



## Encounters with extra terrestrials

This is difficult for me to share and it may be difficult for you to accept. I have no physical evidence that much of these occurrences happened, except they have been carved into my memory, feelings and awareness. They influenced and challenged every aspect of my life, and continue to up to this day.

Most of my early encounters with extra-terrestrials were taking place while I was living in the house my parents built in Deinze, in Belgium. They started around the time of my first school day between the age two and a half and three.

What I remember are snap shots, glimpses. Only flashes of memories were retained when I came out of these encounters. I compare it with when I wake up out of a dream. Sometimes I

remember parts of a dream and then when I get into my day they are gone. But these were obvious no dreams!

I remember being taken to a place, completely foreign to me. I felt myself laying down naked on a cold metal table, it was extremely uncomfortable and horribly terrifying. I was laying on my back looking up. I could only see what came into my view above me. Very foreign insect like creatures with long stalky arms with 3 fingers were moving above me. Their claws were poking, prodding into my body like surgical instruments. The closest comparison with anything here on earth would be a praying mantis. Their arms and bodies moved like the praying mantis move in a choppy way. Their heads were triangle shaped. Their movements were not human like.

There were other smaller beings that I sensed around me that I did not see. They were lower then the table I was laying on. Those were not directly interacting with me.

Two of the three beings above me seemed to be in charge. They where standing next to the table I was on. They were hanging over me, observing me and doing stuff with my body. Very freaky and unusual. They acted more like doctors or scientists.

I felt complete powerless and terrified. I was paralyzed by fear. I was there all by myself, without parents or other humans. I was not able to move. I was completely under their control and power. I was mortified to the bone.

Other times, I remember a syringe with needle being used to make me unconscious. Some beings were holding me in place, I could see a needle coming my way. This occurred more than once. I became aware of the process. I remembered from previous times. I see the needle. There is nothing I can do. They are holding me in place. I cannot move and I know the next thing is that I will lose consciousness. Sometimes I felt my consciousness slowly disappearing. In these experiences with needles and drugs I think there were humans and other beings involved. I am not clear if these experiences are related to the ones with the praying mantis like beings. Those memories are only flashes.

I came out of these foreign experiences, with a deep feeling of terror. I recalled where I came from and I also realized that I was brought back into my bed at home. I opened my eyes. I was extremely terrified and I was afraid to call or scream out loud for my parents to come to my room. I strategized what to do next. I considered my options. Shall I run towards my parents bedroom and get in bed with them where I feel safe? Shall I scream for my parents and hope they will hear me and come to my room? Shall I stay in bed, hide under my sheets and hope that I will quickly fall asleep? But what if I go back into the same situation, which happened before. I knew it was possible. Every time I came out of one of those experiences I had to make a decision and felt like I had to make it fast. Sometimes I decided to scream for my parents but no sound was coming out of my mouth. This made it even more terrifying.

Those experiences continued to occur into my teenage years. Sometimes I was conscious while in the process of entering back into my body. I was consciously aware of my body, but I wasn't able to move my body yet. It was a very scary experience not having control over my own body. First I tried to move my head. I kept trying, forcing it, then all of a sudden I was able to move again. It was scary, frightening and frustrating at the same time. After having experienced this on several occasions, I learned that if I wait a little bit without going into fear, I would be able to move my body soon. I learned out of experience not to freak out, to wait and allow the movement to come back.

Despite those unexplainable terrifying experiences, it was even more devastating that my parents weren't able to grasp what I was going through, they were clueless. When I finally was able to reach my parents by screaming or running towards their room, their response was the opposite of what I needed in that moment. They wanted to soothe me by telling me it was just a dream, a nightmare. They tried to help me to let go of the thoughts and feelings and they wanted me to go back to bed and sleep. They weren't aware of the terror I was in or what was going on. They always said, it was just a dream, it is over now. I was terrified to go back to sleep knowing that sometimes I would be abducted again.

My dad was trying to figure out why I was so afraid and thought maybe it was because of the wall paper they put in my room with Little Red Riding Hood and the Big Angry Wolf. He thought maybe that gave me the nightmares. They changed my wall paper thinking that might help. The little child in me never felt

acknowledged for the experiences she encountered. That deep feeling of fear and unsafeness stayed with me. My parents didn't know what was happening to me. They were taking care of us the best they could, in a loving and supportive way.

Later I met Paul and others who also experienced extra terrestrial encounters. For the first time my experiences were acknowledged as real. A deep layer of terror that I had been carrying for most of my life fell away. I wasn't alone anymore. I could discuss my experiences with others. I learned that it is very important to listen to what other people experienced, regardless of their age. It might not be my reality, but it is very real for them.

I always listen intently when children and adults are telling me about their unusual experiences, their dreams, or talk about their imaginary friends. I acknowledge and validate their experiences. No matter how unusual they may seem. There are so many phenomena that don't have an accepted explanation yet.

Those experiences influenced all parts of my life. By sharing them honestly I give others permission and motivation to share their own experiences and traumas. In doing so we can all transform our fears, anxieties, terror, confusion and isolation and start living in a more relaxed, open, connected and joyous way.



2018 © Mieke Benton [starshowerusa@startmail.com](mailto:starshowerusa@startmail.com)

(Sharing is permitted when my name and email is included)  
(With a simple email let me know if you like to be added or removed from  
this list.

When added you will receive all previous episodes as well.)

### Mieke's Voice

- Week 1 - Introduction
- Week 2 - A Rough Start
- Week 3 - Vision
- Week 4 - History Lesson
- Week 5 - Bookstore Caecilia
- Week 6 - Invisible Hand
- Week 7 - My family, a circle of 5. Part 1 - My parents Anny & Hugo
- Week 8 - My family, a circle of 5. Part 2 - My brother Jeroen
- Week 9 - My family, a circle of 5. Part 3 - My sister Katleen
- Week 10 - My family, a circle of 5. Part 4 - Something about myself, Mieke
- Week 11 - Contact with extraterrestrials