

The
Cheerleader
Speaks

What God Taught Me About Men and Myself

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First Edition

For my husband, Wade

Thank you for being brave enough to marry me!

I love you always,

K.K.

*You see, in the final analysis, it is between you and God;
It was never between you and them anyway.*

—Mother Teresa

Introduction

Looking for Mr. Right leads to desperation, because there is no Mr. Right. There is no Mr. Right, because there is no Mr. Wrong. There is whoever is in front of us, and the perfect lessons to be learned from that person.

—Marianne Williamson

I am actually a yoga teacher, not a cheerleader. I was a cheerleader for only one year in the eighth grade, and I was quite pathetic, really.

“Two bits, four bits,
six bits a dollar,
all for my fake peppiness
stand up and holler!”

Obviously, the cheer didn’t really go like that, and I wasn’t very peppy, either. In fact, in the home videos my dad took from the court side bleachers, I looked extremely bored. My face and limbs were lifeless in those cheers, the cheering spirit absent from my soul. No offense to the diehard cheer lovers of the world, but my mind was swimming in a sea of monotony from the linear stick motions of my arms and legs. I was secretly thinking, “Get me off of this boring basketball court NOW!”

I have to confess I was also on my high school drill team for two years, but that was mainly dancing, not cheerleading. BIG difference.

However, because I was blond, tall, athletic, and had a friendly Pepsodent smile (Farrah Fawcett was my hero in the 70s), boys tended to pigeonhole me in the “cheerleader” category most of my life. That was fine with them, until I opened my mouth and actually had something of substance to say. When I did, the relationship was usually over, because those guys wanted eye

candy, not deep conversation. After 40 years of being stereotyped as a “cheerleader,” I have something to say, and it isn’t about basketball.

This book is about the life lessons I learned during my years of dating, beginning with my first boyfriend in the third grade and ending with my husband, whom I miraculously met at the age of 39 in a yoga class in Los Angeles. We were married six months later. Thank you, God!

Yes, I believe in God, Spirit, The Universe, The Divine, Mother Earth—whatever name resonates with your belief system. As I say in my yoga classes, “The God of your knowing.” I just hope you believe in a higher power, because for me, meeting my husband was a major act of divine intervention, and I want you to believe in that power for your life as well.

I’ve valued all my dating experiences and am grateful to the guys I’ve dated along the way, because I believe they were messengers sent by God to help me learn valuable lessons about myself. Most importantly, I learned to love myself enough to know that I was worthy and deserving of a healthy spiritual life partnership, based on friendship and trust, not falsehoods and fantasy. Oh, how I wish I had gotten the lessons sooner rather than later and had not experienced so many blunders along the way. But that is the way we learn everything in life—through trial and error—until one day, we “get it” and quit repeating self-defeating patterns of behavior. As the saying goes, “When you know better, you do better.” Hopefully, if you're lucky.

In writing this book and sharing my dating disasters and a few successes, I hope to spare you some of the heartache I endured along the way. Always remember, love should feel good, not painful.

I was inspired to begin this book six years ago, after going through what felt like my 100th break-up. However, I procrastinated working on it until four years ago when I met my husband

and finally experienced true love on a soul level—something that had been missing in all of my previous relationships. I felt an internal call to help women who deeply desire to be in a life partnership/marriage one day.

I have been a yoga teacher for fifteen years and have acted as a spiritual counselor to many of my students. I have to admit I struggled with whether I should continue to write this book because of the yoga philosophy of ahimsa (non-harming). Then one day during meditation, I asked God about writing this book and I heard Him silently say to me, “By writing this book you serve as the narrator of the karma that went on between you and those men.”

I took it as, “No need to worry, Blondie. Write your book and liberate thousands of women from the potential dramas of dating.” So this is for you, girls, and I pray you’re listening. We tend to have selective listening about the men we love, especially the ones who don’t love us back. HELLO, *now* are you listening?

I believe God has willed for you, possibly even before you were born, a life partner or husband who is divinely perfect for you. Trust that the right partner is out there looking for you as much as you are looking for him. My hip minister told me this once, after I had gone through yet another hurtful breakup, which gave me a visual of two people swirling the globe looking for each other, like cosmic magnets, until one day, BOOM, they collided! This visualization gave me hope for the next ten years—until I met my husband.

When it comes to your future husband, I suggest you keep an open mind and ask for the man who is right for you according to God’s will, not your ego’s agenda. Please throw away those silly lists of qualities you desire in a mate, because what you want in a partner just might not be good for you. Make sense? If you are repeating the same cycle with men over and over, thinking things are going to be “different” this time, and your list hasn’t served you thus far, get rid of it. Be open to a relationship that has been

orchestrated by the heavens, not by your mind.

Trust me, when you are with a man who is giving back to you the amount of love, time, and energy you are giving him, you will understand exactly what I am talking about. Reciprocity is a beautiful thing.

So put on your big girl panties, take a deep breath, and surrender your plans for your man. Let go and let God do His thing.

Chapter 1

To Believe or Not to Believe

*A man of such obvious and exemplary charm
must be a liar.*

—Anita Brookner

I had a small problem with men throughout my life: I believed what they told me.

Why did guys feel compelled to say things they didn't mean? Did they actually mean it in the moment and then change their minds the next day? Or did they just say things they thought I wanted to hear so they could get into my pants? Things like, "I love you and want to marry you," on the first date. I'll never forget that one.

But on the other hand, why was I so desperate to hear adoring comments? Was it to make me feel better about myself? Why would I believe such profound statements of love in the first few hours of knowing someone? Shouldn't women feel whole and complete, no matter if some guy is complimenting her or blowing her off? If only it could be that simple.

I had a continuous stream of crushes and serious boyfriends from third grade until I was 25 years old, when most girls my age were out dating around and having fun. Then it was as if God intentionally pulled the plug on my serial monogamy and said, "Time to get off the co-dependent train. I want you to discover the truth of who you are, without a man in your life." I resisted the newfound solo state in the beginning; however, I can honestly say that my time alone was one of the greatest gifts God ever gave me.

I gained a better perspective of who I was in the world, without a man on my arm, let alone in my bed.

I will admit celibacy—sometimes for years at a time—was challenging, but I know God was teaching me to *not* share my body and soul with men who didn't care about me. Thank you, God, for that important life lesson and self-discipline. If only I had learned it sooner and spared my body and my spirit the anguish. Ugh.

It wasn't easy being basically single the last fourteen years, before my marriage. "Basically" meaning after the age of 25, men came and went over the years, but my connections with them did not hold enough depth, common interests, or passion for me to consider spending the rest of my life with them. My relationships with these men, who my friend once referred to as, "tool sharpeners," usually burned out and ran their course in less than a month. I dated some nice guys, but who wants to settle for marrying a "nice guy" with little chemistry, and no common interests when you're going to have sex with him for the rest of your life? I don't think so.

I'm not a super-sexual person, but chemistry is a must, even if it's just snuggling, holding hands, or hugging in the kitchen. A girl needs to feel that connection of energized intimacy, not like she's hugging her brother.

Comments from your friends and mother like, "But he's such a GOOD guy, honey" aren't going to cut it in the bedroom. The rocking chair when you're 80, yes, but when you're hot in your 30s, forget it. I would rather be home alone with my three cats—not two, yes, three cats—which is how I spent most of my nights until I met my husband. You can call me the "crazy cat lady" all you want. It's been said before. I'm perfectly fine with feline companionship,

versus settling for a “Something To Do guy” (S.T.D., for short). Thank goodness I didn’t settle for just a “good guy.” I married a hottie, who is the best friend, lover and partner I’ve ever had.

See, girls, if you hold off long enough and don’t settle, God will bless you with a man who fulfills you physically, mentally, emotionally, and most importantly, spiritually, as you deserve.