

Zimbabwe Accountant to UK Care Team Leader

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(A testimony of courage, faith, family, healthcare, and hope that arrived with only five days to spare)



Some moments divide life into two chapters: before, and after. For me, one of those moments happened at an airport in Zimbabwe, holding a suitcase in one hand and a heart full of dreams in the other. I was leaving home not because I lacked love for Zimbabwe, but because I hoped the United King-

-dom would open a better future for my family. I arrived with excitement, fear and faith in equal measure. I believed hard work would make everything fall into place, but life in a new country does not always arrive neatly folded. Sometimes it arrives wrinkled, expensive, confusing and

speaking in an accent you are still learning to understand. Even buying the correct bus ticket felt like a university entrance exam, except nobody had given me the textbook.

Starting work in healthcare quickly humbled me. I had spoken English confidently in Zimbabwe, but British English seemed to come in several editions: Hampshire English, fast English, elderly English, and the mysterious version where a person says a whole sentence and you only confidently recognise the word "tea." Some residents spoke softly because of age or health conditions, and I often smiled politely while praying I had understood correctly.

I became very good at nodding wisely, which is a dangerous skill when you are not completely sure what has just been said.

One resident gently encouraged me: "Don't worry, girl. You'll understand us soon enough." He was right. Every conversation became a lesson, every shift became a classroom, and slowly the work that once intimidated me became a place of purpose, compassion and belonging.

Healthcare taught me patience, empathy and resilience. It also taught me that growth often happens in uncomfortable places. *As Galatians 6:9 says, "Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up."* I did not know when my harvest would come, but I kept showing up.

When my husband and children joined me in the UK, I thought life would become easier. Instead, I had to learn a new way of being a family.

Back home, our roles had been more traditional, but twelve-hour shifts, weekends and exhaustion meant we had to become true partners. Even the sofa began to look like a five-star hotel after a long shift; if it had offered room service, I might have moved in permanently.

The adjustment was not easy. I taught my husband to cook and manage things at home, while we both learned to set pride aside. There were early kitchen experiments that deserved applause for effort, even if the food itself needed intercessory prayer.

Money, identity and expectations brought tension, but we eventually realised we were not fighting each other; we were both fighting to adjust to a completely new life.

Then another storm came. The company sponsoring my visa had its sponsor licence revoked,

and I received a Home Office letter saying I could no longer remain in the UK unless I found another sponsor.

My family had only recently joined me, our savings were limited, and suddenly the future we were building felt painfully fragile.

The weeks that followed were terrifying. I searched for jobs, prayed constantly and packed our belongings as the deadline approached. Suitcases stood by the door, and we genuinely believed we were leaving.

My phone became the most inspected object in the house; if staring at it could have produced a sponsorship, I would have received three certificates by lunchtime. Then, with only five days remaining, the phone rang: I had been offered a new Certificate of Sponsorship.

I cried, not because everything was suddenly perfect, but because hope had returned. That sponsorship gave my family three more years in the UK and another chance to continue building the life we had sacrificed so much to create.

That moment became one of my greatest testimonies. God's timing can be mysterious, dramatic and just stressful enough to make you check your phone battery every three minutes, then check the charger, then check whether the charger is charging the charger. *Isaiah 40:31 reminds us, "But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles."* I was not soaring yet, but I was still standing, and sometimes standing is its own miracle.

Today, five years after beginning my healthcare journey in the UK, I work as a Team Leader in Fareham, Hampshire. People may see the promotion, but behind it are sleepless nights, homesickness, immigration fears, language barriers, financial pressure and moments when I wondered whether I would lose everything.

Those experiences shaped the leader I am today. When new staff arrive, especially from overseas, I remember what it felt like to be unsure, homesick and afraid of making mistakes.

That is why I mentor others, encourage questions and remind them that asking for help is not weakness; it is wisdom. If my story speaks to any healthcare worker, immigrant, parent or dreamer, I hope it says this: your current chapter is not the end.

You may be tired, homesick or uncertain, but one step, one shift and one prayer at a time, life can still move forward.

Healthcare gave me a career, but the journey gave me perspective, purpose and the privilege of encouraging others. Breakthroughs can still arrive when everything appears to be falling apart.

There is hope for tomorrow. Sometimes, it arrives with only five days to spare.