

Namibgrens

there is a country
it lives in my heart
dry rivers and gravel roads
map its veins



September 2018 My sojourn into my Beloved Country Namibia sponsored by my brother Rev De Wet Strauss

The taste of
freedom
in vast open
spaces



And the landscape is changing me... softer, gentler, quieter



The kudus seek shelter in
Camelthorn shade from
midday heat

My arrival startles and
a young bull jumps
the fence

As I need to leap
into that landscape
yonder... unknown



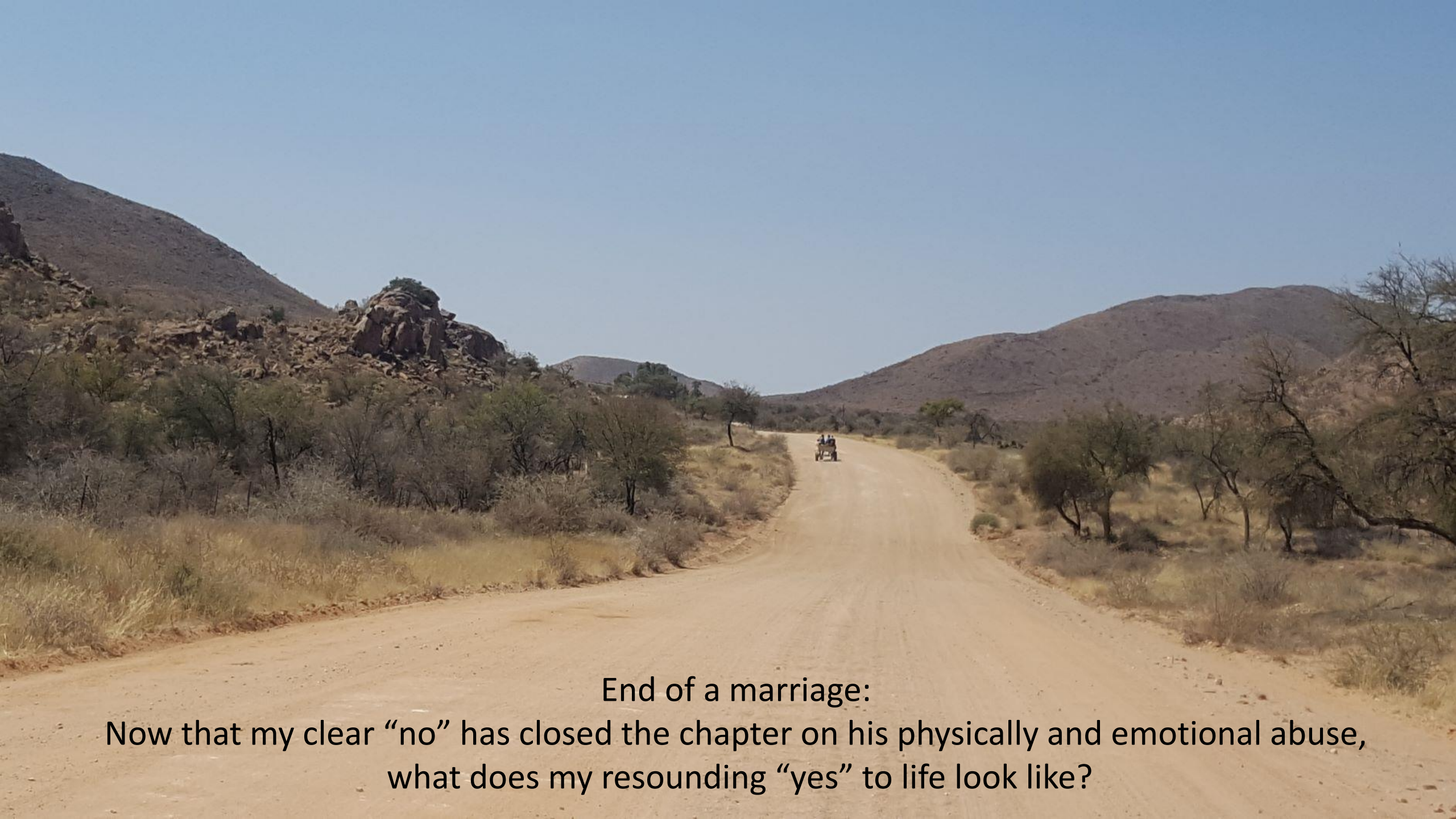


To papa

The silent whisper of Gamsberg breath
gives your hawk wings sufficient lift as you glide by my side
navigating steep mountain pass bends
effortlessly free now
your spirit wings

The road and I. No one else. Today is a good day to die. If not physically, then certainly to self.





End of a marriage:

Now that my clear “no” has closed the chapter on his physically and emotional abuse,
what does my resounding “yes” to life look like?



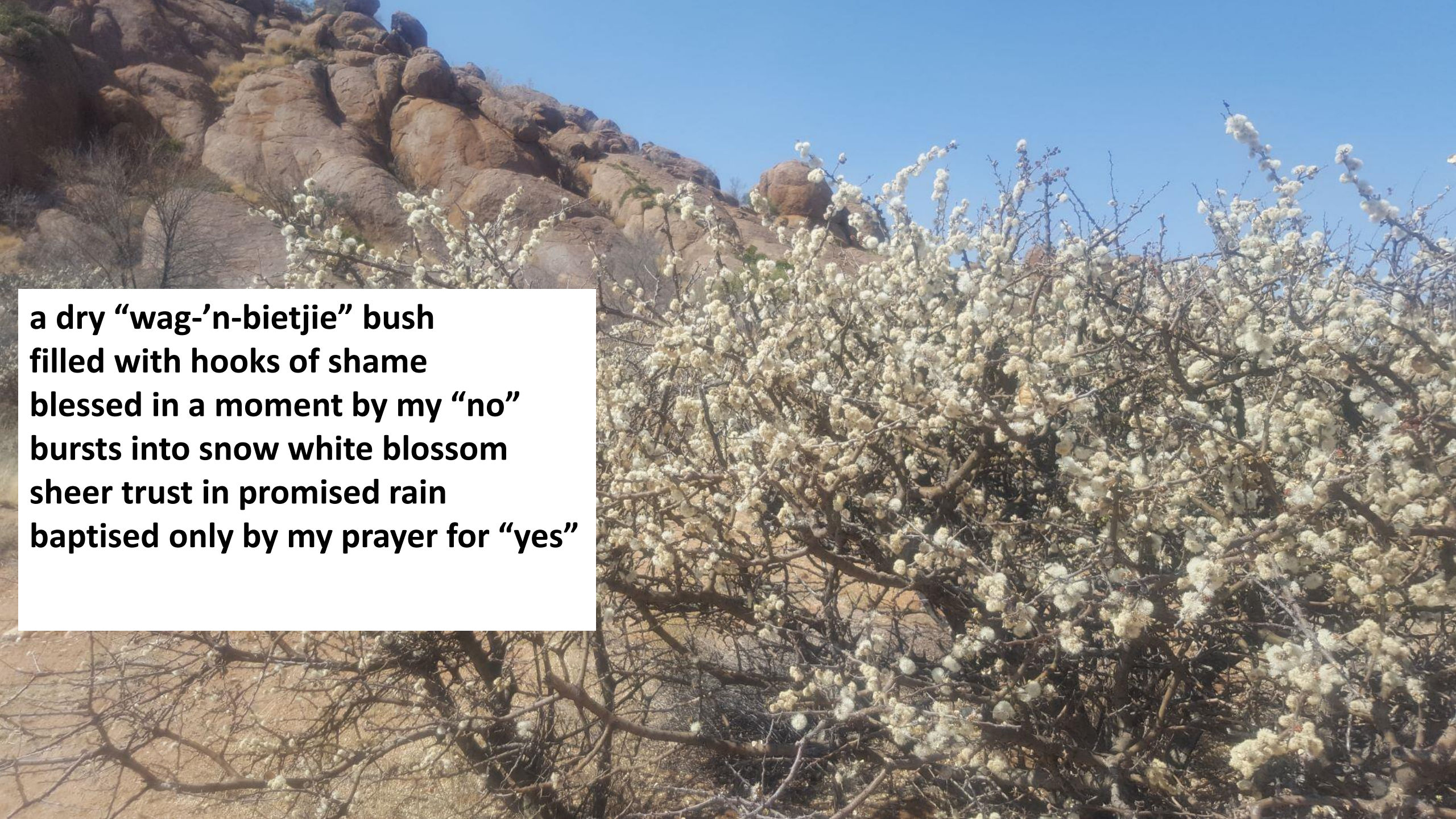
Spreedtshoogte en route Solitaire

Solo Journeys Soul Safaris
Scared conversations between
The Desert and I



Returning to walk the Weissenfels labyrinth again 15 years later





**a dry “wag-’n-bietjie” bush
filled with hooks of shame
blessed in a moment by my “no”
bursts into snow white blossom
sheer trust in promised rain
baptised only by my prayer for “yes”**

The Shepherd's Tree

I remember your childhood stories of herding sheep over long distances in search of grazing. Although you are gone now papa, you have left me with so many sign posts.



My camp site in solitude under the desert skies. Here the sound of my own breath is too loud and interferes with the magnificent silent applaud of the star canopy above.



Desert Silence
I Am

