



Where Skies Hold Secrets

*When landscapes speak,
they tell stories too vast to
capture in words*

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When the call came to write the October Guestnote, I thought of all the places I've seen — and yet, nothing compares to here.

From my perspective working for 30 years in the Southern African tourism industry, across landscapes like the Waterberg Mountains and the Eastern Cape Karoo, what was missing was the landscape of my birthplace.

This may be the most difficult note I've ever tried to write. How do you capture a place so unique, so breathtaking, that words only stumble? Most mornings, I found myself lost for thought — the beauty here is almost impossible to hold in a single frame of mind. A sunrise so red it feels like the earth itself is catching fire, reminding us that new beginnings are never gentle.

I find myself north of my birthplace, near the southern border of the Etosha National Park. Proclaimed in 1907, it once stretched over 100,000 square kilometres, larger than many countries. But in the late 1960s and early 1970s, its borders were reduced, leaving the 22,000 square kilometres known today — still vast, yet only a fraction of its former glory. Around me stand ancient Mopane and Corkwood trees. In their silence, it feels as if they hold a thousand untold stories, waiting to be heard.

During the months of June and July, along the nearby gravel road — simply known as the D2779 — winter dust lies suspended in silence. With no breeze to carry it away, the

road keeps it close, as if it were a gentle companion for the long, cool night to come. A night that soon fills with the sounds of hyenas and owls.

Some secrets belong to the land itself. Here, between Elandsfontein, Nuchas, and Werda, Namibia hides one — a secret of potential, where heritage and wilderness meet in silence beneath the same sky as it has been for thousands of years.

The world feels heavier than it once did. And yet, in September — spring as we know it — this land teaches me otherwise. Beneath skies so wide they humble the heart, and among trees that have stood for generations, there remains comfort, beauty, and hope. Joy is never truly gone here; it waits patiently, like an old friend.

And there are whispers now — faint, but steady — of something stirring, something that may rise here like water from a hidden spring in a dry and barren land. It is not yet ready to declare itself, but the promise lingers in the air, as sure as the scent of rain before the first drops fall.

This land cherishes its mysteries, revealing them sunrise by sunrise. I invite you to come, to travel its gravel roads, to rest under its vast skies, to listen for the whispers, and discover what cannot be written, only experienced. For Namibia is not just a place to visit — it is a place to feel, to return to, and to carry with you long after you've left. ❖