

THE JOURNEY TO VICE PRESIDENCY

By **Christine Nabgoli**

After my loss in the EIA 2025–2026 elections as an Assistant Chapel Minister, I became more confident and courageous than ever. It was like my last key to the door of leadership had been found. It opened doors of potential growth and strength. I utilised each season to build courage, humility, and wisdom. I saw each opportunity as a step towards greater leadership. The training during that season wasn't easy or fun, but it made me a better leader and I felt more empowered and more prepared for something greater, so I contested for Vice Presidency.

The journey began as a thought, then a passion, lastly a dream. It seemed so easy and truly possible at the start. No serious competitors yet, it was only me. I felt extremely unmovable; my courage was like a blazing fire, so hot and impossible to put out.

However, as the journey continued, doubt crept in like a thief, ready to steal my confidence. Serious competitors or opponents increased. First, I only heard about one and I consoled myself as courage started to lose balance. Now the second opponent was like a huge blow in the face, unexpected, very capable like me and very bright.

At that point, different voices spoke to me, "But they are better," "Try another post," and so on. The road became rocky, steep, and slippery. I was hit by criticism, "She is small," "She doesn't look like a Vice President," "She is better a chapel minister," "Why didn't she come in Year 11? All that started fading my confidence, doubt was insurmountable, fear for failure surpassed everything. Worst of all, I was betrayed by the person I called my mentor, a person I shared my vision and passion with.

During that time, the world crumbled before my own eyes, my supporters changed sides, I felt lonely and the dream of becoming a Vice President started to look impossible. However, I continued to walk with courage on the outside while fear screamed inside me. I decided to own my passion with determination.

Meanwhile, academics were weighing heavy, as well they demanded more time while political stress intensified. I had to balance academics alongside political stress. It was a tricky one. Besides that, I am a person who naturally detests begging or even looking desperate, but this time round I had to campaign to people who don't respect the way you feel or even listen to you. I had to beg for their time and bore with questions that don't make sense.

The hope I had at the start began to disappear in the air. The process seemed endless; questions arose in my mind, "What makes you better?" "What if you lose?" I detested the thought of losing.

On the day of open campaign, that is when my manifesto started to lose meaning to me. However, I presented it with some courage. Now the hot seat questions were induced, hot though I was lucky to receive answerable ones, however the audience had a lot of questions for me.

After the campaigns, I felt a huge surge of relief inside me, this is because I knew the rest belonged to God. I prayed like a warrior, I asked Him to be my campaign manager because at that point, I barely trusted anyone. As the results were being read after voting, my heart was beating a million times per second. Then finally I was announced as the next Vice President! I could hardly believe what I was hearing, I felt like I was in a dream, I didn't want to wake up from.

During this season, I have learnt to face my fears, not to run away from them because I had to campaign to big high class rooms. I did not care because I believed that leadership is not about size or class. I also learnt that good things take time. I had to wait for a full year to become a Vice President. It took resilience and patience to await amidst uncertainty. As the saying goes, the more fear and doubt grow dim in my eyes. Now I write as a conqueror because I triumphed my fears and faced them with courage.