



**Save the San Children Org 932375923**

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### **Dear Benefactor**

This webpage is a tapestry of sorrow and resilience, a narrative woven with threads of loss and struggle - yet within its fabric lie the seeds of hope. It is a story of a people who have endured, who have faced the winds of hardship with unyielding strength, and who now stand at the threshold of renewal. Here, past and future converge: the weight of history pressing upon the present, even as new possibilities take root. This is not merely a chronicle of suffering, but a testament to the unbreakable spirit of those who refuse to be forgotten. I urge you to wander through its corridors, to let each story seep into your soul. What unfolds here is no mere history but a lament etched into the earth itself - a tale of a people stripped bare, their homes taken, their traditions trampled, their very existence hunted like shadows at dusk.

Imagine, if you dare, the land of your ancestors stolen beneath your feet, the echoes of your language fading into silence, your kin scattered like leaves in the wind. The Bushmen – (their own preferred name) have endured this torment for generations. Their suffering is not confined to the past; it lingers, stretching into the present, where laws and systems conspire to erase them still. They have been made ghosts in their own homeland, their identity fragmented, their spirit burdened by an unrelenting tide of oppression. The legacy of oppression is still woven into the fabric of many systems.

With each loss, a piece of the world's soul fades. To rob a people of their heritage is to steal from humanity itself, to erase stories that belong to the earth as much as the stars above. And yet, the San persist, carrying their ancient wisdom in whispers, their culture smouldering like embers beneath the weight of time. But even embers can be rekindled.

What, then, can be done? How do we stitch together what has been unravelled by cruelty and neglect? The answer lies in small, steadfast acts - a hand extended, a voice lifted, a heart stirred to action. Efforts like *Save The San Children* and the Living Museum serve as sanctuaries where culture is not only preserved but honoured, where stories are given space to breathe, and where dignity is restored to those long denied it. These resilient indigenous communities, once silenced by discrimination, displacement, and exploitation, now stand at a crossroads where their rich heritage teeters on the edge of erasure. To aid them is to protect their land, their language, their stories - those timeless whispers of the earth that connect them to the soul of Namibia.

To support the San who live in bush ghettos is not merely an act of charity; it is an act of justice, of remembrance, of defiance against the forgetting. It is a call to honour the threads of a culture woven through millennia. It is to stand beside them as guardians of something irreplaceable - a language of the land, a song of survival, an unbreakable connection to the wild, beating heart of Namibia. To aid them is to protect their land, their language, their stories - those timeless whispers of the earth that connect them to the soul of Namibia. Each action, however small, weaves another thread into the fabric of hope. And with enough threads, we can begin to mend what has been torn.

Wishing you joy, peace, and fulfilment in all aspects of your life.

Doc (my nick name)

Dr Edvard Kristian Foshaugen (Dip Marketing; BA Hons; MA; MPhil; MBA; MA; PhD.)

**Banking details Save The San Children Norway Acc no. 15069988668**

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**INTRODUCING SAVE THE SAN CHILDREN CHARITY**

## A song for the Bushmen

### Ash in the Wind

They walked with earth beneath their feet,  
No border, chain, nor claim to seat.  
They spoke to flame and stone and sky,  
Their silence rich, their knowing high.  
But steel came down with hunger blind,  
And left no trace of what it mined.

#### **Chorus:**

Ash in the wind, but fire remains,  
Whispers held in roots and rains.  
Though time forgets, the land still knows,  
In drifting dust, the old flame glows.  
The echo sleeps, but it's not gone  
It waits to rise, to carry on.

Their stars were drowned in neon light,  
Their stories buried out of sight.  
With paper laws and holy lies,  
The state was clean, though truth still cries.  
No war they fought, yet still they fell,  
A quiet death, a shattered shell.

#### **(Chorus)**

Ash in the wind, but fire remains,  
Whispers held in roots and rains.  
Though time forgets, the land still knows,  
In drifting dust, the old flame glows.  
The echo sleeps, but it's not gone  
It waits to rise, to carry on.

No headlines marked the fading breath,  
No trumpets mourned their silent death.  
A cloth was drawn not out of shame,  
But just to guard the final flame.  
No soldier's grave, no honored name  
Just vanishing without acclaim.

#### **(Chorus)**

Can culture die when none recall  
The sacred why behind it all?  
When rituals are left behind,  
Does breath remain or just the mind?  
And if we steal and never give,  
Can we pretend we truly live?

#### **(Chorus)**

One stood alone, with bow unstrung,  
But still, a fierce defiance sung.  
He faced the dark, the turning tide,  
And roared: "I'll fight while breath's inside!"  
No greater stand was ever made  
No brighter light the dark could fade.

#### **(Chorus)**

So carve their names in stone and flame,  
And speak aloud what bears no name.  
Their roots are ours, beneath our feet,  
Still pulsing with a steady beat.  
They're not yet gone, though thinned and thrashed  
The wind still sings of fire and ash.

**Final Chorus** Ash in the wind, but fire remains,  
Buried deep in blood and plains.  
The past still speaks, the land still knows  
The ember breathes, the memory grows.  
They wait for us to speak again  
To name the loss, and lift the flame.

## The birth of Save The San Charity



**One meal. One moment of sustenance.**



Somewhere far from this world of excess in northern Namibia, a little Bushman girl sits quietly, her hunger an all too familiar ache. She does not choose between filet or sirloin, rare or well-done - her choice is simple: to eat or to go without. If fortune smiles upon her, she will have one meal today - a modest portion of maize shared with others and eaten with her hands, not from fine china but from whatever vessel she can find.

The story of how the *Save the San Children* came into being is one that is woven with time, personal experience, insight and understanding, and a deep sense of compassion.

The Ju/'hoansi, are residents in a bush ghetto in Tsukwe. For thousands of years they existed as a people deeply connected to the land they call home. Their world revolved around the concept of the *n!ore*, meaning "**the place to which you belong**," a place where their spirits and hearts have always been rooted. However, in 1970, South Africa's government established Bushmanland as a so-called "homeland" for the Ju/'hoan and other Bushmen. What followed was the loss of nearly 95% of their ancestral lands in Nyae Nyae, an unimaginable tragedy for a people so intrinsically tied to their land.



Many Ju/'hoansi were relocated to the settlement of Tjum!kui (Tsumkwe), where they were offered the barest of comforts: a school, a poorly equipped clinic, some jobs, and the real evil - a liquor store. By the late 1970s, Tjum!kui had descended into a rural slum, a place that the Ju/'hoansi themselves referred to as "**the place of death**," a far cry from the land that had once nourished their bodies and souls.

Since 2010, I have led overland expeditions with Unbounded Namibia (owned by a dear friend called Phil van Wyk) across Namibia, always stopping in Tsumkwe, where the Ju/'hoansi San people still reside. Each visit has deepened my love and admiration for the San, but it has also left me with an ever-pressing question: *What more can be done?* With each passing journey, my connection to their culture, their spirituality, and their way of life has only grown. I know that the small contributions I've made are but drops in an ocean, but I believe deeply in the power of love and empathy to transform lives. In June of 2024, I made a life-changing decision to establish a charity in Norway. The name of the charity reflects our primary mission: *To show the San children that they are loved*. Through this, we hope to preserve their extraordinary culture, their spiritual life, and the very essence of who they are.

What distinguishes *Save The San Children* charity from so many other organizations is our unwavering commitment to transparency and efficiency. My wife and I personally shoulder most administrative costs, ensuring that every cent of your donation directly benefits the mission. We also provide regular financial accounts to the Norwegian government, verified by authorized accountants, to uphold complete transparency and accountability.

But this mission is not ours alone - it belongs to the Bushmen themselves. With the wisdom of their elders as our guiding light, we have woven a three-phase plan to uplift their lives, a plan conceived not in imposition but in collaboration, not as an act of charity but of justice. Now, I turn to you, not with mere words, but with an appeal to your heart. For within your hands lies the power to alter destinies, to preserve a vanishing heritage, and to honour a spirit as ancient as the land itself.

When you choose to stand with the Bushmen, you do not simply give - you empower - . you become stewards and guardians of dignity, a champion of autonomy. You help ensure that their future is not dictated by the mercy of others, but sculpted by their own hands. Together with *Save the San Children* you pave the way for education, healthcare, and self-sustaining opportunities, you help forge a path where the Bushmen do not merely survive but begin to thrive - not at the mercy of others, but on their own terms. It is a commitment to justice, to equality, and to the sustainable future they deserve.

Their culture is not a relic of the past - it is a living, breathing testament to the profound beauty of human resilience. In every song, in every story, in every ritual passed from one generation to the next, there lies a truth: to preserve a culture is to preserve a people. When we empower them and uplift their traditions, we do not just safeguard their identity; we affirm the sacred right of all human beings to define themselves on their own terms. The ripple of such support extends far beyond one community - it is a force that reshapes the world that reweaves the torn fabric of lost traditions into a future rich with wisdom and understanding.

By supporting their efforts to preserve their cultural heritage we can help them maintain their sense of self and purpose. As the Bushmen gain some economic independence and begin to control their own education, their own healthcare, their own destiny, they will be less reliant on external aid, Now they can break the cycle of poverty and vulnerability and be better equipped to tackle the complex challenges facing their communities.

Your compassion and our donation will help raise awareness about the Bushmen's unique culture and way of life, promoting cross-cultural understanding and appreciation. This will not only benefit the Bushmen but also enrich the lives of those who learn from them, fostering a deeper appreciation for the diversity of human experience.

Your support is more than a donation; it is a declaration of commitment to transformation and in this act of giving, you too are changed. For to honour their story is to enrich your own, to open your heart to a world of voices long silenced, to find beauty in the diversity of human existence. Your support is a statement that compassion is not weakness, but the greatest force of all. That kindness is not incidental, but essential. That in standing with the Bushmen, we affirm a simple, unshakable truth: every culture, every people, every soul has worth. And in recognizing this worth, we do not just help them - we bring healing to the world.

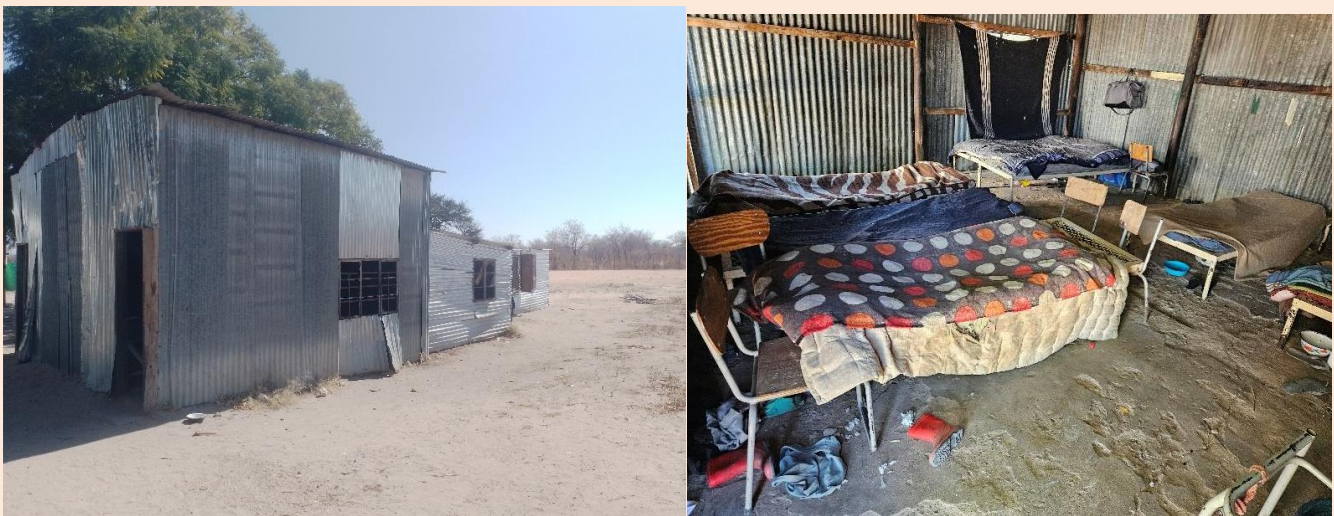
### **The Project: Phase one**

We are deeply committed to bringing hope and security to the lives of all the families who, until now, have lived in conditions unimaginable to most. Whilst the final objective is to build concrete homes budgetary restrictions and immediate needs preclude this for now. We plan to build sturdy, corrugated homes that will provide essential protection from the harsh elements they endure daily. Though they might be seen as "tin shacks" in Western terms, for these families, these homes will be a symbol of dignity and safety, a luxury they have never known. In addition, We aim to restore the boarding school, a place where the future of these children can begin to take root. Today, the school is barely standing, with makeshift doors and chairs used as beds. It is falling apart, a tragedy in a place where the next generation's hope should be nurtured.

To bring this vision to life, we have calculated a budget of 1.5 million Namibian dollars - roughly the same value as the South African rand. In GBP 70 000 or USA dollars 90 000 this amounts to a sum that may seem modest in some circles as it would not buy a single home in most Western countries, but for *Save The San Children* Charity, it is an enormous challenge but one we know will be met with your support.

To carry out this mission, we will also need transport - a second-hand double cab and trailer - essential for transporting materials and supplies to these remote communities. The cost for this vehicle and trailer comes to 4-500,000 Namibian dollars. It is my sincerest hope that a kind and generous soul may be moved to offer support, whether through donation or connection to those who may assist.

At present, these families live in homes crafted from plastic and wood, with no protection from the elements that rage around them. Your support, no matter how small, can be the key to transforming their lives. Together, we can offer them the safety, dignity, and hope they so richly deserve.



**The school, which should be a beacon of hope and growth, is in a state of disrepair. The doors and chairs are not just makeshift beds - they are symbols of a desperate situation, one that is crying out for change. Currently, over 70 boarders, with no official support, call this boarding school their home. Sadly, the conditions in which they live and learn - crumbling accommodations, dilapidated classrooms, and makeshift tents - are heart-breaking.**



**One woman's story of despair, dreams and hope.**



Beneath the wide expanse of the boundless sky, a woman lies on the ground, her spirit a tapestry woven with unfulfilled dreams. She is a paraplegic, her body bound while her heart yearns to soar. When I softly approached her, hoping to lend a hand, she responded with a voice tender yet heavy with longing basically saying: “Doc, al waarvoor ek wens, is om op 'n bed te sterf” — “Doc, all I wish for is to die lying on a bed.” In her 63 revolutions around the sun, she has never known the gentle embrace of a mattress, the serene sanctuary that cradles us in our most vulnerable moments. Her words, simple yet profound, echo the silent plea of so many who navigate the world differently, reminding us of the sacredness of the deep human desire for dignity. Let us, then, not turn away from this longing, but rather strive to grant her the solace she seeks - a chance to sleep in her own home and feel the softness of a bed beneath her, if only for a fleeting moment, and to honour her wish.



## The Project: Phase two

At the heart of our mission lies a profound truth: true empowerment is not merely the alleviation of suffering, but the cultivation of lasting independence. It is not enough to provide relief for today - we must equip these families with the skills and resources to shape their own futures, to reclaim their agency, and to stand with pride on the foundation of their own craftsmanship.

With this in mind, we have begun training and equipping the community in the art of craft production - a timeless skill that will allow them to generate income for essential needs such as food, education, and medicine. My wife and I have personally taken the first steps, financing small-scale projects to ignite this journey. Now, within the heart of the community, skilled hands are at work, transforming humble broken ostrich eggshells into breath-taking pieces of art. Each fragment is shaped with care, each hole delicately drilled using handmade tools, each creation infused with patience and precision. These are not just objects - they are stories, traditions, and livelihoods carved into being.

But the vision extends beyond a single craft. The community is also working with naturally sourced materials - wood, seeds, and other elements of the land - to create a diverse collection of handmade goods. This is more than economic opportunity; it is a return to the land, a revival of heritage, and a reaffirmation of their own resilience. In their hands, nature itself becomes a canvas, and self-sufficiency becomes not just a dream, but a reality. Together, we can help them make not just beautiful art, but a future full of possibility, where they do not merely survive - but rise, flourish, and thrive.

To expand this initiative and ensure its success, we seek to raise 100,000 Namibian dollars - an investment that will not only sustain livelihoods but restore dignity and instill hope. As the old adage reminds us: *"Give a man a fish, and you feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish, and you feed him for a lifetime."*

But this is about more than survival. This is about rediscovering the power within - the ability to create, to sustain, to thrive. It is about forging a future where dependence is replaced with self-reliance, where hardship is met with skill and determination, and where the act of crafting becomes an act of reclaiming identity.

Every penny raised from craft donations is more than just currency - it is a heartbeat, a pulse of renewal that flows directly into the veins of the community. It fuels the renaissance of a culture, building of homes, the, vital feeding programs and help sustain the operations of the boarding school, ensuring that no child's future is stunted by hunger or neglect. Our mission is as simple as it is profound: to nourish these young souls not just with a meagre cup of maize meal, but with the far richer sustenance of hope, knowledge, and unwavering care.

Beyond improving their living conditions, we are devoted to strengthening their education - ensuring classrooms are not just filled with books, but with voices that resonate in their mother tongue, teachers who understand not only their language but their very essence. Yet, there is something even more sacred we must safeguard: the timeless wisdom and traditions of the San people.

These extraordinary children, heirs to an ancient lineage, carry within them a treasure trove of knowledge - stories etched in memory, skills honed over millennia. But in a world that moves at relentless speed, this inheritance risks vanishing into silence. We refuse to let that happen. We are committed to carving out dedicated time each week for these young minds to immerse themselves in the ways of their ancestors - to learn, to practice, to pass forward the flame of a culture that must never be extinguished.

This is more than preservation; it is an act of defiance against erasure, a declaration that the San people's legacy will not fade, but flourish. And with your support, we will ensure that these children not only survive, but thrive, carrying their heritage forward into a future shaped by their own hands.

Examples of the beautiful handmade crafts.





## The Project: Phase three

The third chapter of our vision is one of renewal - of breathing life into opportunity where now there is none. In the remote *bush ghetto* where the San people endure, the spectre of unemployment looms large, with work almost non-existent and hope too often a flickering ember. But from this stark reality, we are determined to forge a path toward self-sufficiency. Through sustainable tourism, we envision not just jobs, but dignity restored, livelihoods built, and a future shaped by the hands of those who call this land home.

At the heart of this effort is a comprehensive, community-led camping site - a sanctuary where visitors will find not just accommodations, but an experience deeply woven into the soul of the San. With access to water, small lodges, and tented retreats beneath the vast African sky, this initiative will provide employment and a vital infusion of resources into the community. It is an endeavour of profound significance, and we are honoured to embark on it alongside our dear Namibian friends - Phil van Wyk, whose knowledge and expertise through *Unbounded Namibia Safaris & Tours* will guide us, and Fanu Majiedt, a shepherd of many, whose heart beats for the upliftment of the most vulnerable. Together, we commit ourselves wholly to the realization of this dream.

To bring this vision from blueprint to reality, we seek an investment of 10 to 15 million Namibian dollars. This is more than financial capital - it is the foundation upon which we will house, nourish, and educate an entire community, allowing them to reclaim agency over their own destiny.

Integral to this plan is *The Living Museum at Grashoek* - an open-air sanctuary where the past meets the present, where the San people do not merely preserve history, but *live it*. Here, visitors will step into a world of ancient rhythms - witnessing the artistry of traditional hunting, the poetry of song, the sacred pulse of dance. This is not nostalgia; it is a powerful act of cultural affirmation, an opportunity for the San to share their wisdom with a world that so desperately needs it. This is our calling, our labour of love.

Through these interconnected projects, we envision a future where the community flourishes, their cultural heritage is celebrated, and sustainable livelihoods are created, ensuring that the voices, skills, and traditions of the Ju/'Hoansi people resonate far beyond their immediate surroundings. Together, we will pave the way for a brighter future, rooted in pride and opportunity.

The mission of *Save The San Children* unfolds in three transformative phases, each a vital strand in the tapestry of renewal: preserving the rich cultural heritage of the San people, restoring their dignity, and empowering them to thrive once more. The San, the first storytellers of the land, lived by an ethos of communal harmony - pragmatic socialism at its most organic. In their way of life, there was no hoarding of wealth, no isolation of the individual; instead, there was an unspoken understanding that survival is a shared endeavour. In a world increasingly fractured by individualism, their wisdom offers a luminous path back to unity and resilience.

It is not merely history we seek to preserve, but a philosophy - one that teaches generosity over greed, kinship over competition. By standing with *Save The San Children*, you do more than offer aid; you become a custodian of an ancient legacy, ensuring that the San people's identity is not lost to time, but celebrated, nourished, and reborn. Your support does more than alleviate hardship - it fuels self-sufficiency, cultivating economic empowerment through traditional crafts and sustainable tourism, allowing the San to shape their own destiny.

We embark on this journey with profound passion and hope, knowing that real change is not the work of one, but of many hands extended in solidarity. Whether you give openly or in quiet anonymity, your contribution becomes an act of restoration, a promise to generations yet unborn. This is more than charity; it is a commitment to justice, to heritage, to humanity itself.

We invite you - whether as a traveler, a supporter, or a guardian of heritage - to walk this path with us. Let us not stand as distant observers of a culture's fading light - let us be the ones who kindle its fire anew.

**Banking details Save The San Children Norway Acc no. 15069988668**  
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## GENERAL INFORMATION CONCERNING THE JU/'HOANSI SAN<sup>1 2 3</sup>

### The Bushman Story – a short history

**Location.** Also called the Ju/wasi and the !Kung, this San society of about 30,000 people today live in the deserts of Botswana, Namibia, and Angola, in southern Africa with a central, interior area on the Botswana/Namibia border (see map).

**Ancient economy.** The Ju/'hoansi people, as nomadic hunters and gatherers, lived in harmony with the harsh desert environment for tens of thousands of years. Their existence was shaped by the unforgiving climate, where food and water resources were scarce. Unlike other arid regions, the Ju/'hoansi did not enjoy periods of abundance, making it impossible for them to store food supplies. Consequently, they developed a unique survival strategy that revolved around widespread pooling networks and social solidarity within their local groups.

Their social structure was a testament to the power of cooperation and mutual aid. By sharing resources and relying on each other, the Ju/'hoansi were able to mitigate the risks associated with food shortages. Their collective efforts created a sense of peace and cohesion, with the group's social unity serving as a form of stored surplus. This system allowed them to thrive in one of the most inhospitable environments on Earth.

However, over the past 50 years, the Ju/'hoansi have been forcibly removed from their ancestral lands and relocated to permanent communities, which can only be described as bush ghettos. This has had a devastating impact on their way of life, as many are no longer able to hunt and provide for themselves. Unemployment has become almost endemic, with some estimates suggesting rates of 100%.

Unfortunately, the Ju/'hoansi have faced centuries of persecution and marginalization. Historically, they were treated as "vermin," and many groups were ruthlessly hunted and exterminated. Even less than a century ago, it was possible for individuals to obtain a hunting license and kill them on sight. This systemic racism and hatred have left an indelible mark on the Ju/'hoansi people, perpetuating cycles of poverty, unemployment, and social unrest.

In light of this troubled history, the work of *Save The San Children* is more critical than ever. By supporting this charity, we can help the Ju/'hoansi reclaim their cultural heritage, rediscover their social solidarity, and build sustainable livelihoods. Your generosity can contribute to a brighter future for these resilient people, one that honours their past while embracing their potential for growth and self-sufficiency.

### Spread of bushmen

The San people, often regarded as the oldest known human populations in the world, have a rich and ancient history that stretches back over 100,000 years. Their nomadic lifestyle has allowed them to adapt to the diverse landscapes of Southern Africa, particularly evident in regions like Botswana's Tsodilo Hills. Archaeological evidence, including stone tools and rock paintings found at this site, highlights their cultural and artistic ingenuity, representing some of the earliest forms of human expression and creativity. Remarkably, these artistic artifacts predate similar finds in Europe, underscoring the San's long-standing heritage.

Africa is celebrated as the Birthplace of Humankind, and the San Bushmen embody this identity in profound ways. Recent genomic studies have revealed that the DNA of the San people can be traced throughout almost all modern human populations today. This illustrates their significant role in the broader narrative of human history. The largest genomic study conducted among San groups has shown that these populations are descendants of one of the earliest

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<sup>1</sup> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dfUHQ2kCg1U>

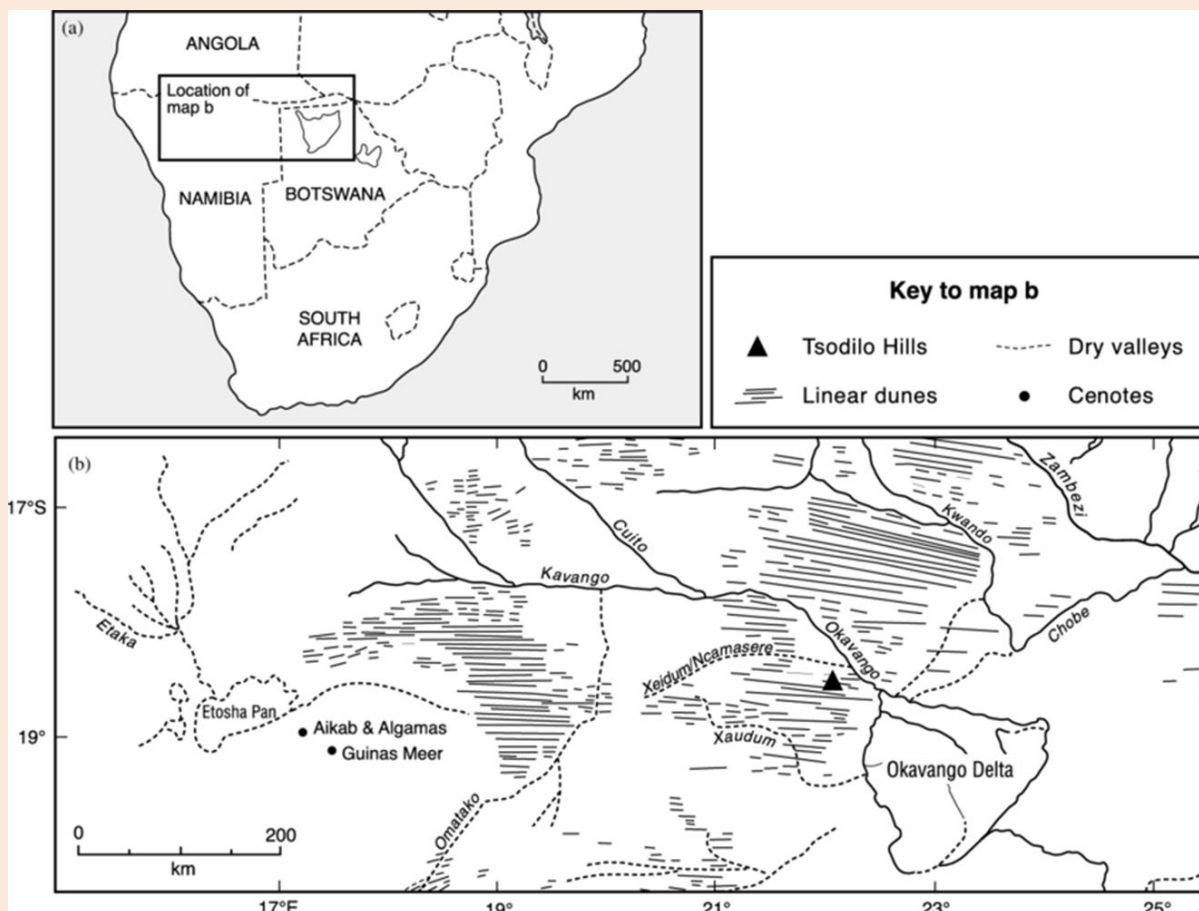
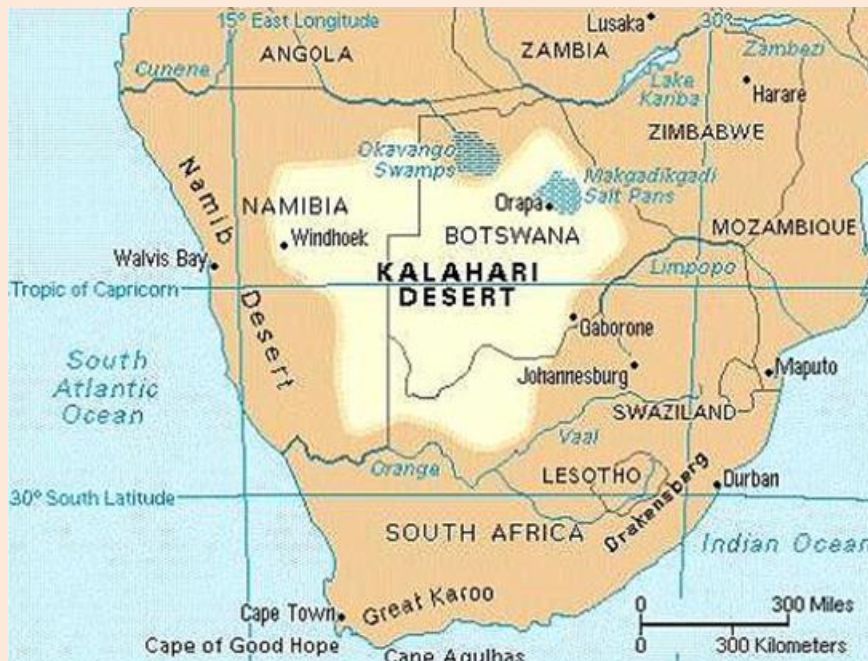
<sup>2</sup>

[https://peacefulsocieties.uncg.edu/societies/juhoansi/#:~:text=Most%20Ju%2Fhoansi%20\(pronounced,and%20water%20resource%20are%20sparse.](https://peacefulsocieties.uncg.edu/societies/juhoansi/#:~:text=Most%20Ju%2Fhoansi%20(pronounced,and%20water%20resource%20are%20sparse.)

<sup>3</sup> For wonderful insights on their manners and customs one must read: Marshall, Lorna. 1976. *The !Kung of Nyae Nyae*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press (the !Kung is the former name of the Ju/'hoansi)



diversification events in human history, which occurred approximately 100,000 years ago, long before the 'out-of-Africa' migration of modern humans.



Furthermore, the San populations from northern Namibia and Angola later separated from the Khoe and San groups residing in South Africa, marking a significant chapter in human evolutionary history that took place between 25,000 and 40,000 years ago. The genetic diversity found within African hunter-gatherer populations, including the San, showcases a level of differentiation that is not observed in other contemporary African populations. This diversity is a testament to their long-standing adaptation to various environments and ways of life.

Despite this extraordinary history, the San people face significant challenges today. Their rich cultural heritage and traditional ways of life are under threat from external pressures, including land dispossession, economic marginalization, and social injustices. Efforts such as those undertaken by *Save The San Children* are crucial in helping to preserve their unique culture and identity while providing opportunities for a sustainable future. By supporting initiatives aimed at uplifting the San community, we can help honour their legacy and ensure that their valuable contributions to humanity are recognized and celebrated.

### **A fleeting insight into their culture and mythology**

**Etymology** of the name bushmen – desert, hide behind bush, no bush – bring their own bush – bushman.



They stood at just 5 feet tall, but their resilience and resourcefulness made them giants in their own right. When it came to eating, they could consume more than anyone—capable of devouring up to 10kg of meat as their stomachs expanded to take full advantage of times when food was abundant. In the harsh desert environment, the Ju/'hoansi found everything they needed to survive right where they lived. They dug up sweet potatoes, leeks, and carrots, gathered wild melons in season, and scooped up Bushman rice—ant eggs—from the earth.

Their hunting skills were nothing short of legendary. With ingenuity and precision, they devised methods to track and capture the animals that were crucial to their survival. Lethal with the bow, they used poisoned arrows that would cause the targeted animal to gradually weaken. Though it could take 20 or 30 miles of running to catch up with a gazelle or a bull eland—no challenge for a Bushman hunter—the animal would eventually collapse, exhausted. The hunter would then strike swiftly, killing it, and carry the meat back to camp while it was still warm.

Their skill as trackers was unmatched, regarded as the best in the world. In the military, a tracker could tell you everything about the movement of an enemy—when they passed, how many there were, what they carried, and even if they were tired. Their ability to read the land and its signs was a testament to their deep connection with nature and their unparalleled expertise in surviving the harshest conditions. The Ju/'hoansi hunters were masters of strategy and creativity, using nature itself as both shield and weapon. To trap the mighty hippo, they dug hidden pits covered with branches, with sharpened sticks below to pierce the beast as it unwittingly wandered into the trap—affectionately referred to as “old auntie sea cow.” Their hunting methods were as ingenious as they were bold. To hunt giraffes, they would hide in bushes, catching the sun's reflection with a piece of glass. According to their belief, all giraffes were women, and by simply showing them something so beautiful, the giraffe would be drawn closer.

For the larger, more dangerous animals like elephants and rhinos, the Ju/'hoansi would send a man running among the herd, singing protective songs as he danced around, until one became angry enough to chase him. At that moment, the rest of the tribe would leap from their hiding spots and sever the animal's tendons, bringing it down together. Their bravery and teamwork were extraordinary, turning even the most dangerous creatures of the bush into a source of sustenance.

Even lions, the apex predators of the savannah, were not beyond their cunning. The Ju/'hoansi would chase lions away from their kills by dressing in branches and feathers, approaching as a group and making terrifying noises. With such resourcefulness and fearless cooperation, they tamed the wild and turned it into a place of survival.



But most of all they loved honey and would do anything to get it. They climbed up high on steep rocks where only the baboons – **‘the people who sit on their heels’** – dared to go. At sunset when bees made... a beeline straight back to their nests, the Bushmen ran after them until even their excellent eyesight lost them, then they would mark the place and return the next day to resume the trail. Knowledge of nests was handed down from father to son.

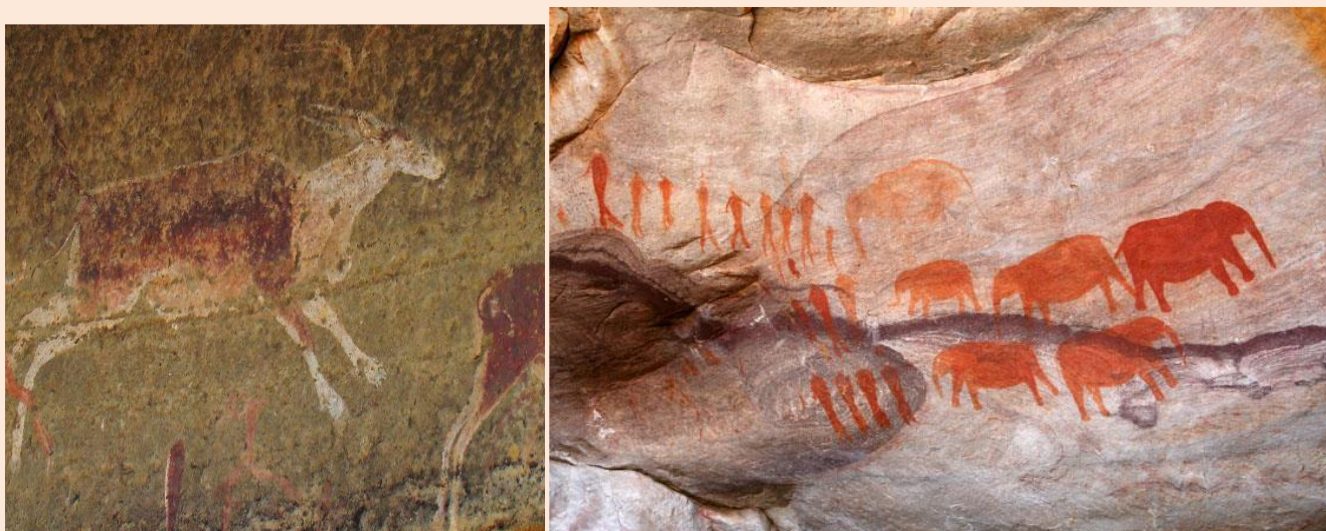


Sometimes, the Ju/'hoansi hunters were aided by one of the most extraordinary allies in the wild - the honey bird. This small creature, fluttering excitedly through the air, would lead the hunters to the hidden treasures of nature: bee nests nestled in the branches of trees or the crevices of rocks. The bird, eager to share its discovery, would guide them with purpose, knowing that a feast awaited.

Once they reached the hive, the hunters would start a fire outside the bees' nest, causing the bees—known as the most aggressive and vicious of all African bees—to grow drowsy from the smoke. The danger was real, but the reward was sweet: the Ju/'hoansi would carefully harvest the honey and share it with their feathered guide. The honey bird, ever the opportunist, would enlist any human willing to help—unless, of course, it could first find its true companion, the ratel, also known as the honey badger. This formidable creature, tough as nails and fearless, was the bird's preferred partner in crime, and together, they formed an unlikely but powerful team, sharing the sweet bounty of nature's hidden treasures.



The ratel, is a creature of remarkable resilience. With thick, tough skin that made it nearly impervious to the stings of even the fiercest bees, it seemed like an unstoppable force of nature. However, its nose and eyes remained vulnerable, so it had to rely on an ingenious strategy when it came to stealing honey. Lacking the ability to make fire like the Ju/'hoansi, the ratel would instead approach the bee nest and, with a boldness only it could possess, stick its behind inside the hive. There, it would release a potent, foul-smelling secretion so overpowering that the bees, helpless against the stench, would tumble from their nests, stunned and unable to defend their precious honey. With the bees rendered powerless, the ratel would steal the honey with ease, an audacious theft that spoke to its wild cunning and unmatched fearlessness.



The life of the Bushmen, or San people, unfolds as a timeless ode to the profound bond between humanity, nature, and community. For millennia, their existence has been a delicate dance with the rhythms of the earth, where hunting transcended mere survival—it became a sacred ritual deeply woven into the very fabric of their identity. With reverence, they honoured the creatures that roamed their lands, seeing them not simply as prey, but as fellow souls entwined in the circle of life. Through vibrant rock paintings, they immortalized the essence of these majestic animals, each stroke a heartfelt tribute, a whisper of gratitude that lingered in the air.

The Bushmen wove the wonders of the natural world into their myths and sacred rites. Their dances mirrored the graceful movements of the beings they admired, each twirl and leap a living testament to their kinship with the wild. In these performances, stories of the land and its inhabitants came alive, echoing the heartbeat of the earth—a reminder of the sacred partnership they cherished with all living things.

Beyond their remarkable skills as hunters, the Bushmen were also gifted artists and musicians, their creativity a vibrant thread in the tapestry of their daily lives. The haunting melodies of bamboo flutes and tortoise-shell cellos filled the air, enriching their ceremonies—from the joyous celebration of new life to the solemn reflections on the passage of death. In these gatherings, laughter took flight, weaving joy and resilience into the fabric of their existence, illuminating their spirit even in the face of life's tempests.

Their courtship rituals danced with playfulness, mirroring their light-hearted approach to life. A gentle man might shoot a tiny arrow toward a woman—a whimsical act that spoke of both bravery and affection. Here, laughter thrived, a beacon of hope that brightened their days and bound them together, bringing solace amid the shadows of hardship. They believed that laughter could banish misfortune, a testament to their deep-seated connection with one another and the world around them, a balm for the soul even in the most trying times.

Yet, beneath this seemingly carefree exterior lay a profound wisdom shaped by their intimate and often unforgiving reality. Their lives were peppered with heart-wrenching choices—saying goodbye to aging kin or grappling with the sorrowful decision of whom to aid in times of scarcity. And still, in these moments of grief, they displayed an extraordinary compassion, their hearts wide open, ensuring that no one faced their final hours alone, offering warmth and care to those who could no longer journey forward. Thus, the Bushmen's legacy shines—a testament to the resilient spirit of humanity, woven together by love, laughter, and an unwavering connection to nature's embrace.

In one of the harshest crucibles on Earth, the Bushmen, or San people, emerged as remarkable stewards of their stark environment. In the arid expanse where water was a precious jewel, they wielded knowledge like an ancient art, uncovering hidden wells beneath the earth's surface. With long bamboo poles, they drew forth life-sustaining water, which they held in fragile ostrich eggshells, treasures to sustain them for days to come. This profound bond with their land allowed them to flourish, where others might falter.

Their way of life radiated simplicity, community, and harmony, an existence stripped of excess that fostered peace over conflict. With few possessions weighing them down, the ethos of sharing blossomed - meals were communal, tools were lent, and trust was the currency of their bonds. Their adaptability shone through like a beacon, as they navigated the rhythms of the wild with an instinctive grace, deftly packing their lives into bundles, ever ready to embrace the journeys ahead.



At their core, the Bushmen embody resilience, familial connections, and deep reverence for the world that cradles them. Their very being serves as a poignant reminder of humanity's capacity to harmonize with nature, to honour relationships and traditions while navigating the delicate balance of existence. Their legacy whispers through time, urging us to reconnect—with one another, with the land, and with the stories that shape our souls.

### **Modernity - the heartrending recent history of the Bushmen**

The Bushmen's plight serves as a poignant reminder of the fragility of culture, the cruelty of history, and the enduring hope of those who, despite it all, hold on to their identity. Their story is one that demands to be heard, for it is not only their loss but a loss shared by humanity itself—a loss of connection, of understanding, and of the very essence of what it means to belong to the earth.

Yet, within this rich tapestry of life lies a tragic thread. After tens of thousands of years of living in communion with their homeland, the Bushmen faced the encroaching shadows of violence. Theirs is a saga of resilience stifled by the relentless march of time and colonization. These ancient people, whose footprints echo across the arid deserts and sweeping plains, have long been stewards of a land that has shaped their souls and defined their very existence. Yet, in the wake of modernity, they find themselves displaced, their traditions diminished, and their once-vibrant culture forced into the shadows.

The Bushmen lived in harmony with their environment, weaving their lives into the fabric of nature, their knowledge of the land unparalleled. But as colonial forces expanded their reach, the Bushmen were driven from their ancestral homelands, pushed to the margins of society. The land that once nourished them now slips through their fingers, their stories silenced by the winds of change.

In this brutal dance of history, the Bushmen have become symbols of loss - lost heritage, lost language, and lost ways of being. Yet, their spirit endures. Through the hardship, through the erasure, they continue to fight for their place, to reclaim what is rightfully theirs, even as the world turns its back. Their tragedy is not just a history of suffering but a testament to the strength of a people who refuse to fade into the past, no matter how powerful the forces against them.

Other tribes hunted them, but the most devastating blow came with the arrival of European settlers. To these newcomers, the Bushmen were seen as little more than mere echoes of human life, beings to be tamed or discarded in a brutal wave of exploitation. The settlers, who clung to the concepts of land ownership and possession, stripped the Bushmen of their ancestral homes, driving them from the lands that had nourished their spirits for generations.

In their desperation, the Bushmen were left grappling with the ruins of their existence, a wound inflicted upon them by those who failed to understand the value of coexistence. Their suffering echoes through history, a poignant reminder of the fragility of life and the importance of honouring the connections we share, for in the threads of community and respect lies the true essence of humanity.

The Bushmen, in their desperate fight for survival amidst unimaginable adversity, began hunting the settlers' cattle - it was not merely a rebellious act but a deeply human response to their displacement and loss of their ancestral lands. This practice, however, further fuelled the settlers' animosity towards them, intensifying the cycle of violence and retribution.

Despite the courage of brave warriors armed only with poisoned arrows, the Bushmen were woefully outmatched against the settlers' firearms. The devastating disparity in weaponry, with the settlers' guns boasting a range of up to 300 meters compared to the Bushmen's effective reach of only 20 meters, left them with little chance of survival. Even in the face of impending death, the Bushmen maintained their dignity; many would cover their faces with cloths, shielding their expressions from their enemies, a poignant testament to their strength and pride in their final moments.

One particularly haunting episode recounts the last stand of a lone Bushman warrior in a series of caves, a moment that encapsulates both the desperation and defiance of his people. A young Dutch boy was sent to plead for the warrior's surrender. Instead of capitulation, the warrior stood tall, chest puffed out in defiance, proclaiming, "Tell your chief that not only is my quiver full of arrows, but I will fight as long as I have life left." When his arrows were exhausted and the enemy closed in, he ascended a nearby ridge, uttering a final, defiant cry before leaping to his death, a last act of resistance that echoed the spirit of his people.

From the 1600s to the 1900s, the persecution of the San reached horrific depths. It became legal to kill them across southern Africa, leading to the systematic extermination of entire Bushmen populations at the hands of European settlers and local tribes alike. Thousands lost their lives, while others were forced into slavery. In the 19th century, Dutch settlers deployed paramilitary commandos to hunt down San tribes, motivated by fear and misunderstanding. By 1873, the San people in the Cape region of South Africa were virtually extinct.

When British authorities took control, their response to the violence was a misguided attempt to "civilize" the San by forcing them into an agricultural lifestyle, oblivious to the profound cultural ties the San had with their semi-nomadic, hunter-gatherer existence. The British were surprised and frustrated when these oldest living peoples resisted the abandonment of their traditions. As these attempts failed, the response from colonial powers grew increasingly brutal, and the killing of San people transitioned from taboo to accepted practice. The last legal permit to hunt the San was issued in Namibia in 1936, although reports suggest that this heinous practice continued into the 1970s. Even beyond that era, shoot-to-kill policies were enacted across Southern Africa, allowing officials to kill any San suspected of hunting wildlife.

In the 1970s, during Namibia's struggle for independence, the South African military often conscripted San Bushmen to track freedom fighters along the Angolan border, dangling promises of medicine, housing, and education in front of them. However, when Namibia gained its independence in 1990, thousands of San were forcibly relocated to tent cities in South Africa, living in dread of reprisals from the newly established government. Their future became unemployment, alcoholism and prostitution.

The Bushmen's plight serves as a poignant reminder of the fragility of culture, the cruelty of history, and the enduring hope of those who, despite it all, hold on to their identity. Their story is one that demands to be heard, for it is not only their loss but a loss shared by humanity itself - a loss of connection, of understanding, and of the very essence of what it means to belong to the earth.

Today, the San communities grapple with an amalgam of challenges: high unemployment, cultural disintegration, and soaring rates of alcoholism, HIV/AIDS, and poverty. Their once-vibrant connection to the Kalahari has been severed by the Botswana government's discovery of diamonds and minerals, leading to the forced removal of the Bushmen from their homeland. This displacement not only robbed them of their physical homes but also stripped them of their rights to practice their traditions, resulting in further erosion of their culture.

Much like the Native Americans and Australian Aboriginals, the San peoples bear the painful legacy of colonialism, persecution, dislocation, and the relentless erosion of their way of life. The story of the Bushmen stands as a testament to extraordinary resilience amid profound loss and ongoing struggle. Their fight for survival—a battle against oblivion—remains relentless as they pave their path through a world that has largely forgotten their existence, striving to reclaim their narrative and preserve the culture that has existed for millennia.

### ***Poem: Ash in the Wind***

*A lament for the Bushmen, and for all who vanish while the world goes on*

What becomes of a soul  
when the world it knew forgets?  
When the stars it read for guidance  
are drowned by neon nets?

They walked - no, *were they* the land.  
Breath in the wind. Thought in the trees.  
Not above nature,  
but within it.  
Now, they are ghosts of the breeze.

The Bushmen, children of the dawn,  
spoke to stone, to root, to fire.  
But progress came, with iron hands,



and labeled them “lesser,”  
called their silence “expired.”

History, that cold machine,  
devoured them with hungry gears.  
Erased their language, broke their backs,  
then turned its face  
and shed no tears.

Can culture die?  
Not just the songs and ways,  
but the *why* behind the breathing?  
The ritual meaning of days?  
When meaning is stolen, not lost,  
what remains of the self?  
Is it still a death  
if no one marks the shelf  
where memories were kept—  
neatly folded, untouched—  
then quietly swept  
into dust?

They did not wage a war of empires.  
They had no flag to drape on hills.  
They simply *were*  
raw, uncut,  
as thunder over dunes that stand still.

Existence was enough.  
But it wasn't enough  
for those who needed lines and ownership,  
who saw the Earth not as a mother,  
but a contract signed in blood and ship.

And so, they fell.  
Not like soldiers - but like *truths*,  
denied.  
Not all deaths come with fire  
some with forgetting.  
Some are slow suicides  
of the world turning its eyes.

They killed them legally.  
Stamped papers made murder clean.  
The state said, “This is necessary.”  
God whispered, “This is obscene.”

Even dignity,  
in those final breaths,  
was theirs alone.  
Cloth pulled over faces—  
not to hide, but to keep

one last piece of themselves  
untouched by conquest.

One stood in a cave,  
quiver empty, soul intact,  
and roared into the abyss:  
“I will fight while I have life!”  
Tell me  
what is nobler than this?

But the abyss did not answer.  
It never does.  
It only echoes back  
the sound of being forgotten.

Now, the sand remembers what we do not.  
Now, the land cries out in our place.  
Now, the oldest people vanish,  
not from time  
but from *space*.

What is a life,  
if the world refuses to see it?  
What is truth,  
when power rewrites it?  
What is the point of memory,  
when even suffering can be made invisible?

This isn't just their death.  
It's the death of a question:  
Can humanity exist  
without its roots?  
Can we belong to a world  
we steal from?

And yet  
somewhere,  
a heartbeat drums low in the dust.  
A child carves a story into stone.  
A song flickers in an elder's throat.  
They are not gone.  
Not yet.

They are ash in the wind  
yes  
but ash remembers fire.  
And fire,  
if breathed upon,  
can rise.



## YOU CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE, BE THE SPARK IN THE DARKNESS AND LEND LIGHT

May I share two poems I wrote for the Bushmen.

### **Real love is rarely loud but always felt.**

Sometimes the world feels unbearably heavy.  
You see pain etched in quiet glances,  
in the spaces between words,  
in the ache that goes unspoken.

And maybe you've wondered—  
*What can I possibly do?*  
*How could anything I give ever be enough?*

But listen—  
the truth is, your presence matters.  
More than you know.

You don't need grand gestures.  
You don't need to have all the answers.  
What you *do* have -your compassion,  
your attention, your willingness to show up—  
is everything.

When you hold someone's sorrow like it's your own,  
you remind them they're not alone.  
When you choose kindness in a bitter moment,  
you shift the balance.  
When you speak light into darkness,  
you become the reason someone breathes easier that day.

To help is not always to heal.  
Sometimes it's just to stay.  
To sit beside someone in their storm  
and let them know they're seen.

That... that changes everything.

You may not see the ripple,  
but you are the stone.

So show up.  
Speak gently.  
Give what you can,  
even if all you have is a quiet heart  
and hands that still tremble.

Because love - real love -  
is rarely loud,  
but it is always felt.

And *that* is how you make a difference.

## **Blessing the Forgotten Ones**

When the world feels cold and blind,  
And justice lingers far behind,  
You may feel small, just one, alone,  
But even whispers shake the stone.  
A single voice, a steady flame,  
Can spark the world to shift its frame.

The Bushmen walked with sacred grace,  
Now pushed aside, erased from place.  
Their stories fade, their lands betrayed,  
Their ancient songs in silence laid.  
No headlines tell of what they lose,  
But truth still lingers in the hues.

Not all change comes from marching feet,  
But quiet acts the heart repeats.  
A kind word shared, a soul that stays,  
Can brighten long and shadowed days.  
A hand held out, a soft reply  
Can lift the low, help spirits fly.

You need not shout or take the stage  
To stand for love or heal the rage.  
Speak truth where silence still deceives,  
Plant hope where history still grieves.  
Stretch your heart where hands can't go,  
And let compassion freely flow.

Though storms may rage and voices cry,  
It's steady hearts that change the sky.  
No act of love is ever small,  
Each one can lift what seeks to fall.  
The spark you carry, pure and bright,  
Can be the match that births the light.

So rise with fire, with ache, with grace,  
And hold the ones time would erase.  
Your voice can be the truth they claim,  
Your care, the echo of their name.  
Stand firm in love, though pain is near  
And let them know they're seen, they're here.

Empowering the Bushmen to celebrate their culture and spirituality is indeed vital for their well-being and self-identity. Traditional cultures, far from being mere artefacts of history, are vibrant and dynamic expressions of a community's heritage, beliefs, and enduring relationship with the natural world. Supporting their efforts to preserve these traditions not only helps maintain their sense of self and purpose but also reinforces their resilience in the face of ongoing challenges.

When communities are encouraged to embrace and celebrate their cultural heritage, the positive ripple effects are profound. As the Bushmen gain economic independence through initiatives that promote their cultural practices—whether through sustainable tourism, traditional crafts, or agriculture—they become less reliant on external aid. This



newfound autonomy empowers them to tackle the multifaceted challenges facing their communities, enabling investments in education, healthcare, and social services that can break the cycle of poverty and vulnerability.

Moreover, your support can play a pivotal role in raising awareness about the Bushmen's unique culture and way of life, promoting cross-cultural understanding and appreciation. Through increased visibility and recognition, the world can learn from their traditional knowledge, values, and practices. This not only benefits the Bushmen but enriches the lives of those who engage with their stories, fostering a deeper appreciation for the diversity of human experience.

Your donation and contribution stand as a powerful testament to the impact of compassion and kindness in shaping a better world. By standing in solidarity with the Bushmen, you affirm their inherent worth and value their unique perspectives. You acknowledge that their culture is not just a relic of the past, but a living testament to humanity's rich tapestry. Supporting the Bushmen is not only about recognizing their right to exist and thrive - it is about honouring the wisdom they offer and the lessons we can learn from their journey. Together, we can nurture a world that celebrates diversity, promotes understanding, and advocates for the rights and dignity of all peoples.

#### **Specific ways your donation can make a difference:**

1. **Cultural Revitalization:** Support language and cultural revitalization programs to help the Bushmen preserve their traditional knowledge, language, and customs.
2. **Economic Empowerment:** Provide microfinance opportunities, vocational training, and access to markets for Bushmen artisans to sell their crafts.
3. **Education and Capacity Building:** Invest in education and training programs for Bushmen youth, focusing on literacy, numeracy, and life skills.
4. **Health and Wellness:** Support healthcare initiatives, focusing on mental health, HIV/AIDS, and chronic disease management.
5. **Community Development:** Facilitate community development projects, including infrastructure development, water access, and sanitation facilities.

By supporting these initiatives, you can help create a brighter future for the Bushmen, one that honours their culture, respects their autonomy, and celebrates their inherent dignity. A donation of only 1700 USA dollars or 1300 Sterling (30000 Namibian dollars) will help build one decent home and also support the laying in of access to clean drinking water.

#### **Contact details**

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## Two key people living in Namibia are helping *Save The San Children* make a difference.

### Fanu

I am Stefano Majiedt, though the winds of my homeland whisper my name as Fano. Born beneath the golden sun of July 31, 1986, I am a son of Namibia, a soul rooted in the quiet embrace of Gochas, a village cradled in the far south of this vast and untamed land. Here, where the earth is dry but the spirit is strong, I have woven my life among those who dream, those who struggle, and those who rise.

I walk this journey hand in hand with a woman of grace, my wife, the heart that beats beside mine. Together, we are blessed with three radiant children - our legacy, our light. In the whispers of my people, I am called *the voice of the voiceless*, a bearer of hope where shadows fall heavy. My heart is an open door, my hands ever reaching, for I believe no soul should wander in despair without the touch of kindness to guide them home.

In the shelter of our modest dwelling, my wife and I have kindled a flame of compassion—a humble soup kitchen, a place where warmth is served not just in bowls, but in the embrace of humanity. By the grace of our Father, we are not alone in this mission; the kindness of generous souls flows toward us in the form of clothes, blankets, and provisions, gifts that we pass on to those who have known the bitter chill of hardship.

I do not believe my existence is mere chance. I was born with purpose, sculpted by the hands of destiny to be a refuge for the weary, a bridge for the broken, a light for those who have forgotten the dawn. If there is suffering, I will stand against it. If there is need, I will answer. For what is a life, if not lived in service of love? I am called with the heart of a Pastor.

With all my heart, I stand beside Doc and the noble cause of *Save The San Children*, for in the San people, I see the echoes of an ancient wisdom—the oldest living culture upon this earth. They have walked the sands of time with a quiet grace, living in harmony with the land, holding fast to the truths that many have forgotten.

Long before ink met parchment, before the words of the Bible were ever written, the San lived the teachings of Christ's Sermon on the Mount - not as doctrine, but as a way of being. They have embodied humility, mercy, and love for their neighbours, not out of obligation, but because it is woven into the very fabric of their existence.

To support them is not an act of charity alone - it is an act of justice, of honouring the wisdom they have carried through millennia. It is a call to recognize that true faith is not only spoken, but lived, not only preached, but practiced. And in them, I see the living word - the gentle, unshaken spirit of a people who have always known the way of peace.

**Phil Van Wyk – see <https://unboundednamibia.com/>**

Phil van Wyk is not merely a husband or a father - he is a man whose life is richly interwoven with purpose, place, and people. Beside him walks Karmen, a woman of quiet strength and grace, and together they are blessed with three radiant children who carry the heartbeat of their land in their laughter and dreams.

But beyond the warmth of his family, Phil's soul beats in rhythm with a vast and ancient continent - Africa. His love for Namibia is not a fleeting sentiment; it is a lifelong devotion, carved into the very core of who he is. It is this reverence, this almost sacred connection, which breathes life into **Unbounded Namibia Safaris and Tours**. Under his stewardship, every journey is not just a tour - it is a pilgrimage through a living land, guided by someone who knows it not only by map, but by memory, spirit, and silence.

Phil grew up with Namibia's soil between his toes and its sun on his back. He speaks the language of its landscapes fluently - from the ghostly silence of shifting desert dunes to the shimmering salt flats of Etosha, from the undulating central plateau to the sacred stillness of riverbeds that only whisper in the rain. He knows the country not merely as a guide, but as a guardian of its stories. In a land that holds thirteen unique cultures within its borders - where tradition still lingers in the wind - Phil carries the humility and awareness to honour them all.

Unbounded is more than a business. It is a reflection of Phil's character: deeply reliable, quietly confident, and fiercely respectful. With over twenty years spent traversing Namibia's wild contours, his reputation is one of rare integrity - balancing safety, excellence, and honest value with grace. Those who travel with Unbounded do not leave unchanged; they are invited into an experience that stirs something ancient and essential within.



Among the many souls of the land, it is the San people - often called the Bushmen - who occupy a sacred corner of Phil's heart. It is in their presence, he says, that dreams return to him upon waking. There is something timeless in their way of life, a gentle endurance that mirrors the desert wind. It is here, in this deeply human connection, that Phil's purpose blossoms beyond tourism. His leadership in *Save The San Children* is not charity - it is kinship in action, a conscious return of dignity to those too long unseen

Like I depend on Fanu, I find myself profoundly grateful for the quiet force that is Phil van Wyk. His love is not loud, but it moves mountains. His passion is not boastful, but it has built bridges of hope and wonder. Through him, one discovers that Namibia is not just a destination - it is a soul that sings, if you know how to listen. His unwavering support for *Save The San Children* is a beacon of hope—not only cherished by the Bushmen, whose lives he touches with quiet dignity, but deeply appreciated by myself and all who witness his compassion in action.

