



**Newsletter – JUNE 2025**

## Holding Space, Sharing Stories



Dear Thermal Family,  
**Three years.**

That number has been sitting with me in the most beautiful way lately. At our anniversary open house, I looked around and felt overwhelmed, not by the work it took to get here, but by the love that filled every corner of the studio. Thank you to everyone who came, who hugged, who laughed, who stayed just a little longer. And thank you to those who helped us plan and set up—it was one of the most joyful events we've ever had. You made it magical.



After the celebration, Ben and I had one of those long, heart-expanding talks under the stars. We found ourselves reflecting not only on the studio's evolution but

on how much we've grown, individually and together, because of this community. Holding space for others has stretched us in ways we couldn't have imagined when we first opened our doors.



That's the power of this place. It doesn't just support healing, it inspires it. You've helped us become softer, stronger, more grounded, and more open. You've shown us that growth doesn't always look like forward motion; sometimes it looks like surrender, stillness, or trying again.

In that spirit of openness, I'm so excited to share something special with you. This month, we'll begin a two-part series that gives you a window into Ben's story—his heart, his reflections, and the quiet strength he brings to Thermal Horizons. It's a look into what it means to hold steady for others while still finding ways to evolve and deepen within yourself.

I am also honored and thrilled to share a multi-part series from our dear friend and community member, John Carter. His written art and dedication touch our hearts, and we are fortunate to have him and relate to his stories.

Thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for showing up and growing with us. Here's to everything we've built together, and all that's still unfolding.

With love,

Jaime



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



### Interview by Erica Brown

If you've spent any time at Thermal Horizons, you've likely seen Ben quietly fixing lights, hugging someone just when they needed it most, or ducking out of the spotlight as Jaime leads a heartfelt soundbath. But what you might not know is how much growth, faith, and transformation has shaped the man behind the curtain.

In honor of our third anniversary, I sat down with Ben to discuss how this community, and the love that has built it, has shaped him in return.

ERICA: Ben, three years ago, you helped open Thermal Horizons. Looking back, how do you think you've changed since then?

BEN: I think... I've become more comfortable being myself. At the time, I was transitioning out of high-pressure roles in entertainment post-production. There's a demand in that world to constantly "move up," even if you don't know where that's leading for you. I measured success by my paycheck and my title. Now? I measure it by how safe people feel in the space we've created.

ERICA: That's such a shift—from chasing a status quo to anchoring a space.

BEN: It took me a while to realize that I wasn't chasing "success" so much as trying to quiet my own insecurity. At Thermal Horizons, I don't need to perform. I just need to show up fully and do the next right thing. The community has helped me redefine what it means to be strong—because sometimes strength looks like softness, stillness, even sadness.

ERICA: What is your role here, beyond co-owner, co-founder... what's the title you'd give yourself?

BEN: [laughs] Maybe "silent pillar?" I'm the guy making sure the lights work and the walls stay up, literally and figuratively. My job is to make sure Jaime, Molly, and our instructors feel safe so they can do their work from the heart. I provide the container—so they can pour themselves in.

ERICA: And yet, you're not removed. Everyone who knows you feels your empathy.

BEN: I'm deeply connected to the people here, but I also respect boundaries. Our members are here to grow, not to be rescued. I'm not here to fix anyone—I'm here to support them while they find their own strength. That's the magic. That's what we all need, right? Safety, and space.

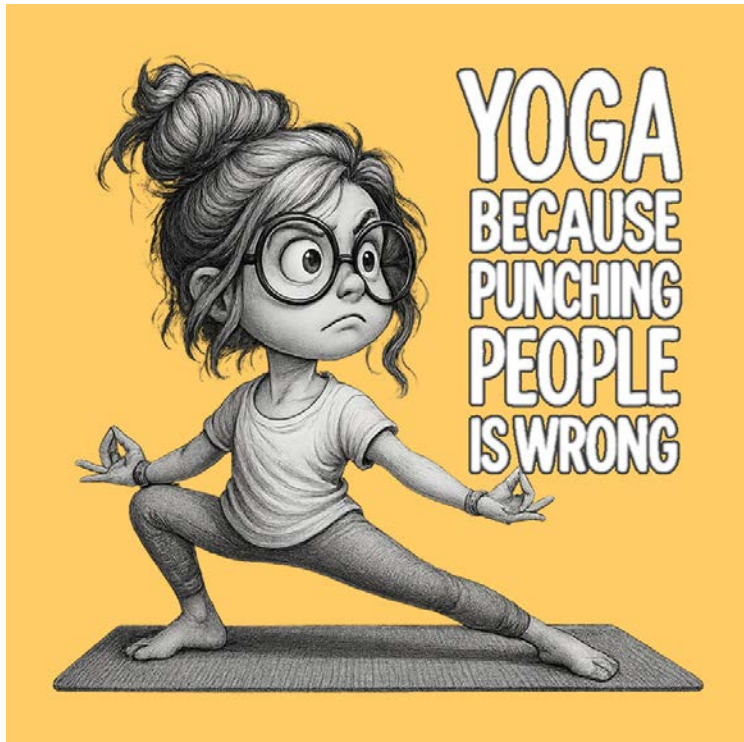
ERICA: I love that. You said something in our talk that stuck with me—about trusting the river, not paddling upstream. Can you share more about that?

BEN: Yeah. I used to think I had to fight my way to fulfillment. Now I see it differently. Life is a river; it flows where it flows. When I stop trying to control the current, I actually find more peace, more presence. That's the lesson I try to live out at Thermal Horizons. Faith over fear. Trust over control.

Coming next month in Part Two: Ben opens up about the unexpected path to meeting Jaime, how COVID transformed their lives and brought them together, and why creating Thermal Horizons felt like divine timing. We'll also dive deeper into what it means to live a life rooted in love, kindness, and infinite opportunity.

## **Trails and Triumphs of a Newbie Yogi**

### **Episode 1: The Challenge of the First Class**



It all started with a Groupon.

Jill had never been what you'd call graceful. Her most consistent stretch was reaching for snacks on the top shelf. But when her best friend Karen texted, "Found a yoga deal. Let's become bendy goddesses," Jill, caught between curiosity and competitive spirit, clicked "Buy."

Armed with a neon pink mat she'd panic-purchased on the way over, Jill marched into the studio expecting tranquility. What she got instead was lavender-scented chaos.

#### **The Studio of Surprises**

The room was dimly lit. Soft music floated in the air—pan flutes or possibly whales singing in Morse code. Everyone was already seated cross-legged, looking serene and suspiciously flexible.

Jill sat down and immediately crrreeaaakkk—her mat made a sound like a balloon slowly giving up on life. The woman next to her raised an eyebrow. Jill smiled back, silently vowing to never sit again.

The instructor—whose name was either Sky or Starlight (hard to tell over the sound of her own panic)—floated in

like a woodland sprite and said, "Let's begin by grounding ourselves. Breathe in... and let go of all expectations."

Too late, Jill thought. She'd already expected abs, inner peace, and a mild thigh burn. Not full emotional unraveling while trying not to fart in public.

#### **The Pose Parade**

It began innocently enough: Child's Pose. Jill liked that one. It involved laying face down and pretending to nap. But then came Downward Dog.

Now, Jill had a dog. He laid down much better than she did. Her attempt looked less like a strong inverted "V" and more like a confused triangle made by a toddler with a crayon.

Then came Warrior II. Jill's inner warrior was clearly on her lunch break.

#### **The worst was Happy Baby Pose.**

Imagine trying to hold your feet while lying on your back like an overturned beetle—only you're in a room full of strangers and desperately trying not to make eye contact with anyone else doing the same thing. Jill made the mistake of glancing to her left and locked eyes with a man who smiled way too confidently while holding his ankles.

She blinked slowly. He winked.

#### **Trauma.**

#### **Moments of "Zen" (Sort Of)**

As the class neared the end, the instructor gently guided everyone into Savasana, the final resting pose. Jill, drenched in sweat and ego-bruises, flopped onto her mat.

And then—a miracle.

For thirty whole seconds, she felt... peaceful. Calm. Present.

Then her stomach growled like an angry walrus, and someone's phone buzzed with a "Baby Shark" ringtone.

Zen broken.

#### **Takeaway**

Yoga may be about the journey, but sometimes the journey is tangled in spandex and self-consciousness.

#### **... Your Turn!**

Have a funny yoga story? Ever fallen out of a pose and into enlightenment—or onto your neighbor's mat? Share it in the comments or tag us with your tales of accidental yoga glory.