

Dear beautiful Black girl,

We're days away from walking across that stage at Howard University.

If I'm being real, journalism wasn't always the plan. It started as a random thought from watching a TV show in high school. I didn't know what I wanted to major in and I definitely didn't know where I was supposed to be. But somehow, I ended up exactly where I needed to be.

Howard changed me. It humbled me and forced me to grow up in ways I wasn't ready for. It made me sit with myself... really sit with myself. There were so many nights filled with tears, so many moments of doubt, so many times I questioned everything and asked "Why me?" And truthfully... I still don't have all the answers.



Howard also taught me discipline, resilience, and the importance of preparation. It showed me that my perspective as a young Black woman in media matters and that my voice is needed in spaces where it's often missing. Most importantly, I learned that growth doesn't always feel good, but it's always necessary.

And the transition? It wasn't easy. Not at all. We thought it would be smoother. But losing our best friend in the middle of it all... that hurt in a way I can't even fully explain. Not having that person to talk to, to share every new experience with... that was one of the hardest parts. But Mom was right — college really does show you who your real friends are.

When I look at you, I see so much light. I see hope. I see strength. I see a version of myself that kept going even when everything felt heavy.

And that's what being a journalist really is.

It's more than being on camera or writing scripts. It's a responsibility. It's truth. It's telling stories that matter, especially for people who feel unseen and unheard. It's about using your voice with purpose.

At Howard, in the Cathy Hughes School of Communications, through MJFC and NewsVision, you didn't just learn how to report — you learned how to *become*. You learned how to write under pressure, how to meet deadlines, how to think critically and how to trust your voice even when you were unsure. You learned that preparation matters, that storytelling is powerful, and that your perspective as a young Black woman in media is needed.

You learned how to stand in front of a camera when your hands were shaking. How to rewrite scripts until they were right. How to take criticism and grow from it. How to keep going even when you were tired.

And the biggest lesson of all... You learned that growth doesn't always feel good, but it's always necessary.

Even weeks before graduation, when that balance was stressing you out and you didn't know how things would work out, God still made a way. That scholarship wasn't luck — it was alignment.



So trust Him. In everything.

When you look back at your photos, your videos, your stand-ups, your packages, all those long nights in the studio — don't just see assignments. See your growth. See your resilience. See the moments you didn't give up.

Because this whole journey... was about leaving greater.

Before you were a journalist, you were a poet. But more than anything, you've always been a writer, a storyteller. You've always written from the heart. And even back then, you understood something a lot of people don't, that becoming your best self takes time.



Looking back, I don't have many regrets. Just one thing I know for sure: trust God in everything. He will carry you through every obstacle, every heartbreak, every win.

Stand on your truth. Be the journalist you aspire to be.

Like the words out of your mouth, "big or small, every voice deserves to be heard. In a world where so much goes unheard, we are the V.O.I.C.E. — vulnerable enough to feel, observant enough to notice, inspired enough to act, courageous enough to report, and empowered enough to make sure stories are never forgotten. That's what being a journalist really is." That's who you are.

And when you're tired — because I know you will be — and the finish line is right there... keep going. You didn't come this far just to stop.

Dear beautiful Black girl... we did it.



We are almost Howard alumni.

I'm so proud of you. For your strength, your growth, your resilience, your heart... all of it. And don't forget — Mom always has our back. Always.

Nobody can shake you. Nobody can break you.

Before you were a journalist, you were a poet.

But more than anything, you've always been a writer — a storyteller.

That life isn't about forcing everything to happen, but about flowing with it... trusting it.



And that, more than anything,
would become your greatest strength.

So keep becoming greater.

And never forget the words that carried you through these four
years:

#MissionUnstoppable

*Love you always beautiful black girl,
D'Nyah*