

EMBODIED LIVING MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

JUNE 2025 – ISSUE 1



GODDESS OF THE MONTH

The Sphinx - Guardian of Inner Truth

This month, we meet the Sphinx—not just a myth, but a mirror. Half woman, half lioness, all power—she doesn't move for just anyone.

She asks the questions etched in your bones:

"Are you ready to meet yourself?"

June calls for stillness, not hustle. For fierce boundaries. For sacred silence. The Sphinx doesn't explain, she embodies. She waits. She knows.

She is the part of you that holds the truth no one else can name. Not loud, not performative, just sovereign.

She reminds you:

You are the mystery. You are the gate.
You are the answer.

So sit tall. Speak with intention. Guard your energy like gold. And ask the deeper questions.

It's time.

UPCOMING EVENTS

★ EMBODIED LIVING
JULY 1ST, 6-8 PM

★ EMBODIED LIVING
PODCAST



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HOT MOM SUMMER (BUT LIKE... THE SWEATY, OVERBOOKED KIND)

Ah, summer break—the season where our calendars go from school pickup lines to full-blown logistics operations.

Let me paint the picture:

You've got one kid in soccer camp, another in dance, one more begging to go to the pool, and you? You're somewhere in between car seat negotiations and Googling "is it safe to eat Goldfish crackers for dinner."

We become Uber drivers who get paid in sticky hugs and crushed granola bars.

We say things like "Of course I'll drive 30 minutes to a water park for 2 hours of screaming chaos. That sounds relaxing."

We mistake a lukewarm iced coffee from yesterday for self-care. And we do it all thinking this is what a good mom does.

We tell ourselves:

"This is for the kids."

"They'll thank me one day."

"No, it's fine—I didn't want to sit down or pee alone this decade anyway."

I've been in that place.





So many summers, I planned the perfect kid calendar in May like I was running the Summer Olympics. Swim lessons, day camps, craft days, theme park Tuesdays. All to make their summer magical while feeding them lunch in the car and silently praying we wouldn't be late again because no matter how hard I tried, something always overlapped.

And not once did I pause and ask: What about me?

No nod to the woman orchestrating it all. Just go-go-go, sweat, snack, repeat. But here's the honest tea (unsweetened, because we don't have the sugar OR the energy): We're frying ourselves like the chicken nuggets we keep forgetting in the air fryer.

We get snappy.

We get touched-out.

We start fantasizing about running away to a spa—or just a solo Target run where no one follows us into the dressing room.

So here's your friendly summer PSA:

✨ Take care of yourself. ✨

Even if that means screen time buys you a 20-minute bath.

Even if your kids' summer isn't Pinterest-worthy but you managed to breathe, hydrate, and not yell at the dog.

Even if you say, "Nope. No park today. Mommy's in silent protest."

Because your joy, your presence, and your sanity matter.

This isn't just their summer. It's yours too.

Claim your popsicle. Guard your quiet time like it's the last charger on a road trip. And remember: a mom who rests is a mom who can actually enjoy her kids. Hot Mom Summer? More like Healed Mom Summer.

Let's go.

Remember: your energy is precious, your truth is non-negotiable, and your to-do list can wait.
Take a breath. Take a nap. Maybe take over the world tomorrow.

Michelle