

THE STEPPING STONES

“Destiny is not a matter of chance; it is a matter of choice. It is not a thing to be waited for, it is a thing to be achieved”

~William Jennings Bryan

The Journey of becoming

THE STEPPING STONES

The Journey of becoming

Copyright © 2023 Alex Miringu

ISBN: 978-9914-50-061-5

Email: luckyalex936@gmail.com

[Tel:+254706610427](tel:+254706610427)

Printed in Nairobi, Kenya by

PEMUK PRINTERS

Tel; +254713593359

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or any means, electronic or mechanical including photocopying or by any information storage retrieval system without permission from the author

Table of Contents

Dedication	1
Introduction	2
The beginning ends	5
The budding of a politician	20
The conviction	42
The Aftermath	61
The Second Stab	72

THE STEPPING STONES

The Journey of Becoming

Dedication

I dedicate this book to those who don't just dream of living an ordinary life but aspire to create something extraordinary. To those who believe they are in the process of becoming great, even when the journey feels uncertain. Remember, the challenges you face today aren't roadblocks, they're stepping stones to your greatness. Embrace them, learn from them, and let them fuel your journey. In the end, you will realize that within you lies all the energy, strength, and potential needed to become whoever you dare to be. Keep pushing forward, because greatness is in your grasp.

INTRODUCTION

For many years, politics in Kenya has been seen as a final destination, a retirement plan of sorts. It has often been reserved for the seasoned, those who have completed their professional journeys and are seeking to occupy public office as a capstone to their careers. In this view, politics was never really about servant leadership or youthful ambition; it was about age, status, and entitlement.

That is why, in 2017, when a 19-year-old young man dared to throw his hat into the political ring, many were stunned. It was unprecedented. He became the youngest person in Kenya's history to ever appear on the ballot since Independence. Though he didn't clinch victory, his bold move made headlines and sparked conversations across the nation. Most would have stopped there, chalked it up to youthful enthusiasm and moved on. But not Alex Miringu.

In 2022, at just 24 years old, Alex gave it another shot. Once again, he faced the odds with courage, grit, and an unwavering belief in his calling. Though he didn't win that time either, something deeper was taking root. He realized that his journey wasn't just about political office, it was about purpose. It was about telling a story that had never been told from the perspective of a young, visionary dreamer who refused to let setbacks define him.

And so, Alex wrote this book, not because he has achieved all his dreams, but because he believes in the power of sharing the journey while still on the road. He understands that true inspiration doesn't only come from success stories, it comes from stories of struggle, stories of persistence, stories that say to every young person: *It is never too early to chase your dreams, as long as they align with your destiny.*

There is a powerful African adage that says, "*Until the lion learns to write, every story will glorify the hunter.*" This book is Alex Miringu's way of writing his own story. It's a bold declaration that young people have a voice, a story, and a right to dream big. It serves two purposes: first, as a personal reminder of where he came from and the fire that fuels his journey. Second, it is a light for others, especially the youth who are walking paths filled with obstacles, doubt, and criticism. In a world that is quick to write off the young and idealistic, this book says, "*Write your own narrative before others write it for you.*"

This is only the beginning. When the second edition of *The Stepping Stones* is released, many will look back and finally see the vision. They will realize that Alex wasn't just writing a book, he was building a legacy, word by word, sentence by sentence, and chapter by chapter.

This is the story of Alex Miringu, a young man who dared to aim for the stars, not because he was guaranteed success, but because he believed that the journey itself is what shapes greatness.

CHAPTER ONE: THE BEGINNING ENDS

"Sometimes it feels good to know you are going far, while sometimes it is draining knowing that far is not a step from now."

~ Alex Miringu

It was a cold, silent Wednesday morning January 25th, 2023, to be exact; when something stirred within me. It was 3:00 a.m. The kind of hour when the world is quietest, yet your thoughts are the loudest. I wasn't waking up from sleep; I hadn't slept at all. I lay there in the dim light of my room, staring into the ceiling, lost in a fog of emotions that had become far too familiar. Confusion. Despair. Restlessness. For weeks, I had battled the weight of failure, and on that particular morning, I reached my breaking point.

I remember getting on my knees and praying, not the routine, polite kind of prayer, but the kind that comes from a soul crying for direction. Tears welled in my eyes as I asked God, "Why am I even here? What is next? What is the point of all this?" The answer didn't come with thunder or lightning. It came in a whisper so calm, so clear, yet so profound: Write.

That single word changed my life.

Writing, I would come to learn, is more than stringing words together, it is the stitching of a torn soul, the rebuilding of broken dreams. That morning, writing became my salvation, a voice of clarity amid the chaos of uncertainty. You see, since the 2022 elections, life had taken a turn I wasn't prepared for. Losing an election once is painful; losing it twice before 25 felt like the end. The campaign trail had been a whirlwind of hope, noise, promises, expectations, and then; silence. Deafening silence.

Before politics, I was a boy with a dream, full of energy and idealism. I wanted to change the world. But after politics, I was a man with questions, haunted by doubt, and clinging to the fragments of that same dream. Many people saw my loss as a failure, a sign that I had aimed too high too soon. But deep down, I knew it was a lesson, one I couldn't waste.

I wanted to understand my journey, to trace back the steps that led me to that 3 a.m. revelation. So I began to write, not just to process my pain, but to document a story, a story that, I hoped, would one day inspire a young person standing at the edge of their own uncertainty.

To understand how I got here, we must go back; far back, to a dusty playground where dreams were still innocent and life hadn't yet shown its teeth. I was in Class Three, a cheerful,

hopeful boy who had three close friends. We weren't perfect, but we had one bond that made us stand out, we had made a promise. We swore, with the confidence only children can muster, that we would never touch drugs. Not now, not ever.

We meant it. At least I did.

But life, as it often does, had different plans. As we grew older and the pressures of adolescence crept in like shadows at sunset, something shifted. The boys I once stood beside, who I once trusted, started to fall into temptation. One by one, they broke our vow. It began innocently, almost quietly, with them skipping school, smoking here and there, lying to their parents. Then the slope became steeper, and they slid. Drugs. Theft. Crime.

It happened so fast that I barely had time to react.

One evening, the reality of their new life crashed into mine. One of my friends, someone I had laughed and shared dreams with, was shot down by the police in a robbery gone wrong. I still remember the cold numbness that hit me when

I heard the news. It wasn't just grief. It was a reckoning. I knew, from that moment, that the community I came from needed change. Not tomorrow, not years later, now.

I found my voice not in speeches, but in poems. At only 13, I began writing and performing poetry centered on the dangers of drugs and crime. My poems were raw, sometimes too raw for comfort. But they resonated. I started performing at schools, churches, even small community gatherings. I used my words as a sword and my pen as a shield, fighting battles most people didn't even know existed.

Still, I knew poetry wasn't enough. The change had to be bigger, wider, more personal.

At just 14, I founded an initiative called Teens in Action Movement. It was more than a club, it was a mission. We tackled real problems affecting teenagers in our community: drugs, crime, peer pressure, and even depression. We organized outreach programs, community cleanups, visits to children's homes, and awareness events. I led with heart, not experience, and somehow, that was enough. For a while.

Joining high school should have felt like the beginning of something new. Instead, it felt like the world closing in on me.

I had just completed my primary school exams, full of expectation and a heart swollen with faith. I had always scored over 400 marks in internal exams, so I was convinced

I'd do the same in KCPE. But fate had other plans. I scored 328 marks. It was like watching everything I had worked for slip through my fingers in slow motion. I couldn't believe it. I was crushed; angry at God, at myself, and at the system.

"Why?" I kept asking. I had prayed. I had worked hard. Why didn't I get what I believed I deserved?

That anger followed me to high school. I got admitted to a school I believed was beneath me. I saw it as punishment instead of an opportunity. Bitterness festered in my heart. I didn't try to make friends. I didn't participate. I just existed. To make things worse, my parents started struggling to pay my fees. I had to leave the hostels and travel from one county to another, almost 80 kilometres; every day just to attend school.

My daily routine became a marathon. I'd wake up at 3 a.m., leave by 4, arrive by 7 a.m., study the whole day, and get home around 9 or 10 p.m., only to repeat it all again the next day. My life became a grind no joy, no purpose, just movement.