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Three southern Africans shared the daily toil of writing, and this book is for them. I know, however, that Louise, Beth, and Dan will not mind sharing it with those who walk the region’s streets, its valleys, and its hills worrying where to shelter or feed or clothe—in short, where to secure themselves and their families.

Weeks before the final assault on the manuscript, I lost an older brother. What Alan Stilwell Vale would have made of all this, I am not sure. We differed on most things but none more so than what constituted politics, security, community, and, I now realize, family. What I do know is that his early perambulations in the region opened up a place called southern Africa before my very impressionable young eyes. My fascination with it has never dimmed. This book—the one he always wanted to see—says a belated thank-you.