

Issue 48 January 2012



Welcome to the January edition of the WERS newsletter and a very Happy New Year to you all!

**Fundraising packs
now available for.....**



We launched the Big WERS Weekend in the October edition of the newsletter and we are pleased to announce that the fundraising packs are now available. The pack has everything you need to get started: fundraising ideas, information about the work of West End Refugee Service and the hardship fund, inspiring refugee stories and a sheet of Big WERS Weekend stickers. WERS also has lots of educational materials for children and young people which are available on request. A free fundraising pack can be requested either by phone: 0191 273 7482 or by email:

wers@btinternet.com. The pack is available both electronically and in hard copy. If the latter is required, please give us a postal address.

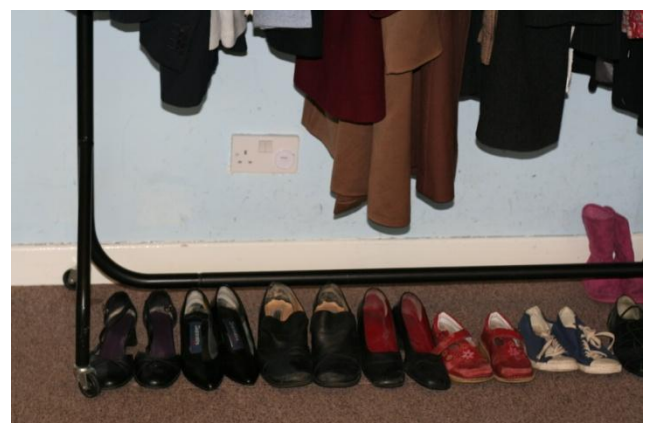
We are mindful that some of our supporters have already given most generously to WERS in the very recent past. We are certainly not asking you to do even more! If, however, you or your group are able to put on an event, it would be fantastic. Let us know what you are planning and we can promote it on our website.

Festive Week 2011 – a big Thank You!

WERS was inundated with lovely gifts for the clients and their families for Festive Week. Helen did a sterling job sending out dozens of thank you letters and we hope that everyone received one. WERS was most grateful to the Salvation Army for all the boxes of biscuits and pairs of socks for our destitute clients. As usual volunteers played a crucial role ensuring that the week was a success: sorting and bagging up the presents and doing 'Santa' duty. This year's new one-way system through the store into the back office and out into the kitchen allowed the traffic to flow freely!

Clothing store volunteers needed

Jo and Carol would very much like to hear from anyone who might be free to work on a **Wednesday** or **Thursday** in the Clothing Store. Our current volunteers aren't free on those days! The store is open from 9.30am to 12 noon with re-stocking between 12 and 1.



It is good sometimes to remind ourselves exactly why our work is needed. Sadly "plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose....." ("The more things change, the more things stay the same.....")

Lindsay Cross

Refugee Blues by WH Auden

Saturday February 8, 2003 The Guardian

Say this city has ten million souls,
Some are living in mansions, some are living in
holes:
Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet
there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair,
Look in the atlas and you'll find it there:
We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot
go there now.

In the village churchyard there grows an old
yew, Every spring it blossoms anew;
Old passports can't do that, my dear, old
passports can't do that.

The consul banged the table and said:
'if you've got no passport you're officially
dead"; But we are still alive, my dear, but we
are still alive.

Went to a committee; they offered me a chair;
Asked me politely to return next year:
But where shall we go today, my dear, but
where shall we go today?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up
and said: "if we let them in, they will steal our
daily bread";
He was talking of you and me, my dear, he
was talking of you and me.

Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the
sky;
It was Hitler over Europe, saying: "They must
die"; We were in his mind, my dear, we were
in his mind.

Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin,
Saw a door opened and a cat let in:
But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but
they weren't German Jews.

Went down to the harbour and stood upon
the quay,
Saw the fish swimming as if they were free:
Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet
away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the
trees;
They had no politicians and sang at their ease:
They weren't the human race, my dear, they
weren't the human race.

Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand
floors, A thousand windows and a thousand
doors;
Not one of them was ours, my dear. not one
of them was ours.

Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro:
Looking for you and me, my dear, looking for
you and me.

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Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri: 9.30am – 1pm
Wednesday: 11am – 1pm