

# **The crucified society**

**A LETTER TO THE YOUTH AND**

**A call to action**

**Wende Emmanuel**

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**ISBN-13: 979-8373-92-268-5**

Published and Printed by **Elong'o Publishers**

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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I am eternally grateful for all friends and comrades who supported me in any process that geared the publishing of this book. I particularly thank the Elongo Publishers for the good work that they have done. I would be remiss if I do not thank Dr. Mang'eni, of Kaimosi University, for encouraging me with strong words. Not to forget Mr. Patrick, who is also the author of the bestselling books; *I will marry Awilo* for the constant consultations and pieces of advice. The Almighty Lord bless each one of you.

## DEDICATION

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*I dedicate this book to my dear wife Rose and my dear sisters; Rena and Faith, and Josephine, Ruth and Elizabeth and my brothers; Rodgers, Joshua, Brian and Robert. May the Almighty God shower all of you with His Blessings and love and mercy and grace, and his everlasting wisdom and kindness.*

*I also dedicate this book to my parents. My dear father Azaria Wende Nyandega. You have been the weight behind this book. The working force behind my spirit. In everything that I do, you have been the blessings and the guide. You have been more than a father to me, my mentor, both in politics and leadership. May the Almighty God shower you with Grace and Mercy and add you more and more days in this world so that you continue to serve Him and guide us all the way. And to my lovely mum, Grace, am so grateful to you for your love and care. No one like you, may your days be filled with Grace and mercy in the name of our Lord.*

*Also, I dedicate this book to Madam Monica Oimba, principal of St. Innocent Jonyo Mixed Secondary school. I agree that people become people through other people. Truly without your heartily support, life could have not been the same. I sincerely thank you for having supported me in my academic journey, you are more than a teacher to most of us, I call you mum. I would encourage you to continue with the same spirit. May the almighty God shower you and reward you for the work that you have done in this world. May you be blessed in the name of the Almighty God.*

*I also dedicate this book to my peers. To all the students and comrades of Jaramogi Oginga Odinga University Of Science And Technology, and all the young people. My fellow youths, comrades and friends. Believe you me, you are the reason as to why I have written this book, and in a special way, I dedicate this book to Kenya University Presidents Association, my fellow young leaders. You really added weight and*

*energy to my right Wing, with lots of encouragements and heartily support, it's entirely a success by your efforts, May the Almighty God give each one of you the necessary knowledge and wisdom and understanding and the power to think and reason, and open wide your minds and hearts and shower your souls with water of wisdom. May He give each one of you the courage to face the difficulties of everyday life.*

*I sincerely dedicate this book to my pastors, men of God from my church; Rarieda Church, The Cardinal Mr. Harrison Owaka, Mr. George Otieno and Joel Awino. You have been with me in prayers all my life. Your teachings and encouragements have truly and positively inspired my person, and all the members of the church and the community. May the Almighty God shower you with His blessings and grace and strength and longer life, to continue with His work of serving Him all your lives.*

*To everybody else, young leaders and youth leaders, political leaders, church leaders, teachers and pastors and students and all comrades and friends, may this book open your eyes and hearts and minds and encourage and inspire your souls and awaken your spirits, so that you know the truth of things as they present themselves to us and put yourselves into motion so that you begin to influence the processes of life with courage.*

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## INTRODUCTION

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The “CRUCIFIED SOCIETY” is a small book with chapters one to eleven. As the name suggests, the book majorly talks about the society in which we live and the manner in which we live. Overtime, the society has been faced with many problems; many critical problems of which some have already been identified while others may have not been identified. Those problems which may have been identified seem to be of unknown causes and it appears than even if the causes are known, less and less attention is given to them and so the problems keep occurring again and again such that even the people themselves, even though they wonder so much what the problems all indicate, none has noticeable taken a step to identify them with their real causes and the other associated problems. In that way, as a result of it, the society, according to the author has been “crucified”. The term “crucifixion” as has been used here simply means, according to the author; the erosion of values and virtues and norms; the society has been made to ‘rot’ and is on her ‘death bed’ in terms of morals and behaviors and to some extent culture, even though the author has not dealt about culture so much, but has touched some key areas on it because he believes that the way of life of a people is influenced by the culture and the values of the very people. According to the author, the society is at no peace, but unrest. The society is faced with problems ranging from hunger to disease to ignorance to conflicts and even killings. He argues that problems faced by the people, must have had their causes just like any other problems and he says not in so many words that “we are the authors of our own misfortunes”. This he means that we are the root causes of the problems that we face, and that if the solutions to those problems are to be found, then it is the people

themselves to do so, by subjecting themselves to proper self-interrogation.

He addresses the youths throughout the chapters and to some extent blames them for having allowed the problems and challenges to turn them around. The author strongly believes in the energy and capacity of the youth. He believes that youth in any given society stands the noblest of chances to dictate the direction that the society should take. According to him, he argues that the youth of this society are all been a sleep, and so gives them a call to wake up from their slumber and begin to influence processes. He encourages the youth to take the mantle, for he describes them as the “software” of the system; the society. He is so enthusiastic about the manner of leadership and governance that the society now faces, and calls for a check of it by the youth, as he says they; the youths, are the initiators of change and that no meaningful transformation can take place without the active involvement and participation of the youths, and that the only thing they should do is to wake up from their sleep and get ready to for change. “THE CRUCIFIED SOCIETY” is a book for every youth and that any passionate youth about transformation must read, and which you cannot put down once you start reading it.



## CHAPTER ONE

### ROLLING OUT THE DUST

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#### Morals and Vices.

“I want my children whom I leave behind and perhaps would never see again to be told that the future of Congo is beautiful and that their country expects them as it expects any other Congolese to fulfil their sacred task of rebuilding their independence, their sovereignty, because there is no democracy without freedom and that there is no independence without really free men...” Was one of his statements, Patrice Emery Lumumba, the first prime minister of Congo back in the year 1960s, in the last letter to his wife, Josephine Obango, a few days before his assassination. He went on to say... “What else can I say? That whether dead or alive, free or in prison by order of colonialists, it is not my person that is important, what is important is Congo, our people whose independence have been turned into a cage, with people looking at us from outside the bars, sometimes with charitable compassion, sometimes with glee and delight. I know and feel in my very heart of hearts, that sooner or later, my people will be free...”

Our two most cherished institutions of life are family and village; whose summation is society. The society. Our society. Our people. The society is a thing like a being. With a nervous system and a head and shoulder and feet. But a special being different from all other beings, so peculiar, with complete sense of emotions and feelings and whose health deserves diet, and whose immunity is alive and well but which can falter depending on how well it feeds, how well it is fed and how often she exercises her body. Society has a brain which grows big and bigger depending on how often she studies the world. She can grow old and die.

Grow old and die wise, or grow old as a fool and perish that way. But can live to eternity, depending on the will of the people, mercy and grace of the people. The society. Our society. Our people. Young and old on equal measure.

Many a time, when I roll my eyes and I allow my mind to wonder, to go about, to go around to see the world and think and to imagine a little bit more worldly than it should, so many things come to my mind. At times I appreciate my mind for working correctly. For serving me well rather. Coupled with history and facts, things that one can dearly value and appreciate, come to mind and fascinate my imaginations and creatively paint pictures that bring different feelings altogether.

At times, a picture of society and the little corners of villages, with young boys and girls in it, busy in their businesses. At other times, a picture of young school boys and girls coming home for lunch on a lunch break, in uniform in the midday sun and sometimes forcing their faces to wrinkle to fold, as if to respond to the sweltering heat of the midday sun and sometimes to the dusty rough road, some within their ranks tired and thin and with torn shirts and observable patches at their backs, if boys ,and torn shirts normally on their shoulders and some noticeable cracks of torn on collars with some not too observable dark lines round it from inside due to dirt as a result of not being washed thrice a week- as was the norm during our times or torn in the collars courtesy of being washed every day and some, though a little rare patches behind tunics of the girls.

But yet some other times an image of a group of believers from church on a Saturday with bibles and other not too many books, sizeable with black hardcovers that make them look like bibles, normally held at some angle, almost close to their hearts. At other times an image of students along the rough roads of Mithui mixed secondary school junction, in the evening hours, walking in pairs, sometimes avoiding to use common sense but with bags packed with books at their backs, some with novels

at their hands as if they do not possess bags. Normally a beautiful picture nevertheless. But not only that.

Alternating images of young men and women in town in *JUA-KALI*, walking around and getting this and that done. Young artisans busy on metals and shaping them with their machines, generating sparks of lights and producing a necessary loud, loud noise as if to prove that reality. Others in motorbikes behind lorries with big writings on their backs “DANGER PETROL” that head in either direction, making bip-bip sounds, sounds and noises of talks and shouts whose reasons can never be found. Compact mix Sounds of this and that saturate the air and make any place appear and sound like a market on a Friday noon. Those images plus the ones that I might find indiscipline to mention come to mind. All these can give one a feeling of satisfaction. A feeling that at least things are working. Yes. A feeling that things are bearing their right weights. A human feeling.

But sometimes when I sit and meditate on the words of Emery Lumumba of Congo in his letter to the mother of his children, and deep myself into the kind of sense that it brings along, and treat his thoughts and views of the world as the accepted definition of what a society and a people expect, he takes his time to think of the most important issues of the world and life, healthy enough to make his country that he so much loved, settled in mentioning this to his children whom he loved, that: “...the future of Congo is beautiful and that their country expects them as it expects any other Congolese to fulfill their sacred task...”

In my view and in substance, I get the sense of mentioning his Country as our Society and so could as well say:

I want young men and women to be told that the future of this society is beautiful and that their society expects them as it expects any other member of the society, to fulfil their sacred task of rebuilding it to what nature, as a matter of life and the society expects them to do.

For a long time today, our society has known no beauty, peace, brotherhood and neighborhood in assumption that nobody, perhaps had listened to such a message or if they listened, did not care. The truth of the society has been used to betray her very self. The metal sheet onto which history of the succeeding generation was printed had long been attacked by rust. Young men and women have betrayed the contemporary society to the highest mandates. The responsible society of yesterday has had a breakdown and is bent to her side. A society of plenty where greed and poverty were tales. A society of brotherhood and sisterhood where every man, young or old, respected the dignity and worth of another. That was the society. A society where young boys paid profound respect to the old. Where young girls submitted themselves to their fathers and mothers, and they too treated every child as their own and boys treated girls as their sisters at all levels and stages of life. That was the society. A society where people united at all levels, ranging from work in gardens to the enjoyment of meals at whichever time and the people saw nothing wrong in matching in that sense. Things worked. A Society which was at its utmost peace with itself and which lived with its conscience. A society where hatred and jealousy were unknown, where love, flowed from all littlest hills or mountains downstream in that sense to all buckets and sucks of every family and hearts. A healthy family it was. A society where every mother was a mum to any boys and girls around. Young boys and girls from a family, regardless of its type and size, played together, worked together, prayed together and enjoyed meals together. People treated each other not of any category of class but with equality and respect without exploiting their social construction as social facts. A society of community and neighborhood, without condemnation and mockery. With set goals and with destinies defined and structured. A society that took responsibility, condemned vices during the day and taught encouraged and cultivated morals at night through stories and tales around fire places. The rains watered our lands well enough for

cultivation. Rivers and streams could flow smoothly with ease only under gravity of the earth.

One painful reality that one has to accept today is that today things have changed. Gravity that shapes the earth today is no longer the gravity that God had assigned that task. The gravity-the gravity that allowed Land to be cultivated and supported firmly the crops grown without difficulty of pests and diseases. The gravity that allowed crops to stand firm on the grounds and hold their hands together as a sign of togetherness and gave each of the crops of any kind a place to stand and enjoy their dignity and respect. The gun sounds and drum beats of hunger and disease and ignorance, the sounds of the enemies, are like sounds of crickets in the night and have filled the air, and the society is left desperate. Today things have changed. The society is sick. If one wants to know how a sick a society looks like, then one may not need to look far but just around. There is enough evidence, that this society is sick, and matters may even get worse in the fullness of times if the slide is not halted. In one of my readings, I bombarded with one of the speeches of Nelson Mandela way back during the 2007 interview conducted by Dr. Hakeem Baba-Ahmed, as he expressed his profound concerns about his society and the continent, particularly Nigeria, which I found so aspiring, and which I think one ought to ask themselves even in the contemporary society;

“You know am not very happy with Nigeria. I have made that very clear on many occasions. Yes, Nigeria stood with us more than any nation, but you let yourselves down, and Africa and the black race very badly. Your leaders have no respect for their people. They believe that their personal interests are the interests of the people. They take people’s resources and turn it into personal wealth. There is a level of poverty in Nigeria that should be unacceptable. I cannot understand why Nigerians are not more angry than they are.

What do young Nigerians think about your leaders and their country and Africa? Do you teach them history...?

What about the corruption and the crimes? Your elections are like wars. Now we hear that you cannot be a president in Nigeria unless you are Muslim or Christian. Some people tell me your country may break up. Please don't let it happen.

Let me tell you what I think you need to do. You should tell your leaders to emerge who will not confuse the office with sources of making personal wealth. Corrupt people do not make good leaders. They have to spend a lot of your resources for education. Educate the children of the poor, so that they can get out of poverty. Poverty does not breed confidence. Only confident people can bring change, but it will be hijacked by the educated and the wealthy...give the young Nigerians good education. Teach them the value of hard work and sacrifice, and discourage them from crimes which are destroying your image as a good people”.

Today, we get news every day, every morning by more shockingly, such news no longer jolts the members of the society as they should. Most probably because not one week passes without the gory news of young men and women engaged in a conflict that resulted to a severe injury and that one of them or both are either hospitalized or taken to police cells. You would hear, a human body was dumped in a river. Or some other times, sexual abuse of a minor. My own view is that the society has lost bearing and so various things go with speed to no directions. People no longer work in the farms and harvest crops well enough to feed families up to the next harvest and even carry out the barter kind of trade because of that sense of plenty. But not only that, Poverty and Hunger have taken roots and our empty stomachs cry throughout seasons for foods that neither our pockets nor that of our mothers and fathers no longer can afford. Today things have changed. The societal morals have decayed. Overtime, cases of young and old people killing their lovers and brothers and mothers and even fathers continue to rise unabated. Very saddening reports of brothers fighting and maiming each other have left eyebrows raised. But many of the ugly incidences in this society are basically products of moral decadence, in which even human life is losing value.

Mothers today had long robbed children of their rights, issuing threats and warning them of speaking their mother tongue and are forced to speak Swahili and at some craziest of times; English as if themselves are the very colonialists of the time, that, on a close view does not add up, because they deny the children their freedom to socialize and interact with each other and enjoy their culture and their times and play games that matter and speak their language in a free mode the way they want. Children are not free. They are warned constantly and consistently of going to a neighbor's house or compound because of some petty, very petty reasons of misunderstandings. I remember so very vividly long time ago when we were young, when children were children and were given their space in the society. We used to speak our language the way we wanted and the way we knew it and wherever we were. We could jump from one homestead to another at whichever times without 'fear of contradiction' in small groups and enjoy games of the world to the best of how we knew them without being taught.



We played games ranging from ‘Brikicho’ to ‘Ponky’ to ‘Tapo’ to football. Myself did not enjoy football very much but enjoyed ‘Tapo’ and ‘Brikicho’ and ‘Ponky’ to the last atom of my interest. Let me take a short time to explain to you why I enjoyed them, and not football very much that only involved running around and throwing kicks at just one ball which was also very simple; we could, and we appeared organized, when in need of a ball, divide ourselves in groups and delegated simple duties of looking for old polythene and collected and stuffed them and made some simple ties and obtained the end result; a ball, which made spirits of those who enjoyed football, rage. But this is a story for another day. I was explaining to you about the games I enjoyed.

So one was this; *Brikicho!*

*Brikicho!*

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