



Newsletter – March 2026

The Ripple Effect of a Wellness Home



The night we were recognized by the Santa Clarita Valley Chamber of Commerce, I expected to feel grateful.

I didn't expect to feel undone—in the best way.

The new board installation ceremony was held at CalArts, and the moment we walked onto that campus, it felt like the town itself was holding up a mirror. Not to our business, exactly, but to the long arc of what happens when you build something with your whole heart in the place that built you.



For Ben, CalArts is personal in a way that's almost impossible to summarize neatly. His father was one of the first professional professors hired before the Valencia campus was even completed, back when the school began in Riverside while construction finished here. Ben grew up in that world. He remembers being five years old, meeting neighborhood kids in the heart of Valencia and announcing it like a badge: "I'm five." He visited his dad at work. He watched films at the theatre. He eventually earned his own Fine Arts degree there.

So when we stood at CalArts and accepted the Chamber's Entrepreneurial Spirit award, it wasn't just meaningful.

It was full-circle. It was history tapping the present on the shoulder and saying, Yes. This matters.

And yet, even in that moment—being recognized in a room full of community leaders and longtime civic champions—I kept thinking about something much quieter:

How many people have come through our doors this year feeling exhausted, disconnected, overwhelmed, grieving, anxious, numb... and left feeling just a little more like themselves.

That's the truth beneath the headline. That's the part that makes an award feel like more than an award.

Because impact in a community is never created by one person.

It is built together.



When the Chamber honored Thermal Horizons, they weren't really honoring Ben and me as individuals. They were honoring a village—our family, our team, our teachers, our members, our partners, and this Santa Clarita community that continues to show up with so much heart and support.

Ben and I are the ones who speak into the microphone, but we're not the reason this place works.

We're simply the stewards of what you have helped build.

When we first imagined creating a wellness space here in Santa Clarita, we didn't envision a business.

We envisioned a home.

A place where people could arrive exactly as they are.

A place where strength and stillness could live side by side.

A place where healing didn't look one way, because people don't either.

And somewhere along the way, we realized something that has become a kind of compass for us:



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Creating impact doesn't start with a title, a building, or a bottom line.



It starts with listening.

It starts with caring.

It starts with asking, What does our community need right now?

In a world that moves fast and asks us to constantly do more, impact can look deceptively simple:

- creating space to pause,
- supporting nervous system health,
- encouraging connection,
- and reminding people that they matter, not for what they produce, but for who they are.

That's what we try to protect here, every day.

And it's also why being part of the Chamber has mattered more than I ever expected. Small business ownership can be isolating—there's no manual, no guaranteed safety net, and the responsibility can feel endless. The Chamber has offered something that goes beyond exposure or networking. It's offered belonging in the local business community, and it's created real pathways for connection.

Ben describes it as a natural extension of his desire to be of service in the town he grew up in. The Chamber gives local businesses a voice. It creates opportunities every month for relationships to form; relationships that often turn into support, referrals, collaboration, and mutual care. For us, those connections have been meaningful and practical in equal measure: a significant portion of our clientele has come through those relationships and those events. We're grateful for that.

But if I'm being honest, what moved me most that night wasn't the visibility.

It was the recognition of why we do this.

The Entrepreneurial Spirit award felt fitting not because we're chasing growth for growth's sake, but because we

built something that doesn't fit neatly in a standard category. Thermal Horizons is a wellness community made up of many offerings—there are individual practitioners and businesses within our center, and we're proud to support them under one roof. It's a space where people can come in for movement, stillness, care, recovery, regulation, reconnection—whatever their season requires.

And that's why I'm careful with the word "success."

Of course, we have bills to pay. Of course, sustainability matters.

But success, to us, is not just financial health.

Success is whether this community feels alive.

Success is whether people feel safe here.

Success is whether someone who walked in feeling alone can walk out remembering they belong.



Small businesses play a unique role in the communities they serve. We don't just offer services—we build relationships. We watch families grow. We celebrate milestones. We hold space through life's harder seasons. And we are incredibly fortunate to give back to the very place that gives so much to us.

Santa Clarita has shaped us in ways we could never fully put into words.

To be recognized here—by this community—means everything.

So we accept this honor not as a finish line, but as encouragement to keep going.

To keep leading with heart.

To keep creating spaces that feel safe, inclusive, and empowering.

And to keep believing that when we invest in people, the ripple effect is real.

Because real impact isn't measured by what we build. It's measured by the people we touch.



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By who feels seen.

By who feels supported.

By who remembers, maybe for the first time, that they belong.

When we choose people over pace, connection over convenience, and heart over fear, we don't just grow businesses.

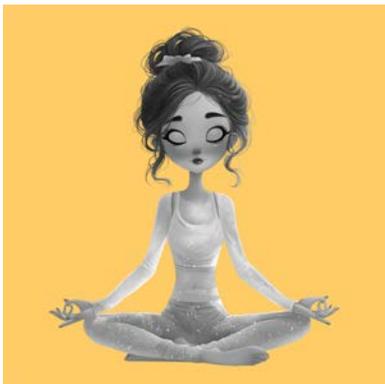
We grow stronger, healthier communities.

And that is the work we're proud to do.

With love and deep gratitude,

Jaime

Trails and Triumphs of a Newbie Yogi



Episode 9: Jill vs. the Yoga Props (A Tale of Blocks, Bolsters, and Betrayal)

They said props would help. They lied.

It started innocently enough. Jill walked into class and saw a tower of yoga blocks, bolsters, straps, and mysterious foam contraptions stacked near the door.

"Today is all about support," Skybeam said, adjusting her chakra-patterned headband. "Props are your friends."

Jill had never trusted objects that required assembly and came with no instruction manual. She eyed the blocks like they might bite.

Rachel was already hugging a bolster like it owed her money.

"You'll love them," she said. "They make everything easier."

Jill nodded, grabbed a block, and immediately dropped it on her foot.

Promising start.

Block Party Panic

Things went downhill during Supported Bridge Pose.

"Place the block under your sacrum," Skybeam said, with the casual confidence of someone who clearly knew where her sacrum was.

Jill didn't.

She squinted at a diagram on the wall. She poked around her lower back like she was trying to find a USB port.

Eventually, she shoved the block somewhere under her tailbone and lifted. Success!

Nope.

The block slipped sideways and **catapulted her into an alarming hip seesaw**. She let out a surprised "HURF," which startled the woman next to her into flopping like a fish.

Jill tried to play it cool by transitioning into a weird side-lunge-sphinx hybrid. The instructor raised an eyebrow. Jill pretended not to notice.

Strapped for Success (Almost)

Next: hamstring stretches with straps.

"Loop the strap around your foot and gently pull," Skybeam said.

Jill did so. Sort of.

Except she yanked too hard and her leg launched upward like a spring-loaded mannequin. She bonked herself in the forehead with her own knee.

The guy next to her whispered, "10/10 flexibility, accidental style."

Jill gave him a grateful grimace and slowly lowered her leg, unsure whether to laugh or ice her face.

Bolster Betrayal

Finally, it was time for Restorative Reclining Pose.

"Lie back on your bolster and melt into the floor," Skybeam cooed.

Jill arranged the bolster behind her, laid back, and promptly **rolled off the side like an exhausted croissant**.

It wasn't even graceful.

It was a full-body flop onto the hardwood. Her bolster rocketed away like a torpedo of shame.

Rachel, bless her, tossed it back like a volleyball and whispered, "You're doing great."

Jill gave her a thumbs up from the floor, then decided it was best to just stay down until the class ended.

Takeaway

Yoga props are here to support you. Just... maybe don't fight them. Or drop them. Or get into a judo match with one mid-bridge.

Let's Talk Yoga Gear Disasters

Ever used a block as a catapult? Fallen off a bolster? Wrapped yourself in a strap like a burrito?

Tell us. We won't judge. We'll just laugh (with you, promise).