

### Chapter 1 : Details - The land of footprints, - Biodiversity Heritage Library

*The Land of Footprints - Kindle edition by Stewart Edward White. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets. Use features like bookmarks, note taking and highlighting while reading The Land of Footprints.*

Once two porters came to us for money. For two months we had been shooting them all the game meat they could eat, but on this occasion two days had intervened since the last kill. If they had been on trading safari they would have had no meat at all. A sheep cost six rupees in that country, and they were getting but ten rupees a month as wages. In view of the circumstances, and for their own good, we refused. Another man once insisted on purchasing a cake of violet-scented soap for a rupee. For this they pay exorbitantly at the Somali so-called "hotels. But then, I have seen cowboys off the range or lumberjacks from the river do equally extravagant and foolish things. On the other hand they carry their loads well, they march tremendously, they know their camp duties and they do them. Under adverse circumstances they are good-natured. We wandered until nearly midnight. The four or five men with us were loaded heavily with the meat and trophy of a roan. Certainly they must have been very tired; for only occasionally could we permit them to lay down their loads. Most of the time we were actually groping, over boulders, volcanic rocks, fallen trees and all sorts of tribulation. The men took it as a huge joke, and at every pause laughed consumedly. In making up a safari one tries to mix in four or five tribes. This prevents concerted action in case of trouble, for no one tribe will help another. They vary both in tribal and individual characteristics, of course. For example, the Kikuyus are docile but mediocre porters; the Kavirondos strong carriers but turbulent and difficult to handle. You are very lucky if you happen on a camp jester, one of the sort that sings, shouts, or jokes while on the march. He is probably not much as a porter, but he is worth his wages nevertheless. He may or may not aspire to his giddy eminence. We had one droll-faced little Kavirondo whose very expression made one laugh, and whose rueful remarks on the harshness of his lot finally ended by being funny. His name got to be a catchword in camp. Of the other type was Sulimani, a big, one-eyed Monumwezi, who had a really keen wit coupled with an earnest, solemn manner. This man was no buffoon, however; and he was a good porter, always at or near the head of the procession. In the great jungle south of Kenia we came upon Cuninghame. When the head of our safari reached the spot Sulimani left the ranks and, his load still aloft danced solemnly in front of Cuninghame, chanting something in a loud tone of voice. Then with a final deep "Jambo! He carried part of the tent, and the next best men were entrusted with the cook outfit and our personal effects. It was a point of honour with these men to be the first in camp. The rear, the very extreme and straggling rear, was brought up by worthless porters with loads of cornmeal-and the weary askaris whose duty it was to keep astern and herd the lot in. Our intention was to proceed at right angles to our own little stream until we had reached the forest growth of another, which we could dimly make out eight or ten miles distant. Billy went with us, so there were four a-horseback. Behind us trudged the gunbearers, and the syces, and after them straggled a dozen or fifteen porters. The sun was just up, and the air was only tepid as yet. From patches of high grass whirred and rocketed grouse of two sorts. They were so much like our own ruffed grouse and prairie chicken that I could with no effort imagine myself once more a boy in the coverts of the Middle West. Only before us we could see the stripes of trotting zebra disappearing; and catch the glint of light on the bayonets of the oryx. Two giraffes galumphed away to the right. Little grass antelope darted from clump to clump of grass. Once we saw gerenuk-oh, far away in an impossible distance. Of course we tried to stalk them; and as usual we failed. The gerenuk we had come to look upon as our Lesser Hoodoo. The beast is a gazelle about as big as a black-tailed deer. His peculiarity is his excessively long neck, a good deal on the giraffe order. With it he crops browse above high tide mark of other animals, especially when as often happens he balances cleverly on his hind legs. By means of it also he can, with his body completely concealed, look over the top of ordinary cover and see you long before you have made out his inconspicuous little head. He seems to have a lamentable lack of healthy curiosity about you. In that respect he should take lessons from the kongoni. After that you can follow him as far as you please; you will get only glimpses at three or four hundred yards. We remounted sadly and rode on. Later in the day we had occasion to remember that statement. The plains led us ever on. First would

be a band of scattered brush growing singly and in small clumps: Ten thousand things kept us interested. Game was everywhere, feeding singly, in groups, in herds, game of all sizes and descriptions. The rounded ears of jackals pointed at us from the grass. Hundreds of birds balanced or fluttered about us, birds of all sizes from the big ground hornbill to the littlest hummers and sun birds. Overhead, across the wonderful variegated sky of Africa the broad-winged carrion hunters and birds of prey wheeled. In all our stay on the Isiola we had not seen a single rhino track, so we rode quite care free and happy. Finally, across a glade, not over a hundred and fifty yards away, we saw a solitary bull oryx standing under a bush. We discussed this one idly. He looked to be a decent oryx, but nothing especial. However, he offered a very good shot; so B. It proved to be by far the best specimen we shot, the horns measuring thirty-six and three fourths inches! Almost immediately after, two of the rather rare striped hyenas leaped from the grass and departed rapidly over the top of a hill. We opened fire, and F. By the time these trophies were prepared, the sun had mounted high in the heavens, and it was getting hot. Accordingly we abandoned that still distant river and swung away in a wide circle to return to camp. Several minor adventures brought us to high noon and the heat of the day. He and the gunbearers engaged themselves with that, while we sat under the rather scanty shade of a small thorn tree and had lunch. Here we had a favourable chance to observe that very common, but always wonderful phenomenon, the gathering of the carrion birds. Within five minutes after the stoop of the first vulture above the carcass, the sky immediately over that one spot was fairly darkened with them. They were as thick as midges-or as ducks used to be in California. All sizes were there from the little carrion crows to the great dignified vultures and marabouts and eagles. The small fry flopped and scolded, and rose and fell in a dense mass; the marabouts walked with dignified pace to and fro through the grass all about. As far as the eye could penetrate the blue, it could make out more and yet more of the great soarers stooping with half bent wings. Below we could see uncertainly through the shimmer of the mirage the bent forms of the men. We ate and waited; and after a little we dozed. I was awakened suddenly by a tremendous rushing roar, like the sound of a not too distant waterfall. The group of men were plodding toward us carrying burdens. And like plummets the birds were dropping straight down from the heavens, spreading wide their wings at the last moment to check their speed. This made the roaring sound that had awakened me. A wide spot in the shimmer showed black and struggling against the ground. I arose and walked over, meeting halfway B. It took me probably about two minutes to reach the place where the zebra had been killed. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of the great birds were standing idly about; a dozen or so were flapping and scrambling in the centre. I stepped into view. With a mighty commotion they all took wing clumsily, awkwardly, reluctantly. A trampled, bloody space and the larger bones, picked absolutely clean, was all that remained! In less than two minutes the job had been done! The day had been a full and interesting one; but we considered it as finished. Remained only the hot journey back to camp. After a half hour we mounted again and rode on slowly. The sun was very strong and a heavy shimmer clothed the plain. Through this shimmer we caught sight of something large and black and flapping. It looked like a crow-or, better, a scare-crow-crippled, half flying, half running, with waving wings or arms, now dwindling, now gigantic as the mirage caught it up or let it drop. As we watched, it developed, and we made it out to be a porter, clad in a long, ragged black overcoat, running zigzag through the bushes in our direction.

### Chapter 2 : Land footprint - Wikipedia

*In The Land of Footprints, Stewart Edward White attempts to be the ideal travel book autho Others are deadly afraid of bragging about their adventures, knowing, for instance, that hundreds of others have been charged by a lion and may be reading their book.*

It is already sold out. Stephen Graeve, from the diocese of Lincoln Nebraska. We had planned to have Fr. Steve Thomlison be our chaplain but we had to make a change. For more info, read below. We consider him the finest Christian guide in the Holy Land and we are not alone in that assessment. Having a Christian guide is very important. They are with you every step of the pilgrimage. You will receive their page color handbook, daily YouTube videos so your family and friends can join you virtually every day and a fully edited movie of your trip upon your return home. Steve personally teaches at the holy sites and shares experiences from over previous trips to Israel and other biblical lands since We do everything we can to support the local Christians who only make up 1. Daily Mass at the holiest sites and we pray every Mystery of the Rosary where it took place. You will be with like-minded Catholics from around the country for a marvelous pilgrimage through the land of our Lord and Our Lady. Everyone loves his fine homilies, devout Masses, personal and jovial manner. Concerning the change from Fr. We are happy to inform you that the one-bus Holy Land pilgrimage in March has been sold out for some time. This is a perfect time of year for touring Israel and we expect a marvelous pilgrimage. Janet and I want to update you one change that has just taken place. Originally our pilgrimage chaplain was to be Fr. Steve Thomlison who was our chaplain in Germany in Steve did a fantastic job for us. After that trip we invited him to our chaplain in March. However, as of last week, he was forced to resign from his two parishes at the dictate of Bishop James Conley of Lincoln Nebraska. He told me he still wanted to be the chaplain for the trip but I told him under the current situation that would not be possible and I dismissed him as chaplain. Quality chaplains are essential on a pilgrimage and one who is required to resign from his parishes and who is under scrutiny by their Bishop will not be allowed to work with us on a pilgrimage. We will pray for him and hope the matters are cleared up quickly. The good news is we were able to replace Fr. Thomlison immediately by another young priest from Lincoln who was highly recommended by one of our regular pilgrimage chaplains Fr. Scott Courtney who has traveled with us on thirteen pilgrimages. I checked out Fr. Stephen Graeve and talked with him extensively last weekend. He has never been to the Holy Land having had two trips canceled out from under him. We are happy to help him visit Israel for the first time. His parents attended one of our Holy Land pilgrimages a year ago and they are overjoyed their recently ordained son will get to visit the Land with us. Gaeve is great with people and very devout. He is overjoyed to join us and we hope you will all welcome him with open arms. Steve and Janet Ray.

**Chapter 3 : The Land of Footprints by Stewart Edward White - Full Text Free Book (Part 3/6)**

*The Land of Footprints is the enormous enjoyable, immensely readable memoir of Stewart Edward White's year spent in East Equatorial Africa at the beginning of the 20th century. Read more Product details.*

I "found" this poem background and had no idea of the background of it. Discovered that the woman who wrote it was born on Nov. I am deeply thankful to have shared this special day with her family who has a beautiful web site on her life. Please go to the web site - it gives depth to the poem. I am not a Religious person but I am a spiritual one. I once listened to a sermon with this poem as part of it. Thank you for this beautiful presentation. In the middle of one night, I was looking out our bathroom window checking snowfall to see if there would be school the next day. In the fresh snowfall, I saw one set of footprints, and was reminded of "Footprints in the Sand". I am now writing a book about those experiences when it seems God has left us. May I have permission to either use this poem, or even refer to it in my writings? God bless you for sharing it. I was weak, distraught and unable to walk full of doubts from all of my sins! It is a wonderful thing to be set free by the blood of Jesus! I was just going threw the motions and in the midst of my pain and suffering, only I could see was the single trail of foot prints. I find this terribly upsetting and absolutely unnecessary. I do find comfort and strength to the point of tears whenever I read it and I am not Christian. It is my own spirituality allows this. For far too many who could use it turn away Is that not the saddest? I cry Everytime I read Footprints. When I ask why this poem answers my question. It gives me a very good feeling. I am happy to be baptised and that god is with me, Always. Because the cross of Christ and the empty tomb is the only hope that has kept me going these 14 years since I met the Lord Jesus as a depressed teenager. I looked back and saw only one set of footprints. And I asked Jesus why only one set. He answered with a kick in the air, and told me I could only see His prints because He beat the hell out of me, leaving me where I fell. I asked why, and He said: From the time I was in middle school. I know that God is my only source, and that in my deepest time; and I just got out of one He carried me through it all. This poem keeps you focus on God and what He is doing for us. Since then it has been an inspirational reminder to trust that even in the worst of situations the Lord is always with me. I question why such a hard life? In a coma for a week. N lost what I love the most my kids. N I question why? So much more n then much lower n I asked Agian time after time. Till mid s. I met a beautiful Lady. I walked down her hall. I felt a empty blow inside my heart. N I asked Agian. For now even though All that I thought was bad. Has need Him smoothing my edges. Something I never thought I would do. And not know much of the bible. His blood runs through my vines.. He lives with in me. For He is always been a part of Me. I find myself talking about how Great and Mighty He is. That being hope to some n some question. He Never Left me. Thank you so much! I had forgotten about it for a very long time. Then one of my teenagers was feeling a little troubled, and this pond came into my head and I found it online. I enjoyed reading this phone over again. It is so very true. Ask Him directly and He will answer. He answered my request for strength when I was in the grip of despair when the world seemed against me. Within one hour I received a message. That was nine years ago. God hears, loves and carries us. Thank you very, very much indeed! Hospital emergency wards usually are. Whoever wrote Footsteps knew faith and love and I have been carried by these words many times since I first read them 22 years ago. They always bring tears to my eyes and peace to my soul. The author lives in Australia and is active in mission projects locally and abroad.

### Chapter 4 : The Land of Footprints by Stewart Edward White

*Land footprint is the real amount of land, wherever it is in the world, that is needed to produce a product, or used by an organisation or by a nation.*

Are you and your children reading too many stories about Thanksgiving, baseball, bears and snow at Christmas and missing out on literature that has a local flavour? After homeschooling our own children for about six years, using excellent imported materials, we found that their knowledge of their own heritage and environment was lacking and so Footprints On Our Land was created to fill this need for a homegrown South African homeschool curriculum. Our vision was to create a South African homeschool curriculum that would help our children become proud citizens of South Africa, that would help them to understand and appreciate the good in our country as well as its problems, and that would encourage them to play a role in building a bright future for our nation. Build your future from there. By means of the student guide, we will guide you into delight-directed learning that is more suitable for the home education scenario. In contrast with many other curriculum suppliers, we, the creators and authors of Footprints, are two homeschooling mothers who know the ups and downs in the life of a homeschooling family. We offer after-sales support. What a winning combination! Rather than just reading facts about personalities like Jan van Riebeeck, Shaka Zulu or Nelson Mandela, our children get to know about the lives of these pertinent people through the eyes of characters who lived with them in our historical fiction, through the biographies and with supplementary information supplied via the fascinating reference books included in the curriculum packages. Too many South African families are struggling with school-at-home type curriculums which are stressful, monotonous and take the JOY out of learning together as a family. Footprints is everything BUT school-at home! Footprints keeps moms calm and promotes the building of good sibling relationships and family bonds through multi-level learning. Footprints saves you money, time and a lot of frustration. Since all the preparation, planning and sourcing of relevant books has been done for you, you will have everything you need, when you need it. Our lessons are based on stories plus items you would have in your own or easily find on your next round at the supermarket! I have to share with you something which I have been aware of ever since we started with Footprints which was October last year. Life IS sometimes stressed and pressurized, but I was always aware, whenever I bent down to find the Footprints manual and the current book we were busy with, of a strange feeling of peace. Maybe it was due to the relief that we would now all be working with material that we all enjoy and derive pleasure from. I like to think that it is also due to the prayer that has gone into the Footprints program and the fact that you both walk closely with God. It has been a special experience; the heroes and heroines and families have become our friends; we identified very strongly with many of them. Footprints saves you delivery time. No more waiting for months for your homeschool curriculum to be shipped from abroad. We are local, but we do ship overseas too. You can pay in South African rands, not dollars. After-sales support is available via our Footprints egroup and an exclusive Facebook group for our clients. When you have ordered your South African homeschool curriculum package, we will email you details about how to subscribe and join the Footprints online community. We have both been homeschooling for over 15 years, so we know what you are likely to be experiencing, both the ups and the downs! We use our Footprints egroup and the Footprints Facebook group to offer after-sales support, to share ideas, new resources and encouragement. Here you can also meet other Footprints families and be a part of the online Footprints community. Since we first launched our South African homeschool curriculum series in , we have served hundreds of families and our reputation as a supplier of uniquely South African resources is growing. Already we have expatriate South African families in over 15 countries abroad using our various products. Use these links to read more or order the South African homeschool curriculum that is appropriate for the age group of your children. Little Footprints

### Chapter 5 : South African Homeschool Curriculum - [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

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### Chapter 7 : Full text of "The land of footprints"

*Holy Land March (SOLD OUT) 10 March to 19 March This is a one-bus pilgrimage. It is already sold out. We will be joined by good Catholic folks from across the country and our chaplain will be Fr. Stephen Graeve, from the diocese of Lincoln Nebraska.*

### Chapter 8 : Full text of "The Land of Footprints "

*Land is measured in acres and the final assessment is given in acres per megawatt. Specifically, this report finds that coal, natural gas, and nuclear power all feature the smallest physical footprint of.*

### Chapter 9 : Holy Land March (ONE SEAT OPEN) â€“ Footprints of God

*Holy Land May 08 May to 17 May This is a beautiful time of the year to tour the Holy Land. Usually warm but not too hot with almost no chance of rain.*