

Closing Meditation: A Return to Remembrance (10-Minute Version)

Take a moment to arrive.

Let your body settle into whatever posture feels most grounded to you-sitting tall, lying down, maybe even standing with soft knees and open palms.

There's no wrong way to enter this space. Only presence.

Gently close your eyes, or soften your gaze.

Notice the temperature of the air on your skin.

Notice the space between your eyebrows.

Let it soften.

Take a slow, generous breath in through your nose...

Hold it for a moment...

And exhale gently through your mouth.

Feel the ground beneath you catch the weight of your exhale.

Again-inhale deeply... expanding your belly like a balloon...

Hold...

Exhale slowly... releasing any tension you've been carrying.

Now breathe naturally, and begin to follow the rhythm of your breath.

Not changing it, just noticing.

Let your breath be the metronome of your awareness.

Bring your attention to your feet.

Feel them supported. Held.

Allow any tightness to soften.

Now up to your legs...

Your hips...

Your belly...

Notice your breath gently rising and falling here.

Allow your awareness to drift to your hands.

Relax your fingers.

Soften your shoulders.

Unclench your jaw.

Let your tongue rest gently at the roof of your mouth.

Now bring to mind a moment from today's show-something that sparked you.

A truth, a practice, a memory, a food, a frequency.

Whatever it is, let it rise.

Hold it gently, like a flame cupped in your hands.

Now ask yourself: Where does this live in my body?

What sensation or energy arises as I focus on this one remembering?

Is it light? Grounding? Tingly? Warm?

Let it spread-slowly, softly-through your whole body.

Let it be an anchor.

Now place one hand on your heart, one on your low belly.

Breathe into this gesture-into yourself.

Feel the rise and fall beneath your palms.

You are here. You are whole. You are remembering.

Repeat inwardly:

"I remember my rhythm."

"I trust the pace of my healing."

"I am not here to hustle for clarity-I am here to embody it."

"This moment is enough."

Let those words echo. Let them imprint.

This is your sacred pause.

This is the moment your nervous system learns it's safe to exhale.

Now breathe in deeply one more time...

And as you exhale, imagine any lingering static leaving your body-through your fingertips, your toes, the crown of your head.

Rest here as long as you need.

There is nowhere else to be.

When you're ready-wiggle your fingers, your toes.

Gently blink your eyes open.

Return to the room, to your breath, to your rhythm.

And remember:

Your presence is your medicine.

And you, sacred rebel-are the keeper of your own clarity.