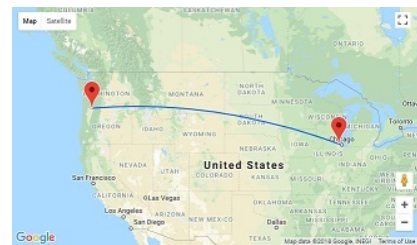


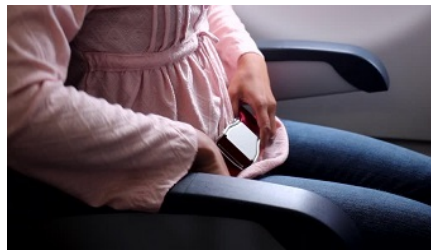


Testing the Waters

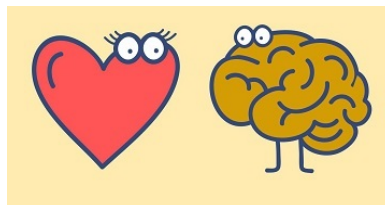
Excited but also a bit nervous I stepped into the Brussels airport with my plane ticket ready in hand. It read April 9, 1999 - Brussels - Chicago- Portland. Return April 21, 1999 Portland - Chicago - Brussels. It had only been 9 days ago that Gerarda's home went up in flames. And a few days later I had moved back into my parents home. My life seemed to be a powerful roller coaster with no end destination.



Fasten your seatbelts. I was about to embark on my next adventure. My feet were about to leave the Belgian ground. I looked around and noticed that I was surrounded by Americans who were going home. The American vibes were already penetrating me and I hadn't left my homeland yet.



For some reason my mental thoughts were not allowed to interfere. My feelings were assuring me all is well. It felt good what I was doing. We were offered a choice of the Belgian newspaper "De Standaard" or the American paper "USA Today". I took De Standaard and said my goodbye to Belgium as we took off.



As the plane took off into the air, all of sudden I realized how exhausted I was. So much had happened unexpected in such a short time. It was the first time I was able to relax and let go. My heart became emotional. I felt the emotions poking into my throat. The most healthy thing to do would have been to cry all the tension and pinned up emotions out and be over with it. But I concluded that this was the wrong time and the wrong place to do so. The tears were welling up in my eyes and I fought very hard to repress them. I asked for all the old energies from the past to be released and to remove all that was not serving me anymore. I was about to embark on a whole new future and I called upon all the help I could get to support me on this journey.



After a few hours in flight, I had a hard time figuring out what time it was. My watch was displaying the Belgian time but most people's watches around me pointed at the American hour, depending in what time zone they were living. I gave up after a while and surrendered to the moment. I enjoyed my vegetarian meal and was eager to watch the movie "You've got mail".

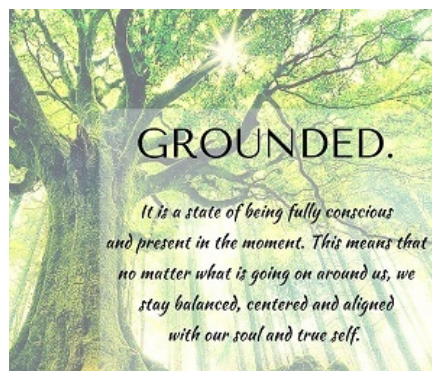


"Paul, I wonder what you are doing right now?", I thought to myself. How will our reunion and coming together be? I hope it will be pleasant, warm and loving! Please universe, support us in this. Let it be positive and good!

We both didn't expect it to be that challenging in the beginning. I felt ungrounded and disoriented. We both were searching to make the other and ourselves feel comfortable. We searched for several locations to feel more relaxed and find more peace, but at no avail. We knew it could be weird in the beginning but we hadn't anticipated this unsettling ungroundedness. Luckily the children were at their mom's house in Portland for the first week I was there. Paul and I had the time to reconnect without the children being involved.



It actually felt a little scary. After a few days of this I decided to call Marilyn Powers in Portland. She was one of our four teachers in Breitenbush. She responded that the reason for my feeling of ungroundedness was because I was unhooking from the grounding of my life in Belgium and I hadn't grounded myself in America yet. That was exactly what I felt! She also mentioned that Paul, who is very empathic, also lost some of his grounding by tapping into my ungroundedness. She pointed out that on a higher spiritual level we have a very strong connection and bond but on the physical level in this plane we still have to start creating our bond and life together. It all made sense. When I first arrived I did not know where I belonged. In Europe, in America or anywhere else on this planet? I had no idea where my path would take me from that moment on and if my path would include being with Paul and the children or not. I was making this trip to find out. I was testing the waters.



Around day four since my arrival, my feeling and inner knowing that I was doing the right thing was growing and getting stronger. I was feeling very comfortable in the presence of Paul. At times I felt a very soft and pleasant love flowing between us and in other moments I thought who is this guy? Truly an interesting way of getting to know someone! Not the usual way of starting a relationship.

I also had a very challenging moment in the kitchen. I was observing how Paul prepared food and I could not relate to it. I was trying to connect and support the process but I couldn't find any similarities with what I was used to. A very strange experience. At one point when I was looking for a wooden spoon and couldn't find one, I felt a deep discouragement. Very funny to think about it now afterwards, but in the moment it didn't feel that way. The differences between cultures and habits are in many areas so different. On an energetic level I was dealing with so many changes. Bringing two different cultures together is quite an undertaking and trying to adjust and juggle all aspects of it was not an easy undertaking.



Another adjustment was driving the car. I love driving. When I was 19 I drove in New York City and all over the East Coast. But once I arrived in Oregon, I was adjusting to so many things at the same time that I had no desire to drive a car. My energy and attention was occupied elsewhere.

“We will see how it will all play out and develop”, I thought to myself, “in this moment, we are creating together and that is what is important.” The thing we were both conscious about was that we each had our own good habits and attitudes and our less attractive habits and attitudes. And we both had no idea how all of those would come together and play itself out in our relationship. I asked for guidance with this. I asked that everything would work out in a loving and balanced way.

Paul was eager for me to meet his friends at his Friday luncheon at the Crazy Pepper in Hood River. Mostly a men’s group who came together every week to talk about life, spirituality, relationships and everything they wanted to bring to the table. Once in a while one of the wives joined, but mostly it was a steady men’s group. I was very curious to meet them all. They had many questions for me and were checking out where I stood on many topics. I enjoyed it.



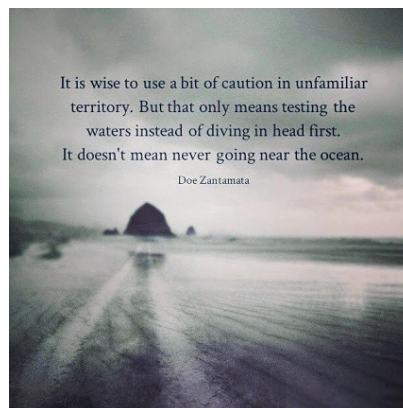
That same night we were invited for dinner at Frank Coppieters and his wife Kathy Melcher’s home in Portland. The fact that Frank was living close by gave me a deep feeling of satisfaction. It felt like an old soul connection I reunited with. Frank was also a Belgian and because of that we had many things in common. We spoke the same languages and had a certain common understanding of the different cultures. I was thankful that Frank was part of the guidance that had shown up in my life.



Deep profound gratitude I felt in my heart! My life felt so rich and at peace in that moment. I felt gratitude that I had allowed myself to act on that what felt good to me, I felt gratitude for everyone that came into my life, everyone from who I learned from, everyone I was able to teach something to. I felt gratitude for everyone who had recently come onto my path and for all those that will appear to me in my future. I also thanked Mount Hood and Mount Adams. To all of that I addressed many thanks and blessings.



It has truly been a wonder how Paul and my path have collided together, from two different cultures and two different generations. It was perfect that I had the first week with Paul by myself. I knew we were finding our way together. The spiritual connection was there for sure and by the end of the week our physical connection was getting stronger as well. I started to feel more grounded by the end of the week and eager to reconnect with the children who we would pick up from Multnomah Falls the next day.



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Mieke's Voice - Part 1

Mieke's Voice - Part 1

Week 1 - Introduction - My early life
Week 2 - A Rough Start
Week 3 - Vision
Week 4 - History Lesson
Week 5 - Bookstore Cecilia
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 - Relationships
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
Week 31 - Second Wake-up call
Week 32 - Home Ter Linde

Mieke's Voice - Part 3

Week 33 - Introduction - Learning to Love myself
Week 34 - My last cigarette!
Week 35 - I know there is somebody out there!
Week 36 - Center Gea - The Power of Sound
Week 37 - Moroccan Flavors
Week 38 - Nightly Procedure

Mieke's Voice - Part 4

Week 39 - Introduction - Our paths coming together
Week 40 - Special Announcement in Center Gea
Week 41 - Meeting Frank Coppieters
Week 42 - Portland Bridges and Dinner
Week 43 - Belgians and Americans meet
Week 44 - From Luxury into the Forest
Week 45 - Hot Springs and Sweat Lodge
Week 46 - Divine Inspired Rendezvous
Week 47 - Dancing around the Galaxy
Week 48 - To Eat or Not to Eat
Week 49 - Mount Hood is calling
Week 50 - Tamanawas Falls
Week 51 - Paul's Dilemma - confiding with Jane
Week 52 - Drumming Circle
Week 53 - Quest for Understanding!
Week 54 - Oneness Experience

Mieke's Voice - Part 5

Week 55 - Introduction - Return to my life in Belgium
Week 56 - September 3rd 1999 - My 28th Birthday
Week 57 - Quitting my job
Week 58 - Mother Meera
Week 59 - Reiki Initiation
Week 60 - Turning Point
Week 61 - Informing my parents
Week 62 - House on fire

Mieke's Voice - Part 6

Week 63 - Introduction - Testing the Waters