



Estrogen Overload

Too Much of a Good Thing

By Jennie Webb

Confession: I've been having some bad girlfriend moments lately.

Don't get me wrong—I love my girlfriends. They're the kind of women you can really count on. They step up to the plate when you least expect it, and they understand when you say to them, "Is it okay if I'm sick to death of you?"

Of course I would never do that because I take this girlfriend business very seriously. It's probably because I grew up with three brothers, so my girlfriends were my sanctuary. Admittedly, this may have given me unrealistic expectations about the holy, no-strife nature of sisterhood.

It's pretty much my blind devotion to female empowerment that led to the creation of KITA, a group of women who, for nearly five years, have gathered on the first and third Fridays of each month with a single noble purpose: being there for each other. Well, that and the cocktails. And not an insignificant amount of fried food.

It's fabulous, really, having an appointed hour to dish about our projects, our partners, our problems, and the occasional wedding, break-up, or breast reconstruction. And we do occasionally remember our

origins and give each other a much-needed Kick In The Ass.

Sometimes, though, it gets to be too much—as when our smug little acronym announces things like a "KITA Field Trip" or "KITA Housewarming." Or at Christmas, when an embarrassing amount of cat-themed gifts are exchanged (yes, we call ourselves KITA's). There's even the KITA card when there's a KITA birthday. I'm still trying to wiggle out of KITA night at *Menopause, the Musical*.

Like any relationship, ours is complicated. I suppose I should cut myself some slack. But, hey, these are the girlfriends who, when my mother was sick and I found myself stranded across the country, arranged for a credit account at a local liquor store. Like I said, they're there when it counts.

Our last KITA gathering was especially impressive. Usually there are five, maybe six of us. But on this particular Friday the numbers in our big red Naugahyde booth swelled to 13. It was kind of amazing: a bevy of women, all shapes and sizes, aged from 20-something to 60-something, laughing, eating, drinking, and flirting outrageously with the guy playing the piano. Absolutely beautiful. I lasted about 30 minutes.

I love these women, but thank God I can go home to my husband and say, "Is it okay that I'm sick to death of them?" ■

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