



Last Saturday evening, I had a huge migraine with a blinding aura and pain, which is usually a reset button for me. I can't do, think, worry about what I usually do, think, worry about. My entire system shuts down and demands quiet, no-activity rest time.

The next day I had to shut down a Kindergarten yoga class that I started for my daughter and her classmates. We had five awesome classes but there weren't enough kids signed up for the next session I had planned. Both my daughter and I grieved for it, she cried almost all day on Sunday as I quietly dealt with letting go of the beauty of sharing this side of my life with her and her friends.

Today we woke up in the middle of the night to our house being without power. I had to wake up at 4am, reassure my daughter that everything is going to be fine, figure out where the candles and matches were and ignite our stove's fire to keep us warm. My daughter and I then went on to spend an entire day laughing, reading, playing, shopping for girly things and eating our favorite food (sushi, cookies, and chips). When we got home at night, the power was restored.

At some point, I found myself taking notes for another kids class, this time not just a cookie-cutter yoga one, but one filled with what I love to practice and teach, including crystal meditation and other tools to help young kids deal with the stress in their lives.

It feels as if the universe sometimes has to shut things down for us so that we can realize the beauty of what we have and who we are, and in that

quietness, if we open up and let go, new light, electricity, ideas, and life rush in. When you look back, it all feels like a divine intervention.

What is your most recent shutting down story? Let me know.

With much love and light,

Damla