

# Mieke's Voice



## A Rough Start

I hear my mother (Anny) talk about my birth on several occasions. She shared about the 2 miscarriages before me and one after me. I was the first born of 3 children and born breech delivery. She explains: ‘Your butt came out first and your legs were laying up in your neck. For 2 weeks your feet and legs were up in the air and slowly after several days they lowered to normal position. In a convinced voice she goes on “I would have 20 more baby’s the usual way than one more born like you!”. I can tell from the intensity of her voice that it was a very challenging and extremely painful experience for her and no doubt for me as well. We were both in this together.

The physical results of the breech delivery impacted my life in many ways. When I learned to crawl, I dragged one leg behind me. My ability to be creative turned this disadvantage into a mode of movement that was faster then walking and I maintained this routine until I was 16 months old.

I dreaded most activity that required walking or running. You can imagine wat affect this had in my early childhood and school years. In high school sports I exaggerated the number of laps I ran on the track so I wouldn’t have to run as much!

And still now I feel the most comfortable if sit with my legs up in the air. When Paul sits next to me, immediately I am drawn to place my legs and feet on his lap. Most of the time followed by feeling the loving touch of his hands, massaging my feet and legs!

The relationship with my body has not been an easy one. Since birth it has been a struggle with my body, judging it, punishing it, hating it, telling it “I do not approve of you”. I only approved of it when it was working well or if I thought it was looking good. Throughout my life I have continuously searched for ways to be in my body and feel good in it. Taking care of it, listening to it and respecting it have been sensitive issues.

Now, 47 years later I realize that the essence of who I am is not my body. I am a soul occupying this amazing vehicle. I also know now that it works much better if I treat my body as an elegant Maserati instead of a clunker.

I also discovered that there is a vast difference between caring for my body out of fear (if I don't do this I will get sick, die or be fat) versus caring for it out of love and respect (if I do this it delightfully enlivens my body). At totally different approach.

Now I am learning to accept and respect my body exactly as it is and learn how I can support it as I move forward through my years. More and more I feel relaxed and appreciative of my body and I am able to take care of it with love and respect.

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Week 2 – A Rough Start