



Newsletter – AUGUST 2025

The Beauty in Becoming



Dear Thermal Family,

Lately, I've been feeling the winds of change—and you know what, I'm not resisting them. They've been blowing through our home in the form of little (and not-so-little) projects, some new rhythms in our days, and a few spontaneous summer adventures that Ben and I have fully leaned into. It's been fun. It's been grounding. It reminded me how closely our personal lives and this studio are intertwined.

Just like our home is shifting and changing, so is Thermal Horizons. The energy in the studio right now is vibrant, open, and blooming. I see the new faces and connections deepening, and there's this beautiful sense that we're all opening up together.

You can feel it in the way people linger in the lobby, how they show up more honestly in class, how they breathe a little deeper and speak a little truer.

At our Sound Healing Ceremony this month, I shared something that's been sitting in my heart: light and shadow are partners. You can't shine without acknowledging what's been hiding in the dark. Shadow work (looking at the tender places, the hidden fears, the quiet aches) isn't always easy, but it's where true transformation begins. And the most beautiful thing? We don't have to do it alone.

This community... we're doing it together. We're allowing the light in, yes, but we're also bravely facing our shadows. And that makes the light shine even brighter.

This month, I'm so happy to share the second part of Ben's story. He opens up about the unexpected path that brought him here, and the deeply personal shifts that continue to guide his role at the studio and beyond. His growth mirrors the growth of this space, and I'm endlessly proud of who he is and how he shows up.

We're also delighted to share another thoughtful and heartfelt installment from John Carter, whose storytelling continues to remind us to see the lightness in all we do.

Thank you for continuing to walk this path with us. Change is here, and it's beautiful.

With love,

Jaime



Newsletter – AUGUST 2025

From the Ground Up: A Conversation with Ben Benedetti – Part Two



Interview by Erica Brown

In Part One, we explored how Ben redefined success, found strength in softness, and became the steady, supportive force behind Thermal Horizons. Now, we turn toward the heart of his story, the path that brought him here, and the deeper beliefs that shape how he holds space for himself and others.

ERICA: Let's go back to the beginning. You and Jaime have such a deep connection. How did you two come together?

BEN: It's a wild story. I knew Jaime's mom, Joanne, for years - we worked at the same nonprofit. But in that professional setting, she never really talked about her family. I didn't even know she had a daughter. Fast-forward a decade, Jaime and I reconnect entirely by chance on a Zoom call during COVID. We were both newly divorced, both in a place of re-evaluating everything. That call led to a conversation... which led to another... and suddenly we were building something new—first in love, then in life.

ERICA: And out of that, Thermal Horizons was born?

BEN: Yeah. We didn't set out to build a studio; we set out to build a life. But the universe kept nudging us. We realized that the conversations we were having, the healing we were doing together, were part of something bigger. We just followed the breadcrumbs. Starting a business together was intense—we're both strong-willed—but the foundation was there. The studio became a mirror for our growth.

ERICA: You've mentioned that the early days weren't easy.

BEN: No, they weren't. We were learning to work together, live together, grow together—all while holding space for a community. There were bumps. But we kept showing up. We learned how to step back when needed, how to trust each other's strengths, how to get out of the way when it wasn't our lane.

ERICA: You've called this work a "spiritual practice." What do you mean by that?

BEN: It's about presence. It's about faith. For me, it's believing that we're all where we're supposed to be—even when it's uncomfortable, even when it's hard. Every day, I remind myself: I don't have to see the whole path. I just have to take the next right step. That's spiritual practice for me. That's yoga, too.

ERICA: That reminds me of something you said about the universe being like a loving parent.

BEN: Yes. Just like a good parent gives a child boundaries so they feel safe enough to explore, the universe gives us enough guidance to grow. That's how we try to run the studio. We're not here to tell people how to feel; we're here to make sure they know it's safe to feel. And that includes our staff. I see it as my job to make sure Jaime, Molly, and all our instructors are cared for, protected, and free to give their best to the people who walk through our doors.

ERICA: What's the one thing you hope people experience when they come to Thermal Horizons?

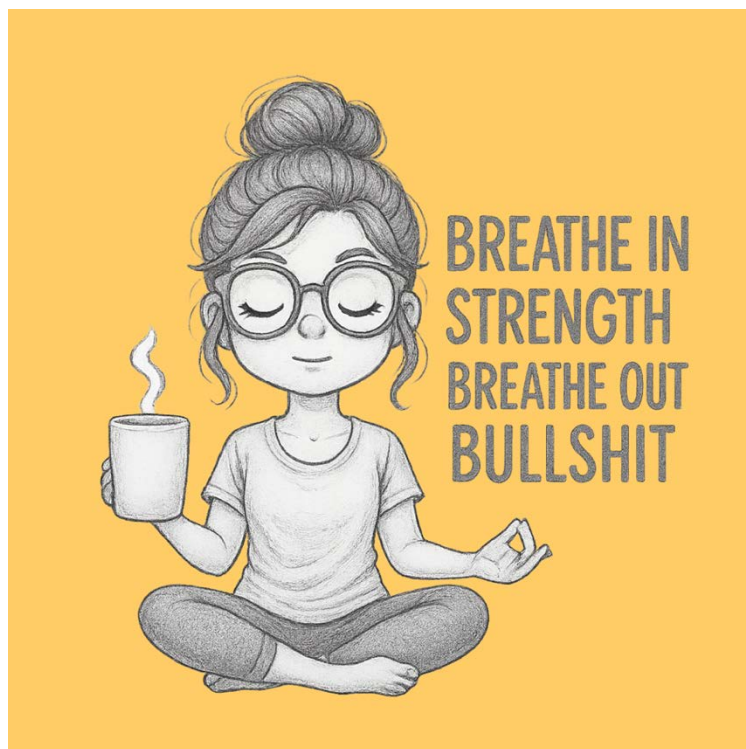
BEN: A sense of coming home—to themselves. I hope they feel accepted exactly as they are, and inspired to become who they're meant to be. And I hope they feel held—not by me or Jaime—but by the space, by the intention, by the community itself. That's what makes this place special.



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Trails and Triumphs of a Newbie Yogi

Episode 2: The Great Mat Mishap



Jill had one goal that day: show up early and look like she knew what she was doing.

She arrived ten minutes before class, rocking brand-new yoga leggings (which she'd spent 20 minutes wriggling into) and a confidence that was 100% unearned. She unrolled her neon pink mat like a red carpet and took a proud seat.

That's when trouble began.

The Mat That Wouldn't Stay Put

Jill's yoga mat, bless its synthetic soul, had developed a personality. A slippery one.

Every time she shifted position, it scooted forward—like it was trying to sneak out of class. She adjusted. It inched again. Jill looked around. Nobody else's mat was plotting an escape. Just hers.

Trying not to draw attention, she pressed her palms down to anchor it. Unfortunately, her palms were as sweaty as a nervous teenager at prom.

Slide. Skid. WHOMP.

She collapsed mid-cat-cow into a tragic variation called Falling Tree Meets Confused Beetle. The instructor—Sky? Sunbeam? Stardust?—paused her demo. A few sympathetic "oohs" were heard. One guy clapped. Jill gave a thumbs up from the floor.

The Unplanned Collision

Things only escalated during Warrior III—a balancing pose that Jill suspected was designed by medieval torturers.

As she reached forward with her arms and lifted one leg behind her, her rebellious mat gave up entirely and whooshed backward like a dollar-store magic carpet.

Jill went flying. Not gracefully. More like a majestic shopping cart tipping over.

She landed half on her mat, half on her neighbor, a tiny retired woman named Marge who—despite being 78—was doing a handstand like a circus performer.

Jill apologized. Marge giggled. Then helped her back up using one arm.

Lessons from the Yoga Trenches

After class, Jill tried to casually roll up her mat, but it refused to cooperate—now curling up like it was mad at her. She stuffed it in her bag like a villain hiding evidence.

Still, something unexpected happened.

A few people smiled at her. One even said, "You made my day. I've been that person too."

Even Marge offered her a tip: "Honey, next time, wipe the mat. And maybe skip the body lotion."

Fair.

Takeaway

In yoga, as in life, sometimes you slip. Sometimes you fall. But sometimes, you land in the best company.

What About You?

Has your yoga mat ever tried to launch you into space? Got your own "graceful disaster" to share? Drop it in the comments—we're here for the bloopers.