

Dear Mama,

To the momma that's doing it alone, that's been blindsided but continues to pick up the pieces while balancing babies' needs along with your mental, physical, and spiritual health. I see you, momma. I am you.

I watched my mother and grandmother be both Superwoman and Superman. They made a way out of no way. And that is truly where I get my strength from, and I love them for it. But being a strong black woman comes with a price, and honestly, it's exhausting. People think that just because you carry the crown well doesn't mean that it's not heavy, and that simply isn't true.

2022 came for me and almost took me out. I had a rough pregnancy, physically and emotionally. I tried to prepare for my new journey as much as I could but kept feeling like I was falling short. And After having my daughter, I experienced the hardest, loneliest, and saddest months of my life. But because I was still able to function and would occasionally smile, my struggle was dismissed, and I was often told that I was so strong. That phrase became an insult instead of a compliment.

I want to break that generational trauma for my daughter. I want her to see my strength through my softness. And for her to have the capability to be superwoman in her tool kit, she doesn't need it to survive.

Mama...in the words of Mariah Carey... You are doing the best you can with what you got, and that's enough.

You are a warrior! You got this!


Lauren

