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The Moment I Became A Black Woman

A Story of Love, Responsibility, and Becoming

I don't remember the exact moment I stopped being a Black girl—but I remember the moment I became a Black woman.

I was 20 years old, lying in a hospital bed, when I first laid eyes on my son, Antonio. The room didn't change—but I did. In that instant, life shifted. The air felt heavier, but sacred. Love walked in before fear ever had a chance.

When I looked at him, I didn't just see a baby. I saw responsibility. I saw legacy. I saw every lesson my mother had poured into me rising all at once. I thought about how she raised seven children—how she knew us individually, loved us differently, and still held us all together. And right there, with my son in my arms, I knew: I had to grow up.

Not because someone told me to—but because someone needed me to.

I had graduated from high school. I was married. I thought I knew what adulthood looked like. But motherhood hit different. Marriage still allowed room to lean. Motherhood said, stand up. My thinking changed. My choices changed. My priorities rearranged themselves without asking permission.

There was no handbook. No YouTube tutorials. No conversations about postpartum, mental health, or what it meant to carry both a child and the weight of the world as a Black woman. All I had was what I saw

modeled—my mother's strength, my mother-in-law's wisdom, homemade remedies, prayer, and instinct.

And let me tell you—instinct is powerful.

I learned quickly that every child is different. Antonio was emotional,

expressive, and open. Charles—my youngest—made my work a little more complicated. I had to listen deeper, read between the lines, and learned patience in a new way. That lesson followed me beyond motherhood—into foster care, into classrooms, into working with students. You can't parent, teach, or love people the same way across the board. You have to know who's in front of you.

That's womanhood.

I also learned something just as important: it's okay to ask for help. It's OK to say, "I need a break." It doesn't make you weak—it makes you wise. You can't pour into anyone if you're empty.

Growing up, I didn't see many Black doctors on TV. I didn't see shows that looked like my household or spoke my language. So we learned from each other—from church mothers, neighbors, and elders who pulled you close and told you the truth with love. Women like Lillie Burnside, Mother Saffold, and Mother Robinson. These were women who didn't just talk at you, but walked with you.

Those conversations mattered.

If I could tell young mothers anything today, it would be this: You don't know everything—and you're not supposed to. Ask questions. Advocate for yourself. Advocate for your child. Pray. And don't ever feel guilty for needing support.

Becoming a Black woman didn't happen overnight for me. But the moment I held my son, I knew—I wasn't just living for myself anymore. I was shaping a future.

And that's when I understood: Black womanhood isn't just about age. It's about responsibility. It's about love. It's about standing up—even when you're scared—and saying, I've got this.

Because sometimes, womanhood arrives quietly... wrapped in a tiny blanket, looking up at you, depending on you for everything.

And you rise.

I am Elizabeth Anderson. TS #2 of 52 of The SoulTown Magazine. I want to thank you for having SOUL! ☺

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