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If Brett Kavanaugh, who is 53, is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court, it is likely that he will be there for the next 30 or even 40 years. The same can be said of Neil Gorsuch, who was 49 when he was confirmed in 2017. If the U.S. Constitution explicitly does not require lifetime appointments, and any other democracy in the world has term limits for judges in its highest courts- does it make sense for Supreme Court justices to serve for decades? The tenure doesn't do much to keep judges above politics, said Gabe Roth, executive director of Fix Court, a nonpartisan, grassroots organization that calls for multiple court reforms. The group advocates a new system: judges will serve 18 years, and presidents can appoint a new judge every two years. The proposal, drawn from recommendations from law professors, aims to reduce rates in a way that would make every nomination seem less like partisan Armageddon, Roth says. In the current system, political parties have no incentive to find the judge who is actually the most qualified for the job. They are interested in finding the youngest, most partisan candidate who they think can get 51 votes in the Senate, he said. So there are a lot of lawyers in the late fifties, early sixties who may have more experience or better temperament to be on the Supreme Court, but they get passed by because every appointment has become a generational opportunity. Judges now have an incentive to remain on the bench until the president is elected with his views. The new system will make departures more predictable. If judges don't serve for 20 or 30 years on the precinct, it can also help keep the court a little more in touch with the current world (just look at what happens when current judges try to understand modern technology). And critically, if political parties knew that their time would soon come, and that the country's political future did not depend on the chance of death or retirement when a particular president was in power- the nomination process could be less of a political circus. (Photo: Claire Anderson/Unsplash) Changes can happen with a new law, not a constitutional amendment, Roth says. The Constitution states that judges must hold their posts during good conduct. The first five judges served an average of nine years; there were no expectations that they would serve for life. (The average tenure has been 25 years lately.) The new law may state that someone can serve as a federal judge for life, but can serve in the Supreme Court for only 18 years. I think 18 years makes sense, because it's long enough to be established on the court, have an influence of opinion to have a legacy but it's not that long that it seems feudal or Roth says. Others were in favor of a 10- or 12-year term. If the 18-year term of office comes into force for the next appointment after Kavanaugh, it will probably mean that there will be more than nine judges on the court before the middle of the century (the organization has outlined one possible trajectory). Remember: there is also no constitutional requirement in court for nine judges to be in court. It's a change that could be politically possible. In one 2017 poll, 66 percent of Democrats and 74 percent of Republicans supported the idea of a 10-year term. There's nothing in my proposal or even some other suggestion that's out there that I've seen that's partisan by nature, says Roth. This may be less likely at this point with the current leadership in the Senate Judiciary Committee. But things can change with grassroots support. Given the fragility and frustration that the public on both sides have seen with this latest nomination, I think it's time for reform in the Supreme Court. Correction: This post has been updated to reflect judge Kavanaugh's correct age. The historic building in AyodhyaBahu Begum Ka Makbarain Faizabad, the so-called Taj Mahal of the East (OK, exaggeration) is a unique 42-meter makbara (mausoleum) built for the queen Nawab Shuja-ud-Dawla. It has three domes built above each other, with... The Hindu temple in AyodhyaCansak BhavanThe Palace, turned into a temple, is one of the most impressive in Ayodhya. Presumably, it was presented to Lord Rama and his wife Sita as a wedding gift, and in the interior there are three shrines dedicated to... The Hindu temple in Ayodhya Khanumanhi is one of the most popular temples in the city and the closest of the main temples of Ayodhya to the main road. Climb the 76 steps to the ornate gate and fortified outer walls, and join the... The museum at the AyodhyaRam Katha MuseumBeyond is the far north end of the main road, this museum houses paintings and ancient sculptures. The museum is a short drive from the main temples of Ayodha. Take the overall autorickshaw tulsigut stand... The Islamic tomb in AyodhyaGulab BariThis charming green space of lawns and water objects is home to the imposing tomb of Nawab Shuja-ud-Dawla (rules 1753-75), the third nawab awada (Oudh), who watched the High Point Faizabad, in front of the capital... Hindu temple in AyodhyaDashrath BhavanInside colorful entrance, you will find a peaceful courtyard where musicians play and orange sadhus read the scriptures. The Hindu temple in Ayodhyaram Janam Puri is a highly controversial place, which is said to be the birthplace of Lord Rama. The security here is staggering (think the transition from the West Bank to Israel). First you have to show your passport to a member... Search for The Lonely Planet Whenever I See a Picture of the Supreme United States, nine judges so strict in their black robes, I wonder whether they are ever fun. Do they revel in those strange, funny moments that will appear in every life, as unpredictable as delightful and memorable? I suspect they do, and I submit as evidence one evening long ago. The year was 1955. I was a senior at Harvard Law School, and Harvard holds a three-day conference to mark the 200th anniversary of the birth of John Marshall, Chief Justice from 1801 to 1835. The conference attracted five members of the Supreme Court in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and I was appointed as a student host of meaning gofer-for-chief justice Earl Warren. The chief justice told me that he grew up very restless sitting all day and very bored with speeches. He asked me to approach him in advance at the end of every dinner and dinner, and whisper in his ear as if giving him a message. Then he gets up, makes excuses in front of the group, and you and I go for a good long walk. We had a lot of conversations this week as we strolled down the back street from Harvard Square. He was governor of California and a Republican presidential candidate, and he had a political knack for treating even a law student as an equal. On the last night of the conference, Chief Justice Warren came to me around 11:30. Paul, I'm in the bushes, he said. Can you drive me back to my room? Of course, sir, I replied, a little underwhelming. I'm just going to get the keys. I only had a bike, and I immediately assumed that the chief judge didn't expect to ride through Harvard Square at midnight on my steering wheel. I scurried the assistant dean and explained my predicament. Here, take my wagon, he said, handing me the keys. It's at the bottom of the back stairs. I went back to Chief Justice Warren and we proceeded to exit. Tell me, Felix, the chief judge shouted, Do you want a lift? By all means, Mr. Justice Frankfurter replied. Harold - said the chief judge - take care of the trip? of course, said Mr. Burton. By when we reached the exit door, I remember that the Chief Justice also hired judges Hugo Black and Tom Clarke. I had a majority in the United States Supreme Court in tow, all talked at once. But when we went out the door to the parking lot, the lawyers fell silent. There in front of us was the station wagon assistant dean, the aging red Nash Rambler. One of Detroit's first efforts to reduce staff, it was like the fire chief's car in a deprived New England village. Suddenly it struck them all as funny. After a week of presentations and seminars, the judges became like schoolchildren on vacation. They peeled off their tuxedo jackets and piled into the Rambler. When I left the parking lot, the rear bumper was badly scratching on the sidewalk. One judge doubted aloud Canting Rambler can hold up against the weight of the court. Another opined that this car will stabilize, Felix, if you dissent your way out of it, as you did in the case of the union. When I stopped at the red light, the chief judge, in the front seat next to me, bent over. Paul, he said, do you know where Harvard Business School is? My son went there but only for a year and I never saw the place. Are you ready to give us a quick tour now? of course. Hey, gentlemen, Chief Justice Warren called over his shoulder. Mind-glancing at Harvard Business School on the way home? By all means, they replied. So it turned out that I carefully went into the territory. The campus looked deserted by the moonlight. I read what little I knew about the place when I heard the sinister flub-flub-flub from the right rear wheel. The judges came out of the carriage as quickly as I did, looking at the flat wheel and chuckling. It's just an apartment at the bottom, a volunteer one. Just turn the wheel halfway around and we'll be fine. I took off my sole suit coat, rolled up the sleeves of my best white shirt, slid under the car, and quickly came to the conclusion that there was no way that Nash Rambler could be raised his nest, no matter what angle I was trying. Meanwhile, my passengers, as in their professional lives, were completely free with their opinions. Turn it left, Paul! Turn it left. Oh, you want things to turn left, He's a good conservative. Stay on the right, Paul, stay on the right. After what seemed like an eternity, I looked up to see a Harvard police car drawing next to me. His powerful spotlight was fixed on my face. What are you guys doing here? A rude voice roared. Two police officers came out and wandered over to us. Thick, with three gold stripes on the sleeve of his blue uniform and a large brass badge at the front of his peak cap, was clearly used to commanding. Who are you guys anyway? He demanded it. From the sidewalk, I stared at the policeman through the bright beam of his spotlight. Officer, I said, you won't believe who we are. Well, try me, son, he said sharply, and you better do it damn fast, because I'm about to drive you. Well, sir, I said, enjoying the moment, that's the majority of the people... United States Supreme Court. He's a smart guy, yes, the policeman shouted as he walked toward me. You're an arrested, smart guy, and we'll just see how smart you are in the camera. When the policeman reached out to grab my neck, Chief Justice Warren came forward. I wouldn't do that, officer, if I were you. Ever a political pro, he smiled and put his left hand around the shoulders of a policeman. I want you to put this light on my face, not Paul's, he said. As another officer retrained the light on this famous face, Warren continued: You can get to know me better than you are my young friend. I'm chief justice of the United States Earl Warren. He held out his right hand to four men in shirt sleeves standing nearby. I would like to introduce you to Judge Felix Frankfurter, Mr. Judge Harold Burton, Mr. Justice... And so on. One by one, the judges shook the officer's hand with a smile. A fat policeman in jowls sank on his chest. His eyes were balls. We are glad that you have come only now, the Chief Justice continued. Paul doesn't know anything about changing the tire. And we're just a bunch of judges. We would appreciate it if you and another officer get there and change the tires for us. It's past our dream. Stunned, two officers took off their coats and got about the business changing tires. I climbed off the sidewalk, feeling ten feet tall. But I was still looking at the Chief Justice of the United States, whose eyes were wrinkling in the blink of an eye, when most members of the Court stood aside, smiling. Of course, I felt that never in its long history had the power and grandeur of the United States Supreme Court been more gloriously demonstrated. And of course, never had it down to earth a good mood was more clearly demonstrated. Whether you are a struggling student or a judge of the highest court of the country, these are the moments that create memories of life. Life. supreme court order on ayodhya case. supreme court order on ayodhya issue

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