

Search for Deputy CJ: Damage the spinal cord, cripple the republic

Don't know 'bout you, but I visit cemeteries. Regularly. Those around these parts are really cute and well-maintained. It's a great atmosphere. The beauty. The calm. The silence. And most of all, the opportunity for reflection. I pause and ponder. I look at the tombstones. I read each name, the brief bio, and the epitaph. Inside each tomb lies a person who was once alive and well. Now they lie - forever still. Forever silent. The inevitability of it all is humbling - and inspires me to use my remaining time well.

But I'm also a keen reader. I, especially, study maps intently. And, trust me, I get more inspiration from the cemetery than from the map of Africa. For in Africa I see something very unsettling: not lifeless lands, but nations whose institutions have been hollowed out—where promise has been squandered, where potential has been wasted. Places where governance withered and order gave way to chaos, commotion, and conundrum.

Nations that have perfected the art of state collapse—where dysfunction is no longer accidental, but curated; no longer resisted, but rehearsed. From the long anguish of the DR Congo to the fractured authority of Libya, from Somalia's decades of collapse to Sudan and South Sudan's recurring descent into turmoil, the pattern is painfully familiar. I look at Eritrea, the Central African Republic, Zimbabwe, Guinea-Bissau, Mali, Burkina Faso, Chad, Niger, etc.

These nations are not dead. Yet. They are warnings—grim reminders of what happens when the rule of law is neglected, when institutions are bent to serve power rather than restrain it.

Germany and Japan badly lost World War II, but quickly recovered - and they're among the richest. So, beware of those who claim they ush-

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Objection**



ered in peace and stability. Nations do not often die of gunshot wounds. They fall ill quietly—a headache ignored, a fever dismissed—then a long, wasting sickness, UNTIL INTERNAL ORGAN FAILURE SETS IN - and the end arrives, not as a shock, but as a certainty.

Uganda now stands at a delicate threshold. The search for a Deputy Chief Justice (DCJ) comes at a time when the Judiciary is still smarting—gobsmacked and besmirched—by a January 2026 appointment of the Chief Justice that bypassed competition, slighted tradition, strained the very sinews of due process, and brought the separation of powers doctrine into question.

The Uganda Law Society pointed out all this in an official statement. The DCJ is not merely another vacancy to be filled. It is a test. A moment of reckoning. A quiet but consequential referendum on whether merit, integrity, and the rule of law still command any reverence in the corridors of power, in a government that peaked more than 30 years ago, has been declining ever since, and has refined dysfunction into doctrine,

thereby steadily institutionalising the undoing of an entire nation.

See, you can play around with the Cabinet. You can reward loyalty, shuffle portfolios, and survive the consequences. But you cannot experiment with the Judiciary—not if you intend for the State to endure. The Judiciary is sacred ground.

When people begin to doubt the courts, they don't file complaints and petitions - they pick up stones, machetes, and guns to settle disputes. The Judiciary is the final barricade between order and arbitrariness. If the Bench is dysfunctional, be sure nothing else in the country will be functional. The Judiciary is the spinal cord of the State. Damage it, and the body may still exist... but it loses coordination, sensation, and control. The system becomes unresponsive. Erratic. Paralyzed. Crippled.

We need a Deputy Chief Justice whose credibility is so self-evident that it silences doubt and does not require explanation. A jurist whose record commands respect without lobbying for it. A process so transparent that it restores faith, not erodes it. We need to see merit. We need to see due process. We need to see respect for the rule of law—not as a slogan, but as a discipline.

We can disregard the rule of law. But in the near future, passing through Africa will be like walking through a graveyard of nations. And passersby will look back and, quite rightly, conclude that Africa was a continent of nations that learned to fail—methodically, repeatedly—until collapse itself began to look like design.

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