The time was December 1981. Almost Christmas. And Obote was in power again. Dr. Kisekka was returning to Uganda after having received medical treatment in London for a recent illness.

As the plane circled over Kampala, Dr. Kisekka, buckled in for landing, looked down on his beleaguered city and marveled. From the air Kampala was deceptive. It looked as tranquil and attractive as any other world-class city. Only as the plane touched down for the landing could one sense the extent of the damage that Kampala had experienced over the past 10 years. Yes, it was only on ground level that you realized how devastated Uganda had become under Amin. And how slowly the restoration process was progressing.

Supplies in stores were virtually depleted. The best stores had put up facades—electric appliance cartons, impressive stacks of paint cans, boxes of liquor—but there was nothing there. Shelves and stockrooms had all been emptied long ago. Hotels and restaurants were also out of supplies, plagued with frequent electrical problems and the annoyance of an unreliable water supply. Tourists appeared bewildered and confused as they walked the once beautiful boulevards of the capital.

"Aminism," as it is called, had taken its toll. Perhaps the irony of the senseless destruction could best be illustrated by the condition of the State House. Amin's
TRAUMA AND TEARS

Entebbe State House on the shores of Lake Victoria—the Ugandan equivalent of the White House—appeared to passersby on the outside to be immaculate. Inside, though, sofas were covered with cigarette burn holes, drapes had been pulled off the windows, beer bottles cluttered the closets, grease covered the kitchen floor, and bullet holes dotted the ceiling of the living room at which Amin regularly used to blast away with his revolvers to summon his staff.

As Dr. Kisekka deplaned, reflecting silently on the predicament of his fellow Ugandans, he felt he understood a little about how and why it had happened. It—Amin and Obote—had caught the people by surprise. And then they discovered that they had lost control of their lives. With many Ugandans, their silence and seeming compliance wasn't an indication of support or approval. Quite the opposite. As a result of fear and brutal domination, the people had entered a survival mode. A survival mentality allowed for a less painful existence. If food supplies were depleted, they ate matoke (mashed bananas); if friends and relatives died for making ill-chosen comments, they remained silent; if there was no public transportation, they walked. Often they did so without complaint or apparent anger. Shauri ya Mungu (Swahili for "It's God's will") was the attitude. The pain and hurt had been internalized.

However, not all Ugandans reacted in this way. Many resisted. And many of those who did lost their lives or were sent into exile. But the vast majority of the people painfully endured the status quo. To the Western way of thinking, such an approach might be interpreted as passivity and fatalism. But a careful thinker, a student of history, will look deeper and see more. Again, the
Ugandans felt they no longer had control of their lives, their destiny. According to Lamb, "they lived in a feudal-style system in which one's well-being depended on an allegiance to a man or a group of tribal barons, and that attachment did not include the right to question. The tradition of giving all power to a village chief, the era of colonialism, and the repressiveness of men like Obote and Amin had taught them obedience, even servitude. They had learned the art of survival."

Dr. Kisekka entered the lobby of Entebbe Airport that Tuesday, the twenty-second of December. One look at those there to pick him up warned him that something was wrong. His waiting colleagues began to tell him the news. Political conditions were again deteriorating—Obote was accusing more people of aiding the resistance movement, and once again people were disappearing. Property was being confiscated and destroyed. Constant reports funneled back of tortures, beatings, and deaths.

The latest and most reliable sources indicated that he, Dr. Kisekka was next in line—at the top of Obote's hit list. Even now, government officials were searching for him. The previous Sabbath two strangers, whom church members had identified as government spies, had attended church services, looking for him. And most recently, it was reported that government agents had appeared at his farm, supposedly only to bring him in for questioning. Dr. Kisekka's views in support of democracy, free speech, human rights, and a fair electoral process were well known, and now it seemed the government was beginning to view him as a threat. And although they risked a public outcry, the government commissioned his arrest and detention.
Dr. Kisekka was no stranger to danger or fear. He knew that his course of outspokenness was bound to bring about governmental reprisal and persecution. His decision to speak out for what he believed to be right was based on sound moral grounds. The time for looking to others to make a stand had ended. He felt God wanted him to speak out loudly and clearly against the grave injustices that were daily taking place. With the conviction of God's guidance, he considered the story of Esther, that when confronted with the prospect of death for speaking out against injustice, she spoke these words: "If I perish, I perish." This became very meaningful to him. "I had to come to a point at which I entrusted myself totally into God's hands. I must be willing to sacrifice everything—my life, if necessary."

When later asked whether during this experience he feared for his life, Dr. Kisekka replied, "I didn't take time to think about my life. What good would it do? I just did what I knew to be right and left it there." Doing too much thinking or too much talking in a time of crisis is dangerous, Dr. Kisekka was to say.

Quickly he instructed the driver to take him to his farm. Brushing aside any nostalgia and sentimentality, he acted deliberately and decisively. Quickly packing some clothes, he made plans with his wife for a future rendezvous. With that, he prayed with his household, kissed his wife, and said good-bye.

His plan was simple—he would hide in his hospital in Kampala until Christmas Day. The soldiers normally got drunk at that time, and that might provide him with an opportunity to escape by air. It was a gamble, but what alternatives did he have? By that time the authorities knew he was in the country. Police, soldiers, and government agents were looking everywhere for him.
FROM EXILE TO PRIME MINISTER

His farm and businesses were searched, but miraculously he was preserved from detection. Dr. Kisekka was a wanted man.

While in hiding, Dr. Kisekka had a lot of time for deep heart searching. It was at such times that these Bible promises offered great comfort: Isaiah 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Psalm 91:11: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Genesis 28:15: "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." The great Bible stories of God's deliverance (i.e., Daniel 3:17-27; 6:16-23; Acts 5:18, 19; 12:3-7; 16:23-26) became especially relevant.

Did he pray? "Very, very much." After all, it would certainly take a miracle if he succeeded in leaving the country. What if an informant told where he was? What if he were discovered? The government leaders were looking for him, and they usually got what they wanted.

At the point of severest testing, one's relationship with God is revealed exactly for what it is. Will he capitulate under the pressure, or will he calmly trust God? Never is one's relationship with God more real than at the time of greatest need.

Dr. Kisekka's mind was fixed. He believed that if God would allow him to escape safely, it would be a divine sign that God had endorsed his work. And wherever he should go from that point, for however long he might live, he pledged to use his influence and means to promote moral right and civil liberties.
Finally Christmas Day arrived. Quietly and inconspicuously Dr. Kisekka left his hospital for the airport. Miraculously he made it past all of the roadblocks; it was as if the soldiers didn't see him. Many of his fellow believers are convinced that this was a modern-day miracle, because it is hardly believable that he could have made it as far as the airport.

Once at the airport he was concerned that he might miss his flight. Soldiers were everywhere, and the plane he was due to be on was scheduled to leave in a few minutes. But that too was providential. Immediately before Dr. Kisekka boarded, the soldiers made an unexpected search of the plane with the hope of discovering him there if he had eluded them earlier. Their orders were to apprehend Dr. Kisekka dead or alive, and the soldiers fully intended to carry out that order. However, Dr. Kissekka believes Providence intervened.

Dr. Kisekka remembers the experience as almost unbelievable. "Just as the soldiers left the plane and went upstairs to drink, I boarded. If I had been there a few minutes earlier, they would have discovered me. I was able to escape. God is so good."

As the plane taxied off and headed southeast toward Nairobi, once again Dr. Kisekka mused on his beloved Uganda. Sadly the inevitable had come. That which he had always dreaded was before him—exile! He loved Uganda—its people, its land, its history. And through the highs and the lows he had stuck with his homeland. Now, faced with exile, tears flooded his eyes. As Uganda faded in the distance, he felt it might be the last time he would see his country.