



## First wake up call

Bart B. and I met during a college night out in Gent. He was 18 and I was 21. It was the early 90's. Experimenting with drugs was part of that relationship. I have to say, he delved into it much deeper than I did.

Those college years taught me many lessons about life, especially about those things I do not want in mine.

After I graduated, I moved into my own home and soon after Bart moved in with me. I now had a job and a home and was eager to step into adulthood. I knew that experimenting with drugs was not going to fit the life I wanted to create for myself. I wanted to feel good, healthy, empowered and internally expanding and growing. Drugs, smoking and alcohol was not supporting that goal. Internally I made a commitment with myself to move towards that new vision of my future, even if that meant not hanging out with my partying friends anymore.

How to communicate that to my boyfriend was unclear because I was still internally figuring out myself what it was I wanted. I was not feeling secure in myself and was dealing with my own inner battles and unconscious limiting thoughts, feelings and behaviors.

I wasn't able to express or voice honestly those inner desires

for freedom and health and didn't act on them the way I thought I should.

I didn't feel confident to set my own boundaries and speak my truth. Staying in a relationship felt easier than changing my life. I loved and respected Bart for who he was, a powerful, smart, hardworking, honest, strong, sensitive and respectful person and many things about our relationship felt good. There were many aspects about each other I really appreciated.

We also loved to do things together such as cooking and traveling and exploring. We both enjoyed having a home. He had left behind the extreme heavy party times but chose for himself to keep smoking marijuana. A personal choice one needs to make for themselves, but I wasn't sharing my truth with him directly and wasn't speaking up for what I desired.

Internally I knew I had to make some different choices but didn't dare to take those steps. Until.....one day.... spirit kicked me in the butt.

I was home by myself, Bart was gone for the weekend. Outside I heard a bunch of loud police cars in the street. I expected the noise to fade out as they passed my house. The loud noises were right around my house and then all of a sudden stopped. That was strange, I thought. I looked through my window and saw 3 special investigation police cars in front of my house. "What is going on around here", I thought? A few seconds later, there was a knock at my door. I opened the door and 3 police inspectors were blocking my door. Asking me if I was Maria De Clercq (my official Belgian name), which I confirmed. They asked if my boyfriend Bart B. was living with me in the house, which I confirmed as well.

With no excuse they firmly stated that they had orders to

inspect my home and asked if I objected to this. Which I didn't. I had no idea what it was about. I stepped aside as they stormed in.

They each took a section of the home and started opening up everything, searching every little space and corner.

I asked what they were looking for, but they didn't answer me. They were very fast. I just stood there, watching and answered their questions. It was a very invasive feeling and I had no clue why they were in my house. I assumed it had something to do with drugs.

My house was very tiny, so it didn't take them that long. At a certain moment I hear one of the police officers upstairs in my bedroom saying, "found something". They all 3 gathered back into the living room. They showed a little marijuana pipe and a very small amount of marijuana they had found in Bart's closet. They asked if that was mine, which I said it was not. They informed me they would be back later and took off. This experience had startled me. I was shocked, I looked around and saw everything was a mess.

They did come back a few days later with an official notice that we both had to show up in court before a judge. What was I getting into here? I didn't know if I had to be angry or scared. We both had no idea what this was about. Yes, they found a little marijuana in his closet, but many people were smoking. Belgium hadn't legalized marijuana yet, but in the Netherlands, cannabis had been available for recreational use in coffee shops since 1976 where it was sold openly. Possession of up to 5 grams for personal use was decriminalized. It was only a half an hour drive to the Netherlands where you can buy it over the counter legally.

The day of court had arrived. Of course I hadn't shared any of this with my parents. As a teenager I didn't share much of my

private and personal things my parents. My mom was busy in the bookstore or was taking care of other family members. Deep conversations or listening to each others stories wasn't the norm in our family.

Each with our court order to appear in hand, Bart and I walked into the large square court building in Gent. I had seen that building many times but never entered! I really wondered what this was all about and what was in store for Bart and for me.

After waiting a while in the hallway, we were asked to enter the court room. A judge was sitting in front on the "throne". About six guys were lined up facing the judge. We were told to join the line. While walking up towards the others I observed all of them. Two of them had handcuffs on and were obviously arrested and not allowed to move freely. I noticed their ragged clothes, tough faces, nonchalant attitudes, and some macho looks. Some of them looked scared.

I started to see the picture. It must have had to do with drugs and Bart's name must have been mentioned. But why in the world was I pulled into this mess? I started to feel the heaviness of this situation falling on my shoulders. This was no child's play. I had no idea how this would unfold and what the consequences would be.

I was the first standing in line. The judge made it clear that the interrogations were starting and that one by one, every person would be asked questions. I was first. Are you Maria De Clercq? Yes, I said. Are you living together with Bart B. Yes I said. My voice started shaking. My nerves were tense and my body was in shock. I didn't deserve this. But there was no way out.

There I was, standing in front of a judge, in line with a bunch of druggies, some of them looking like criminals. Whatever the

reason was for this event, I had nothing to do with it. But obviously, I had created this in my reality, because there I was, standing in front of the judge.

First they asked me first if I had anything to say. I was feeling shocked being there but I knew I had nothing to hide. All eyes were on me. I looked at the line of guys. My eyes focusing on the hand cuffs. I noticed Bart looking at me and then looking down at the floor.

This was my chance to speak my truth and come up for myself. I looked at the judge and in a surrendering and shaking voice I said. "I have no idea what this is about and I have no idea what I am doing here. I don't have anything to do with this. I am not using or selling any drugs. Go ahead and take my blood and urine as proof. My voice started cracking, I was getting emotional while speaking and tears started rolling down my cheeks. I surrendered.

I don't remember much of what happened after that or what was being said. It was all a blur for me, I was shaken.

Soon after I spoke everyone was asked to go back to the hallway. The guys in handcuffs were escorted by the police to a separate room. About half an hour later everyone was ordered back into the room. I was given a verdict. The judge found me not guilty and said that I could leave the building and the case and would not have any repercussions. I was ordered to leave the room.

Bart was let go as well but was given a fine for the marijuana they found in the house.

This was a conscious wake up call. I knew I had to move towards creating a drug free environment for myself. I already got the message before, but I didn't act on it. I didn't act on the few

previous inner messages in this matter. This was the last call and I knew it! If I refused again to take action, it would only get worse! Sometimes I need many reminders until I allow myself to change. Sometimes the reminders are getting louder and louder until I finally can not ignore them anymore. Which was for me in this case happening.

That was it. It was crystal clear. I had to say no to all drugs and everything that comes with the package. I had to become more responsible for myself. I had to and I knew it. I was also aware that part of this was to stop smoking regular cigarettes, but I couldn't make all the changes at once. Step by step I thought.

I was still not able to clearly communicate in my relationship what I felt or thought. Because of other circumstances Bart and I broke up in the next few months.

I was hearing clearly another internal message. It was time for me to learn to be by myself without immediately jumping into another relationship. Again, I didn't listen immediately to these inner whispers. It took me another conscious wake up call that almost cost me my life.

Hearing the inner call and acting on that wisdom isn't always easy! Event up until today it can be challenging struggle!

Mieke's Voice 2019©Mieke Benton  
Starshowerusa@startmail.com

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

Mieke's Voice - Part 1

Week 1 - Introduction part 1  
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 Kathleen  
Week 10 - My family, a circle of 5. Part 4 - Something about myself, Mieke  
Week 11 - Encounters with extraterrestrials  
Week 12 - The Movie E.T. - The Extra -Terrestrial  
Week 13 - What happens after the body dies?

#### Mieke's Voice - Part 2

Week 14 - Introduction part 2  
Week 15 - Expressing my authentic nature  
Week 16 - Sexuality - part 1 - Unity  
Week 17 - Sexuality - part 2 - Separation  
Week 18 - Sexuality - part 3 - Menstruation  
Week 19 - Intimate Relationships  
Week 20 - America - part 1 - Newspaper Article  
Week 21 - America - part 2 - Stepping into a movie  
Week 22 - Another taste of freedom as a college student  
Week 23 - Riding the waves, both high and low  
Week 24 - A Holistic approach to healing  
Week 25 - Overnight resident counselor in a high school  
Week 26 - Mieke the younger in action - Part 1  
Week 27 - Mieke the younger in action - Part 2  
Week 28 - Totem Initiation  
Week 29 - Extra Freedom and Independence  
Week 30 - First Wake up call