

I was an only child growing up and I LOVED IT. Whatever I wanted I got. So, to say I was upset when I found out my parents were adopting a baby would be an understatement, especially considering we would SHARE a birthday. I tried to convince my parents to back out of the adoption process. Unfortunately, I failed.

July 9th, 2021, I remember it vividly. My parents told me to get it together or else. Safe to say that straightened me out. I was still upset but put on a fake smile and went to meet the biological mother at the hospital. Diane was a nice woman, I couldn't understand why she was giving her baby away but the more I looked at her the more pain I saw. I once asked her about the father and she started crying. I never asked again. When we arrived, the doctors had rushed her into labour due to complications. My parents started praying anxiety on their faces. Worry seeped in I realised that the baby I didn't want and the lady I barely knew had formed a special place in my heart. I began to pray like never before tears down my face. I don't know how long we waited or prayed but the sun was long gone. The doctor came back around 10 with a sombre expression. The baby made it, Diane didn't. Everything had changed.

That was the day Kia Diane Ndlovu was born. Her name meant 'new beginnings and an homage to Diane. A lady who fought through her demons. That day I received the best gift, my sister. I also learned family was more than blood. I now have four kids, two adopted. My sister is my best friend, and I wouldn't change it for the world.