

The Blizzard

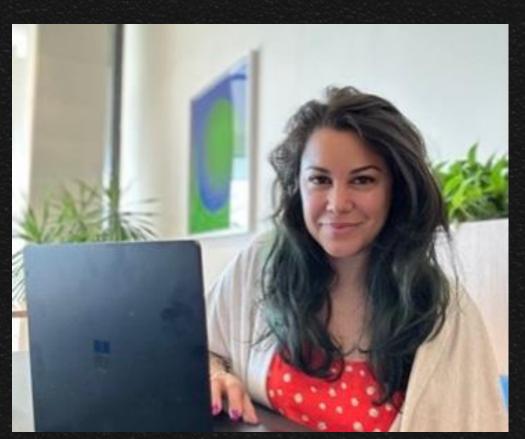
The season I didn't choose



Spring

I didn't come from tech.
I built my way in.

















Summer

Even full bloom can lead to overgrowth if not tended.

I let go of what no longer brought me joy.
So I could build something that did.

Fall





What have you clung to that it might be time to release?





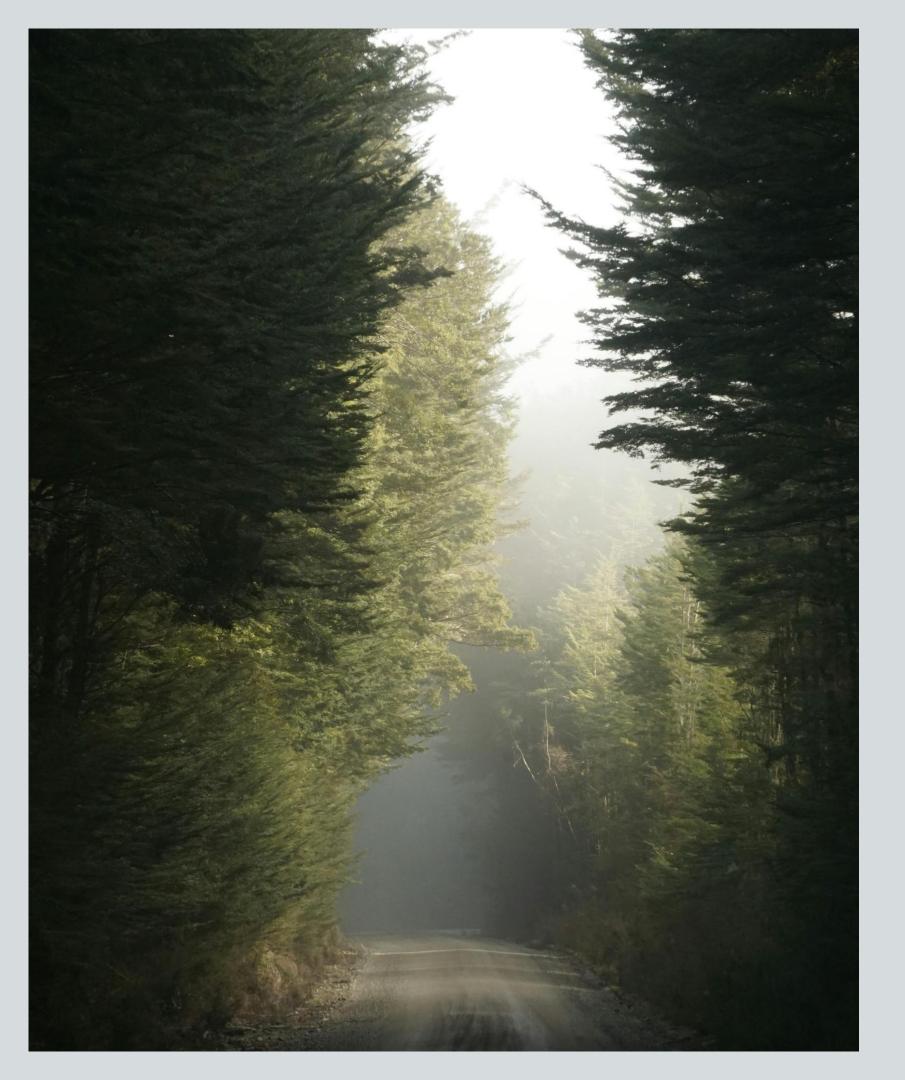


Stillness is not failure, it's preparation.

Winter

"Caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare."

Audre Lorde



Chasing someone else's definition of success will cost you your joy.

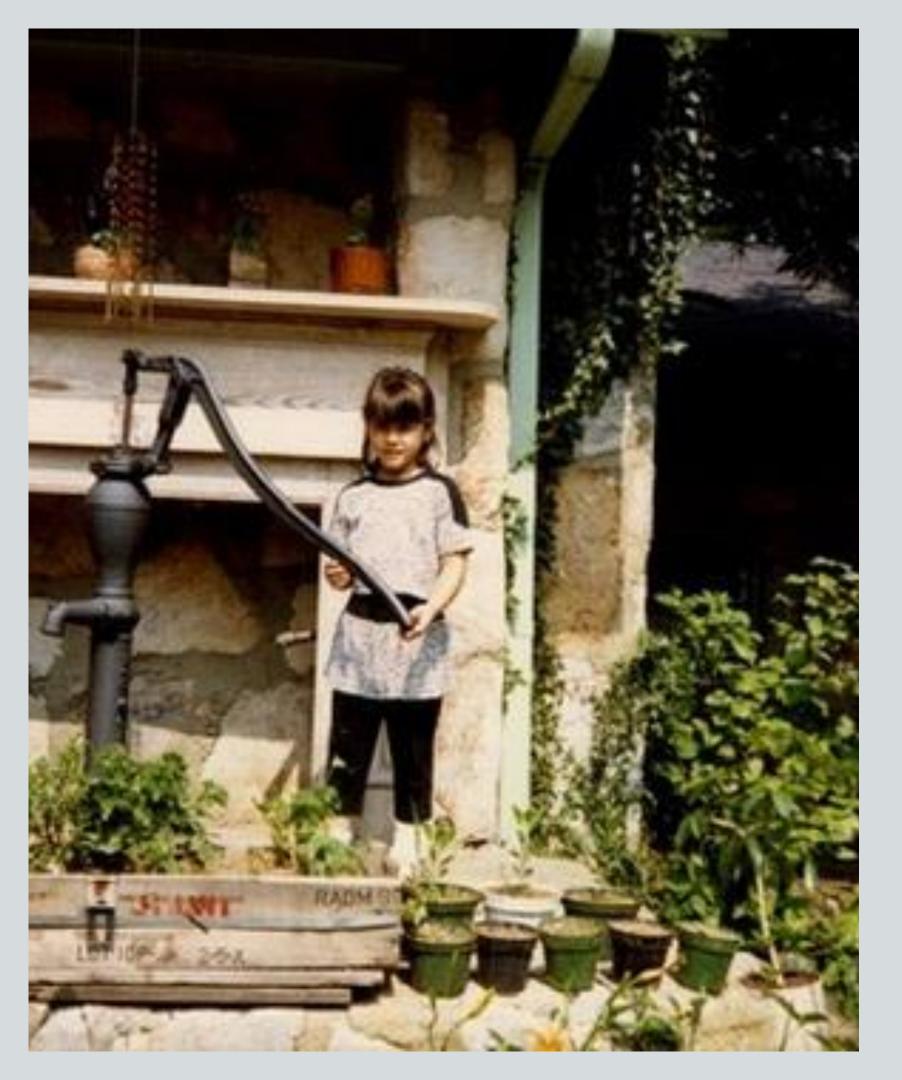
The Myth of Arrival

Al won't replace your brilliance. Ít amplifies it if you know what you bring to the table.

Tech Will Change—You Still Belong







A LETTER TO MY YOUNGER SELF

Dear Stacy,

It's supposed to be hard. You already know that—you were built to do hard things.

But I need you to stop carrying it all alone.

You don't have to muscle your way through every storm. You don't have to smile through the grief. You are allowed to break down. You are allowed to fall apart.

This season—this blizzard—will pass. And when it does, the roots you planted without knowing it will still be there, waiting to bloom.

You have people who will show up when you let them. You've made space for others—now let them hold space for you.

You don't need to prove your worth. You already belong. Not because of your title. Not because of your output. But because you are you.

The next version of you—the one you're still becoming? She's waiting on the other side of rest, joy, and reclamation.

Go meet her. Love, me





Stacy Whitenight
@latinabytes

"The energy you invest will always build something—make sure it's building the future you dream of."

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