



Newsletter – May 2026

Under the Flower Moon Together



There's a special kind of energy at Thermal Horizons right now, and if you've been in lately, you've probably felt it. As May unfolds under the glow of the Full Flower Moon on the 1st, it feels like everything around us is gently opening—inviting growth, renewal, and a little bit of magic into our daily rhythms.

Our Dry Bar has taken on a life of its own this season. Between blowouts, touch-ups, and a little well-deserved pampering, it's become a space where conversations naturally unfold. Laughter drifts across the room, connections spark in between appointments, and there's this effortless blending of self-care and community that feels so uniquely us.

With spring doing its usual dance, warm one day, cool the next, I've been seeing so many of you lean into the rhythm of contrast therapy. Moving between the sauna and cold plunge has become almost intuitive this time of year. You're listening to your bodies, experimenting, and finding what feels right—and that's where the magic really happens.

And then there are the moments that stop me in my tracks; the giggles and tiny "oms" floating out of our Yogi Beans children's classes. There is nothing sweeter. It's pure joy, and such a beautiful reminder that this practice meets us exactly where we are, no matter our age.

That's what I treasure most about this space. Every person who walks through our doors is on their own path; some just beginning, some returning, some rebuilding.

And I get the privilege of witnessing what happens when people feel safe enough to show up just as they are... and slowly grow into fuller versions of themselves.

This month's community story, featuring Tracey McNeal, is a perfect reflection of that journey. Her experience is one of rediscovery, connection, and strength, and such a reminder that it's never too late to begin again.

I hope you see a little bit of yourself in her story.

With so much love and gratitude,

Jaime

Finding Strength, Friendship, and a Second Home: Tracey McNeal's Journey at Thermal Horizons



At a certain point in life, many people begin to ask quiet but important questions: What's next for me? How do I feel in my body? What do I want this next chapter to look like? For Tracey McNeal, those questions didn't arrive with urgency—but they did arrive with clarity.

Tracey had never been a "yoga person." In fact, like many, her relationship with movement had faded over time. Life filled in the gaps—marriage, children, work, routines. Exercise became something she used to do, back in the days of aerobics and jazzercise. And for years, that was simply how things were.



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But as she and her husband found themselves in their early 60s, something shifted. A trip to Mammoth—one they had taken many times before—felt different. Hiking was harder. Energy wasn't the same. It wasn't a crisis moment, just a realization: We're not quite where we want to be physically.

That realization sparked something small but powerful. When they returned home, Tracey made a decision, one that would quietly reshape her daily life.

"I thought yoga might be a gentle way to get back into exercise," she shared.

A simple Facebook search led her to Thermal Horizons. The recommendation came up again and again. Within days, she and her husband walked through the doors.

What they found wasn't just a studio.

It was the beginning of something much bigger.



Starting Where You Are

Like many first-timers, Tracey didn't jump into advanced classes or push herself beyond her limits. She started gently. Really gently.

And it was still hard.

Even beginner flows challenged her in ways she didn't expect, but instead of discouragement, it created awareness. A starting point. A place to grow from.

That's one of the quiet strengths of Thermal Horizons: there's no pressure to be anything other than where you are right now.

Tracey embraced that.

"You don't have to do everything all at once," she says. "Wherever you're at is where you're at."

That mindset, permission to begin without perfection, became the foundation of her transformation.



More Than Movement

What Tracey didn't anticipate was how deeply this experience would go beyond physical health.

When the Pilates studio opened that January, she decided to try it. She was looking to build strength, especially important as she navigates osteoporosis, but what she discovered was something even more meaningful.

Community.

Because Pilates classes often bring together the same group at the same times, something special began to form. Familiar faces. Shared effort. Laughter before and after class. Conversations that lingered.

"We just clicked," Tracey said. "It was like this instant friendship and camaraderie."

What started as a class became a circle. What started as exercise became connection.

And suddenly, showing up wasn't just about working out, it was about seeing your people.



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A Place That Feeds More Than the Body

Tracey describes walking into Thermal Horizons as something that feels immediate and sensory—the warmth, the familiar faces, even the simple ritual of tea.

“It’s like walking into your second home,” she said.

That feeling matters.

Because for many adults, especially those navigating new life phases like semi-retirement, empty nesting, or long-standing routines, community doesn’t always come easily. It has to be built. Found. Chosen.

Thermal Horizons becomes that space.

Not just where you strengthen your body, but where you reconnect with people, with purpose, and often, with yourself.

Tracey didn’t just gain flexibility and strength, she gained friendships, familiarity, and a place she genuinely looks forward to being.



Strength in Every Season

Tracey’s journey hasn’t been perfectly linear. Like any real transformation, it includes pauses and setbacks.

At one point, sciatica forced her to step away for several months. When she returned, she wasn’t where she had been physically, and that was frustrating.

But something had changed.

Instead of quitting, she recalibrated. She listened to her body. She started again.

And this time, she carried with her the understanding that progress isn’t about speed, it’s about consistency and self-compassion.

“You did it before—you can do it again,” she reminded herself.

That resilience is at the heart of her story.

A Shared Journey

One of the most meaningful parts of Tracey’s experience is that she didn’t do it alone.

What began as a personal decision turned into something she and her husband share. Yoga classes, sound healing, evenings at the studio followed by dinner—it became their thing.

In a stage of life where routines can feel separate, Thermal Horizons created a space for reconnection.

It’s not just about individual growth. It’s about shared experiences, new traditions, and evolving together.



An Invitation to Begin

If Tracey could say one thing to someone standing on the edge—curious, but unsure—it would be simple:

Start where you are.

Take the lighter spring. Take a break. Modify the movement. Show up as yourself.

Because no one walks into Thermal Horizons already strong, flexible, or confident.

They become that over time.

Tracey’s story is proof that it’s never too late to begin again, to build strength, to form new friendships, and to rediscover what it feels like to grow.

And sometimes, all it takes is one decision after a trip to the mountains... to walk through the door and see what’s waiting on the other side.

Trails and Triumphs of a Newbie Yogi



Episode 11: Jill Attempts Meditation (And Her Brain Has Other Ideas)

Jill had faced slipping mats, rogue ducks, and disloyal yoga pants. But nothing had prepared her for... silence.

“Today,” said Skybeam, her voice floating like herbal mist, “we’re diving into meditation. Thirty minutes of stillness, breath, and presence.”

Thirty.

Minutes.

Of **nothing?**

Jill’s brain immediately screamed: “*We’re going to die.*”

The Setup: Cushions, Candles, and Catastrophe

The room was dim, the air smelled like lavender and possibly baked yams, and everyone was seated on round cushions shaped like tranquil cinnamon rolls.

Jill settled in, closed her eyes, and waited for peace to arrive.

It did not.

Instead, her brain decided to hold a **mental garage sale.**

- “Did I leave the oven on?”
- “What was that weird thing I said in 2009?”
- “Do squirrels know they’re being watched?”
- “Is my left foot asleep or dying?”

She cracked one eye open. Everyone else looked serene. One woman was levitating (okay, maybe just really good posture).

Jill shifted. Her cushion made a sound like a duck sneezing. A few eyes opened. She froze. The cushion, traitorous as always, sighed again.

Monkey Mind Madness

Skybeam guided the group:

“Observe your thoughts... and let them go.”

Jill tried. But her thoughts weren’t just drifting by like clouds. They were doing **karate.**

One minute she was breathing deeply, the next she was making a mental grocery list, rewatching old arguments in her head, and composing a jingle about socks.

Focus.

Focus.

“Return to the breath,” Skybeam whispered.

Jill did—then immediately coughed. A dry, echoing *HAAACK* that startled a man three cushions over into hiccuping. The room shook with quiet ripples of suppressed laughter.

Meditation: shattered.

Stillness, Interrupted

Just when Jill thought it couldn’t get worse, **her stomach betrayed her.** Loudly.

Not a growl. A full orca-song of protest.

BWAAAAAMP.

A woman across the room opened one eye, smiled in solidarity, and patted her own belly.

Jill nodded. They were now bonded in digestive shame.

Eventually... a Moment

Somewhere around minute twenty-six, just as she was about to give up and mentally rearrange her sock drawer again...

something shifted.

Jill’s thoughts slowed. Her breath deepened.

And suddenly — there it was.

A moment of actual stillness.

Not perfection. Not enlightenment. But **one honest second of peace.**

It was enough.

Takeaway

Meditation isn’t about emptying your mind. It’s about sitting through the noise until the volume drops. Or at least becomes background jazz.

🗨️ Meditation Mishaps Welcome

Ever tried meditating and ended up daydreaming, snoring, or questioning duck consciousness?

Share your chaotic stillness moments below. We see you, mind-wanderers.