



How to start a “Girls Night Out” club

by Kathy Sandage (nka Kathy Salvatore)

What would we do without girlfriends? Yes, we have family. And you could never deny the value of family. But your girlfriends? Those are the special people in your life that you hang around with or call because you want to. They make you laugh. They listen. They tell you they understand. It is rare with a girlfriend that you are ever wrong. And sometimes you just need that, even when you know you are wrong.

I’m blessed with a unique group of seven friends; all graduated in 1980 and went to Waterford high schools. We all knew each other, but you know how the clicks go. Some were “jocks,” some were “freaks” and some were “frocks” (that would be a combination of the two).

Somehow, we were lucky enough to have stayed in touch. It was in 1996 that we started the tradition of “Girls Night Out.” One of us plays the social coordinator and plans an evening – usually once a month. Activities range from a night on the town to one of us playing “Martha” at our home. The critical factor is that we eat, drink and talk; eat drink and talk; eat drink and talk; you get the idea.

Our diversified group ranges from married with children, married with no children and divorced with dating. Can you imagine the topics we can cover with this kind of experience? I believe someday we’ll write a book and be on Oprah. Some of us are already drafting our stories.

“Girls Night Out” has even turned into a once-a-year “Girls Weekend.” This usually involves shopping. We try to plan this around the holiday season to have an excuse to spend money. We’ve raided Birch Run and even went to Saugatuck one year. After shopping, eating and drinking, the special ritual begins. Getting in PJ’s, deciding who’s sleeping with who (and on what side of the bed) is just the beginning. The fun starts when we get the yearbooks out. We look at pictures and

can’t believe we wore those outfits or hair styles. We read the inscriptions “To a real bomb chick” and remember that was the greatest compliment someone could have written to you.

Another addendum we’ve made to the club (which contradicts Alfalfa’s “He-Man Woman Haters Club”) is that sometimes we let the guys join us. At first we thought they were just looking for something to do. But then, it kept coming back to the same thing – the guys thought it was great we had such a great group of friends. The only drawback when they’re around is we can’t talk about them. But for the most part, they’re great friends, too, and add a positive perspective to our evenings.

In June of this year, I moved to Wisconsin. I’m missing the monthly outings, but these girls don’t miss a beat. They’ve e-mailed a group message the nights they’ve been at someone’s house. And our phone bills; well let’s just say we should all have stock in “Ma Bell.”

I know one of the best nights of my life was the last “Girls Night Out” we had before I moved. It was a surprise going-away party. There was of course food, drink and the most sentimental notes and gifts. A “Message in a Bottle” with a note from each person and a compass – so I can always find my way home – are just some of the treasures I will keep forever.

The objective of this story? Start a tradition with some friends. Whether it’s girls from high school, college or even grade school – the more diversified – the more you’ll learn. And may the treasures of gathering with girlfriends continue until you’re really embarrassed about your hairstyles and what you’re wearing!

If you would like to share information, please contact Kathy Sandage at 248-858-3937 or ksandage@wi.net