



ZANE POEMS 2014



ZANE: Zimbabwe A
National Emergency

Reg Charity No 1112949

“In a country well governed, poverty is something to be ashamed of. In a country badly governed, wealth is something to be ashamed of.”

Confucius

“Loneliness and the feeling of being unwanted is the most terrible poverty.”

Mother Teresa

“Poverty is the worst form of violence.”

Mahatma Gandhi

“The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Dear Reader

We have heard a good deal recently about patriotism from Scotland and it seems to me that the qualities of the Union have been a touch neglected.

For this reason, I have selected our poetry and readings this year with a view to setting the balance straight. I have reflected, too, that 2014 marks the one-hundredth anniversary of the start of the First World War. We should pay tribute to those who defended our freedoms in both world wars.

ZANE's vital role is to draw attention to the plight of those who today find themselves trapped in Mugabe's often vicious and frightening Zimbabwe. We must not forget that there were many from that country who fought in the Second World War – today, the few remaining veterans, together with their widows, are pinched by the frailty that “cormorant time” brings to us all. I pay tribute to our donors whose generosity has enabled many of these pensioners to live out their final years in some dignity. On their behalf, I thank you.

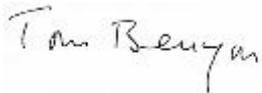
Please be aware that although Zimbabwe has been out of the news for much of the past year, the position there is still desperate. Experience has taught the Mugabe regime that while murdering people with bullets and machetes can attract international publicity, killing them through slow starvation is usually ignored: this is what is happening today. Last year, your generosity allowed ZANE to assist around 2,600 pensioners and countless others living precarious existences in the slums. However, through lack of resources, we sadly have no alternative but to turn away many needy applicants.

I hope you enjoy this year's poetry selection. It is important that ZANE maintains an “edge” if it is to compete with other charities; it is our hope that this booklet will be kept and perhaps find its way to a wider audience. Remember that ZANE's publications always attract donations many times the costs of their production and distribution.

Please take a look at pages 30-31 and see the ten reasons that make ZANE a unique charity in Africa.

May I take this opportunity to pay tribute to ZANE's courageous staff who often work in dangerous circumstances. My sincere thanks go to all our generous donors for allowing ZANE to save lives.

With best wishes



Tom Benyon OBE

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

Prisoners of Hope
.....

Then one day I saw
The students of the school of suffering
Wearing their tattered uniforms
With their badge of poverty.

They graduated from
The school of suffering
They are the qualified candidates
Of the school of hope.

The school of hope is no ordinary school
For it has a prison
A dungeon specially reserved
For the prisoners of hope.

They are the victims of the tyrant's regime
Who always promises them
All will be well
But look, they are still prisoners
Hungry, tattered, battered and poor
For they have no job, no food, no life.

Emone Emmanuel

Henry V, Act IV, Scene iii

William Shakespeare

.....

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then he will strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Richard II, Act II, Scene i

.....

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

William Shakespeare

*On the eve of the battle of Waterloo, 1815,
Major Arthur Heyland wrote to his wife Mary:*
.....

My Mary, let the recollection console you that the happiest days of my life have been from your love and affection, and that I die loving only you, and with a fervent hope that our souls may be reunited hereafter and part no more.

What dear children, my Mary, I leave you. My Marianna, gentlest girl, may God bless you. My Anne, my John, may Heaven protect you . . .

My darling Mary, I must tell you again how tranquilly I shall die, should it be my fate to fall. We cannot, my own love, die together; one or other of us must witness the loss of what we love most. Let my children console you, my love. My Mary . . .

Major Heyland was among the thousands of men who died at Waterloo.

The Soldier
.....

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

On 17 July 1915, Winston Churchill, then on the Western Front, penned the following letter and sealed it in an envelope marked, "To be sent to Mrs Churchill in the event of my death."

Do not grieve for me too much. I am a spirit confident of my rights. Death is only an incident & not the most important which happens to us in this state of being. On the whole, especially since I met you my darling one, I have been happy, & you have taught me how noble a woman's heart can be. If there is anywhere else I shall be on the look out for you. Meanwhile look forward, feel free, rejoice in life, cherish the children, guard my memory. God bless you.

Good bye.

W.

The last letter (the first page is missing) from nursemaid Amy Handley to Private John Clifton (Jack), July 1918

Jack – my own – my only love – how I look for your next letter – how much longer shall I have to wait? Dearheart, I want you – my life – Jack – how changed it is when you are by my side – what different air I seem to breathe into my lungs! Jack – Jack – Oh! hasten the day – the moment when I shall be by his side again – Jack – my Jack – my same, same heartmate – Good night my love – God bless you my own.

Tuesday Jicki Jock – my own & how today? How you would have smiled if you had met me up the road today – Yes! You would then – to have seen me pushing David in his pram to Brayfield all on my own – Jack, if only – but then how can I say, how can I express all that is in my heart? Does my Jack know? My love, my own, at such moments, Jack when my love has looked, has seen into the very depths of my soul... My Jack – My, "Our" sacred love – when my very soul has been revealed to him – Jack – you know – How it grows and grows!

My heart – surely it will burst! Jack, Jack – I want you – Oh! let me feel you crushing my very life into yours! Jack – Jack – I live for you – always, always my own.

Jack was killed in action on 21 August 1918

On the last night of his leave, poet Edward Thomas and his wife Helen (Jenny) lay talking about love, of their children, and of what had been amiss and what had been right. Helen writes of their last farewell:

“So talking and crying and loving in each other’s arms we fell asleep as the cold reflected light of the snow crept through the frost-covered windows.”

In the morning, the couple said their final goodbyes: “He took me in his arms, holding me tightly to him... his eyes full of a fear I had never seen before: ‘Beloved, I love you,’ was all I could say. ‘Jenny, Jenny, Jenny,’ he said, ‘remember that, whatever happens, all is well between us for ever and ever.’ And hand in hand we went downstairs and out to the children, who were playing in the snow.

A thick mist lay everywhere and there was no sound except far away in the valley, a train shunting. I stood at the gate watching him go; he turned back to wave until the mist and the hill hid him. I heard his old call coming up to me: ‘Coo-ee!’

‘Coo-ee,’ I answered, keeping my voice strong to call again...

...‘Coo-ee!’ So faint now, it might be only my own call flung back from the thick air and the muffling snow. I put my hand up to my mouth to make a trumpet, but no sound came. Panic seized me and I ran through the mist and the snow to the top of the hill, and stood there for a moment dumbly, with straining eyes and ears. There was nothing but the mist and the snow and the silence of death.

Then with leaden feet which stumbled in a sudden darkness that overwhelmed me, I groped my way back to the empty house.”

On 9 April 1917, Edward Thomas was killed at Arras. Although he survived the actual battle, he was killed by the concussive blast of a passing shell as he stood to light his pipe.

Perhaps “Blackadder” and “Oh! What a Lovely War” have distorted our view of the First World War and prevented us from understanding why it needed to be fought. The following poem provides an answer.

If posterity should ask of me

... If posterity should ask of me
What high, what base emotions
Keyed weak flesh
To face such torments, I would answer: “You!”
Not for themselves, O daughters, grandsons, sons,
Your tortured forbears wrought this miracle;
Not for themselves, accomplished utterly
This loathliest task of murderous servitude;
But just because they realised that thus,
And only thus, by sacrifice, might they
Secure a world worth living in – for you!

Captain Gilbert Frankau, Royal Field Artillery

An Irish Airman Foresees his Death

I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those that I fight I do not hate
Those that I guard I do not love;
My country is Kiltartan Cross,
My countrymen Kiltartan’s poor,
No likely end could bring them loss
Or leave them happier than before.
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight,
Nor public man, nor cheering crowds,
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds;
I balanced all, brought all to mind,
The years to come seemed waste of breath,
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death.

W.B. Yeats

Before Action

.....

By all the glories of the day
And the cool evening's benison
By that last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done,
By beauty lavishly outpoured
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived
Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all men's hopes and fears
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing;
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his,
By all his mad catastrophes
Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say goodbye to all of this; –
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord.

W. N. Hodgson MC

(Hodgson was the son of the Bishop of Ipswich. After gaining a first in Classical Moderations at Christchurch, Oxford, he was killed – at the age of 23 – outside Mametz two days after the publication of this poem.)

On Picnics

.....

at the going down of the sun
and in the morning
i try to remember them
but their names are ordinary names
and their causes are thighbones
tugged excitedly from the soil
by French children
on picnics

Roger McCough

*Speech delivered to the House of Commons
by Winston Churchill on 4 June 1940*
.....

... We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender . . .

*Speech by Colonel Tim Collins on the eve of the invasion of Iraq,
March 2003*
.....

We go to liberate, not to conquer.

We will not fly our flags in their country. We are entering Iraq to free a people and the only flag which will be flown in that ancient land is their own.

Show respect for them.

There are some who are alive at this moment who will not be alive shortly.

Those who do not wish to go on that journey, we will not send.

As for the others, I expect you to rock their world.

Wipe them out if that is what they choose.

But if you are ferocious in battle remember to be magnanimous in victory.

Iraq is steeped in history.

It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood and the birthplace of Abraham.

Tread lightly there.

You will see things that no man could pay to see – and you will have to go a long way to find a more decent, generous and upright people than the Iraqis.

You will be embarrassed by their hospitality even though they have nothing.

Don't treat them as refugees for they are in their own country.

Their children will be poor, in years to come they will know that the light of liberation in their lives was brought by you.

If there are casualties of war, then remember that when they woke up and got dressed in the morning they did not plan to die this day.

Allow them dignity in death.

Bury them properly and mark their graves.

It is my foremost intention to bring every single one of you out alive.

But there may be people among us who will not see the end of this campaign.

We will put them in their sleeping bags and send them back.

There will be no time for sorrow.

The enemy should be in no doubt that we are his nemesis and that we are bringing about his rightful destruction.

There are many regional commanders who have stains on their souls and they are stoking the fires of hell for Saddam.

He and his forces will be destroyed by this coalition for what they have done.

As they die, they will know their deeds have brought them to this place. Show them no pity.

It is a big step to take another human life.

It is not to be done lightly.

I know of men who have taken life needlessly in other conflicts.

I can assure you they live with the mark of Cain upon them.

If someone surrenders to you, then remember they have that right in international law and ensure that one day they go home to their family.

The ones that wish to fight, well we aim to please.

If you harm the regiment or its history by over-enthusiasm in killing or in cowardice, know it is your family who will suffer.

You will be shunned unless your conduct is of the highest – for your deeds will follow you down through history.

We will bring shame on neither our uniform or our nation.

It is not a question of if, it's a question of when.

We know he has already devolved the decision to lower commanders, and that means he has already taken the decision himself.

If we survive the first strike, we will survive the attack.

As for ourselves, let's bring everyone home and leave Iraq a better place for us having been there.

Our business now is North.

Many people found their wartime experiences so overwhelming that afterwards they could never come to terms with the long littleness of peacetime. This excerpt from "The Triumph of Time" sums up their dilemma.

.....

I shall never be friends again with roses;
I shall loathe sweet tunes, where a note grows strong
Relents and recoils, and climbs and closes,
As a wave of the sea turned back by song.
There are sounds where the soul's delight takes fire,
Face to face with its own desire;
A delight that rebels, a desire that reposes;
I shall hate sweet music my whole life long.

The pulse of war and passion of wonder,
The heavens that murmur, the sounds that shine,
The stars that sing and the loves that thunder,
The music burning at heart like wine,
An armed archangel whose hands raise up
All senses mixed in the spirit's cup
Till flesh and spirit are molten in sunder –
These things are over, and no more mine.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

I Vow to Thee my Country

.....

I vow to thee my country, all earthly things above,
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;
The love that asks no question, the love that stands the test,
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

I heard my country calling, away across the sea,
Across the waste of waters, she calls and calls to me.
Her sword is girded at her side, her helmet on her head,
And round her feet are lying the dying and the dead.
I hear the noise of battle, the thunder of her guns,
I haste to thee my mother, a son among thy sons.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;
We may not count her armies, we may not see her King;
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

Cecil Spring Rice

The Burning of the Leaves

.....

Now is the time for the burning of the leaves.
They go to the fire; the nostril pricks with smoke
Wandering slowly into the weeping mist.
Brittle and blotched, ragged and rotten sheaves!
A flame seizes the smouldering ruin and bites
On stubborn stalks that crackle as they resist.

The last hollyhock's fallen tower is dust;
All the spices of June are a bitter reek,
All the extravagant riches spent and mean.
All burns! The reddest rose is a ghost;
Sparks whirl up, to expire in the mist: the wild
Fingers of fire are making corruption clean.

Now is the time for stripping the spirit bare,
Time for the burning of days ended and done,
Idle solace of things that have gone before:
Rootless hope and fruitless desire are there:
Let them go to the fire, with never a look behind.
The world that was ours is a world that is ours no more.

They will come again, the leaf and the flower, to arise
From squalor of rottenness into the old splendour,
And magical scents to a wondering memory bring,
The same glory, to shine upon different eyes.
Earth cares for her own ruins, naught for ours.
Nothing is certain, only the certain spring.

Lawrence Binyon

Naming of Parts

.....

Today we have naming of parts. Yesterday,
We had daily cleaning. And tomorrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But today,
Today we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
And today we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling
swivel,
Which in your case you have not got. The branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety catch, which is always released
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it
Rapidly backwards and forwards; we call this
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,
And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of
balance,
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-
blossom
Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going backwards
and forwards,
For today we have naming of parts.

Henry Reed

Adolf Eichmann was one of the Nazi architects of the Holocaust. He escaped to South America but was caught in 1960 and taken to Israel to stand trial. He was found guilty and executed. However, there was a very interesting incident during the trial.

.....

Witnesses had to be found to testify that Eichmann had committed the terrible crimes against humanity that he was charged with. One of the material witnesses was Yehiel De-Nur. When he came to testify, he saw Eichmann in the glass booth and immediately broke down sobbing. There was pandemonium as the judge hammered to restore order.

Sometime later, De-Nur was interviewed by Mike Wallace on the US programme *60 Minutes*. Wallace showed De-Nur the tape of him collapsing and asked what had happened? Had he been overcome by painful memories? Or was it hatred?

De-Nur answered “no” then said something profoundly shocking. He claimed he had been overcome by the realisation that Eichmann was a human being and not a demon.

“I was afraid for myself . . . I saw that I am capable to do this . . . exactly like he.”

Extract from *60 Minutes*, 6 February 1983

The Last Enemy

And He who each day
Reveals a new masterpiece of sky
And Whose joy
Can be seen in the eyelashes of a child
Who when he hears of our smug indifference
Will whisper the 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 glory love
And I will watch planets converse with sparrows
On that day
When death is finally dead.

Stewart Henderson

Hamlet, Act I, Scene iii

(Polonius's advice to Laertes)

... And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower or a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

William Shakespeare

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 allowances 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 imposters 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

*On Being Asked for a Ruling Party
Membership Card*

.....
you asked me, party cadre,
for a membership card
of the ruining party.
what an insult
to the flowers and the birds
of my country
in my heart.

Chenjerai Hove

(One of the marches of
my old regiment, The Scots
Guards, played to the tune of
"If thou'lt play me fair play.")

Men of Harlech

.....

Men of Harlech, stop your dreaming
Can't you see their spear points gleaming?
See their warrior's pennants streaming
To this battlefield.

Men of Harlech, stand ye steady
It cannot be ever said ye
For the battle were not ready
Stand and never yield.

From the hills rebounding
Let this war cry sounding
Summon all at Cambria's call
The mighty force surrounding.

Men of Harlech, on to glory
This shall ever be your story
Keep these fighting words before ye
Cambria (Welshmen never) will not yield.

Written by Ivor Emmanuel for the film *Zulu*

Hielan' Laddie

.....

The bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
On his head a bonnet blue
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
His royal heart was firm and true,
Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound, and cannons roar,
Bonnie lassie; Lowland lassie;
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.
Glory, honour, now invite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and my king to fight,
Bonnie Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie lassie, Highland laddie,
Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
Bonnie Highland laddie.
Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
And for your lawful king, his crown,
Bonnie Highland Laddie.

Robert Burns

Desiderata

.....

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and ignorant, they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit.

If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time.

Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth.

Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be. And whatever your labours and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful. Strive to be happy.

Max Ehrmann

Zimbabwe 2013
.....

If you stop and listen closely
On a still and windless night
You'll hear the modern sounds
Of empty stomachs growling long,
Of Hopes without a road to go
And Desperation's silent scream.
These are the sounds, alas to say,
Of Zimbabwe twenty thirteen.

Terry Dawson

On This Island
.....

Look, stranger, on this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at a small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam and its tall ledges
Opposite the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,
And a gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands,
And this full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

W.H. Auden

Mad Dogs and Englishmen

(I hope no one will claim this song is racist. It was written as a joke and was much beloved by Churchill!)

In tropical climes there are certain times of day
When all the citizens retire to tear their clothes off
and perspire.
It's one of the rules that the greatest fools obey,
Because the sun is much too sultry
And one must avoid its ultra-violet ray.
The natives grieve when the white men leave their huts,
Because they're obviously, definitely nuts!

Mad Dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun,
The Japanese don't care to, the Chinese wouldn't dare to,
Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one
But Englishmen detest-a siesta.
In the Philippines they have lovely screens to protect you
from the glare.
In the Malay states, there are hats like plates which the
Britishers won't wear.
At twelve noon the natives swoon and no further work
is done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

It's such a surprise for the Eastern eyes to see,
That though the English are effete, they're quite impervious
to heat
When the white man rides every native hides in glee,
Because the simple creatures hope he will impale his solar
topee on a tree.

It seems such a shame when the English claim the earth,
They give rise to such hilarity and mirth.
Ha ha ha ha hoo hoo hoo hoo hee hee hee hee...

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.
The toughest Burmese bandit can never understand it.
In Rangoon the heat of the noon is just what the natives
shun,
They put their Scotch or Rye down, and lie down.
In a jungle town where the sun beats down to the rage of
man and beast
The English garb of the English sahib merely gets a bit
more creased
In Bangkok at twelve o'clock they foam at the mouth
and run,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.
The smallest Malay rabbit deplores this foolish habit.
In Hong Kong they strike a gong and fire off a noon-day gun,
To reprimand each inmate who's in late.
In the mangrove swamps where the python romps
There is peace from twelve till two.
Even caribous lie around and snooze, for there's nothing
else to do.
In Bengal to move at all is seldom if ever done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

Noel Coward

Children Learn What They Live

If a child lives with criticism,
he learns to condemn.
If a child lives with hostility,
he learns to fight.
If a child lives with ridicule,
he learns to be shy.
If a child lives with shame,
He learns to feel guilty.
If a child lives with tolerance,
He learns to be patient.
If a child lives with encouragement,
he learns confidence.
If a child lives with praise,
he learns to appreciate.
If a child lives with fairness,
he learns justice.
If a child lives with security,
he learns to have faith.
If a child lives with approval,
he learns to like himself.
If a child lives with acceptance, and friendship,
he learns to find love in the world.

Dorothy Nolte

They Had It Coming

The South East Asians,
they were made to cry,
Look at their eyes all
narrowed up and ready to bawl.

Black Africans:
Obesity wouldn't suit them.
There's a grace about their slenderness.
Their children would be naked
without a covering of flies.

Indians are perfect for begging
in ragged clothes
and falling dead on the streets
without too much sensation.
There are so many of them
that death is no longer a problem.

Middle Easterners, South Americans,
they were made to look anguished,
the mother crying to God,
the children just crying.
Earthquakes provide opportunity for this.

White Westerners were made to laugh
in fast cars with beautiful friends.
They were made to drink and spend money.
Do not disturb the balance of nature.

Steve Turner

Saving Grace

.....

Fish do not smile, nor birds: their faces are not
Equipped for it. A smiling dog's the illusion
And wish-fulfilment of its owner. Cats wear
Permanent smiles inspired by mere politeness.
But human animals at times forget their
Godlike responsibilities; the tension
Slackens, the weasel-sharp intentness falters;
Muscles relax; the eyes refrain from peering
Aside, before and after; and the burden
Of detail drops from forehead; cheekbone gently
Creases; the mouth wide-flowers; the stiff mask softens;
And man bestows his simple, unambitious,
Unservile, unselfseeking, undeceptive,
Uncorrupt gift: the grace-note of a smile.

A.S.J. Tessimond

Up-Hill

.....

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rosetti

Our beloved Staffordshire bull terrier, Dinah, was killed by a hit and run motorist on 5 October 2014. To my astonishment, I discovered that Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called "Dinah in Heaven". It may not be particularly good theology but it suits my mood exactly. (My apologies to Kipling, for I have pruned a couple of verses.)

Dinah in Heaven

She did not know that she was dead
But, when the pain had passed,
Sat down to wait her master's tread
Upon the stair at last.

With ears full-cock and anxious eyes,
Impatiently resigned;
But ignorant that Paradise
Did not admit her kind.

There was one step along the Stair
That led to Heaven's Gate;
And, till she heard it, her affair
Was – she explained – to wait.

Sudden – far down the Bridge of
Ghosts
Where anxious spirits fear,
She caught that step in all the hosts
And knew that he was here.

She left them wondering what to do,
But not a doubt had she.
Swifter than her own squeal she flew
Across the Glassy Sea.

Flushing the cherubs everywhere,
And skidding as she ran,
She refuged under Peter's chair
And waited for her man.

Then spoke a Spirit out of the press,
Said: "Have you any here
That saved a fool from drunkenness
And a coward from his fear?"

"That turned a soul from dark to day
When other help was vain;
That snatched it from "no hope"
and made
A cur a man again?"

"Enter and look," said Peter then,
And set the Gate ajar,
"If I know aught of women and men
I'm sure she is not far."

Neither by virtue, speech nor art,
Nor hope of grace to win;
But godless innocence of heart
That never heard of sin.

Then flew Dinah from under the
Chair,
Into his arms she flew –
And licked his face from chin to hair,
And Peter passed them through!

Rudyard Kipling

David Foster Wallace was regarded as the most popular writer of his generation. He was an award-winning, bestselling, postmodernist novelist known around the world for his boundary-pushing story telling. He gave a now-famous speech at Kenyon College, Ohio, in which he stated the following:

.....

Everybody worships. The only choice we get is what to worship. And the compelling reason for maybe choosing some sort of God . . . to worship . . . is that pretty much everything else will eat you alive. If you worship money and things, if they are where you tap real meaning in life, then you will never have enough, never feel you have enough. It's the truth. Worship your own body and beauty and sexual allure, and then you will always feel ugly. And when time and age start showing, you will die a million deaths before (your loved ones) finally plant you . . . Worship power, and you will end up feeling weak and afraid and you will need ever more power over others to numb you to your own fear. Worship your intellect, being seen as smart, and you will end up feeling stupid, a fraud, always on the verge of being found out. Look, the insidious thing about these forms of worship is not that they are evil or sinful, it is that they are unconscious. They are default settings.

David Foster killed himself on 12 September 2008

Mr Valiant-for-truth from "Pilgrim's Progress"

.....

After this, it was noised abroad that Mr Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I have got hither, yet now I do repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought the battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side, into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

John Bunyan

ZIMBABWE CRISIS APPEAL

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



ZANE's clubfoot programme is already transforming the lives of 900 children. Thanks to our generous ZANE donors, we are taking on 300 new cases each year.



Michael Mutsai lost limbs defusing mines. As a result he is unable to work: he is destitute. ZANE is providing him with prosthetic hands.

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ZANE does an excellent job for the people of Zimbabwe. I wish the charity really well in 2015.

Rt Hon David Cameron MP
Prime Minister

Reasons to



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.

HE Deborah Bronnert CMG

UK Ambassador, British Embassy, Zimbabwe



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



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

John Simpson CBE

World Editor of the BBC

- 1** **ZANE** is a relational charity. We establish a relationship with every one of the 2,600 elderly people to whom we give aid, support and encouragement. They are often very lonely. ZANE ensures that only those really in need of aid receive it. Donor money is transferred direct from our staff to the needy – none goes via officials.
- 2** **ZANE** provides the only social services network in Zimbabwe. Where help for the poverty-stricken is needed, ZANE staff members are expert at leveraging support from a range of sources, including family members in Zimbabwe and overseas. Every needy individual requires a personal solution but typically every pound donated is worth up to ten times that on the ground.
- 3** Donors are able to choose which aspect of **ZANE's** mission they plan to support.
- 4** **ZANE** was the Telegraph Group Overseas Charity of the year in 2010/11.
- 5** **ZANE** is in effective partnership with all the UK Services' charities. Since 2004, ZANE has facilitated over £2.2m in grants to war veterans and their widows in Zimbabwe.

support ZANE

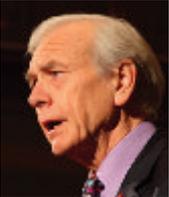
6 **ZANE** helps around 600 ex-servicemen and their wives or widows

7 **ZANE** runs micro-finance and training initiatives to enable self-help businesses and food production in impoverished communities in Zimbabwe.

8 **ZANE** funded the first clubfoot correction programme in Zimbabwe and clinics have now been established in nine out of the ten provinces. There are currently 900 children being treated in the programme, with another 300 being added each year.

9 **ZANE** receives no aid from the government and relies wholly on support from private donors.

10 An independent consultancy investigated 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.”



ZANE is really in touch with the people it assists . . . ZANE’s work is wonderfully moving . . .

John Humphrys
Author, journalist,
radio & TV presenter



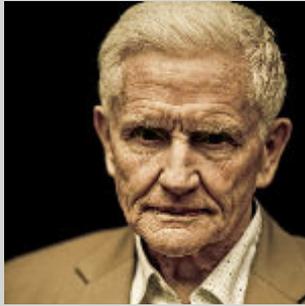
ZANE is an extraordinary charity set up by inspiration . . . I have been enormously impressed by the vision, the hard work and the unquenchable spirit of everyone I have met.

The Rt Revd John Pritchard
Bishop of Oxford



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
Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords



What a difference your donation makes!



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