

Union of Saints, For the Girls, who were one of the “Dudes:”

The Long Road of Friendship, Belonging, and Wholeness

For some women, life begins in the company of men. You're “one of the boys,” the friend who laughs loud, stays late, and keeps up with the rhythm of their camaraderie. They respect you, and you respect them. But time changes the texture of these friendships—suddenly there are girlfriends to respect, boyfriends of your own to tend to, and boundaries you never had to consider before. The intimacy fades, replaced with shorter hangouts, lighter conversations, and more distance. It's nobody's fault. It's just the way things shift.

And yet, a quiet ache remains.

Later, you may discover the beauty of female friendship—the kind where conversation runs deep, vulnerability is welcomed, and laughter feels healing. You find intimacy here, a different kind of nourishment. But you still miss the bond you once had with your male friends—the effortless belonging, the tribe-like closeness. So you try to hold both worlds. Sometimes it works. Sometimes it doesn't.

Relationships complicate things further. You may bond with your boyfriend's friends, only to lose them when the relationship ends. And with every parting, you feel the loss of not just one person, but an entire community. Men seem to move on with their networks intact, while women often find themselves standing outside the circle, searching for where they belong.

This is when the trap of sexiness can creep in. Society whispers: be desirable and you will always be included. And so you share the photo, you play into the role, and the validation comes pouring in. It feels good—for a moment. But the cycle is cruel. On “sexy days,” the world leans in. On “non-sexy days,” the world looks away. Over time, you begin to wonder: Am I loved for who I am, or only for what I perform?

And slowly, it dawns on you—sexiness may be part of you, but it is not your essence. Your essence is richer: it is your history, your humor, your resilience, your quirks, your passions, your mistakes, your triumphs, your scars, your hope. To reduce yourself to sexiness is to betray the vastness of who you are.

Still, the longing lingers: to be fully supported, to be fully seen, to be fully loved. And you may ask yourself—is that too much? Am I asking the world for more than it can give?

No. You are not asking too much.

What you are asking for is belonging that doesn't dissolve when romance fades. Friendship that doesn't require performance. Community that holds you in the quiet seasons as much as in the vibrant ones.

The truth is this: you do not need to give the world all of yourself to be loved. You only need to give yourself to the right people—the ones who honor your wholeness. Not the fragments, not the performances, not the curated parts. The whole of you.

Because you are not just your sexiness.

You are not just your role in a friend group.

You are not just someone's partner, or ex-partner, or "one of the boys."

You are all of you. And all of you is enough.