

# *The Mandate of Service*

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## **Brothers and sisters, comrades in the noble calling of medicine:**

We gather here today not merely to mark the passage of time, but to reaffirm a sacred covenant. The leadership you have bestowed upon us today is not a scepter of rule. It is not a tool to govern, nor is it an instrument to exercise raw power over your lives. What you have given us today—and what we accept with the deepest, most profound humility—is a mandate to serve. It is a solemn trust. Every leader elected here, every hand raised in unanimous ratification today, stands as a vessel for your voice. When we walk into the halls of power, when we look into the eyes of Chief Officers, County Governors, Cabinet Ministers, or the highest authorities of State, we do not stand alone. We walk into those rooms knowing that the hopes, the anxieties, and the collective dignity of ten thousand doctors march right alongside us.

We have taken an oath today. Let it be known, from the youngest intern to the most seasoned consultant, that the last thing this leadership will ever do is falter in that oath. We will never bend the constitution of this union, nor will we ever step into those high rooms to speak for our own comfort instead of the membership that gave us their trust. That is a bond written in conviction, and it cannot be broken.

There were those who doubted us. In the dark days of our 2024 conference, a heavy shadow hung over this very hall. We saw our medical interns exploited, their worth diminished to a mere seventy thousand shillings by a state that refused to value their sacrifice. We saw our doctors denied their rightful arrears, and the promises of past strikes left unfulfilled. There were whispers that the powerful tried to divide us, dangling multi-million shilling bribes to quiet our resolve. But let history record that out of our sacrifice, out of our absolute conviction, not a single leader dared to compromise our integrity.

*"Because we stood together in this very place, the walls of indifference began to crumble."*

Within three short weeks of our 2024 resolutions, the dignity of our interns was restored as their pay was brought back to two hundred and six thousand shillings. Because we stood together, billions of shillings in withheld arrears were forced out of the National Treasury and paid to our members. And when we took our struggle to Mombasa in 2025, we looked the Ministry into the eyes and demanded justice. For the first time in fifteen years, our young interns were posted at full salary without having to shed sweat and tears on the streets. They stepped off the graduation square and directly into the hospitals, getting their wages in July without an ounce of blood spilled on the pavement.

But our march is far from over. The victories of yesterday cannot blind us to the injustices of today. The adjustments to our basic salaries are still pending, and the ink on our new Collective Bargaining Agreement has yet to dry. During the campaigns, promises were made—but a promise on the trail means nothing without the institutional power to enforce it in office. We have written to the Deputy President, to the Head of Public Service, to the Ministry, and to the Council of Governors. We have reminded them that our seven-year arrears remain unpaid, in direct violation of a court order deposited in May of 2024. We have told them that our money cannot be hidden behind excuses of droughts or state emergencies. We have told them that the baseline of our dignity cannot be compromised.

Look at the economic landscape of our nation. On Labor Day of this year, the President stood before the workers of this country and declared a general wage increase of twelve percent for public workers and fifteen percent for those in agriculture. We are told day in and day out by the Salaries and Remuneration Commission that the economy is bleeding, that there is no money. But if the state can recognize the rising cost of living for others, it must recognize it for the healers of this nation. The last time a doctor in Kenya saw a real salary increment was in 2017. Nearly a decade of inflation has eroded the bread on our tables. That is why we are here today to declare a righteous demand: a thirty percent salary increment for every doctor, from the intern to the consultant. And we are giving the government an ultimatum of ninety days to make it right.

We have shown immense patience. We have extended our hands in consultation to a Minister who has kept an open-door policy. But let our goodwill not be mistaken for weakness. While we are willing to negotiate the grander arcs of our new CBA over the next ninety days, there is an immediate threat at our doorstep. In our counties, billions of shillings meant for our pay adjustments are currently sitting in budgets, being delayed by bureaucratic indifference. If that money is not released into our pay slips by June, it will be reallocated, and our hard-earned funds will be stolen from us yet again.

*"When someone is robbing you of your money, you do not sit down and think. You act."*

Therefore, if we see any further delay from the counties this month, we will not wait ninety days. We will issue a swift, seven-day notice and reclaim what is ours in retroactive arrears dating back to 2017. We will not allow county administrators to dally with our lives while our doctors sit in hospitals unable to afford the very medical care they provide to the public.

Comrades, none of this can be achieved by leadership alone. The legal battles can be fought—and our brilliant legal team has won two hundred and twenty out of two hundred and twenty-two cases over the last five years—but the true power of this union does not rest in a courtroom or a boardroom. It rests in you. It rests in our radical solidarity.

In the coming days, we will be coming to your hospitals, your branches, and your counties. We will be calling for town halls and mobilization. And when that call to action is sounded, I implore you: turn up. Stand up. Let us block out the distractions that seek to divide us and keep our eyes firmly on the prize. We will not allow our members to be frustrated by administrators in silence.

If you pass these resolutions today, if you stand shoulder-to-shoulder in unyielding unity, I can promise you this: we will not go into the Christmas season of 2026 without a signed, fully actualized Collective Bargaining Agreement. These are not the empty political promises you hear echoed on the streets. These are tangible, righteous actions that we must strongly defend and demand from our employers.

Let us rise together, let us march together, and let us claim the justice that is rightfully ours.

Thank you, and God bless you.

