

Black Wednesday

BY KERRI POMAROLLI



OK, OK, I KNOW I SAID in my last “Confession” that I’ve always thought New Year’s Eve was the worst day of the year. Well, that is only until February comes around, and it is time for my second worst day of the year—St. Valentine’s Day, or as I’ll affectionately call it this year, “Black Wednesday.” Traditionally, Feb. 14 has not been a day of celebration for me and my single friends. We never looked forward to it, and I haven’t changed my mind since.

In college I did a moving presentation in speech class about why we should abolish Valentine’s Day on college campuses. I said it was corporate America’s way of messing with the pocketbooks and self-esteem of young people everywhere. I remember getting a standing ovation when I compared the triple-marked-up price of a dozen roses to “24 pizza slices or 28 beef burritos at Taco Bell.” You make the choice, I said triumphantly. I got an A+!

My view on this holiday hasn’t changed much over the years because so many Feb. 14ths were spent alone avoiding calls from my mother saying, “You’re another year older, dear, and I’m just concerned.” That would only justify the chocolate binge I had been on for the last four hours. Or better yet, I’d dive into another online chatroom with my newest Glamour Shot for my profile as I looked for Mr. Right only to find other lost, depressed souls. It never worked out for me even though I think I was on every single site. Am I the only one who failed the eHarmony quiz? I don’t think so!

This entire holiday was conceived to draw attention to those who have supposedly found happiness in “coupledom” and even more attention to those who haven’t. How sick is that? Even when I had a boyfriend, he was recovering from Christ-

mas presents and would use the line “I don’t need one day to show you I care, do I?” (Translation: “I’m broke! You’re not getting anything unless you plan it or buy it!”)

As I think back on some of my loneliest times, I have to recall that my heavenly Father was right there with me. I remember one February I actually broke up with this guy right before V-Day, and I cried all the way home. I knew this guy wasn’t right for me. He thought the word *boundaries* was for sports, not dating.

I lay in my bed at 4:30 a.m. questioning what I had just done. I threw open my Bible randomly, wanting a personal message from God. It opened directly to Song of Solomon, chapter 1, a love sonnet. And the verse that jumped off the page at me through my tears was, “How beautiful you are, my darling! Oh, how beautiful!” (Song of Songs 1:15, TNIV). I lost it.

The God of the universe was telling me how much He loved me. I felt it. I knew it, and somehow I fell asleep. He had felt my pain that night. He was proud of me and assured me that He was going to get me through this. And He did. I lived to see another day!

So whatever life throws at you, whether it’s another lousy Black Wednesday, bad exam, screaming co-worker or concerned phone call from your mother, the God who created the whole world has something to say about it if you just give Him a chance. Try talking to Him about it ... He will always be available to listen.

Now if I could only take my own advice ... my mother is on the phone right now. Pray for me! *r*

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