

What I want to say I cannot. I have no words, no thoughts, nothing, that can come close to giving comfort or meaning to the horror that enfolds your family. You must be maddened by grief. I keep seeing your face over and over again, remembering when you were young and full of plans and hope, and wondering, now, how does one manage in the face of such immeasurable sadness. I hope against hope that you will find strength in each other, that together you will make it through one hour, one day at a time until the impossible happens and, imperceptibly, light returns to your lives.

Probably, it is fruitless to speculate on how it was for David but my friend Tony Fitzjohn, who found his head in a wild lion's mouth at Kora, said it was utterly painless. He very nearly died, but he has no fear of lions.

My papa, 83, still playing 18 holes of golf, inconvenienced by prostate cancer, and living in Karen, joins us all in thinking of you and praying for you.