



Change is both beautiful and terrifying. It stretches us, reshapes us, and often leaves us feeling unsteady in the in-between. We are rarely the same person after the thing—the loss, the transition, the life-altering moment—as we were before.

May of 2025 will forever be remembered as a month of change and exponential growth for me. I spent the first three weeks in Atlanta filming a project that pushed me far beyond what I thought were my limits. It wasn't just professionally challenging—it cracked something open in me on a deeper level. For the first time in a really long time, I got to feel scared. I got to feel unsure. I got to be uncomfortable in a way that wasn't about failure, but about expansion.

There's something sacred about discomfort when it comes with purpose. It reminds you that you're alive. That you're evolving. That you haven't outgrown growth.

When I boarded that flight to Atlanta, I knew the experience would offer me new lessons. But what I didn't anticipate was how much I'd be stretched as a human being. Not just as a performer, not just as a professional—but as a *person*. I was challenged to show up more fully, to trust myself more deeply, to be braver than I've been in a long time. I was asked to step into spaces that required me to leave behind who I had been and embrace who I was becoming.

Those weeks reminded me that growth doesn't always come with comfort. More often, it comes wrapped in vulnerability, fear, and uncertainty. But on the other side of that fear? There's freedom.

I spent the final days of May in Miami with Sports Illustrated, sashaying my 39-year-old self down a runway alongside stunning women half my age. As I stood backstage, waiting for my cue, dressed in an itsy, bitsy, teenie, weenie, brown, polka dot bikini, I took a deep breath—and time slowed for just a moment.

I couldn't help but think of 12-year-old Tunde, standing at the edge of a pool, wrapped in a baggy t-shirt that hung past her knees. She did everything she could to hide—her body, her presence, her light. The idea that one day she might walk proudly in front of hundreds of people, on display and unafraid, would've been unimaginable to her.

Then I thought of 16-year-old Tunde, who once hated the rich, deep tone of her skin. She hadn't seen herself reflected in the spaces she admired, so she internalized the lie that beauty had only one shade—and it wasn't hers. I thought of 30-year-old Tunde, strong and capable, yet embarrassed by the visible definition of her arms. She didn't yet know that the very thing she once tried to soften would one day be part of what made her feel most powerful.

The irony in it all needs no explanation.

Standing there, I thought of all the past versions of myself—the quiet ones, the insecure ones, the searching ones—and I honored them. I thought of the woman I am now, more whole but still evolving, still growing into the next version of herself. The version that believes she belongs in every room she walks into. Even the ones with bright lights and high expectations.

Later, watching the videos from that night, I was overcome with disbelief. Awe, even. That all these versions—so different, so layered—could coexist within the same lifetime. That the little girl who once tried to shrink herself could grow into a woman who walks tall, not in spite of who she's been, but because of her.



While working in Atlanta, someone I had just met during the early days of taping said something that stopped me in my tracks. They looked at me and said, “Tunde, I don’t know you well, but from what I can tell, it seems like you really embrace change. You like taking risks.”

That one comment has stayed with me. In fact, it’s quietly reshaped the way I see myself.

The truth is, I don’t always feel brave. I don’t always feel ready. But I’ve learned to choose growth—even when it’s messy, even when it’s uncomfortable. I’ve learned that what looks like boldness from the outside often feels like fear and doubt on the inside, paired with a deep decision to keep going anyway.

I continue to remind myself that my life is beautiful. Even on the days when it feels overwhelming, uncertain, or heavy—I come back to that truth. Yes, the pace can be relentless. Yes, the expectations can feel like too much. But at the end of the day, I get to decide what’s enough. I get to draw the line between what’s stretching me and what’s depleting me.

Instead of staring down my to-do list and wondering how I’ll possibly get it all done, I try to pause and remember: These are the moments where real transformation begins. The ones that test us, press us, and ask more of us than we think we can give—these are the moments that invite us to break free from the old and step into something new.

Because the question isn’t whether we will change. The real question is—**will we let that change make us better?**

Honor the changes that shape you—both the ones you never saw coming and the ones you walk toward with intention. Because hidden inside every shift, no matter how unexpected, is an opportunity to meet a new version of yourself. A deeper, wiser, more expansive you.

Life is beautiful.

This is a wonderful day. I have never seen this one before.

Until next time, keep up with me on Instagram & TikTok @tune2tunde.

Love Tunes ♡