ABSOLUTE Audacity



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TS#38

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"What do I want my life to be? The answer didn't come as a whisper; it arose as a wave of deep self-love and fierce resolve."

The defining moment I transformed from a Black girl into a Black woman was the moment I realized I had choices—real, life-altering choices that belonged solely to me. For most of my life, I moved through the world carrying the quiet weight of expectation that so many Black women know by heart. I moved seamlessly through roles assigned, inherited, and earned: dutiful daughter, devoted wife, nurturing mother, capable professional, steadfast provider. I poured into everyone else's vessel while leaving my own to run dry.

When my 22-year marriage ended, the familiar rhythm of my world ceased. I found myself standing in a space I had never occupied before: a quiet, sacred space stripped of titles, structures, and the blueprints I had spent a lifetime following. For the first time, I looked at myself in the mirror not as a reflection of who I was to others, but as who I was to myself. I was forced to ask a question I had never dared to confront: ***What do I want my life to be?***

The answer didn't come as a whisper; it arose as a wave of deep self-love and fierce resolve.

I chose to leave Illinois—the land where I had anchored my career, raised my children, and poured my youth into standard definitions of success. With no job waiting, no permanent home, and no guarantees, I packed up my life and moved to California. To the world, it looked like a gamble. To me, it was an act of holy faith and radical self-love. Guided by the quiet confidence of the Black women who came before me—women who crafted beauty with bare hands and birthed possibilities from thin air—I stepped off the ledge.

That leap was bold, terrifying, and completely my own. It was the moment I stopped asking for permission to occupy space and simply took it.

Being a Black woman, I realized, is not just about endurance; it is about sovereign grace. It means claiming my agency, honoring my resilience, and falling in love with my own future—even when the path ahead is unseen. I didn't leave my past behind; I crowned it. My legal career, my leadership, my years of service, and the deep love of my motherhood were no longer heavy expectations to carry—they became the rich, golden fuel for my ascension.

That move wasn't merely a relocation across state lines. It was a rebirth. It was the moment I traded duty for desire, survival for joy, and expectation for endless possibility. That is when the Black girl in me blossomed into a Black woman—fully rooted in her culture, overflowing with self-love, and unapologetically confident in her power.

I am Abiola Ashorobi; TS#38 of 52 of The Soultown Magazine. I want to thank you all for having SOUL!