



Out of Africa

Joseph Nduriri — May 2026

Preface

Life is a journey of light and shadow, of moments when we feel carried by the world, and others when we believe we are sinking into oblivion. *Out of Africa from Kenya* tells that journey — from the golden and vibrant hills of Kenya to the cold winters of France, through the deeply personal struggles that touch us all.

In these pages, you will walk barefoot on the red soil of Mount Kenya, hear the slow march of elephants and the songs of birds, and discover how the lessons of nature shaped a child into a man. You will follow him through his studies, his professional adventures at Airbus, his triumphs, but also the depths of loneliness and addiction.

This book is more than an autobiography. It is a tribute to resilience, to learning through experience, and to the inner strength we all carry within us — sometimes forgotten, sometimes rediscovered. Each chapter acts as a mirror, inviting reflection on what shapes us, what we can lose, and above all what we can reclaim.

It is a story of survival, courage, and rebirth. And above all, an ode to life — even when life itself seems to abandon us.

Chapter One — Sunrise over Mount Kenya

I was born facing the golden sunrise of Mount Kenya, near the Aberdare National Park. Every morning, the light slowly slid across the hills, painting the world in shades of gold and fire. The wind carried the distant cries of hyenas, the roars of lions, and the peaceful movements of elephants through the grass. From my earliest days, I felt a connection to this land deeper than words — a rhythm, a pulse, a silent guide that shaped me in ways no classroom ever could.

I walked barefoot on the cool morning earth, feeling the texture of the soil beneath my feet. Every step seemed to remind me: you belong to this place. The forest was alive with sound — birds arguing, monkeys leaping fearlessly, leaves rustling as unseen creatures moved through the grass. I learned to listen as one listens to music, to understand what life was telling me through movement and sound.

Sometimes, I would spend hours watching animals feed near mineral-rich soils. I observed how the sick or weak instinctively searched for what their bodies lacked. There was intelligence in their movements, a knowledge older than humanity itself.

The elders of my community spoke of plants that healed fever, roots that eased pain, and leaves that treated wounds. They respected the earth as a living source. Nothing was taken without gratitude; nothing was wasted. Little by little, I carried those lessons within me like invisible seeds ready to bloom when I would need them most.

I grew up surrounded by the love of my parents, Mary Gathigia and James Nduriri Githinji, in a democratic family opposed to the dictatorship of Kenya's first president, Jomo Kenyatta. My family had an "unlimited" budget to raise us — my older sister Rachel, my older brother David, and my younger sisters Anne and Elizabeth. My mother was a founding member of the Kenya Family Planning Association. My aunt, Wangari Maathai, became the first African woman to receive the Nobel Peace Prize in 2004. My father James fought alongside the British for the liberation of France during the Second World War, without ever receiving a veteran's pension. My older sister became a doctor, while my brother and younger sisters became teachers from primary to middle school.

I attended Ihururu Nyeri Primary School, where I ranked first in the school. I later attended Thika High School for middle school and Chinga High School for secondary school. In 1980, I earned my High School Certificate in mathematics, physics, and chemistry with grades of A+, A+, and A+.

In 1980, I joined the underground Mwakenya movement with my cousin Wahinya against the dictatorship of Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi. I distributed leaflets demanding the democratization of Kenya. My cousin and I were arrested by the police for high treason against the Kenyan state. We suffered inhuman and degrading treatment. I was released without explanation, but my cousin Wahinya was sentenced to seven years in prison for high treason against the Kenyan state.

My primary goal became leaving Kenya before being arrested again, because I remained loyal to Mwakenya and the fight for democracy in Kenya. I took part in a national competition at the French Embassy among thousands of applicants for a French scholarship to study at the National School of Civil Aviation in Toulouse, France, where only fourteen places were available for future avionics engineers in 1981.

In 1981, I received a French government scholarship to join ENAC in Toulouse. The French Embassy paid for a one-way Air France ticket to Toulouse. I arrived in Toulouse on November 4, 1982, and since my arrival in France, I have never returned to Kenya for political reasons — forty-four years of forced political exile — because even today Kenya remains an imperfect democracy where corruption has become the nation's currency.

I can never thank France enough for my scholarship and for granting me a seven-year long-stay visa (yes, such visas do exist for foreigners with exceptional talent). I am deeply grateful to the French taxpayers who financed my education in France.

I also graduated from INSA Toulouse in 1999 as an engineer in electronics and industrial computer science, in addition to earning a university diploma in electronics from the IUT of Toulon. In total: eight years of higher education, equivalent to a doctorate.

I was housed in a VIF study center called FIAS, located between ENAC and the National Center for Space Studies in Toulouse, France. My first job was at Entreprise Générale de Télécommunication in Toulouse in 1988, followed by Rockwell Collins in avionics in Blagnac near Toulouse, Motorola in the smartphone industry in Toulouse, SABCA in Belgium on the Ariane 5 rocket program, the French National Education system as a teacher of technology and physical sciences in Occitanie, and finally Airbus as a flight-control computer engineer for the Airbus A380 in Blagnac, Toulouse.

In 2006, I developed the *Treatise on Gravity and Gravitomagnetism*, which became a worldwide reference in astrophysics. Around 2007, I was invited by Martin Tajmar and Dr. Clovis J. de Matos to present my work on gravity and gravitomagnetism at the European Space Agency in Paris, France.

In 2016, I developed the *Kinetic Theory of Light* in quantum physics, and in 2026, I developed *The Mass of Light*, determining the mass of a cube of light, also in quantum physics. All my work can be found on Academia.edu.

Let us move abruptly to the second chapter.

Chapter Two — The Lessons Carried Within

Even when hardships came — and they did come — I remembered the mountain. When I was afraid, I thought of the quiet strength of elephants. When I felt lost, I remembered that birds always found their way home. When I felt weak, I remembered that even the smallest creatures knew how to heal themselves through the earth.

The land taught me resilience. It taught me patience. It taught me that survival is neither noise nor violence — but harmony.

And as I grew older, those lessons became the foundation of my character, guiding me in ways I would only fully understand years later.

Chapter Three — Crossing Continents

When a French scholarship arrived, it did not feel like an opportunity; it felt like destiny knocking softly at my door. I left Kenya in 1982 with a heart both heavy and hopeful.

At the airport, I made myself a promise:

“I will return stronger. I will learn. I will grow. I will honor my origins.”

Chapter Four — The Kindness of France

When I left Kenya, I thought I was simply changing countries. I did not yet know that I was about to change worlds.

Behind me, Africa still lived within my skin — the red earth of Mount Kenya, the golden mornings, the distant cries of animals crossing the savannah, the warm laughter of neighbors who all knew each other by name.

Then one day, I boarded a plane toward the unknown. Toward France. Toward winter skies. Toward a language that did not yet belong to my mouth.

When I arrived, everything seemed both smaller and larger at the same time — smaller streets, smaller apartments, but larger fears and larger questions.

For the first time in my life, I was invisible. A stranger among the crowd.

I walked through the streets with my suitcase, listening to voices I barely understood. The cold wind touched my face like a warning. I remember thinking:

“What am I doing here?”

I missed Africa. I missed the sun. I missed my language. Loneliness followed me everywhere like a shadow.

But little by little, gently, almost invisibly, France began opening its arms to me. Not

the France of institutions. The France of ordinary people.

A woman in an administrative office looked at me patiently and said:

“It’s all right. We are going to help you.”

Those simple words changed something inside me.

Then came other gestures: a neighbor bringing a warm meal, a colleague staying after work to explain things to me, a baker correcting my French kindly.

I discovered that generosity does not live in grand speeches, but in small acts. And that kindness transformed a foreign country into a home.

Chapter Five — Green Cities, Living History

France did not welcome me only through its people. It welcomed me through its landscapes. Through cities that breathed.

In Reims, I walked beneath tree-lined avenues. In Strasbourg, canals reflected the sky like mirrors. In Cergy Préfecture, I discovered a modern, diverse France looking toward the future.

Then there was Mont Blanc.

The first time I saw it, I stopped breathing. It stood there, majestic, touching the sky like a giant guardian watching over the earth.

Mount Kenya had given me my roots. France offered me a second landscape to love.

Chapter Six — Solitude and Growth

Life in France was not without hardship. The nights spent in small unfamiliar rooms, far from my family and the African sky, were heavy.

In 1986, after years of dedication, I graduated from the National School of Civil Aviation.

The boy who once wandered the hills of Kenya had become an engineer.

Chapter Seven — Flight, Dreams, and Wonder

Working at Airbus on the flight-control computer of the A380 became a defining chapter of my life.

The A380 was extraordinary — not only because of its size, but because of its elegance and intelligence. Watching it take off felt like poetry in motion.

The child who once admired birds flying above Mount Kenya was now helping create machines capable of carrying hundreds of lives across the world.

Chapter Eight — The Shadows of Loneliness

After years of professional success, alcohol slowly became a companion to loneliness.

The nights, already heavy, became darker, filled with confusion, regret, and shame. The bottle promised relief but delivered only emptiness.

I gradually understood that alcohol could not heal what loneliness had wounded.

Chapter Nine — The Winter of Shadows

Because of alcoholism, my life began to collapse. Unpaid rent, broken promises, mounting debts... until I became homeless in Rennes on February 15, 2022.

The nights were the cruelest. Lying on the frozen ground, I listened from afar as the world continued without me.

Chapter Ten — Axel

Among all the kindness I received in France, there is one face I will never forget: Axel Vourch.

As I struggled to survive under a small tent near a restaurant, Axel approached me and simply said:

“Do you need help?”

Together, we set up the tent.

A few days later, he returned and said to me:

“You cannot stay here. It’s too cold. Come to my place.”

His apartment was simple and warm, but to me it felt like a palace. Without Axel, that winter might have destroyed my life.

Sometimes, destiny changes because of a single person. A single heart. A single act of humanity.

Chapter Eleven — The Winter of Silence

January 2026 arrived like a heavy shadow over my life.

In Tarbes, inside a room that had become foreign to me, despair finally took over. For a moment, I believed disappearing was the only way to escape the pain.

Then there was emptiness.

When I woke up in the hospital a few days later, I understood that surviving now meant reflecting, rebuilding, and choosing a new direction.

Lying in that hospital bed, I thought again about Mount Kenya, about elephants and birds always finding their way home.

And I realized those lessons were still alive within me.

Chapter Twelve — New Beginnings near Tarbes

In February 2026, I moved into a retirement home near Tarbes.

At first, everything felt cold and unfamiliar. But little by little, I discovered a place of reconstruction.

The small daily tasks — helping residents, preparing rooms, sharing coffee — restored meaning to my life.

With time, the seasons changed. Winter gave way to spring. And I too began to bloom again.

I rediscovered strength, hope, and even joy.

For the first time in a long while, I felt at home.

Epilogue

From the wild lands of Kenya to the skies of global aviation, *Out of Africa from Kenya* tells the extraordinary life of a man shaped by nature, work, and resilience in the face of adversity.

Born at the foot of Mount Kenya, surrounded by elephants, lions, and the whispers of the savannah, Joseph Nduriri learned lessons that would guide his entire existence.

From discovering France to working as an engineer on the Airbus A380, he experienced both the heights of success and the depths of loneliness.

Through addiction, despair, and homelessness, he ultimately discovers that life always offers the possibility of beginning again.

An inspiring story of adventure, hope, and rebirth, reminding us that even after the

darkest winters, the light always finds its way back.

