THE TWO DIK-DIKS HAVE RETURNED

After several plane rides over the Kenyan mountains and grasslands to Addis Ababa, continuing on Ethiopian Air with a fuel stop in Dublin, Ireland to Toronto, and finally to Boston on Porter Air, we landed in gusty winds that buffeted our small plane at Logan. We started our final adventure on Friday morning, January 5 and returned to Boston and home at 1:30 pm on Saturday, January 6. Hot showers removed our African dust and warm sun streaming into our bedrooms prompted deep sleep.

Memories of the vastness of a small part of Kenya and the beauty of the animals, birds and flowers are etched into our minds. The three safari camps - all different in their unique locations were special places that we will always treasure. The driver/guides dressed in their colorful tribal regalia expertly drove us down dusty, rutted tracks to view elephants, zebra, giraffes, Cape buffalo, lionesses with two small cubs, an elusive leopard, two black rhinoceros, cheetahs, various types of antelopes, a male lion courting his woman every twenty minutes were only a few of the special moments of our adventure. The bellowing hippos sang us a lullaby every night at our camp on the River Mara. Bird song greeted us in the early mornings.

Each camp had its own flavor. We stayed in a rock stable cottage, a huge family tent and a thatched roof stone building set into huge boulders above the Ewaso N’igiro River. Our conversations at meals with fellow travelers were spirited. Meals were served European style with several courses. The food differed from camp to camp, but was well prepared. We drank bottled water and wine. It was much more elegant then I imagined.

Early morning game drives, starting at 6:30, were followed by ample bush breakfasts. The quiet setting under groves of acacia trees was restful after our quick morning stops and starts to view and photograph the various beasts. Jon and Summer’s excellent zoom lens cameras will enable us to relive our epic journey. I took a few iPhone photos which don’t even compare.

A visit to a Maasi Mara village was a different experience as was Jon, Summer and Priscilla’s bouncy camel ride.  A trek down to the Ewaso N’igiro river to go tubing was a cool experience. The setting at 5,000 feet slowed us down a bit.

We will never forget the unique experience of our journey. Priscilla found that the landscape, birds and plants were completely different from her time in Burkina Faso. The temperature was never too hot, and we were not bothered by mosquitos. We had only one deluge rainstorm at our middle camp that started in the late afternoon and continued through the evening.

FYI Look up what a dik dik is at this website:

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dik-dik>

We are still on Kenyan time in a twilight zone. The chilly arctic air is bracing.

Best wishes to you all,

Ginger Roe Lang and her daughter Priscilla