

A Different Kind of Reset



One of my favorite moments each month is sitting down to read the stories of our community members. This month, you'll meet Grace.

Like so many people who walk through our doors for the first time, Grace came to Thermal Horizons with a very clear goal. She wanted to get stronger. She wanted to care for her joints. She wanted to stay healthy enough to enjoy retirement and be present for her family.

She thought she was coming here to improve her physical health.

What she found instead was something much deeper.

As I read her story, I was reminded of something we witness almost every day inside these walls: healing rarely arrives the way we expect it to.

Sometimes we spend weeks simply trying to follow our breath.

Sometimes we show up because we promised ourselves we would.

Sometimes we leave wondering if anything happened at all.

Then one day...

You suddenly balance in a pose you couldn't imagine doing a few months earlier.

Your mind becomes still during Savasana.

You notice yourself responding to life instead of reacting.

Your body hasn't just changed.

Your nervous system has.

Recently, we've had several community members ask if we could increase the temperature of our FAR Infrared Saunas. And we did!



It's a great request, but one that opened the door to an even bigger conversation.

Somewhere along the way, many of us started believing that wellness has to be hard.

That hotter must be better.

That colder must be stronger.

That if we're uncomfortable enough, we're making progress.

But that's not always how healing works.

Unlike traditional saunas, FAR infrared heat gently warms your body directly rather than simply heating the air around you. Because that warmth reaches beneath the surface, therapeutic benefits—including improved circulation, muscle recovery, relaxation, and stress reduction—can occur at temperatures between about 110 and 135 degrees. More heat isn't necessarily more healing.

The same philosophy applies to our cold plunge.



Many people are surprised when I tell them that not everyone needs ice-cold water.

Men and women often regulate stress differently. While every nervous system is unique, many women find that gentler contrast temperatures can feel more supportive and restorative than extreme cold. Sometimes a cold plunge around 55 degrees is enough to create a meaningful reset without pushing the body into overwhelm.



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Wellness isn't about proving how much discomfort you can tolerate.

It's about discovering what your body actually needs.

That realization has inspired something Molly and I are incredibly excited to begin exploring.

Over the coming months, we'll be creating wellness experiences that intentionally combine our FAR Infrared Saunas, cold plunge, aromatherapy, light therapy, and other restorative practices into guided nervous system reset journeys for individuals or groups of up to three.



Because sometimes all it takes to interrupt a stressful pattern is one different experience.

One new breath.

One quiet moment.

One intentional choice that begins creating a new neural pathway.

The beautiful thing about the brain is that it learns through repetition.

Sometimes it takes doing something new once.

Sometimes it takes one hundred times.

The important part is simply showing up.

As you read Grace's story this month, I hope you'll remember that healing doesn't always announce itself with fireworks.

Often it arrives quietly.

In the warmth of a sauna that doesn't need to be hotter.

In a cold plunge that doesn't need to be colder.

In a yoga class where your only accomplishment is returning to your breath.

Or in a conversation with someone sitting beside you before class.

Stay open to those moments.

Stay curious.

Stay connected to this incredible community.

Because sometimes the smallest resets become the ones that change us the most.

With gratitude,

Jaime

Grace's Journey:



The Healing We Don't Know We're Looking For

How one woman's search for strength became a lesson in healing, legacy, and learning to care for herself.

[A New Chapter Begins](#)

When Grace retired at 55, she thought she had a plan.

After spending 36 years building a career, raising children, and caring for everyone around her, she was finally entering a chapter that belonged to her. She wanted to become stronger—physically and mentally. She wanted to protect her joints, improve her balance, and stay healthy enough to enjoy the years ahead.

Yoga, she believed, would simply be one tool to help her accomplish those goals.

She had no idea it would become something much deeper.

"I started coming here for my joints," Grace says with a smile.

"I thought it was about physical wellness. But what I found was that it became about my mental wellness first."

Sometimes we begin healing before we even realize we're wounded.



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The Promise She Didn't Know She Was Making

Looking back now, Grace sees that her decision to walk through the doors of Thermal Horizons wasn't only inspired by aching knees or recommendations from a physical therapist. It was also quietly shaped by grief, love, and a promise she had made to herself years before.

Her mother passed away from pancreatic cancer at just 75 years old.

"To me," Grace says softly, "that was young."

Her mother had spent much of her life caring for others—her husband, her family, everyone around her—while neglecting herself.

"It's the typical mother story," Grace reflects. "We nurture everyone else, but we forget to nurture ourselves."

After losing her mom, Grace found herself carrying an unexpected emotion.

"I think I was a little angry," she admits. "I wished she had taken better care of herself."

The feeling wasn't rooted in blame. It came from love.

Grace imagined all the years they might have shared after retirement; the conversations, the lunches, the simple joy of finally having the time to simply be together.

Instead, that future disappeared.

Without even realizing it, Grace made a quiet promise.

She would not allow the same story to become her own.

"I didn't want my mother's passing to be in vain," she says. "I wanted to learn from it. I want to be here for my children. I don't want to just exist—I want to really live."

That promise became the foundation of everything that followed.

Finding the Place She Was Meant to Be

Finding Thermal Horizons felt strangely... meaningful.

Grace had tried other yoga studios. Some were too far away. Others didn't quite fit. During the pandemic, she even drove long distances for outdoor yoga classes, knowing the commute wasn't sustainable.

Then she discovered Thermal Horizons.

Like so many community members describe, it wasn't only the yoga that drew her in.

It was the people.

"The first people you meet are Ben and Jaime," Grace says. "They're just so welcoming."

During one of their first conversations, Jaime shared that she had created Thermal Horizons in honor of her own mother.

Grace immediately felt something stir inside her.

Hearing Jaime's story created an unexpected connection between the two women.

Looking back, Grace doesn't claim to know exactly why she found Thermal Horizons when she did. But she can't help but feel there was something meaningful about the timing.

"I think there's a calling," she says. "Almost like the stars aligned."

Whether it was coincidence, intuition, or simply the way grief helps us recognize the places we're meant to heal, Grace found comfort in believing the timing wasn't accidental.

That feeling gave her every reason to keep coming back.

Learning to Be Still

What surprised Grace most wasn't learning challenging poses or improving her flexibility.

It was learning to slow down.

By her own description, she's always been a Type A personality.

The first time she tried yoga years ago, her mind raced through grocery lists, work responsibilities, and family obligations before class had even begun.

"I kept thinking about everything I had to do," she remembers. "I couldn't relax."

It wasn't until she became part of the Thermal Horizons community that something gradually began to change.

"It took me almost a year," she says.

A year of returning to her mat.

A year of breathing.

A year of giving herself permission to simply be.

Then one day, during Savasana, something remarkable happened.

"I was completely relaxed," she recalls. "I could hear the instructor talking in the background, but it almost felt like an out-of-body experience. My mind was finally quiet."

For someone who spent decades carrying responsibilities for everyone else, that stillness became a gift.

"Most people go to therapy," Grace says with a smile. "For me, this is my therapy."





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Stronger Than She Imagined

Today, Grace measures progress differently.

Of course, she's stronger.

She can now hold poses that once felt impossible. Chaturanga no longer intimidates her. Crow pose no longer feels completely out of reach. She even has a goal to do a handstand one day.

But the greatest transformation isn't physical.

Now, when life becomes stressful, she notices something new.

She slows down.

She breathes before reacting.

She listens more.

She responds instead of rushing.

"I used to not be able to do that."

That quiet pause may be the most powerful pose she's ever learned.

A Gift Worth Sharing

Perhaps that's why Grace has become one of Thermal Horizons' biggest ambassadors.

She encourages friends, family—even strangers—to give yoga a chance.

She especially wishes younger generations would discover it sooner.

"I wish kids learned this," she says. "We teach ballet, soccer, gymnastics—but yoga teaches you how to calm your mind. That's something you can carry your whole life."

Her daughter is still warming up to the idea.

Her son insists he doesn't need it.

Grace smiles anyway. Her husband supports her journey and may join her soon.

She'll keep planting seeds.

Because she knows healing can't be forced.

Sometimes it simply arrives when we're ready.



More Than a Yoga Journey

If Grace's story teaches us anything, it's that we don't always understand why we're drawn toward certain places or people.

Sometimes we think we're searching for stronger muscles.

Sometimes we're searching for healthier joints.

Sometimes we simply want a new hobby after retirement.

But beneath those intentions, something deeper may already be at work.

Perhaps we're answering a quiet invitation to heal something that has been waiting for us for years.

Grace thought she was coming to yoga to care for her body.

Only later did she realize she was also healing a promise she had quietly made after losing her mother.

Today, when her children watch her roll out her mat, choose movement over excuses, slow her breathing, and make time to care for herself, they are witnessing something different from the story she grew up with. They are seeing a woman who understands that caring for herself isn't selfish—it is one of the greatest acts of love she can offer the people she loves.

Maybe that is how family stories change.

Not through grand gestures.

But through small, intentional choices repeated day after day.

One breath.

One practice.

One moment of stillness at a time.

Grace often reflects on the conversation she had with Jaime during her first visit to Thermal Horizons. Hearing that the studio had been created in honor of Jaime's mother stirred something inside her. She doesn't pretend to know exactly why that moment affected her so deeply, but she carries with her the quiet feeling that the timing was meaningful—that somehow, in her own way of making sense of life's mysteries, her mother's love helped lead her to the place where she was finally ready to begin caring for herself.

Grace didn't simply find a yoga studio.

She found a community that helped her become the kind of mother—and the kind of woman—she hopes her own children will remember.

A woman who chose health.

Who chose presence.

Who chose herself, so she could continue choosing the people she loves.

Perhaps that's the quiet miracle of healing.

Sometimes we think we're finding the practice.

Only later do we realize the practice was finding us.

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Trails and Triumphs of a Newbie Yogi



Episode 12: The Last Pose — A Celebration of Wobbles, Wins, and Warrior Hearts

Twelve weeks. Dozens of classes. One slightly traumatized yoga mat.

Jill stood in the mirror of the yoga studio's changing room, tugging her headband into place, marveling that it hadn't all fallen apart weeks ago.

She'd come to yoga looking for flexibility. What she found was far better: **perspective.**

The Final Class Begins

Skybeam, in her usual ethereal calm, welcomed everyone to "Closing Circle," a tradition to celebrate the end of a seasonal session.

"We'll reflect on our journeys," she said, arranging cushions like a zen fairy building a cozy campsite. "No pressure. Just presence."

Rachel grinned at Jill. "Let's try not to fall over during the sitting part."

Jill snorted. "No promises."

They began with gentle stretches. Jill flowed easily now — not gracefully, mind you, but with confidence. Her body remembered the shapes. Her mind didn't fight them as much.

Her tree pose wasn't majestic, but it stood. Her downward dog wasn't textbook, but it didn't collapse.

And that **was enough.**

Reflections from the Floor

Everyone sat in a circle, mats curled beneath them like trusted companions. Skybeam passed around a smooth stone.

"Hold it. Say one thing you've gained."

The stone made its way around.

"Patience."

"Peace."

"A new best friend."

"Hamstring awareness I didn't ask for."

Laughter.

When the stone reached Jill, she held it tight and surprised herself by getting a little teary.

"I came here thinking I'd get fit," she said. "Instead, I got stretched—in every direction. Physically, yes. But also emotionally. I learned I can laugh at myself and still show up the next day."

She paused. "Also, I now own more yoga pants than regular pants. So... there's that."

Laughter again. The good kind. The warm, welcome-you-in kind.

A Moment of Stillness (That Actually Worked)

Savasana, the final pose, felt different this time. Not an escape or a collapse, but a **celebration.**

Jill lay there, heart full, limbs floppy, and felt... proud.

Not because she nailed a headstand. (She did not.) Not because she reached enlightenment. (She's still Googling it.)

But because she stayed. Through every wobble. Through every duck, rip, slip, and squirrel.

She kept showing up. And somehow, along the way, became **a yogi.**

After Class

They lingered after, sipping spiced tea, hugging, sharing numbers. Even The Winker turned out to be charmingly harmless and brought gluten-free cookies.

Rachel raised her cup. "To the bendy, the broken, the breathers, and the brave."

"To us," Jill said.

Takeaway

Yoga isn't about perfection. It's about presence. About finding your breath in the mess, your calm in the chaos, and your courage in the fall.

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💬 Thank You for Sharing the Journey

If you've laughed, wobbled, cried, or fallen out of a pose this week — congratulations. You're one of us now.

Namaste, dear reader.

And may your yoga mat never slide out from under you again.