

come together yoga studio

YOGA MEANS UNITY



September 2015 Yogi Of The Month

What My Practice Means To Me...by Arielle Ruggiero

Only beginning a strong yoga practice about four years ago - it has done more than just improve my physical body. My practice, like many, began from a traumatic experience. When I was eighteen, I lost my mother due to liver failure. The first year of my mother's passing, I spent not taking very good care of myself and feeling no sense of appreciation for the world around me. One morning, I was walking by a studio in my neighborhood and although I wasn't by any means prepared to take a class, there was something inside telling me to give it a go. Upon entering the studio, I was intimidated by all of the students who seemed quite knowledgeable about yoga, so I placed a borrowed mat in the middle of the room and against the wall; this seemed like a good place to be able to follow other students if I got lost. As I sat, I felt very nervous waiting for the class to begin. A petite woman walked through the studio doors and rolled her mat right in front of me and sat quietly - I felt a rush of relief, as if it were someone I knew for years. She began class by introducing herself as Flor and asking us to "be receptive." After one class with her, I was hooked and my life changed.

Since that class, I have followed Flor to Come Together Yoga Studio and here is where I found my family. In the past four years I have discovered what it means to love, and to truly be receptive. My yoga practice is more than my physical form, it's my connection to something greater than me. It's the connection to the great Divine that lies within us all, the place where we are all one. It's the place where although my mother is no longer here physically, I still feel her deep within my heart. For that, I am eternally grateful.