smile is payment; the road runs on
With many turnings towards the tall
Tree to which the believer is nailed.

RS Thomas

When all Thy Mercies, O My God

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From Whom those comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the last a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

...Not just for eternity, but
for all eternity...



Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison

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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 ZANE generously.

Matthew E K Neuhaus

Former Australian Ambassador to Zimbabwe



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



ZANE's work in Zimbabwe quite simply provides a lifeline 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.

Deborah Bronnert CMG

UK Ambassador to Russia
and former UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe, 2011–2014

Finding the



It took Valerie* (77) three months to find the courage to contact ZANE. Her situation had become so desperate that she had nowhere else to turn.

Valerie and her late husband, Ian, worked hard all their lives and were able to buy a house that they hoped would be a good investment. Ian became unwell in 2005 and after a long and expensive treatment regime, he sadly died in 2007. Valerie moved into a small flat, renting out the marital home to top up her small monthly income. Unfortunately, the devaluation of the Zimbabwe dollar in 2008 reduced her funds to a pittance and she had no choice but to sell her home for \$60,000. She banked the money and continued to live as frugally as possible.

In 2011, Valerie's flat was broken into, and she was badly beaten and sexually assaulted. On leaving hospital, she could not face returning to her flat and she moved into a cottage in a

courage ...

retirement complex. However, her experiences had left her suffering with PTSD and she was unable to work. Surviving on the proceeds of her house sale, Valerie was extremely cautious –she went without hot water and ate just two small meals a day.

In 2019, Valerie's savings were converted to Zimbabwe "bond" dollars. This move by the government took the country by storm, causing serious inflation and catastrophic consequences for people who once again saw their savings disappear overnight. Valerie was left destitute. By the time she found the courage to contact ZANE, she was severely malnourished and almost out of medication.

Valerie's life is now much easier. ZANE provides her with a regular food parcel, covers her medication costs and ensures she can afford hot water.

***“Who knew a hot shower
would feel so good!
I was so ashamed to
ask for help but you
have been so kind and
understanding.
Life feels worth living
again. Thank you.”***

Reasons to support ZANE

1. **ZANE** provides aid, comfort and support to 2,090 impoverished pensioners with nowhere else to turn. Only those genuinely in need of assistance receive it.
2. Donors can choose which area of **ZANE**'s work they wish to support.
3. **ZANE** was the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
4. **ZANE** is looking after around 600 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in the Second World War, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Without ZANE, they would be living with insufficient food and no healthcare.
5. **ZANE** runs education programmes in a high-density suburb, assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.
6. **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Thirteen treatment centres have been established and over 4,220 children have received treatment to date.
7. **ZANE** funds the provision of prosthetic limbs for victims of landmine explosions and treatment for people with hearing loss.
8. **ZANE**'s funds are subject to rigorous audits and **ZANE** is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to collapsed banks, middlemen or corruption.
9. An independent consultancy reviewed **ZANE** and the report stated:
"The charity thrives on its responsiveness, flexibility and lack of bureaucracy. Operationally, ZANE is frugal, focused and effective in delivering aid to the needy."

If you want to save a life, then please support ZANE

www.zane.australia.org.au

What a difference your donation makes!



ACN 613 802 574



You can save a life today

Donate online at www.zaneaustralia.org.au/donate

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