



## **“Recognizing the Signs” by Cherokee Billie**

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### **Recognizing the Signs**

Pivotal moments come unannounced like an unwanted friend. Unfortunately we are not given a manual at birth to teach us how to live and avoid the pitfalls that often accompany pivotal moments.

An epiphany or a culmination of experience and stimuli that leads to a big *Ahah* in one's life does not always appear in a form that one anticipates.

Having experienced several *Ahahs* on my spiritual path, I am no longer surprised by revelation, but more curious as to why it took so long for me to recognize it.

There are things we cling to because they seem like the *right idea* at the time, but they are merely the *familiar idea*. In retrospect we see them clearly using the wisdom of hindsight, but hindsight will not help you in your pivotal moment.

Having foresight is the key; this is tricky and takes intuition to guide you. Instinct is always there to inform you. But we refuse to listen. It's hard for the modern person to keep the valve of instinct open. We have been reprogrammed and conditioned not to tune in and trust our gut instinct. If you can keep both eyes open for small things you will be prepared for those things that can make or break you.

Eating too many fried foods is bad for your health. Smoking cigarettes is bad for your health. And some relationships are bad for your health, too — your emotional health. There are researchers to tell us what foods and drugs are bad for us. But how do you know when a relationship is bad for you? It's not easy.

Bottom line, an unhealthy relationship will usually make you feel unsafe or bad about yourself. Here is what I have observed from my many years as a Psychic Advisor. Check out these warning signs:

### **1. DISSrespect**

Insults, putdowns, and teasing are all forms of disrespect. That also includes digs about your race or culture or religion. Disrespect can sound something like "You say the stupidest things," or "You look fat in that dress" or "You're nothing without me." No matter what it sounds like, disrespect hurts — probably longer than the relationship because it can do major damage to your self-esteem, which can last for a long time.

### **2. Jealousy**

Jealousy is bad news for a relationship. Some people mistake jealousy for love. There's nothing cute about jealousy. A person who is jealous doubts the other person's love or commitment. If your partner doesn't want you talking to other people or doesn't like you to hang out with your friends — men or women— there's a major trust problem in your relationship.

### **3. Lies, Lies, and More Lies**

Telling lies or being lied to always spells trouble. Small lies usually lead to big lies, and many lies can destroy a relationship. Honesty is essential for a healthy relationship, and if you can't tell the one you love the truth, there's something wrong. Some people think keeping the truth from a partner is okay. What she doesn't know won't hurt her, right? Wrong. Keeping secrets isn't being honest either. Some things to think about: why are you doing something that you have to lie about? Are you so scared of your partner's

reaction that you have to keep it to yourself?

#### **4. No Fair!**

Anthony and Vanessa dated for four months. They fought a lot about little things — like why he didn't call her and why she was always late. These little fights escalated when neither one could admit they were wrong. And sometimes even when Anthony did admit he was wrong and apologized, Vanessa held it against him for weeks! Sound familiar? If you or your partner can't admit your mistakes and expect forgiveness, your relationship could be causing you a lot of unnecessary anger and heartache.

#### **5. Control Freak**

Who's the boss of you? You are. No one has the right to tell you what to do, where to go, or how to dress. In a healthy relationship, no one is in charge of the other person.

#### **6. Can You Hear Me Now?**

You'll need more than good reception on your cellular for good communication in a relationship. Talking openly about your feelings with your partner and listening to each other without judgment is what good communication is about. If you have a hard time talking to your partner about your relationship or your feelings because you're worried about being judged or being yelled at, that's a sure sign your relationship is unhealthy.

One of my favorite teachings of Buddha is: “Some horses need the whip to the bone. Some just need a light tap to respond. And others have learned to fear the shadow of the whip and respond appropriately.” I needed the whip to the bone.

How many times have you fallen for someone that you knew instinctively was not good for you? Were you able to stop? Of course not. Later you realize that this person was not right for you, yet you found it difficult to walk away. People come into your life for more than one reason and the biggest reason is for you to learn what works for you and what doesn't. The definition of insanity is: “Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result.” The main thing you need to learn is to stop repeating your mistakes. Learn from past mistakes and move forward in life. The whole point of your being here is to learn.

All of my mistakes have led me on the path to where I became a Spiritual Advisor. I receive the messages from the Great Spirit and obey. I have learned the hard way. Instinctual incite and foresight is the job of a psychic. My job is to help you see the pivotal moment in your life and keep you from going in the wrong direction.

#### **Signs that it's time to end a relationship...**

- You have a feeling of continuous frustration about the relationship (E.g., your emotional needs are not being met)

- You're finding more reasons to spend time apart
- You're being physically abused
- You're being emotionally abused
- You no longer have strong feelings about your partner but reminisce about the feelings you used to have
- You've changed your core values, beliefs and goals to accommodate your partner in hopes that your relationship will no longer be problematic
- You've made drastic changes in your appearance hoping your partner will find you more attractive
- You have a growing feeling of emptiness
- You've put extreme distance or totally cut off former close relationships you used to have with your other friends and/or family

### **How to make the final decision...**

This is where I come in, to analyze the situation and ask the Great Spirit what direction you should take. There are many different steps that I will take you through, so that you come out with a clear picture of your situation and what will most benefit you. Keep an open mind and heart so that you receive the messages from the Great Spirit. I will be there to help you in your pivotal moment.

Relationships should add to your quality of life—not subtract from it.....

A psychic reading is available at: <https://cherokeebilliespiritualadvisor.com> . Your reading will also present you with a clear road map and a compass of how to get there too! I can be there to help you in your pivotal moment. (786) 375-5434.

### **There are people who can walk away from you.**

When people can walk away from you: let them walk.

I don't want you to try to talk another person into staying with you, loving you, calling you, caring about you, coming to see you, staying attached to you. I mean hang up the phone.

When people can walk away from you let them walk. Your destiny is never tied to anybody that left.

People leave you because they are not joined to you. And if they are not joined to you, you can't make them stay.

Let them go.

And it doesn't mean that they are a bad person it just means that their

part in the story is over. And you've got to know when people's part in your story is over so that you don't keep trying to raise the dead. You've got to know when it's dead.

You've got to know when it's over. Let me tell you something. I've got the gift of good-bye. It's the tenth spiritual gift, I believe in good-bye. It's not that I'm hateful, it's that I'm faithful, and I know whatever God means for me to have He'll give it to me. And if it takes too much sweat I don't need it. Stop begging people to stay.

Let them go!!

If you are holding on to something that doesn't belong to you and was never intended for your life, then you need to.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you are holding on to past hurts and pains .....  
LET IT GO!!!

If someone can't treat you right, love you back, and see your worth.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If someone has angered you.  
LET IT GO!!!

If you are holding on to some thoughts of evil and revenge.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you are involved in a wrong relationship or addiction.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you are holding on to a job that no longer meets your needs or talents .....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you have a bad attitude.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you keep judging others to make yourself feel better.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you're stuck in the past and God is trying to take you to a new level in Him.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you are struggling with the healing of a broken relationship.....  
LET IT GO!!!

If you keep trying to help someone who won't even try to help themselves.....

LET IT GO!!!

If you're feeling depressed and stressed .....

LET IT GO!!!

If there is a particular situation that you are so used to handling yourself and God is saying "take your hands off of it," then you need to .....

LET IT GO!!!

Let the past be the past.. Forget the former things. GOD is doing a new thing for 2009!!!

LET IT GO!!!

Get Right or Get Left .. Think about it, and then.

LET IT GO!!!

I have been where you have been in a toxic relationship. I have written a memoir about this crazy relationship and it is the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

## HEAVENLY SEDUCTION

### CHAPTER ONE SEDUCED

His broad, confident smile and brown-rimmed glasses caught my attention. I paused before getting into my car to see if he was headed in my direction. The refreshing March breeze scattered the leaves on this afternoon in 1978. I quickly put my shopping bags in the trunk. I didn't know whether he was a Jesus freak, or someone who hit on every 26-year-old female for a date.

I watched him before I climbed into my car. My gut reaction told me to lock the doors. I watched him move closer. *Oh no, here comes one of those Jesus Freaks*, I thought. His big smile and the way he was zeroing in on me gave me every indication he was a religious fanatic wanting to convert me. Jesus Freaks, as I thought of them, were very easy to spot in the 1970s, especially because they were every place I went in Los Angeles.

By the time he reached my Mercury Monarch, I was already inside with the doors locked. I had sized him up to be maybe 30 years old, 5'10" and 160 pounds. As he ran, he exuded confidence. His manner of dress was very sexual: his shirt was unbuttoned almost down to his waist, and a necklace. He had reddish light brown curly hair that was not too long but not too short, just slightly below the ears. He carried a man's leather pouch slung over his shoulder, and he had on tight-fitting pants, his feet clad in boots.

He finally reached my car and started pounding his fist on the driver's side window while waving some pamphlets he held in his hand. I rolled down the window slightly to say politely, "I don't want anything to do with a Jesus freak." He may have looked quite sexy, but I wanted him to know my distaste for religious fanatics.

The stranger said, "I'm not a Jesus freak," as he held up pamphlets that were sexual in nature; they showed the earth and the moon making love in a cute, comical way. "Do you think a Jesus freak would distribute literature like this?"

"No," I replied. "I guess not." I could feel my resistance waning.

"My name's Gideon, I work for a Christian group raising money for homeless children and recovering drug addicts. Would you be willing to help us out with a donation?" He smiled as I took a dollar from my purse and slipped it to him through the crack in the window. In return, he gave me several pamphlets as well as a small book for me to read.

Leaning into the window, he said. "Hey, what's your name?"

"Billie."

"Do you think I could come over to your place and play you some of my music? You'd get a better understanding of my message."

I normally would have said no, but I found this man intriguing. There was definitely something different about him. Having been previously married to a musician, I knew Gideon had found my weakness. I gave him directions and my telephone number. Of course, it wasn't uncommon during the 1960s and 1970s to meet total strangers and immediately strike up friendships.

"Would you let me see your eyes?" he asked as he was about to leave. I removed my sunglasses. "I knew you had beautiful eyes! And green, cool." He walked away, bouncing with each step, and opened a door to an old beat-up Plymouth. My impression had been Jesus freaks had money and were preying on the public for donations to better their own existence. I began to think maybe this man might be sincere. And, well, he was attractive.

When I returned home in the afternoon, I spoke by telephone with one of my girlfriends, Dana.

"Are you out of your mind to let a Jesus freak in your house?!" she asked.

"No, he's harmless. Don't worry," I assured her.

This was the year "The Hillside Strangler," the media's name for Kenneth Bianchi and Angelo Buono, were kidnapping, raping, torturing, and killing women from late 1977 to early 1978 in the hills above Los Angeles. So Dana and I always left each other pertinent

information as to our whereabouts. I gave her Gideon's contact telephone number, located on the back of the pamphlets.

After Dana and I finished, I started reading the pamphlets still in my hand. The one Gideon had shown me with the earth and moon making love was on top so I started to read. It was entitled, "Sex Works," by Moses David, and I found his writing about Jesus different than anything I had ever read.

*He's like a lover: What else matters? He brings you love; He makes your life & gives you happiness & all you ever wanted & more! You don't know why, but just to look at Him turns you on!*

*He's your electricity! He's what turns you on! He's what gives you such a charge! --You don't care Who He is or What He is or Where He came from as long as He keeps Loving you like this & makes you so happy & takes such good care of you!*

*What a strange concept*, I thought as I finished reading. I never envisioned Jesus as a turn-on before. This writing spoke as if Jesus was a personal lover. I wasn't a religious person; however, I had been brought up as a Jehovah's Witness. My parents were not Jehovah's Witnesses, but they believed the private Bible studies would give me a solid religious background. By the age of seven I was going door to door with the elders distributing *The Watchtower* and *The Awake*. During the 1950s through the 1970s, Jehovah's Witnesses taught Jesus was God's son, but not a divine being. Jehovah (God) was to be worshipped with no middleman. Their teachings also stated only 144,000 who were faithful and dedicated to Jehovah would join him in heaven; Hell did not exist. If an individual was not among the chosen 144,000, death was death and that was it. As an adult, I often asked, "What's the point of worshipping a God who is going to condemn me to eternal nothingness?" This bewilderment left me an atheist at the age of 23.

Gideon brought his guitar that night to my mobile home. He strummed away while singing songs of happiness and joy. I began to feel emotional within. He sang, "*Kiss the Sun ... I see the sun coming over the mountains chasing the darkness away, Sun shine and new skies, a new life that never dies, all of our fears washed away. All of us holding hands join together as one, as we sing our song the birds sing along. Kiss the Sun.*" He then started whistling like a bird. I loved how he could let himself go, with no fear of feeling like a fool, so very free.

"Did you get a chance to read any of the pamphlets I gave you today?" he asked.

"Yes I did, and I found them quite interesting," I answered.

"Have you asked Jesus to come into your heart?"

"No," I answered.



“Pray with me to ask Jesus to come into your life so you too can know the joy of the Lord.”

Why not, I figured? After all, I really wasn't serious about all of this. It was just something different to do that particular evening. I wanted to see what Gideon was up to. I didn't think Jesus cared one way or another about me.

I was also looking for a unity I had lacked for many years in my own life. Having always felt like an outsider and never part of anything significant, I wanted to experience the joy Gideon seem to radiate. I was lonely; I had become somewhat of an outcast among my friends who were still partying very heavily, whereas I decided to quit using pot and pills six months earlier. It was time to move on from adolescence. Maybe I wouldn't openly admit it, but each man I met; I'd find myself sizing him up as a potential husband. I was looking to settle down and be married.

Gideon took my hand and said, “Repeat after me the following. *Heavenly Father: I confess with my mouth and believe with my heart that Jesus is your Son, and that He died on the Cross-that I might be forgiven and have Eternal Life in the Kingdom of Heaven. Father, I believe that Jesus rose from the dead and I ask You right now to come into my life and be my personal Lord and Savior. I will worship You all the day's of my Life! Because Your word is truth, I confess with my mouth that I am Born Again and Cleansed by the Blood of Jesus! In Jesus' Name, Amen.*”

I repeated the prayer as Gideon dictated. When we finished, I asked him, “Is that all there is?” I personally was hoping a bolt of lightning wouldn't come through the ceiling striking me dead since I didn't believe in this.

“Yes, you are now saved. You are now a child of God and will live with Him in Heaven.”

“That was certainly easy. What's next?” I asked.

Gideon said something that startled me.” I want to show you the Love of God.”

“What's that?” I was unnerved by the remark because I had an inkling of what he meant.

“I want to share my body with you.” His face was serious as he spoke the words. There was no sign of flirtation or amorous behavior.

I was stunned and wasn't sure of how to respond. “You mean, have sex with me?”

“By sharing my body, I'm showing you the love Jesus has for you. He wants you to know how much He truly loves you and I'm His instrument to demonstrate His love.”

“Isn't that considered fornication?” I knew some clauses in the Bible.

“The only fornication which matters to God is becoming part of the worldly system.” He said this with such authority and confidence that I was ready to believe him.

“But I was taught sex without marriage was wrong.” It was not like I hadn't participated in sex with different lovers; I just wanted to know why this so-called Christian was promoting sex without marriage.

Gideon replied, “That's an old church teaching. It doesn't apply to the teachings being sent to God's prophet of today, His new church. God only cares about our showing love to one another. God's only law is love. Nothing else matters.”

What a unique come-on. I never heard this approach to get me to have sex. This man was really going to take me on a trip unlike anyone else before and I was going willingly. “Okay, let's go to my bedroom,” I said. I figured this guy hadn't been laid in a long time and I would give him a good time. What if Jesus was in bed with us? This would be my donation to his Christian cause.

It was the most unusual lovemaking I ever experienced.

*“Thank you, Jesus for this precious little one who desires Your love. Bless her Father and let her know through me how much You truly love her. I am nothing before You God, thank You for using my body as your messenger.”* He kept repeating while making love. These statements sounded really weird, but I figured this guy really loved God and what was I to know of worshipping God?

The minute we finished having sex, Gideon jumped up and went to the bathroom sink to clean his penis. “Here's a towel you need to clean yourself,” he said, tossing a towel to me. “It's important we keep ourselves clean to keep from spreading any diseases.” I found this more embarrassing than having sex.

The next morning, Gideon sat at my dining table, his legs crossed and constantly tapping his left foot nervously. As he ate the only thing I had in the house, homemade split pea soup, he told me more about the Christian group he belonged to. “We have taken the Book of Acts from the Bible, literally, and we're living together sharing everything we have just like the disciples did right after Jesus died. We spend all of our spare time memorizing the Bible, and then we go out either as entertainers or witnessing on the streets to share our love of Jesus.”

After breakfast, I drove Gideon back to where he was staying in Westchester with others who subscribed to the same religious beliefs. It was a nice looking cottage-style house with four bedrooms, a huge dining room, and a large garage in an upper middle class area. I couldn't help but wonder how this group could afford living in this house. Only a few of the members were present, and they appeared sweet, friendly young people in their mid-20s. Each one hugged me and said with bright smiles, “Welcome to our Family. We're so happy to meet you. It's a beautiful day, and we are happy you are here to share it

with us.” Each member eyes sparkled indicating alertness, unlike my friends who always look glassy-eyed and dazed.

This was such a change for me, to be around people who radiated happiness. Although they called themselves The Family, they officially called themselves “The Children of God.” They encouraged me to come back and visit them again.

As I was about to leave, Gideon spoke with real warmth in his voice, “Thank you for the evening we spent together and opening your heart freely to Jesus.” I really didn't think I would see him again. I felt I made a mistake having sex with someone I didn't even know. I had never been comfortable with casual sex, but I felt pressured by the free love of the era, so I went along.

Surprisingly, he called me the next day. “I had such a wonderful time with you last night and would really like to see you again,” he said on the phone. “Would you like to come to our communal home and have dinner with me and my Family this evening?”

I immediately said I would be there. I was excited. Gideon had done what he said he would, calling me, and I took it as a sign of his caring for me. With anticipation, I prepared myself as though it was our first date. I shampooed my long brown hair, carefully applied my makeup, perfumed myself, and dressed in my nicest casual outfit.

That evening I returned to the house in Westchester for dinner. Gideon was extremely attentive, introducing me to everyone. “This is the special young lady, Billie, who I told you about,” he announced while holding my hand. I was surprised he had talked about me to everyone. Maybe this man really did like me. I would be lucky if this charming well-mannered man fell in love with me.

The dining room had a long table similar to what you would see set up at a carnival food tent. The atmosphere certainly reminded me of a carnival, with all the children running around and the diversity of the adults. There seemed to be about 20 members present, with several pregnant. Many of the young women looked like they needed a good grooming and wore very old clothes. One had on boots with large chunks of leather missing. Several of the young men looked older than their years, as if they were burned out. I couldn't tell if it was from alcohol, drugs, or Jesus.

While waiting for dinner I spent time talking with different members. Gideon dismissed himself to help out with the children until dinner was ready. *Boy*, I thought, *he is extremely caring*. Each of the members seemed happy and full of life. The person who struck me as the most interesting was a slow-talking Texan named Jack. He was a small-framed 30-year-old, wearing Coke-bottle glasses. He had a bad complexion, and his black hair appeared greasy. Dinner was taking an eternity to be prepared and I kept wondering why I had been asked to dinner at 6:30 when it was now 7:30. I was beginning to get very hungry.

Jack said, "I think we're all going to have to get on our knees, and pray for Jesus to bring food to us miraculously."

You see I was starting to change to my core values to accommodate Gideon. As time progressed I found myself doing almost anything to get this man to love me. When I let go of who I was I was trapped in someone else's world. That was my first mistake! Throughout my relationship with Gideon I've found myself losing who I was. This is one of the most important things to not do. You still have to be yourself and you can have love by being you. I will help you on this path as I have been down it myself.

If you are intrigued the rest of the story, "Heavenly Seduction," is available at:  
<https://cherokeebilliespiritualadvisor.com/collections/e-books/products/heavenly-seduction-book>

Remember I have been counseling on love relationships for many years and has helped many people find real love. Contact me at (786)-375-5434.

Sending Love and Light,  
Cherokee Billie