

## Why I Don't Watch "Chick Flicks"

You know, having God as my "boyfriend" has its perks – no one to fight with, I know He's always there listening to me, He's patient, kind, loving. You get the picture. Well, I was doing just fine with this concept and feeling good about life and myself, having that nice feeling that all is well. I don't look for guys. I even went to a party on Saturday night not expecting to meet my future husband. Guess what? I didn't! I used to get ready to go out every weekend and just know that tonight was the night I was going to meet my "Prince Charming." Why I thought we'd meet in some bar on the Hermosa Pier is beyond me. I did meet a lot of toads though. That's another book altogether. OK, OK. Back to my point.

I came home tonight and made myself some dinner. Well, I did pour the chili out of the can and chop the onions. That was a big deal for me! I turned on the TV and began to watch "Bridget Jones' Diary." I had seen it before and liked it. I guess I forgot that the last time I saw it I was a year younger *and* I had a boyfriend! Anyway, it's about a 32 year-old woman who calls herself a spinster and thinks she'll never get married. Doesn't keep her from trying though! She puts on the miniskirt and pursues an affair with the office scoundrel, Hugh Grant. Let the sexual Olympics begin.

At this point in the movie I recognize this as wrong behavior (good job, Kerri) and know that this will only lead to heartbreak, which it does. What caught me by surprise is at the end of the movie, after all her bawdy behavior, she ends up with a sweet, charming guy who adores her and is even better than the first one. And as they were passionately making out and the snow was falling, I got *so* depressed. I'd forgotten what kissing looks like and there it was staring me in the face, once again confirming that I am alone. It was too much to take.

I considered calling one of my "inner circle" for phone validation but I resisted. Instead I headed for the chocolate chip cookies that were hidden in my roommate's room. She has them in her room because when she brought the first tub home I accidentally ate them all somewhere around 3:00AM! They sorta soothed my heart and stomach for a minute or two. But I just decided those

“chick flicks” make me crazy. I mean the moral of the story is usually: girl meets boy, they laugh, they have an affair, he leaves, she cries and listens to bad love songs, either he comes back or she meets someone better, and all is well. Why can't life be like the movies? Not like “Casablanca” or anything that has a sad ending. But maybe just once could John Cusack come over to my house and play Peter Gabriel on the radio below my window (“Say Anything”)? Yes, I am an 80's movie fanatic, if you can't tell.

I mean, God... I know You know my heart and I'll admit it – I want the love story and I'm willing to wait on You and see whom You have for me. But could You either hurry it up or really let me know he'll be worth the wait because my poor mother, Barbara, is suffering from not having any grandkids and she has no problems letting me know her agony. You think its easy listening to that? Every time I tell her I leave the house she asks, “Did you meet anyone?” She's shameless. Little miss “don't call boys” has certainly changed her tune. Well, kind of – she still holds true to that theory. She just assumes that some handsome man, a doctor preferably, will fall out of the sky as I'm getting my mail. Poor Barbara. See God, it's not just for me that I want to get married. I'm the only daughter and I have a lot of people depending on me. I've gotten their hopes up sooooooooooooo many times! And now I'm running around telling everyone I'm waiting on You to send me someone. I know You won't let me down. This time I might actually do the waiting part!