





“ ZANE is a brilliant charity working in the failed state of Zimbabwe, caring for the old and lonely, providing medical treatment and supporting communities. You can choose where your money goes.

Dame Prue Leith DBE DL
Cookery writer and restaurateur

”



“ I much admire ZANE’s valuable work amongst the poorest of the poor in Zimbabwe, particularly amongst pensioners and for its clubfoot programme.

The Rt Hon Andrew Mitchell MP
Former Minister of State for Development and Africa

”



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

John Simpson CBE
World Affairs Editor of the BBC

”

Illustrations by Tony Husband



Reg Charity No 1112949

ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Dear Reader

On my last visit to Zimbabwe, I met Charlie*, a pensioner whose desperate situation gave him every reason for acute despair.

However, rather than complain about the circumstances he was unable to control, he simply told me that the kindness of ZANE supporters “*made the day worth living*”.

This quote, from F Scott Fitzgerald, is in this poetry booklet. It’s your kindness and generosity that means so much to the people ZANE helps, for there is nothing else – for example, no NHS or social services provision – for pensioners like Charlie to rely on.

In addition to providing life-saving food, shelter and medicine for Zimbabwe’s destitute pensioners, your generosity sends a potent message of compassion and hope. You are making the days of so many people worth living.



Tom Benyon OBE

* Name has been changed on grounds of security

It is only thanks to your unstinting support that ZANE is able to continue its vital work. Please know that your generosity is never taken for granted, and that we direct the benefit to those most in need.

We hope you enjoy ZANE's collection of poems this Christmas. Please remember that this booklet always raises far more money than it costs to produce and distribute.

Thank you for standing with us, and for encouraging our team in Zimbabwe who work bravely and tirelessly to assist those in greatest need.

Tom Benyon

Tom Benyon OBE

PS: To see how your generosity is transforming and saving lives, please take a look at the three-minute film on zane.uk.com



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

HRH Prince Michael of Kent gcvo

”

As the outlook has never been more uncertain, perhaps the following excerpt, from King George VI's 1939 Christmas broadcast, makes a fitting start:

“I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, ‘Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.’ And he replied, ‘Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.’

May that Almighty hand guide and uphold us all.”

George VI was quoting from “The Gate of the Year” by Minnie Louise Haskins



“Let us be contented with what has happened to us and thankful for all we have been spared.

Let us accept the natural order in which we move.

Let us reconcile ourselves to the mysterious rhythm of our destinies, such as they must be in this world of space and time.

Let us treasure our joys but not bewail our sorrows. The glory of light cannot exist without its shadows.

Life is a whole, and good and ill must be accepted together. The journey has been enjoyable and well worth making – once.”

The Right Hon Winston Churchill



“I stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked for my autograph.”

Shirley Temple, who began her meteoric rise to film stardom at the age of three

“Our interest’s on the dangerous edge of things. The honest thief, the tender murderer, the superstitious atheist.”

Robert Browning

“Your grandchildren will never remember you if you pay their school fees and buy houses for their parents – but they will never forget you if you take them to Disneyland.”

James Pringle

A Californian survey sought to establish what spurs people to attend funerals? Was it how close a friend the deceased was? Or whether they were famous or not? Or how many charities they supported, or the number of good works they had undertaken?

No!

The answer: “Whether or not it’s raining”!

“Think where man’s glory most begins and ends,
and say my glory was I had such friends.”

WB Yeats

“The two most important days in your life
are the day you were born and the day you
find out why.”

Mark Twain

“We were put on this earth to serve
others. Quite what the others are for,
I have yet to find out!”

Clendon Daukes

“Life is not always a matter of holding good cards
but sometimes, playing a poor hand well.”

Jack London

The Indispensable Man

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted,
You're the best qualified in the room.

Sometime when you feel that your going,
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow these simple instructions,
And see how they humble your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it up to the wrist,
Pull it out and the hole that's remaining,
Is a measure of how much you'll be missed.

You can splash all you wish when you enter,
You may stir up the water galore,
But stop and you'll find that in no time,
It looks quite the same as before.

The moral of this quaint example,
Is do just the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself but remember,
There's no indispensable man.

Saxon White Kessinger



“It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But like morning light
It scattered the night
And made the day worth living.”

F Scott Fitzgerald

Youth

“Youth is not a time of life: it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigour of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over the timidity of the appetite, for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of sixty more than a boy of twenty. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing child-like appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living. In the centre of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the infinite, so long are you young.

When the aerials are down and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, but as long as your aerials are up, to catch the waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at ninety.”

Samuel Ullman

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted nigh
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.



At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things
Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

Thomas Hardy

Being Boring

If you ask me “What’s new?”, I have nothing to say
Except that the garden is growing.
I have a slight cold but it’s better today.
I’m content with the way things are going.
Yes, he’s the same as he usually is,
Still eating and sleeping and snoring.
I get on with my work. He gets on with his.
I know this is all very boring.

There was drama enough in my turbulent past:
Tears and passion – I’ve used up a tankful.
No news is good news and long may it last.
If nothing much happens, I’m thankful.
A happier cabbage you never did see,
My vegetable spirits are soaring.
If you’re after excitement, steer well clear of me,
I want to go on being boring.



I don't go to parties. Well, what are they for,
If you don't need to find a new lover?
You drink and you listen and drink a bit more,
And you take the next day to recover.
Someone to stay home with was all my desire,
And, now that I've found a safe mooring,
I've just one ambition in life: I aspire
To go on and on being boring.

Wendy Cope



My Candle

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

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Limited

I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack trains
of the nation.
Hurling across the prairie into blue haze and dark air go
fifteen all-steel coaches holding a thousand people.
(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all the men
and women laughing in the diners and sleepers shall pass
to ashes.)
I ask a man in the smoker where he is going, and he
answers: "Omaha".

Carl Sandburg

"The avaricious man who thinks of
nothing else but money and gain, and the
ambitious man who thinks of nothing but
glory are not believed to be mad. In truth,
however, avarice, ambition and lust are a
kind of madness, although they are not
reckoned to be amongst the diseases."

Baruch Spinoza

The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer
Thought it scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,
But he held it up with a smile.
“What am I bidden, good folks,” he cried,
“Who’ll start the bidding for me?
A dollar, a dollar. Then two! Only two?
Two dollars, and who’ll make it three?”

“Three dollars once; three dollars twice;
Going for three?” But no,
From the room, far back, a grey-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow;
Then wiping the dust from the old violin,
And tightening the loosened strings,
He played a melody pure and sweet,
As a carolling angel sings.



The music ceased, then the auctioneer,
With a voice that was quiet and low,
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"
And he held it up with the bow.
"A thousand dollars, and who'll make it two?
Two thousand! And who'll make it three?
Three thousand, once, three thousand, twice,
And going and gone," said he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,
"We do not quite understand.
What changed its worth?" Swift came the reply:
"The touch of a master's hand."
And many a man with his life out of tune,
And battered and scarred with sin,
Is auctioned cheap to the thoughtless crowd,
Much like the old violin.

A "mess of pottage", a glass of wine,
A game – and he travels on.
He is "going" once, and "going" twice,
He's "going" and almost "gone".
But the Master comes and the foolish crowd
Never can quite understand,
The worth of a soul and the change that is wrought
By the touch of the Master's hand.

Myra Brooks Welch

The Loom of Time

Man's life is laid in the loom of time
To a pattern he does not see,
While the weavers work and the shuttles fly
Till the dawn of eternity.

Some shuttles are filled with silver threads,
And some with threads of gold,
While often but the darker hues
Are all that they may hold.

But the weaver watches with skilful eye
Each shuttle fly to and fro,
And sees the pattern so deftly wrought
As the loom works true but slow.

God surely planned that pattern,
Each thread, the dark and fair,
Was chosen by his master's skill
And placed in the web with care.

He only knows its beauty,
And guides the shuttles which hold
The threads so unattractive,
As well as the threads of gold.

Not till each loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Shall God reveal the pattern
And explain the reason why.

The dark threads are as needful
In the weaver's skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern he has planned.

Anon

Funeral Blues

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

Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead
Scribbling on the sky the message "He is Dead".
Put crepe bows around the necks of the public doves,
Let the traffic policemen wear black cotton gloves.

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

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

WH Auden

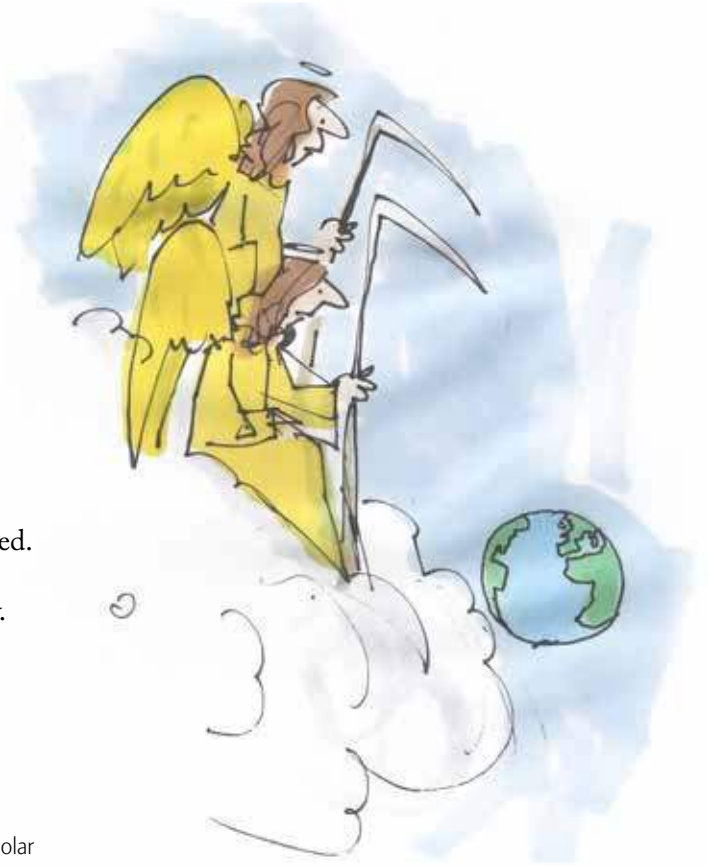


Heraclitus

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou are lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake:
For Death, he takes it all away, but them he cannot take.

William Johnson Cory's translation of an epigram by the Greek poet and scholar Callimachus (third century BC)



Eden Rock

They are waiting for me somewhere beyond Eden Rock:
My father, twenty-five, in the same suit
Of Genuine Irish Tweed, his terrier, Jack
Still two years old and trembling at his feet.

My mother, twenty-three, in a sprigged dress
Drawn at the waist, ribbon in her straw hat,
Has spread the stiff white cloth over the grass.
Her hair, the colour of wheat, takes on the light.

She pours tea from a Thermos, the milk
Straight from an old H.P. sauce bottle, a screw
Of paper for a cork; slowly sets out
The same three plates, the tin cups painted blue.

The sky whitens as if lit by three suns.
My mother shades her eyes and looks my way
Over the drifted stream. My father spins
A stone along the water. Leisurely,

They beckon to me from the other bank.
I hear them call, "See where the stream path is!
Crossing is not as hard as you think."

I had not thought that it would be like this.

Charles Causley



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 the rest,
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 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 distinct and in
its place.

Walt Whitman

Joy Comes Back

When you finally realise
that joy is less fireworks, more firefly
less orchestra, more birdsong
she will come back much more often

for joy will not fight with the fast pace of this life
she is not in the shiny or the new

she breathes in the basic, simmers in the simple
and dances in the daily to and fro

joy has been beckoning you
for many a year my friend
you were just too busy doing, to see

the very next time joy wraps her quiet warmth around you
as the garden embraces your weary body
in its wildness



tip her a nod... she doesn't stay long
but if you are a gracious host
joy comes back.

Donna Ashworth



Daydream

One day people will touch and talk perhaps easily,
And loving be natural as breathing and warm as sunlight,
And people will untie themselves, as string is unknotted,
Unfold and yawn and stretch and spread their fingers,
Unfurl, uncurl like seaweed returned to the sea,
And work will be simple and swift as a seagull flying,

And play will be casual and quiet as a seagull settling,
And the clocks will stop, and no one will wonder
or care or notice,
And people will smile without reason,
Even in winter, even in the rain.

ASJ Tessimond

As Much As You Can

And 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.

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

CP Cavafy



The Ladder of St Augustine

(Excerpt)

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

HW Longfellow

On Children

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom
said, "Speak to us of children."

And he said:

"Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing
for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you, yet they belong
not to you.

Do well
my son



You may give them your love but not your thoughts,
For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not their souls,
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them but seek not
to make them like you.

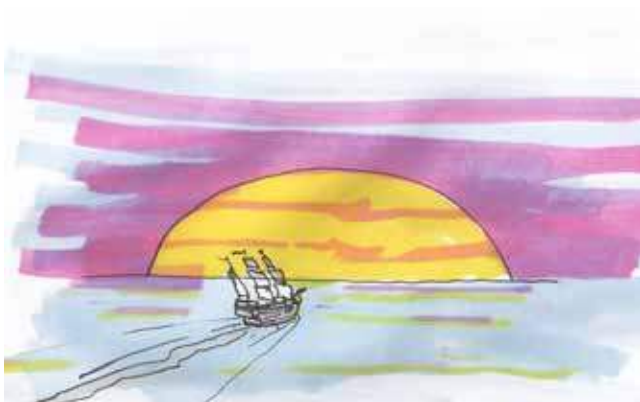
For life goes not backwards nor tarries with yesterday.

You are the bows from which your children as living
arrows are sent forth.

The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite,
and He bends you with His might that His arrows
may go swift and far.

Let your bending in the archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves
also the bow that is stable.

Kahlil Gibran



A Psalm of Life

(Excerpt)

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

HW Longfellow

Their Lonely Betters

As I listened from a beach-chair in the shade
To all the noises that my garden made,
It seemed to me only proper that words
Should be withheld from vegetables and birds.

A robin with no Christian name ran through
The Robin-Anthem, which was all it knew,
And rustling flowers for some third party waited
To say which pairs, if any, should get mated.

None of them was capable of lying,
There was not one of them which knew it was dying,
Or could have with a rhythm or a rhyme
Assumed responsibility for time.

Let them leave language to their lonely betters
Who count some days and long for certain letters;
We, too, make noises when we laugh or weep:
Words are for those with promises to keep.

WH Auden

Ode: Intimations of Immortality

(Excerpt)

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had somewhere else its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.

William Wordsworth



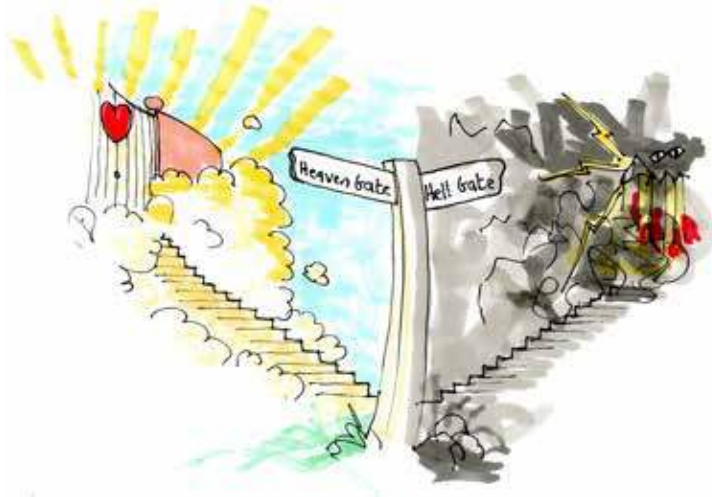
I Am

I am! Yet what I am none cares or knows,
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes –
They rise and vanish in oblivious host,
Like shadows in love's frenzied stifled throes –
And yet I am, and live – like vapours toss'd.

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems;
Even the dearest, that I love the best
Are strange – nay, rather stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never trod,
A place where woman never smiled or wept,
There to abide with my creator, God;
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Untroubling, and untroubled where I lie,
The grass below – above, the vaulted sky.

John Clare



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

I Taste a Liquor Never Brewed

I taste a liquor never brewed –
From Tankards scooped in Pearl –
Not all the Frankfort Berries
Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of air – am I –
And Debauchee of Dew –
Reeling – thro' endless summer days –
From inns of molten Blue –

When “Landlords” turn the drunken Bee
Out of the Foxglove’s door –
When Butterflies – renounce their “drams” –
I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats –
And Saints – to windows run –
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the – Sun!

Emily Dickinson

Sun and Fun

I walked into the nightclub in the morning,
There was kummel on the handle of the door,
The ashtrays were unemptied,
The cleaning unattempted,
And a squashed tomato sandwich on the floor.

I pulled aside the thick magenta curtains –
So Regency, so Regency my dear –
And a host of little spiders,
Ran a race across the ciders,
To a box of baby 'pollies by the beer.

Oh sun upon the summer-going bypass.
Where ev'rything is speeding to the sea,
And wonder beyond wonder
That here where lorries thunder
The sun should ever percolate to me.

When Boris used to call in his Sedanca,
When Teddy took me down to his estate,
When my nose excited passion,
When my clothes were in the fashion,
When my beaux were never cross if I was late.



There was sun enough for lazing upon beaches,
There was fun enough for far into the night,
But I'm dying now and done for
What on earth was all the fun for?
For I'm old and ill and terrified and tight.

John Betjeman

To My Dear and Loving Husband

If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

Anne Bradstreet





My Dearest Dust

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might either
Have sat up or gone to bed together?
But since thy finished labour hath possessed,
Thy weary limbs with early rest
Enjoy it sweetly, and thy widow bride
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering side.

Whose business now is only to prepare
My nightly dress and call to prayer.
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the day grows old,
The dew falls thick, my blood grows cold;
Draw, draw the closed curtains and make room
My dear, my dearest dust; I come, I come.

Lady Katherine Dyer, whose loving epitaph for her husband
is carved on their tomb in St Denys Church, Colmworth,
Bedfordshire



“Pooh, promise me you won’t forget about me, ever. Not even when I’m a hundred.”

Pooh thought for a little. “How old shall I be then?”

“Ninety-nine.”

Pooh nodded.

“I promise,” he said.

Still with his eyes on the world Christopher Robin put out a hand and felt for Pooh’s paw.

“Pooh,” said Christopher Robin earnestly, “If I – if I’m not quite –”. He stopped and tried again – “Pooh, whatever happens, you will understand, won’t you?”

“Understand what?”

“Oh, nothing.” He laughed and jumped to his feet. “Come on!”

“Where?” said Pooh.

“Anywhere,” said Christopher Robin.”

AA Milne, The House at Pooh Corner

My Heart's in the Highlands

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Robert Burns



“The souls of the virtuous are in the hands of God,
no torment shall ever touch them.
In the eyes of the unwise, they did appear to die,
their going looked like a disaster,
their leaving us, like annihilation; but they are at peace.
If they experienced punishment as men see it,
their hope was rich with immortality;
slight was their affliction; great will their blessing be.
God has put them to the test
and proved them worthy to be with him;
he has tested them like gold in a furnace,
and accepted them as a holocaust.
When the time comes for his visitation, they will shine out;
as sparks run through the stubble, so will they.
They shall judge nations, rule over peoples,
and the Lord will be their king for ever.
They who trust in the Lord will understand the truth,
those who are faithful will live with him in love;
for grace and mercy await those he has chosen.”

Wisdom 3:1–9



The Dream Keeper

Bring me all of your dreams,
You dreamers.
Bring me all of your
Heart melodies
That I might wrap them
In a blue cloud-cloth
Away from the too rough fingers
Of the world.

Langston Hughes

Ashokan Farewell

The sun is sinking low in the sky above Ashokan.
The pines and the willows know soon we will part.
There's a whisper in the wind of promises unspoken,
And a love that will always remain in my heart.

My thoughts will return to the sound of your laughter,
The magic of moving as one,
And a time we'll remember long ever after
The moonlight and music and dancing are done.

Will we climb the hills once more?
Will we walk the woods together?
Will I feel you holding me close once again?
Will every song we've sung stay with us forever?
Will you dance in my dreams or my arms until then?

Under the moon the mountains lie sleeping,
Over the lake the stars shine;
They wonder if you and I will be keeping
The magic and music, or leave them behind.

Jay Ungar



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 roof-tree, 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 are all dancing in the morn,
Because a little child is born.

Bliss Carman





“My voyage done,
All troubles past,
To heaven bring my soul at last.
The sea so wide, my boat so small,
May Christ to me be all-in-all.”

Rev'd Timothy Dudley-Smith

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John's Plight



John*, 82, was a third-generation cattle farmer whose farm was invaded in 2000. Forced to flee, he and his wife, Dot, were only able to salvage the belongings they could fit in their car. Their once productive farm was ruined, the workforce forced to leave.

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

John told ZANE: *“It was a disaster. My farm provided employment for more than 30 people; within a year, production collapsed and the farm was abandoned to ruin. So many lives were destroyed overnight.”*

John found work on a poultry farm where he was employed for 10 years until he was laid off. He picked up odd jobs as a handyman, but when this work dried up, he and Dot were left destitute.

The couple were fortunate in that they were able to live at a friend’s house. However, Dot sadly died in July this year, and their friend was obliged to sell the house. John was left homeless.

ZANE covers John’s utility and medical bills, and provides him with a regular food parcel. The ZANE team have increased their visits to John in light of the grief and loneliness he has been struggling with since his wife’s death.

“Without ZANE, I would have died. I’m so grateful for the great kindness and support from your team. It makes life bearable.”

***“Please thank your
generous donors.”***

Reasons to support ZANE

1. We provide aid, comfort and support to 2,100 impoverished pensioners with nowhere else to turn. Only those genuinely in need of assistance receive it.
2. We invite you to choose which area of ZANE's work you wish to support.
3. We were the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year.
4. We look after around 465 aged and frail veterans and their widows. These people fought for the Crown in WW2, Malaya, Korea and Aden. Without ZANE, they would be living with insufficient food and no healthcare.
5. We organise education programmes in a high-density area, assisting women and children living in extreme poverty.
6. We set up the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe. Fifteen treatment centres have been established and over 5,900 children have received treatment to date.
7. We run a unique medical programme, providing basic medication to pensioners (including war veterans and their widows) for the treatment of conditions such as hypertension, diabetes and prostate issues.
8. We ensure your donations are subject to rigorous audit and ZANE is proud that since its foundation it has never lost money to collapsed banks, middlemen or corruption.
9. We asked an independent consultancy to review 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.uk.com

RESPECTING YOUR DATA

Like any charity, we could not do our important work without being able to communicate with valued supporters like you. ZANE will never sell your details to any third party. You can find more information about how we use and look after your data and your rights, including what to do if you want to hear from us less or stop hearing from us, in our Privacy Policy. You can obtain a copy of this on our website (www.zane-zimbabweanationalemergency.com/policies.asp) or by:

- calling 020 7060 6643
- emailing info@zane.uk.com
- writing to us at ZANE, PO Box 451, Witney OX28 9FY.





“ 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

Principal of Somerville College, Oxford
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

”



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