



Before I ever opened my eyes, before I ever took my first breath, my life was already speaking:

I am not just a Black girl.

My mother was told she couldn't have children. In the middle of a snowstorm, inside Mercy Hospital in Polk County, God made His presence undeniable. As my mother labored to bring forth her second child—against medical odds—He chose her as the vessel to prove that He is still supreme.

I was born into resistance. The hospital staff and my father, Raymond V. Burt Sr., were the first to witness what could only be called divine interruption. I was my parent's second miracle. Chaos surrounded my arrival, but purpose covered it.

Before I could fully understand what family meant, my

# Not Just A Black Girl:

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parents divorced when I was just three years old. But even in that shifting foundation, something sacred remained steady.

My mother didn't just raise me—she introduced me to God. Not just through words, but through example.

Through prayer in the house, through faith when things didn't make sense and through trusting God when life didn't reflect His promises yet. Church wasn't just a place for me—it was a lifeline. I was taught early that God wasn't just someone you called on in trouble—He was someone you walked with daily. That foundation mattered.

Shortly after the divorce, my father was stationed overseas. At that age, I didn't have the language for abandonment—I only had the feeling of absence. I had questions. I ached of not knowing a father's presence. Years later, when he returned to the States, my mother made a decision that would change everything: she agreed that my brother and I should go live with him in Omaha, Nebraska so we could truly know him.

I was still young—but old enough to feel a shift. Leaving Iowa meant leaving comfort, leaving a routine and leaving what I knew to be safe. Omaha was different. What once felt stable now felt uncertain. I was entering puberty—emotionally, mentally, and spiritually stretching in ways I didn't yet understand. I felt my body changing. I was no longer just a child existing, the transformation from a young Black girl trying to define herself in unfamiliar territory was underway.

But here's what grounded me, even at nine years old, I knew how to pray. Prayer had already been

planted in me. Prayer became my language when I didn't have answers, my refuge when I felt displaced and my connection when everything around me felt disconnected. I prayed like I needed God to hear me.

And He did.

He placed people in my life—mentors, voices, examples—who reminded me that I was still covered. I was aligned with something greater than what I could see. I held on to what I knew. I was my mother's miracle baby and miracles don't exist without purpose.

Honestly, life didn't get easier. There were battles I fought internally—self-esteem struggles, untreated depression, emotional confusion, and the weight of trying to find myself. There were moments I felt overlooked, misunderstood, and overwhelmed.

But, I never lost my connection to God. Prayer wasn't something I learned—it was something that

lived in me. When life hit, I prayed, when I felt lost, I prayed and when I couldn't explain what I was feeling, I prayed harder.

I understood this one truth, my strength didn't come from my circumstances—it came from my connection to God.

Eventually, my mother moved to Omaha, and I was able to reunite with her. I believed the reunion restored my faith, love, and resilience.

That was the shift.

That was when the Black girl began becoming a Black woman.

While I was grateful to finally understand being with my parents made me feel comfortable, I also recognized something powerful. I was no longer defined by who stayed or who left.

I was defined by what stayed within me.

I am not just a Black girl. I am a vessel, a promise. And a living testimony that what God speaks will come to pass—even when the world says it won't.

Faith became more than something I was taught—it became how I saw the world. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

A Black girl survives what she sees.

A Black woman builds from what she believes.

And I believe with everything in me:

I was never just a Black girl.

I was always becoming a Black woman with purpose, since day one, when I was called a miracle.

*I am Lova Burt TS#15 of 52 of The SoulTown Magazine. I want to thank you all for having SOUL! 🙏*



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## Born A Miracle, Becoming A Promise