

From Grief to Grace: The Unfolding of Margo Mann

Growth isn't always a gentle blooming; sometimes, it is forged in the fire of profound, sudden loss. My story of becoming a Black woman isn't rooted in a smooth, predicted rite of passage, but in the quiet, confusing echo left behind when my mother transitioned from this earth. I was just eleven years old—the baby of the family, the only girl wrapped in the protection of three older brothers, and raised by a father who loved us fiercely. Ours was a blended family, brought together when my father married my mother, who carried a young son of her own from a previous chapter into our home.

We didn't grow up in what folks would call "the hood." We lived in an intriguing, unique neighborhood filled with character, personality, and a rhythm all its own—a place that seemed distinctly different from anywhere else. Yet no matter how quiet or comfortable the streets outside were, the storm inside my young heart was heavy.

Pain and resilience is my truth because the pain of a young Black girl who loses her mother is a confusing, tangled weight. I felt deeply cheated. To be stripped of a mother's tender touch, her sacred wisdom, and her guiding hand right at the edge of my most formative years felt like a theft of my childhood.

Growing up in the aftermath, I looked around for answers. I found a village made of religion, faithful friends, watchful neighbors, and complex family dynamics. They were strong, steady, and held me

up in so many ways—yet, as hard as they tried, the void left by a mother's absent love was something no church pew, neighborly meal, or brotherly protection could ever fill. I spent years navigating that delicate space between being held by community and feeling profoundly alone in my grief.

My transformation from that grieving Black girl into a whole, resilient Black woman didn't happen in the absence of pain—it happened when I stopped running from it. The defining pivot came the day I realized I no longer had to view my mother's early departure solely as a robbery, but as a sacred charge. I looked in the mirror and saw her eyes looking back at me. I realized that the love, strength, and elegance she possessed hadn't died with her; it was living, breathing, and waiting to be claimed inside me.

I didn't need to wait for someone to come teach me how to be a Black woman. The blueprint was already encoded in my lineage, waiting for me to step into it.

In that moment of sacred clarity, the confusion melted into purpose. I gathered up every shattered piece of my eleven-year-old heart and used them as building blocks to construct an unshakeable foundation. The girl who felt cheated by grief transformed into a woman crowned

by grace—a Black woman who stands tall, rooted in her truth, radiating the very resilience and soul she was born to carry.

I am Margo Mann TS#31 of 52 of The SoulTown Magazine. I want to thank you all for having SOUL! ✨



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