

*Confessions
of a Non-Barbie*

A Real Girl's Guide to Finding Beauty
and Pursuing Happily Ever-After

by
Kinda Wilson



Harrison House
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Endorsements

“Confessions of a non-Barbie is spiritual, wickedly sarcastic in all the right ways, and deep. Quite possible one of the most exciting and fresh authors I’ve encountered in a long time.”

--T. Suzanne Eller, Proverbs 31 Ministries
speaker and author of *The Woman I Am Becoming*

“This book kept me laughing at the realities of being a single girl. Raw and truthful, Kinda opens up her life and shares all the funny things we girls go through in our relationships, emotions and thoughts. I almost read the whole book in one sitting! Whether you are single, have single friends, or are a mom with a single daughter, this book will give you an amazing look into the funny and real-life moments of a single girl.”

--Kristian Kelly, producer of skunkstv and speaker

“I loved Kinda’s hilariously real depiction of the single girl—I immediately identified with the up and downs of her adventures. This book accurately describes the inner workings of a single girl—her hopes, dreams, emotions and feelings. It would help anyone be able to understand and identify with a single girl of any age!”

“So many girls and women will identify with this book.”

--Cynthia McGuire, Young Single Women’s Pastor,
Victory Christian Center, Tulsa

Table of Contents

Introduction

Being a Single Girl

Being single is not a disease - but people still try to "cure" you!	13
I'm tired of "dating Jesus"...and I think the feeling is mutual	19
Watch out for the chick flicks	22
Maybe I should have opened the can first	25
God says I'm beautiful, but today I'm just not feelin' it!	31
If our friendship were a movie, it would be a drama	36
My cat is allergic to Velcro	40
I've got you under my skin	45

Looking for a Date

Girls are confusing - guys are oblivious	51
I always go for the bad boys...	56
I think I saw a sparkler...let's make out	61
Apparently I'm triangle-shaped	64
I'm a seven-pound bass (in a vegetarian restaurant)	67
I'll take vanilla, Pepsi, and two scoops of rejection	71
God, smite my enemies!	74
A shout-out to my homeboys	76

Dating

I'm a duck - Daisy that is...	83
Dating is a BOGA..	88
I'll take a musician, please	93
I need a kick in the pants	98
Cows go moo. Ducks go quack.	101
But Legolas never argued with me!	103
Good grief, is this a construction area?	108
I'm more of a pit-bull than a chihuahua	111
Don't buy the fake Fendi!	116

Breakups - the Real Deal

Sale and breakup on aisle 5	123
Right doesn't mean happy	127
I've been slam-dumped!	130
Don't slash his tires!!	134
Maybe the past will change if I overanalyze it...	138
Guys are like gangrene	142

Moving On...Eventually

Ben & Jerry are my friends	149
Pizza, Milkshakes, and Visa	154
Masks get itchy	155
Sorry, I get motion sickness	159

Final Thoughts

I am enough	165
Pass it on	168

About the Author

Endnotes

introduction:

I'm not sure how this whole writing project got started, really. It feels like I just sort of woke up one day and found myself in the middle of it.

If I look back, I think I can trace its beginnings to high school with all of my journals filled with girly ballads and angry Alanis Morissette-inspired poetry. Happiness, bitterness, I felt it tangibly and overwhelmingly, and I wrote it all down.

Somewhere around college I hit even rougher emotions, and this time my journal entries changed slightly. I started writing down all of the things I had learned—had finally figured out—and the things I still struggled with. The things I wished someone had told me. The real, raw, in-your-face kind of things that stung like hydrogen peroxide on an open wound and the funny, ridiculous things that helped to heal and soothe it.

And I made lists about everything I had learned—fancy numbered lists with sub-headings and indented categories. I remember saying that girls need to know this stuff—the real stuff—and that someone should tell them. And I remember announcing it loudly and melodramatically to my friends and telling them how it would change the world.

And then, somewhere about there, I was writing a book. I wrote down all of the emotions I faced and all of the advice that had helped me. I documented all of the things I thought would help someone else. I wanted to pass along my insight about beauty and dating and guys and God. The ups, the downs, the all of it.

And here we are now with the completed project. I hope you enjoy it. More than that though, I hope it helps you see things a little differently than you did before. As you read this, may you realize that you are not alone in the crazy situations and emotions that you face. And may this book give you a bit of preparation for the situations you haven't yet encountered.

May you laugh at and learn from my embarrassing moments and find strength through what I've discovered. I am honored to have you read this—enjoy!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Kim Uff". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends across the width of the text.

My cat is allergic
to velcro

Being single is
NOT a disease

I'm tired of "dating
Jesus"...and I think
the feeling is mutual!

Being a Single Girl — Emotions and All!

Watch out for the
chick flicks

God says I'm beautiful, but
today I'm just not feelin' it!

Being single is not a disease - but people still try to "cure" you!

13

sin•gle¹ - [sing-guhl]

-adjective. 1. pertaining to the unmarried state: the single life
-noun. 2. one person or thing, a single one.

dis•ease² - [di-zeez] - noun.

1. A pathological condition of a part, organ, or system of an organism resulting from various causes...
2. A condition or tendency, as of society, regarded as abnormal and harmful.

Single. Just that word brings up a thousand thoughts and stories in my mind. (For one thing, it rhymes with Pringles, which are yummy with french onion dip. But that's a bit off-subject and not really helpful here).

I'm single you know, and I think I've heard it all—every statistic, everyone's advice, and everyone's deep word of wisdom for me. After a while, I guess I just had to figure out my own opinion. But good grief, have I gathered some interesting stories and viewpoints along the way. And I have a bad habit of sharing entirely too much information. Take last Sunday, for instance...

There I was, sitting in church, blissfully waiting for the sermon to begin. I had just finished singing, taken my customary drink at the water fountain, and made my way back to my seat. The visiting minister walked behind the podium and adjusted his microphone, tapping it to see if it was on. He noticed me as I took my seat in the second row. "Hey Kinda," he called out, "I haven't seen you in a while.

Do you have a boyfriend yet?” Well, apparently his microphone was working fine now! The entire church turned to look at me. But wait, he wasn’t finished yet. “Because if you don’t have one, I could help you out with that!” And if that wasn’t bad enough, most of the church broke out in applause. It was like the whole world was trying to help me overcome my singleness.

14

Now I don’t think being single is that bad—it has its ups and downs. But people have the oddest reactions when they hear that I’m single and there’s no way for me to talk about boys and dating without first looking at how I and others view my single-girl status. Let me give you a brief glimpse of some of the responses I get:

- Oh honey, I’m sorry
- What’s the matter, can’t you find you a man yet?
- So why did you decide not to get married?
- What was wrong with that last guy you dated... what was his name again?
- You know you only have ____ years left to have children; how does your mother feel about that?
- (Kind look of sympathy)

I just smile and tell them I’m waiting for the *right* guy, but after a while it gets a little old.

When my great Aunt Bertha* pinches my cheeks for the twentieth time and asks what’s wrong with me because I can’t get a man, I have to admit I have a few evil thoughts running through my head. I tell her I’m waiting for God’s timing, but my eyes sparkle with amusement as I think about what I’d *really* like to tell her:

- Yeah, let me put an order in for one of those—what’s that address for Dell’s customize-a-man website?
- Find a man? Ohhhh, phew, I thought I had to be more specific than that. Hold on a second, let me Google “desperate man.”
- Ooooh—*find a man*. All these years I thought they were saying *frying pan*—so that’s what I’ve been doing wrong!

* = Name changed to protect the not-so-innocent 😊

Thankfully, Aunt Bertha will never know what I've been thinking and I can keep getting those socks for Christmas. But why do they all want me married so quickly? Do they think that I'm intentionally trying to not find the right guy—that I'm running out of time? What's wrong with being single? Maybe my biological clock is a giant grandfather clock that ticks and tocks and sets off a huge cuckoo bird alarm every hour or two. Maybe they think I'm so miserable that they need to rescue me by setting me up with their great second cousin-in-law. Or maybe, just maybe, they only want me to be happy and they're trying to help out in the only way they know.

I decided to take their helpful advice a while back, and I finally gave in when my friend insisted that I go out with one of her guy-friends on the dreaded "blind date". Now I'm not opposed to meeting new people of the opposite sex, and I'm definitely not opposed to dating. There's just something about blind dates that screams, "Here God, please play a practical joke on me," but I hadn't been on a blind date before, so I thought I would give it a try.

The date started off well enough—I was impressed when he picked a nice restaurant and encouraged me to order what I wanted. I was less impressed later when he chased down the waitress to split our ticket (so I could pay for my half). It was then and there that I decided being single wasn't so bad. I decided that I would like to be in a relationship with the right guy someday, but until he came along, I would still enjoy my life as a single girl.

The official receipt →



Our culture likes to argue this point with me sometimes. Society seems to

scream that guys are the end prize and only prize in the game of life. That the girls who have found men are winners (no matter how dysfunctional their relationships are), and the girls who have not successfully found a man are lacking, unlucky, or still waiting around to find one.

16 My View

I have news for you, “getting a man” is great, but it’s not the end-all, be-all, Nobel-Oscar-Emmy Prize in the game of life. Relationships can be fulfilling, but if you’re stacking all your happiness bets on the “find a husband” card, you might end up disappointed in the outcome. A man will not solve all of your problems, fix all of your childhood issues, or bring back your dog Fluffy that disappeared when you were eight. A man will not be the magic purpose in life that you’ve been searching for. And for those of you waiting until you find a man to live life, that may not be the best strategy to get you a man anyway. Most men are attracted to women who have other hobbies, interests, and goals in their lives besides them.

So the way I see it, you have three choices as a single girl:

1. Get with the wrong guy, because he’s the one who’s there and all of your friends are dating
2. Be miserable waiting for the right guy
3. Be an interesting, productive person waiting for the right guy

Number three sounds like a winner to me. So make good use of your time as a single girl. It’s okay to be single, and you shouldn’t put your life on hold waiting until your Prince Charming comes along.

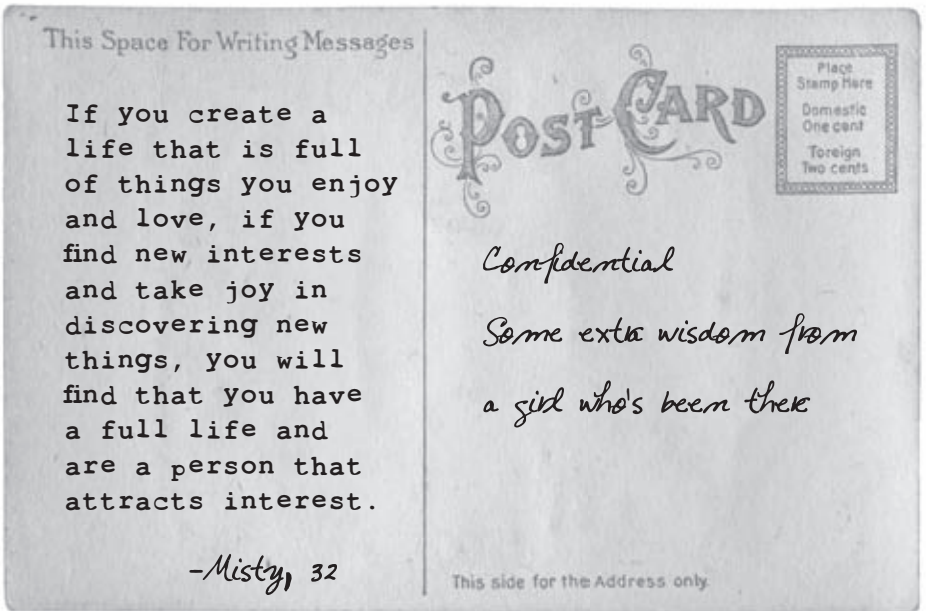
Sometimes it’s easy to use the line, “When I get a man, I’m going to go to such-and-such restaurant,” or, “When I get a boyfriend, I’m going to go here, do this, enjoy this, etc.” Granted, some things are better when enjoyed with a significant other. A candle-lit dinner just isn’t the same by yourself. But there’s no reason why you should avoid every restaurant, beautiful scenic view, romantic setting, vacation trip, and sporting event just because you’re single.

Live it up—enjoy life. I have come to the conclusion that I’m seeing as many sights as I can while I’m single, and then when I find my guy, I’ll know which places I want to take him back to. It doesn’t mean that I’m not still looking for a guy; it just means I’m enjoying the trip to find him.

So don’t let anyone get you down or convince you that you’re living a sub-standard life until your man comes along. You might get lonely, down, or discouraged along the way—you might even really wish that you had a date—but that doesn’t mean that you can’t have a heck of a life as a single girl until you find your dreamboat.

As for all of those “helpful” people? Well, keep in mind that they have your best interest at heart, and they just want to see you happy. And be nice to Aunt Bertha, she just wants grandchildren of her own.

Things I've Learned: Enjoy your life as a single girl—Make the most of it.



It may be a while before I find someone
To take me to the football games
To buy me a hotdog
When I think they're too expensive
So I'll buy my tickets in advance
I'll save my pennies now
It may be a while before I find someone
Who does the handy work
Helps me out and carries boxes
I'll roll my sleeves up, get my hands dirty
I'll refuse to be helpless
It may be a while before I find someone
Who loves me more than life
Who understands and likes me when
My mood is "complicated"
It's true. It might be a while.
It might take some time to find him
And so I can't take chances now
And put my life on hold
I'll love myself in spite of things
I'll not back down on life
I'll do the things I've held in dream
I'll make my wishes true
So in case he takes a while to show up
I'll still enjoy the view