

# good girls don't

BY KERRI POMAROLLI



IN MY ILLUSTRIOUS career as a stand-up comic/supermodel reject from *America's Next Top Model* (Tyra is going to call, I just know it), the catch phrase that has followed me around lately has been “Hollywood’s Good Girl.” I’ve been called worse, so I’m not complaining. A label in this business is better than no label at all, right? PR is PR ... just ask Jessica Simpson or

Anna Nicole Smith.

I’ve been traveling cross-country, speaking to groups of all shapes and sizes, representing the “good girls of America” in the land of fruits, nuts and tofu. I share my stories of turning down roles of questionable nature because a) it’s not appropriate and b) my mother would kill me.

I’ve always believed that the circle of those who straddle the fence between Hollywood and the Christian community was small. A few of us are even willing to come out and say the word “Jesus” in public. It’s been a wild ride since I officially came “out of the closet” as a Christian, and I’m glad I did. But lately I’ve witnessed other so-called “good girls” accepting racy movie roles and photo shoots that show off their, um, “gifts,” and I have to admit, it’s disheartening.

Please understand I am not bashing others for their choices. Like everyone, I struggle with choices every day. But speaking of choices, aren’t we called to pick a side? We’re either going to do this God’s way or sell out to the world’s standards of what it takes to be popular. Jesus wasn’t popular ... He was despised and rejected by men. So why are we so obsessed with gaining man’s approval?

I’m guilty myself. I’ve spent my entire life trying to gain the attention of one man or another, and it’s exhausting. I barely

made it through high school with all those Lee Press On Nails and sequins!

And now I’m working in my chosen field, determined to take the longer, higher road because, as a Christian, that is what I’m called to do. But I’m human, and I desire to be with the “in” crowd too. Honestly, I get jealous when I see others taking shortcuts to that “destination” we all have built up in our minds. Would I be happier if I compromised (just a little) and received worldly success? No, but that doesn’t silence my mind from screaming. Maybe I’d look good in a bikini too? Nope, scratch that—who am I kidding?

Do you ever feel that way? If your friends found out you were a Christian, would they say, “You? I never would have guessed!”? If that’s the case, I have a challenge for you. Take a moment to ask yourself if you’re compromising your life choices because it’s easier to fit in and be successful that way. Maybe you feel pressure from others on campus or at your workplace. Do you think it’s too late because you’ve already gone too far? There’s no such thing. If you want to make changes in your life, you can. But you have to take the first step. One prayer—even if you’ve never done it before—could be good. Take a long look at your life and see if there is anything you want to re-examine. What do you have to lose? Five minutes?

Sometimes it’s scary to be the odd woman out, especially when everyone else seems to be having such a rip-roaring time. But take it from someone who’s been on both sides of the fence: It’s better to be at peace with your soul on the right side of the fence than anything the world has to offer you on the wrong side. So now it’s up to you. *r*

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