



An African Experience

*My wife and I and our first six children lived in Zambia for four years.
We tried to camp out in a game park for a week or so each year, but
usually gave up after several days because of the risk to the children.*

**We were tenting in a campground in Luanga National Park,
And the embers of our camp fire were expiring in the dark;
So we snuggled in our bedrolls to enjoy the sounds of night,
Listening to hippos snorting as they fought their nightly fight.**

**But the yelps of the of hyenas were distinctly drawing near,
And the predators they follow caused my heart to throb with fear.
Suddenly there was a silence louder than the sounds had been;
And I wondered what was out there that had caused this eerie din.**

**Then a spotlight pierced the darkness and we heard a the owner say,
“Shine the lights down on those tenters and make sure that they’re OK.”
When we met him in the morning and inquired of his intent,
He replied, “As we drove by we saw a leopard leave your tent.”**

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2/12/2012
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