

Where the Lion Walked

After three long months of planning and seeking sponsorship, Gareth and his assistant, Jane Hunter, embark upon a six month journey which took them over 25,000 kilometres from coast to desert to forest in search of the lion in today's Africa. After completing the journey, Gareth works with the legendary George Adamson on his lion rehabilitation programme at Kora in Kenya.

By Gareth Patterson

From the Introduction

I have a great tormenting fear. I fear for Africa. In the depths of my mind a terrifying foreboding exists--a foreboding I pray will not come true. My love is Africa, my passion the lion, and I fear that the lion will disappear in the overwhelming changes that are engulfing the continent.

On the Journey

Travel is a journey of discovery and, combined with belief and experience, it can give one a glimpse of one's destiny. Realizations which had been developing during my time in the African wilderness had become convictions during those few days in the Camp of the Lion. The lion has brought me answers to my questions. Because of the very spirit of the animal, a path had been laid--a path that, with determination--I will continue to follow: simply, in Africa, for the lion.

On George Adamson

After dinner George and I again talked late into the night. I was eager to question him on subjects which perhaps only he could answer, and he responded with enthusiastic warmth. With George I could at last talk about subjects which other people dismiss: again, the telepathy question; the bonding of man and beast; and the rebuttal of traditionally held beliefs on the impossibility of the merging of the spirits of two ancient competitors--man and lion. Our rapport existed because of our shared experiences, emotions and desperate empathy with the lion--a rapport which I had not

before shared with any other person. With George, my long-held feelings spilled out unashamedly, and the man had an immediate and instinctive understanding of what I was saying. As we sat alone in the night--Jane, Margot and Georgina had long been asleep--it seemed as though the gods of the wilderness were listening and, and somewhere in the darkness, they nodded indulgently.