



# IN THE SERVICE OF THE LORD'S ARMY



## National Memory & Peace Documentation Centre

Issue # 3

Written by Theo Hollander

### “Writing my name”

#### *Synopsis*

##### **BACK COVER:**

“At the age of fourteen, I had killed more people than some of the most notorious serial killers that the world has ever known. But that doesn't mean that I am an evil man, or that I am mentally ill. I never killed anyone out of pure cruelty or because of sheer hatred. I killed them because I had to. I had no other choice. It was either them or me. Or at least, this is what I keep on telling myself...”

In the service of the Lord's army tells the story of how the war in northern Uganda changed my life forever. It will show how, at the age of twelve, I was transformed from cheerful child into a cold-blooded killer in the so-called army of the Lord, otherwise known as the Lord's Resistance Army.”

##### **Summary:**

“In the service of the Lord's army” is a biography about Norman Okello; a young man from northern Uganda who was abducted by the Lord's Resistance Army at the age of twelve and forced to become one of its harbingers of death. This book will tell a true story of epic proportions, about severe hardships and extreme strength and resilience in events that happened in a strange but real world about fifteen years ago.

The book tells the tale of how one of the most brutal rebel groups in the world changed the life of one individual irreversibly. It will show how a young child was able to cope in this hostile environment and navigate through all the hardships. It shows the constant struggles that Norman had with himself trying to keep his humanity, while it is the very loss of humanity and the will to survive at all cost that makes him human. This book will tell about Norman's life and the extraordinary events in which he was directly involved. From his idyllic early childhood which reveals this part of Africa in its full beauty, to his combat, abduction and punishment missions which can be added to the blackest pages of human history.



## Chapter 3

I still felt the pain of leaving my father without even saying goodbye, as the two younger rebels were dragging us to yet another assembly spot. Once we got here, the commander ordered them to bind us to a tree. As the younger rebels were tying us to the tree, the commander began to speak.

- "We will take you with us and train you so that you'll become hardened soldiers. Yet, I have some good news for one of you. To show that I still have some compassion in me, one of the three of you will be released, and it is up to you to decide who."

At this point, my cousin, Francis, and I looked at each other. I was really wondering if this was yet another one of his tricks. He asked us again:

- "So which of you wants to be released? There was only silence.

- "If you don't want to, we can take all three of you."

I was really wondering whether he was sincere, or whether he was just testing us. I thought that if I spoke right now, there was a chance that I would be executed. I knew that those who unsuccessfully tried to escape from the movement were always killed. Yet at the same time, if the commander meant what he said, now was the best and probably only opportunity to escape the brutal fate that lay ahead of me. I don't know from where I got the nerves, but I was the first of the three of us to speak. With a trembling voice I told the commander that my cousin and I were brothers and that for the sake of our parents he couldn't take both of us.

- "Please sir, you can't take both of us. Our parents need us on the fields, to help

with the harvest and sowing of the crops. They can't live without the both of us. Please sir, I beg you..."

The moment I had said this, the commander stopped smiling and looked me deep in the eye, as if he was extremely angry. I was convinced that I had walked into yet another ambush, albeit this one was psychological in nature. As the commander looked at me, I was convinced that he would draw his pistol any time now and shoot me on the spot. For half a minute, which felt like a lifetime, he looked into my eyes. Then the commander started to laugh as he told another rebel to release my cousin.

- "So all of a sudden you two are brothers, aren't you? We really need to work on that lying character of yours!"

A relief went through my body as I realized I would not be killed. But this relief was immediately followed by a feeling of sadness when I realized that the release of my cousin meant that I would still be taken and that I hadn't escaped my fate. Don't get me wrong; up to this day I am really happy that my cousin escaped the dreadful years that I went through, but like any other kid in that situation, I had silently hoped the commander would have picked me. Still, I knew that this was for the best. My cousin was retarded and they could never make a proper soldier out of him. I knew that if they had taken him instead of me, he wouldn't even last a day. The commander also knew this perfectly well and had probably decided to release my cousin far before he had asked the question. It was indeed a test. The commander gave us some time to say goodbye, and afterwards my cousin was untied. They gave him some food to make up for his beating and to keep him quiet, and af-



terwards they took him back to the other assembly point.

My cousin left as the night was already beginning to fall. In the meantime, Francis and I lay there tied up to a big mango tree. At around eight o'clock five rebels came. They untied Francis and dragged him away. I was told to get some sleep. Only minutes later I heard Francis' screams. Terrifying bone-shattering screams. Although I was unable to see him, I knew what was happening to Francis as I heard sticks batter down on him. After a while Francis had stopped screaming, and this frightened me even more. I anxiously tried to see what was happening, but the mango tree completely blocked my sight. Something told me that I would be next. I was waiting for them to start dragging me away, but they never did. That entire night I didn't close even one eye; I was so afraid.

My body was still aching from the beating I had received during the day, and they had tied me up so tight that I had trouble breathing. As the night fell around us the rebels all went to their positions. Some of them put up small tents in which they went to sleep, while others went to the guarding posts where they would stay awake all night. I still couldn't believe their numbers, there were so many of them. Actually, I couldn't even believe that all this was happening to me at all. I was still hoping I would wake from this terrible dream.

That night was awfully quiet. They never brought Francis back, so I had no idea if he had survived his beating. At a certain point his screams had died away, but I did not

know why. Never had I experienced a night that passed as slowly as this one, but eventually, like every other night before and after, the world made its round and the morning came. Even before the sun appeared in the sky, everywhere around me the rebels started to wake up. At a certain point, I saw the commander walking towards me. It was clear that he was coming for me. That is when he told me the news:

- "Today, boy, today we are going to write your name."

So there I was. From the corner of my eye I looked at the man who I considered to be my own personal nemesis. He was very tall and muscular. Although I noticed that even the younger rebels were afraid him, he didn't appear as bewildered by me as the boys that had captured me. The moment he came to me, he ordered some boys to collect something in the bush. Afterwards he turned his attention to me. I still didn't dare to look him straight into the eye. I was waiting for him to take out his notebook and pen to write my name, but he never did. At this point I still thought that the writing of the name would happen with pen and paper, but that couldn't have been farther from the truth. Only minutes after the commander had appeared, the two boys returned with a lot of branches. Immediately upon their return they were told to untie me, and afterwards the writing of the name began. I honestly hadn't realized that writing my name would mean that I would almost be beaten to death. I had to lie down with my face towards the ground. The commander told me that this would teach me to never try to escape. Then, the order came:

- "HIT HIM. HIT HIM LIKE YOU NEVER HIT



ANYONE BEFORE AND DON'T STOP UNTIL I SAY SO!!!!"

The three boys started to cane me ferociously. Never in my entire life had I felt so much pain. I think they gave me more than 120 strokes each, using long, bamboo-like sticks. The boys hit me as hard as they possibly could and just didn't stop. They kept on beating me and beating me. After a while, there was no place on my body left untouched by those dreaded sticks, but still they continued to beat me. Once on my buttocks, twice on buttocks, then another time and another time and another time! I sincerely thought I was going to die, a feeling that would come back to me several times in the years to come.

After the beating had continued for more than five minutes, my body went totally numb. Although I still saw them hitting me, I didn't feel the pain anymore. I saw the mouth of the commander move, probably to scream orders that they should hit me even harder, but I did not hear a single sound. It was like I was in a terrible dream from which I was unable to wake. Then I lost consciousness.

When I regained my consciousness, I noticed that the rebels had stopped hitting me. Nonetheless I felt a terrible pain. Never in my life had I been in so much pain. I couldn't sit, because they had caned my buttocks, I couldn't lie down, because they caned my back and I couldn't stand or walk, because they caned my legs and feet. I even couldn't grab a hold of anything because they caned my arms and my hands.

My whole body was covered with blood, and on most places of my body, my flesh had burst open and deep wounds were visible everywhere. Apparently these open wounds provided a feast for the flies, because my whole body was covered with these crawling and itching insects. But, weak as I was, I didn't even have the strength to chase them away. I was sure that if no one treated these wounds soon, they would get infected and I would die.

After the beating was over and I regained my consciousness, the commander ordered another rebel to take care of me and to attend my wounds. He lifted me up and carried me to a tree, where he literally threw me in its shade. He boiled some water and afterwards he started to clean my wounds with hard strokes and a piece of dusty cloth drenched in hot water. Every time he even touched my body I had the feeling I could melt into the earth--so excruciating was the pain. The boy told me his name was Gabriel, and that most of the rebels captured by this commander had undergone this treatment. He told me that, if I survived, I would be taken into the rebel movement. "If I survive." I had nearly been beaten to death, yet I lived. The casual way Gabriel told me, "if you survive", scared me. At that point, I was more dead than alive, and my survival was not guaranteed. Gabriel told me that the writing of the name determined if one would live or be killed. The ones who endured the beatings in stoic silence, proved to be strong and ready to take on a rebel's life. I feared the worst for Francis, as he had screamed like a pig.

The boy told me that the commander had been very impressed with me. During my whole beating I hadn't screamed once, I hadn't



even cried. I was probably too afraid. Honestly, I couldn't really remember anything of my own behavior during the beating. I only remembered the pain. At that time I didn't care about what the commander thought of me or even what positive repercussions his liking me might have. I just wanted to go home to my mum and dad.

The entire day after my beating, we stayed put. Only a few hours after the beating my entire body began to swell, causing me even more pain. The pain constantly caused me to lose consciousness, only to regain it minutes or maybe even hours later. In the moments that I was conscious, my mind dwelled upon my family. I wondered what would happen to my father. There was no way of knowing if they would kill the entire village, or if they would just let us be. I also wondered what had happened to my mother and the siblings, who were supposed to return the evening before, only to find our village entirely empty. What would my mother do? Would she start looking for us in the papyrus? Would she start screaming our names and be captured herself? What would the rebels do with my father, and all my other relatives who were totally at the rebels' mercy? Then my thoughts dwelled on my own immediate future. What the fuck would happen to me? Would I also be taken to Sudan, where innocent children are turned into monsters? I didn't know. Somehow I didn't want to think of what was ahead of me, because with every minute that passed I had more difficulty imagining a happy ending.

In the evening one of the rebel girls gave me some food. She looked at me in total de-

spise and told me that I had to eat separately, because my body was filthy and my soul was still unclean and unholy. The rebels never saw themselves as the mindless killers they are. They always referred to themselves as "Holies". They were the holy warriors of the Lord, with the goal to liberate Uganda from its tyrannical and ungodly rule. Around me I heard the rebels talking about how they would overthrow the Ugandan government and rule the country by the Ten Commandments. This was the mission that God himself had given Joseph Kony. They said that the leader of the rebels stood in direct contact with the Almighty. The rebel girl, who wasn't much older than I was, shuffled some food in my direction and gave me my orders. I was supposed to eat this without the others, I wasn't supposed to look at people and I was not allowed to talk to anyone, not a single word, at least, not until I would be initiated. That word, initiation, brought terror to my heart.

The next day early in the morning the commander gave everybody the order to move out. Afterwards the commander came to me and he told me to say goodbye to my father, because I would never see him again.

- "You didn't honestly think that your lies could fool us did you. But you don't need to worry; we already wrote your name. This means that you are one of us now. We won't kill your father."

The commander ordered two soldiers to escort me to my father. At this point I still couldn't walk, so I really needed them to support me, which they did. My father was still in the same assembly point where we had been separated. The moment when my dad looked at my



battered face, tears sprung into his eyes. He stood up and he wanted to run towards me, probably with the intent to hurt the rebels who were supporting me, but luckily, other relatives constrained him. As I was brought in front of my dad, I could no longer stop my tears from flowing over my cheeks. This time I knew that I would never see him again.

- "Dad, I am leaving now and I don't think I will be back. Give my love to mum and my brothers and sisters. I love you."

Afterwards I stumbled towards my dad with my own strength and gave him a hug and a kiss. We were both crying our eyes out, and at this point I never wanted to let go. Yet the rebels who had been supporting me wouldn't let us. Our hug lasted only a few seconds, after which those evil demons took us apart.

- "Bye now, daddy, I will miss you."

At that point my father turned mad. It took four of our relatives to constrain him. He started to scream at the rebel commander, who was watching this whole drama from a distance.

- "Why don't you take me? This boy is way too young to be a soldier. Please take me and I will become the hardest working soldier that you ever had."

The commander just looked at him without saying anything. In the meantime our relatives had great difficulty to constrain my father who was really struggling to get loose.

- "Don't you hear me damnit?! Take me. This boy that you are taking, my son, is very stubborn, lazy and very weak. You can better take me. I'll swear I will do everything you tell me. I won't disappoint you."

In the meantime, they started to drag me away. As the distance between my father

and me grew, his voice became less audible. But he continued to scream until I was well out of sight and until the wind could no longer carry his words far enough for me to hear them. One of the last things that I heard him screaming was that I should be brave, and that he would be awaiting my return, no matter how long it would take. When I could no longer see or hear my father, I stopped crying. I knew that I had entered a new phase in my life, and the only thing I could do was to take my father's advice to my heart. I had to be brave; otherwise I would not survive this new environment into which I was violently recruited.

My two escorts were discussing that they had stayed on the same spot for too long, and that even though they had managed to grandly defeat the NRA only two days ago, they would be back, and this time well-armed and supported by tanks, mambas, gunships and even airplanes. Suddenly I realized that the NRA, whom I had regarded as my savior just two days ago, was now my enemy. Slowly I realized that, once again, the cursed war had brought me to a dramatic crossroads in my life. Things would never be the same again. Gabriel, the boy that had tended my wounds the day before, was one of the boys who was ordered to help me move. I put my arms over their shoulders, while my legs dragged behind me. This clearly annoyed the boys.

- "Boy, we might have been ordered to take care of you, but that does not mean that you are untouchable. If you don't start walking we will leave you here for the blocking force, who will make you to rest forever!"

I knew that they meant what they said, so I really tried to walk with these two boys. While I



was moving, some of the dried up wounds on my body cracked open and the blood started flowing again, attracting the disgusting flies. Although I was in excruciating pain, I had to keep up. Although I managed to walk a little bit, I had a lot of trouble moving my legs. But my escorts weren't interested in excuses. If I delayed them too much, they would leave me behind and I would be shot. Those were the rules, clear and simple.

Luckily, we did not move very far that day. We only moved for about two to three hours, after which we got some more rest. For According to LRA standards, this had nothing to do with marching, but for to me it felt like hell. Even the short distances really felt like death marches. I tried so hard to keep the pace, but I simply couldn't. I knew if I lagged behind too much I would be killed. So whenever I noticed that Gabriel and his companion started to become agitated, I tried extra hard to follow their pace. Yet, I couldn't help that I was delaying them. I could see the pure anger in Gabriel's eyes. He was ready to kill me. At a certain point two rebels from the blocking force came up to us and told Gabriel that I was pretending and that he should let me be, so that I would be shot. Gabriel actually started having a serious discussion about it. They were really discussing if they should shoot me or if I should live. They were discussing this while I was only half a meter away from them, like I was some kind of cattle, unable to say anything while my fate was being sealed.

To my own surprise, Gabriel came to my defense, as he was specifically ordered by the commander to take good care of me, and

he would get a severe beating if I died on his watch. This didn't mean that we were friends, but it did save my life that day. I soon found out that in the LRA you didn't have any friends, only colleagues. I think that Gabriel detested me and that he would have rather killed me here and now, than support me any step further, but like everybody else, he was afraid of the commander and he couldn't ignore a direct order. Already after several hours of walking we had our first break. I asked Gabriel if I could please have some water to tend my wounds and he gave it to me. By now almost all my dried up wounds had cracked open and I was bleeding from all sides. The only thing I could do was to clean them with water.

After an hour rest, we started moving again. Again, every step was hurting me. Gabriel had grown tired of me and he had asked the commander to be transferred to the advance group. This was the group that was scouting the terrain before the main body arrived. The LRA always moved in three groups. The front group would scout the area for any ambushes. The main group, which contained the majority of the soldiers, the commanders and the artillery, would follow. And lastly the blocking force would come. They would guard the rear from any attacks and also kill the soldiers who weren't able to walk anymore. The commander granted Gabriel's request and so I was left alone with the other soldier. Without two people supporting me, it was very difficult to keep up with them. Sometimes I would lose it, and little by little, I would fall behind. It didn't take very long before my escort grew tired of me and decided to just leave me there. This is when things really got tough. I had to walk completely on my own now and I could only do so by ignoring the pain. There was one voice in



my head telling me to give up, but my will to live was too strong. I just carried on, ignoring the terrible pain. The only reason I managed not to fall behind too much was that I would be shot, was because whenever I lacked too far behind, someone would come to my aid and support me. I remember one boy who begged me to walk faster as he pushed me ahead. Most rebels however were just passing me, leaving me for the blocking force to be killed. The only reason why I survived the first two days was because we never moved in any far distances.

Miraculously, after three days I already started to heal from all my wounds. Although the pain had not disappeared entirely, it was a lot less and I could manage to walk on my own again. During the last three days I hadn't seen Francis again, so I assumed that he was killed that evening when I heard his terrifying screams, although he might also have been in the blocking force or the advance party. Every evening I had to eat the leftovers of the rebels, which I ate in solitary while under close guard. The rules that the rebel girl had told me still applied. I wasn't allowed to talk to anyone, eat with anyone or look anyone in the eye. Every day my thoughts dwelled upon my family. How were they doing? What were they doing to get me out of this hell? The more I thought about this last question, the more I realized that there was nothing that they could do. I was really left to fend on my own. Time had come to grow up.

Although I didn't really notice it, the commander had watched me closely during these days and at the sight of my quick recovery, he decided that I was ready for the

initiation process. In his eyes, I had proven to be strong enough to receive the honor of joining the holy ranks of the blessed warriors of God. In the morning of the fourth day the commander told me that I would be baptized and that I would join the ranks of the holy warriors. Although I was happy that I would move up in rank, which would really improve my standing, it was the word baptism that sent shivers through my spine. After I had found out that writing my name happened with huge sticks battering down on my body, I didn't trust anything they told me, especially if it involved some kind of ritual. I knew what a baptism was, but I was not sure if it meant the same thing for the rebels. For all I knew, it could mean that they would drown me in the river Nile. I was happily surprised when the baptism turned out to be actually very much like a normal baptism.

The baptism went as follows: there were two small bottles. The one was filled with holy water, which had been blessed by Kony himself and came straight out of Sudan. The other bottle was filled with holy Shea oil, which, as they told me, would prevent bullets from hitting me. The ritual was carried out by the commander himself and two altar boys, who were senior warriors and the personal guards of the commander. The boys were standing behind the commander; one was holding the water and the other the oil. They first started sprinkling the holy water on to me. Afterwards, the commander dipped his finger in the Shea oil, and he started to make crosses on my body. First on my forehead, then the palms of my hand, my feet and my back. When the commander finished with this he drew a big heart on my chest. The last thing I had to do was to



swallow a sip of the holy water. I imagined it was poisoned, but for really old water, it actually tasted quite nice. Then the commander spoke some blessings and suddenly my position within the rebel army changed. From that day onwards, I was no longer unclean and I didn't need to eat separately from the rest. I was allowed to talk with others, although I didn't feel the urge.

I was baptized while the rest of the rebels surrounding us were cooking. When the ceremony was over, most of the cooking was done and I was invited to join some boys to eat with them together. It felt good to be one of the holies. Since I had made an impression on the commander, he chose me to be his first escort. The commander came from Anaka, a sub-county on the other side of Gulu from where I was born. He was one of the few people who had joined the LRA voluntarily, and due to his good conduct, he was given a rank of captain. His specialty was the artillery department. As I became his first servant, he started to reveal the secret trades of the artillery to me. Although my official training was still to come, he gave me a preliminary training while we were marching from one place to the other. He was very loyal to the LRA and educated in the ways of the rebels, but he didn't like training people too much. He just told me what to do. Duck! Run! Cover! He explained to me how to load and unload a gun, how to take it apart and put it back together again, but he would only tell me things twice. Whenever he had to tell me something for the third time, he would slap me in my face, really hard.

Whenever we were on the move, I would

be right behind him. I always had to carry his load. His blanket, his tent, his gun, and most importantly, his chair. I had to make sure that whenever he sat down, the chair should be under his ass before it touched the ground. He never told me when or where he would sit down, I just had to guess. Whenever he sat down and the chair wasn't ready or if I had put it at the wrong spot, he would slap me like nothing. Whenever he went in the bushes for a long call, which we say when someone has to take a shit, I had to stand close to him holding his gun in case of any attack. Only when he was in a meeting with other commanders did I leave his side, because I was not allowed to hear what was discussed on those meetings.

For two months we stayed in Uganda, attacking small harmless villages and abducting children who were completely paralyzed by fear, as I had been when I was abducted. Although I wasn't yet given a gun and most of the fighting was done by the advance force, I did witness some of the horror that we unleashed upon the local populations. I remember the day when we carried out an attack on the Kamoro trading center. It was a market day and many people were moving there that day. We carried out our attack late in the morning, at around 11, which was almost the busiest time of the day. We burned down all the houses and captured many people. That day we didn't take any prisoners. The people we caught in their houses were locked in and left there to burn, while the ones we captured on the streets were shot. That was the first time when I saw so many people being killed.

Back in those days, killing people was so common. Kony had set a law that there should be



no crossing of the road. Anyone we caught crossing the street was killed, often by the most horrible means. Another law was that people were not supposed to work or move on Friday. Thus if we caught you crossing the road, you would be killed. If we caught you doing anything on Friday, you would be killed. If you were even lying beside the road, you would be killed. Many people were killed those days. Also when we caught the local leaders, they would kill them because they had direct ties to the government. I remember one day when we found a local leader. We started beating him thoroughly. At a certain point, when the rebels had enough of bullying him, they cut off his hands. The boy that had encouraged me only a few weeks earlier to move faster, one of the people that I owed my life to, placed the man's hands on a huge log, while another hacked off his hands with an axe. That poor old man. I saw how he was crying. Because of his tears, my new colleagues also cut off his feet, again using the axe. Before he bled to death, the commander ordered some hokies to cut off his head using the same axe again. We had killed him like he wasn't even human, even far less than that. I had seen animals being butchered with a lot more respect. The level of brutality we used on this man was sheer evil. I really pitied his soul.

A few days later, I saw them put a bayonet in the throat of a young man. It was Friday and we caught the young man working in the garden, probably to harvest the crops so that his children could eat. That was his crime. The blood was spraying out as they had hit the artery. It was a terrible sight. At night, I saw the man again. While they were push-

ing him around, I saw that it was no longer the man being tossed around, but that it was me. Slowly I looked at myself as they stuck a bayonet in my throat. Then I woke up, drenched in sweat. Silently I hoped I would grow stronger so that I could bear these sights without being so frightened and traumatized. My life in the daytime was difficult enough as it was, I didn't need my nights to become equally gruesome.

As we moved on and carried out more attacks, we grew richer and richer. Besides setting up the chair, plundering became another one of my main tasks. Whenever the advanced party had exterminated a village, I came in to take away all the valuables and all the food. I would always see the dead bodies lying around. The loots that I had to carry were getting heavier, but I was also growing stronger as I was well fed and had completely recovered from my beating. The stronger I grew, the more confident I became that I might get an opportunity to escape very soon. This thought gave me a lot of courage and strength these days. But as with everything else in my life, this hope did not last. I was with the rebels for already two months when the day came that all my hopes of escape vanished.



### **About National Memory and Peace Documentation Centre (NMPDC)**

The National Memory and Peace Documentation Centre (NMPDC), a collaborative initiative of the Refugee Law Project, Faculty of Law Makerere University and the Kitgum District Local Government.

The NMPDC is located in Kitgum district town council in Northern Uganda an area ravaged by over two decades of armed conflict and is struggling to recover in the post-conflict era.

As a country emerging from conflict, Uganda remains highly divided, with a weak sense of national identity, low societal solidarity amongst constituencies, a lack of information and transparency about historical events and little or no accountability for past wrong doing and acknowledgement for suffering. Uganda has a fragile democracy where unaddressed divisions and grievances can easily ignite new conflict. These deficiencies pose significant obstructions to national reconciliation, transitional justice and rule of law in the country; this is what the NMPDC aims to primarily address.

### **About Refugee Law Project (RLP)**

The Refugee Law Project (RLP) seeks to ensure fundamental human rights for all, including; asylum seekers, refugees, and internally displaced persons within Uganda. RLP envision a country that treats all people within its borders with the same standards of respect and social justice.

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# **REFUGEE LAW PROJECT**

*"A Centre for Justice and Forced Migrants"*

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