

# THE COMPANY WE KEEP

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IN A WORLD OF RUSHED SCHEDULES AND SCATTERED LIVES, **TRUE LUXURY IS UNHURRIED TIME TOGETHER** – UNPLUGGED, UNPRESSURED, AND SHARED ACROSS GENERATIONS. AT BABIRWA GOLF AND BUSH LODGE IN THE QUIET FOLDS OF THE **WATERBERG**, CONNECTION IS RESTORED AS DEEPLY AS REST.

**I**nter-generational travel is no longer an afterthought. Increasingly, it's the antidote to lives lived in parallel. Parents and grown children, grandparents and teenagers, even families joined through friendship, they seek places where conversation can stretch unhurriedly, where a morning's coffee might become a story, and where memory is made in the same breath as rest.

For groups of friends, the impulse is similar but charged with nostalgia. To travel together as adults is to recover the ease of earlier versions of ourselves. The long talks, the late laughter and the comfort of people who know your history. The destination matters, but only insofar as it creates conditions for reconnection.

In that sense, Babirwa is less a lodge than a setting, a landscape calibrated to restore the art of shared time.

## DESIGNED FOR TOGETHERNESS

Just three units, each softened into the bush, shape Babirwa's accommodation. Six bedrooms in total, but what they contain cannot be tallied so easily: space, hush and a gentle invitation to slow down. The design is

unfussy, confident in its restraint. Wide verandahs, deep chairs, textures that belong to the earth they rise from.

This sparseness becomes its own kind of generosity. In families, it lets each generation find rhythm without friction. An early riser watching the mist lift from the bush while another sleeps in, a child cycling ahead on a dirt track, grandparents lingering over a second pot of tea. For friends, it's the room between conversations that makes them richer.

By late afternoon, the bush changes tone. Shadows lengthen, conversation softens and the day bends toward that ritual shared by generations of travellers: sundowners in the wild. No soundtrack needed. Just a quiet pour, the low hum of cicadas, and the feeling that everything unnecessary has been set down.

## MEALS BECOME MEMORY

Around the fire, food becomes memory's vessel. At Babirwa, that continuity rests in the capable hands of Chef Lizzy Taolela, whose eight years in the kitchen have distilled something essential: the idea that food can gather people even before it's served.





Her signature dish, hard-body chicken, is cooked in the old way. Slow, deliberate and guided by intuition more than recipe. It's a dish that insists on patience, the kind of patience that modern life erodes. "You cook it with love," she says, "because it asks you to slow down."

The flavour carries Lizzy's Limpopo roots and the easy confidence of someone who has learned through doing. Each meal reflects that same balance. Rooted in tradition, refined through care. Vegetables from Babirwa's garden complete the table. Spinach, lettuce, herbs pulled fresh that morning.

Families gathered here often remark how the food feels familiar yet new, echoing dishes from childhood but elevated by intention. For friends, each shared plate becomes a small act of remembering; that community begins, often, around something as simple as a meal.

### LUXURY OF UNSCRIPTED DAYS

Between meals, Babirwa loosens the hours. Days unfold without itinerary: a stroll beneath wild olive trees, a swim between pages of a book, a quiet round at the golf course for those inclined. It's not adventure the lodge offers, but presence.

Here, generational differences dissolve into pace. The young roam freely, the elders rest easily, and all meet again as the sun slips toward the horizon. Friends who arrived with city chatter begin to speak in longer pauses. The land itself seems to moderate conversation; less urgency, more listening.

By night, the bush orchestra takes over. Flames flicker against faces made tender by firelight. Someone recalls a story from years ago, another adds a memory the rest had forgotten. In that exchange, something wordless passes between them, the knowledge that belonging isn't a place but a practice.

### BUILT FOR STORIES

What Babirwa achieves, quietly and without declaration, is balance. Its architecture doesn't command attention; it gives it. The Club House – long-verandah-ed, shaded, welcoming – becomes a social hinge. Mornings here begin with fresh-baked scones and muffins from Lizzy's kitchen; afternoons drift into easy cocktails and unhurried conversation.

It's in these transitional spaces that travel becomes communion. A grandparent teaching a child to play cards; a friend pouring another drink not because the glass is empty but because the story isn't done. The architecture seems to understand that connection happens in the margins.

When departure comes, as it must, the road south toward Johannesburg feels shorter than it should. The hills recede, but the stillness lingers. Not silence exactly, more a recalibration of what matters.

Those who travel together leave carrying small inheritances: a shared rhythm, an ease rediscovered and the reminder that time given to one another isn't wasted.

Because when we strip away the noise, what we crave isn't novelty. It's company. And in the hush of the Waterberg, Babirwa reminds us how to keep it. Find out more on [babirwalodge.co.za](http://babirwalodge.co.za). 🐾

