



ZANE: Zimbabwe A National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949



Man, man, one cannot live quite without pity.

F.M. Dostoevsky

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

Inscription on the tombstone of Doctor Jeremy Cohen  
in Highgate Cemetery

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

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

When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.

Christmas 2012

John F. Kennedy

Dear Reader

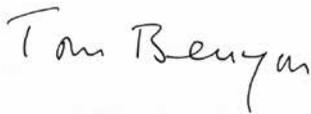
Christmas should be a time of fellowship; however, for Zimbabwe's pensioners, all too often it means isolation and misery. During this season of goodwill, we would be so grateful if you could assist ZANE in providing them with some comfort and cheer.

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

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

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

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



---

Tom Benyon OBE

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

### *The African Sun*

.....

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

Sets even upon despots.

Julius Chingono

### *Psychiatric Folk Song*

.....

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

Anna Russell

### *A Hand in the Bird*

.....

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

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

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

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

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

Roald Dahl

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Adultery brings complication,  
So stick to simple fornication.

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

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

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

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

Revised by Tom Benyon

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

I think I could turn and live with animals,  
they are so placid and self contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

Walt Whitman

## *Jasmine*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Eppel

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

## *An Ode to Husbands*

.....

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

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

## *Love is Not All*

.....

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

Edna St. Vincent Millay

## *The Laws of God, The Laws of Man*

.....

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

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

A.E. Housman

## *Harbours*

.....

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

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

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

Sheenagh Pugh

## *The Act of Love*

.....

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

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

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

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

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

Roger McGough

## *Snowflakes*

.....

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

Clive Sansom

## *Sic Vita*

.....

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

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

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester

## *Remembering*

.....

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

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

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

Noel Coward

## *Talk in the Night*

.....

“Why are you sighing?”  
“For all the voyages I did not make  
Because the boat was small, might leak, might take  
The wrong course, and the compass might be broken,  
And I might have awakened  
In some strange sea and heard  
Strange birds crying.”

“Why are you weeping?”  
“For all the unknown friends and lovers passed  
Because I watched the ground or walked too fast  
Or simply did not see  
Or turned aside for tea  
For fear an old wound stirred  
From its sleeping.”

A.S.J. Tessimond

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## *Everything Changes*

.....

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

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

Bertolt Brecht

## *Christmas Is Really For the Children*

.....

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

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

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

Steve Turner

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## *As Much As You Can*

.....

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

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

C.P. Cavafy

## *The Unwept Waste*

.....

Let funeral marches play,  
Let heartbreak music sound  
For the half death, not the whole;  
For the unperceived slow sailing;  
For the sleeping before evening,  
For what, but for a breath,  
But for an inch one way,  
The shifting of a scene,  
A closed or open door,  
A word less, a word more,  
Might have, so simply, been.

The final tragedies are,  
Not the bright lights dashed out,  
Not the gold glory smashed  
Like a lamp upon the floor,  
But the guttering away,  
The seep, the gradual grey,  
The unnoticed, without haste –  
Or protest, premature,  
Unwept, unwritten, waste.

A.S.J. Tessimond

## *Despair*

.....

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

a woman hurrying towards another grave  
hands outstretched, stumbling

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

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

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

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

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

And when we walked  
back to the car in silence

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

To back away from the grave.  
Unlike David who lives

In our lives, it seemed  
whoever she mourned dwelt

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

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

the nakedness of her anguish,  
and would not speak.

Denise Levertov

## *Santa Claus in a Department Store*

.....

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

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

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

Christopher Hassall

## *Welcome to the Real World*

---

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Godfrey Rust

## Heaven

.....

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

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

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

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

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

A.S.J. Tessimond

## *Solitude*

.....

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

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

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

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

## *I Thank Thee God, That I Have Lived*

.....

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

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

Elizabeth Craven

## *The Lost Chord*

.....

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sir Arthur Sullivan

---

Christianity is fuller, more interesting, more comprehensive, more demanding, more liberating, more satisfying, that it synthesises a wider range of human thought, embraces and coordinates a wider range of human experience, opens up more possibilities of human living and offers in the end a deeper and richer ecstasy of fulfilment than any alternative way of life and thought.

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

## *Miracles (Abridged)*

.....

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

Walt Whitman

## *Light Looked Down*

.....

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

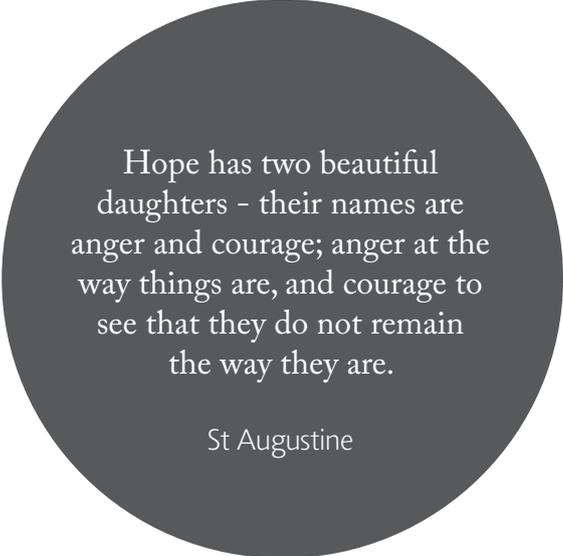
Laurence Housman

## *Say Not the Struggle Naught Avaieth*

---

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

Arthur Hugh Clough



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

St Augustine

# ZIMBABWE **CRISIS** APPEAL

Zimbabwe A National Emergency | [www.zane.uk.com](http://www.zane.uk.com)



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



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

## **What can you do?**

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

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

**GIVE  
HOPE**

**£16.20**  
per month  
or £194.40 pa

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

\*Name has been changed on grounds of security

# Facts about ZANE

**ZANE** does not supply money or food in bulk. Rather, ZANE is a “relational” charity in that we gently means test the 1,800 elderly people to whom we give aid. At the same time we give encouragement to some very lonely people. That includes about 600 ex-servicemen and their widows/wives. In this way ZANE ensures that only those who are really in need of support receive it and that we don’t waste donor money.

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

**ZANE** is the largest supplier of financial grants to the pensioner community in Zimbabwe.

**ZANE** is in effective partnership with all the UK services’ charities in Zimbabwe. Since 2004, ZANE has facilitated about £2m in grants to WW2 veterans and their widows (and others).

**ZANE** assists in the funding of a clubfoot correction programme.

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

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

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

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



**Deborah Bronnert**

UK Ambassador to Zimbabwe

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

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



**Rt Hon the Lord Hurd of Westwell CH CBE PC**

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

is a charity well worth supporting.



**John Simpson CBE**

World Editor of the BBC

I have seen a little bit of ZANE’s work on the ground and from what I have seen it is very, very impressive . . . ZANE is one of those lovely organisations that

make a little bit of money go a long, long way. ZANE is a good cause and the money is properly and well spent.



*What a difference your donation makes!*



**Zimbabwe A National Emergency**

You can make a donation by phone or online  
**020 7060 6643 [www.zane.uk.com](http://www.zane.uk.com)**

Reg Charity No 1112949



