Le Pristine and PVS Kahawa

KHS Mount Kenya Trip

It was a precise, prompt start to a Thursday morning as an informal, scattered caravan hustled from the western bush of Batian's regalry down to the hills of coffee land through ever winding Kiganjo's snake road. We all departed for a fully loaded day with our closest neighbor clan in Nyeri town in a five car cavalcade to ambush our unsuspecting friends with our bustling enthusiasm towards our shared love of plants and to see different species than what our arid climate brings forth from the Earth.

We started with a grand buffet welcome from Mr. King'ori at Le Pristine, delightfully caught off guard by what was promised to be a quick coffee stop. In usual fashion, our level three Nyeri Elder charmingly corralled us through his Karura (the Kikuyu word for arboretum we learned). A speech he has rehearsed many times and delighted our senses with his nonchalance and relaxed demeanor among over 250 species being preserved as he enlightened us on cultural traditions and wisdom and many many sweet and herbaceous scents to subdue our busy minds and snap us directly into sync with the moment presented before us to treasure.





After all of us school kids started to scatter around and run to find everything that caught our eye and dissolve the formal fashion of the tour, we reconvened at the Mugumoaini for a talk by the herbalist Njia Korabia. I was privileged to try his miti a few weeks before (which at the time was more like kombucha than what we had this time) when I went to visit Le Pristine with some wageni. We all very much enjoyed his speech as it stirred our minds the way he respectfully gathers and stirs 118 medicinal plants into his medicinal brew Kibuyu. The captain of our ship realized that it was past one o'clock and we needed to depart for our lunch date.

After a slight detour due to our Courageous Captains mild brainfart while driving the Karichota express, we arrived at Sagoo - nyumba ya Kalwant. Her, Tiddles, and Tarsan had prepared a delightful spread of sight and aroma for us all to indulge in with a warm welcome into their homey abode and vine protected verdant garden. Regrettably, lunch was neither short nor long, just executed in timely fashion but nonetheless very enjoyably because we had yet another location to rush off to before the sun gave up on us for the day. We had a friend from Bulgaria join us who escaped international lockdowns in Mexico and then moved to Nyeri nearly five years ago. With Mr. King'ori and Korabia the herbalist, we all rambled back to our vehicles to bumble down the hill to PVS Kahawa.

Upon arriving, we were welcomingly embraced by a Wachira's gentle smile and open arms to his farm where even the geese are bedazzled with ankle beads. I found that we were all very happy for the pretty bukini. Korabia was quick to spot the Anise that looked like dania and some herbs that help for female menstruation, surprising us with the ease of how within 5 km there is a plant that can cure any disease. What an eye.

We proceeded to see coffee bushes and a huge, lovely, red agricultural delight of a machine that sorts out the hull and cleans the coffee. We followed the river of coffee beans floating down like logs into cleaning bays and saw the drying process. We all discussed how we can create a future where brokers don't steal farmers ability to exist, intricacies of international coffee exports, and the reality of maintaining a business in Kenya. Definitely a place to go back and visit next year, as they are bringing in a roasting machine and community co op strategies to increase their load to be able to be on more shelves in a new way with adequate tonnage to be considered by markets. His father had the farm in the family since 1929 and we saw their old farm house, he spent 30 years in America working for General Electric then came back to Kenya to pursue his first love - coffee farming.



Speaking of coming back, it was really really really time for us to get on the road. A day scheduled to return at lunch, due to the process of the delight of discovery brought us back almost at 6 PM. Truly a good time with no regrets. We left Dedan Kimathi university and came down the back road, dropping out of Nyeri's climate into a hyenas den of acacia trees and dead grass. A jerking mind warp of climate jump within five minutes, leaving the forests near KFS to that. After a few yawns and quiet reflections, there was an incalculable moment as we neared Chaka where it seemed like one could reach a finger back to reduce the invisible veil and come in contact with a sublime metamorphosis holding timelessness of that moment in that place within the four dimensional matrix of reality. We were on the tails of community building and bonding, deep human connections, quiet moments under rare trees, and an appreciation that something interesting is happening in muisho ya raili. The Nyeri breeze that was cleansing to the spirit and uplifting to the mind was on our tails and the majestic mountain sunset of Laikipia was before us. Like being between a fall university breeze as autumn falls and a crystal clear black rocked mountain river full of revitalizing waters, we took a moment to appreciate as the rest of the world rotates and changes we have remained just here under the rain shadow of our big rock we call home pleasantly our own people with our own freedoms. It was a day that an eagle could have seen anything anywhere in the crystal clear mountain valleys that days and our path cascaded before us like an undulating escalator conceived by a surrealist artist made of rocks instead of metal.



A whole hearted thank you to our neighbors for respite and reprieve away from our increasingly dusty bustling lorry ridden roads in Laikipia to come down to the green gardens and hills of quiet Nyeri.



