

## The Day Everything Changed by Tinotenda Tawha

Dear Diary,

Scientists believe that change happens gradually, a slow, tectonic shift over eons. But my life changed in the space between a sunset and a sunrise. Within a blink of an eye, I wasn't just staring at the horizon; I was standing on the land I had spent years clearing with my bare hands.

In Zimbabwe, where the streets are paved with the brilliance of graduates and the hustle of a thousand side-businesses, "perseverance" is a heavy garment to wear. For years, the job market felt like a locked vault. I watched the seasons turn and my peers leave for distant shores, while I stayed, my bones heavy with the weight of "No."

The night before everything changed, the silence in my room felt deafening. I sat staring at a glass of water, my reflection tired and unrecognizable.

"How much longer?" I whispered to the shadows. "I've sharpened my skills until they bleed. I've tried all they have told me to try. Is this glass half-empty because I'm failing, or is it half-full because I'm hopeful?" A quiet voice settled in my heart: The emptiness is not a void, it is room for the answer. I decided then that even if the "Yes" never came, the consistency of my character was its own reward. I fell asleep not expecting a miracle, but finally at peace with the process.

Then I blinked, It all finally made sense. This was the day it all changed, it wasn't about getting the "Yes" but, it was about my mind changing and having a different view of how I looked at life.

To the girl who wanted to quit: I am so glad you didn't. God's timing is a masterpiece of precision. He didn't give me the harvest when I was merely desperate; He gave it to me when I was prepared. The delay wasn't a punishment; it was the process of making me a woman who could carry the weight of the "Yes."

The glass is no longer a measure of what I lack—it is a vessel for the overflow.