



In This Issue

- A Festival of the Heart
- Opening my Heart
- September Schedule
- Yoga Teacher Training
- The One Who Leads to Light

The One Who Leads to Light

Have you ever attended an event that brought you such joy and happiness and filled you with so much love that you didn't want to **ever** leave? and you wished that you could bottle up that feeling and take it with you. and when things got 'back to normal' you could just open that bottle, take a whiff and it would magically transport you back in time to that place of wonderment, love, and joyfulness?

I get that feeling every time I attend an Anusara Yoga gathering. It's fitting that the yoga I choose to study is literally translated into "opening to grace". and that 'grace' is a directly related to the word 'gratitude' as I complete each yoga class with you with an offering of taking a few minutes to be grateful.

My recent pilgrimage to Kripalu for Yoga and Wellness is set in the Berkshires in New York. I had no idea the magnitude of this place nor it's rich history. It is an old monestary and I swear you can still feel the presence of those who lived there before. Maybe it's a yogi thing: each person you pass in the hall has eyes lit with wonder and excitement, perhaps masking the unknown for some have no idea of the transformation that takes place in such a safe and healing space. The *Anusara Yoga Friends Festival of the Heart* came at the most perfect time in my life. (I couldn't have planned it better myself!) at a time when I feel a struggle with the crusty 'shell' that I've allowed to encompass my own heart, not allowing myself to love Me enough to trust in the myself. This 'shield' (as it's also been referred to) has been my nemesis as I know of its' presence, yet yearn to find a way to take it down, break it down. So, I found myself taking this 4 day course in 'opening my heart'. Like Anusara Yoga doesn't do that enough! Throughout the weekend, I fight back tears: tears of joy, tears of sorrow, tears of longing. I learn that the heart breaks when it's full. Have you had that happen to you? (think: first love). I then wonder why the simple things like walking in nature, flying over

A Festival of the Heart



I dedicate this newsletter to my heart.

Coming off a wonderful workshop at Kripalu in New York, I wish to share with you some experiences, teaching and insights. The usual events, class cancellations and new schedule is posted here also and will be posted on the website. I encourage you to check the website for classes (especially cancellations) if you have not be at the studio for a while.

Customer Appreciation Yoga & Barbeque is this Friday Aug 26th at Northwind Farms.

Carpool leaves studio at 5:30pm.

Please RSVP so we know how much food to prepare, and by all means, let us know if you want to share your food/dish with us! Bring your yoga mat and bug spray.

Namaste,

Noelle

Opening my Heart

As you practice yoga with an injury, you'll agree that when an instructor guides you through a posture that you feel may "tweak" something, you tend to hold on tight in order to access or 'try' it. I speak from experience: whenever I am engaged in a backbend or side bend, my mind automatically goes to my lower back and the two slipped discs that were diagnosed through an MRI 2 years ago. I can safely and honestly say that without the guiding, gracious hand of Anusara Yoga, I would not be: 1) practicing yoga today 2) teaching/owning a studio 3) doing full wheel (not once: but 4 times in a class). That was, until this weekend. The whole premise of the workshop was a Festival of the Heart.

We worked through a lot of things emotionally in our heads and were able to access the wonderful ability to LET GO through our practice. Me, having a 'closed heart' (closed to myself) had a revelation: my heart need to open to heal my back in order to go up into full wheel (urdhva danurasana). As I prepped, hands beside my ears, palms down: up onto the head first, widen my arms, set my shoulders into the sockets, curl my heart up...I let go of the physical feeling of the pose (and the worry I hold in my back), listened to the heartfelt instructions from our wonderful teacher: Sienna, and poof: up I went. I could feel the tips of my shoulder blades lift my heart as I straightened my arms fully and hugged the midline of my body. Then it happened! I felt/sensed/heard a huge crack! Not like the chiropractor crack or the crack you get when you twist to release your back...it was an internal 'crack'...like when a baby chick bursts forth from it's egg...my heart burst open and I felt this huge sense of elation.

"Holy Shift!" I said, and came down. That felt so good, internally, in my heart! Again: shoulders back, heart lifted, hands beside ears palms down, onto the head, set the shoulders, hug the midline and UP! Ya

the rockies into Vancouver, the look my dog gives me; breaks my heart and tears well up in my eyes and sometimes wash over me. (now that's quite the concept: heart so full, tears wash over me). And I learn that my heart is yearning for love. I learn that all my emotions: what we call good (joy, elation, happiness etc.) and bad (worry, sorrow, anger etc.) are a yearning for my heart to LOVE. A yearning for me to return to the source. LOVE. I also had a revelation: what does GOD mean to me? (part of the reason I have a shield around my heart: not sure what god is). Being raised catholic, I don't have to tell you what we were taught about 'god'. He always seemed mean to me. I always questioned how a god of love can punish us for our sins and send us to hell if we were 'bad'. So, I turned away from that word: GOD. (for a long time, it was even hard to say "GOD")(hmm. hard to say, hard 'god', hard love, hard heart) Then, recently, even before my trip to Kripalu, I started to realize that GOD is LOVE. It is not a 'he' or 'she' or the 'man behind the curtain'. LOVE is GOD> and that we are made in the image and likeness of god. Therefore: we are all love. We are that light, that wondrous being of pure bliss, light and love. We are God and God is Us. (see my Facebook page...)

Lastly, and I find this very fitting to the whole theme of my weekend: I learned the true meaning of my name. Let me go back and share a story with you first.

When I got married, I struggled with who I was when it came time to change my name to my husband's. I had a real hard time accepting that I would take his name, when I felt it was not who I was. I was born Noelle Sherman and grew up using my monther's maiden name: Angus until she married my dad (step-father) and I became a Person (no pun intended). So, when I was filling out my marriage license, I didn't know what to write as my name because...the story goes on...there was no evidence that I was ever a Person. We 'assumed' my dad's name, and the papers the JP signed to indicate this were somehow lost. So, here I was, with ID that said: Noelle Person but no legal paper to indicate that this was infact who I was. I really, really wanted to just drop all surnames and just go with Noelle. To make a long story short and to get to the actual point (the meaning of my name) I shared this story with my roommate this weekend and we laughed: Noelle...ha ha!...like Cher or Madonna.

So I found myself speaking with a very wise young man: MC Yogi (Nicholas). He was autographing his CD for me and asked me if I knew what my name meant. I said "yes; Christmas" thinking he was a little ignorant...everyone knew Noel meant Christmas. He said my name LITERALLY meant: The one who leads to light.

>>>insert UH-huh moment here!
<<<<<<

man! this feels soooooo good! I could not believe what I felt: or rather what I didn't feel: that tightness in my lower back and pinching. Down again and two more times. I didn't want to stop! My heart was so open, my back was so safe and my physical body was so strong that it supported this release and allowed me to really FEEL the pose. I was able to release the fear of 'tweaking' my back and suffering the rest of the weekend. To me, the whole weekend was like that: a release of emotion to access a longing. A longing to feel physically well in my practice and a longing to feel that opening in my heart. Both the power of letting go and feeling when mixed with proper alignment will change your practice (and life) forever!!! You'll see!

September Schedule

We have some FABULOUS new classes starting in mid September:

Starting Saturday September 17th, Michele will teach YogaFusion at 8:30am. This a blend of Yoga and Pilates designed to stretch you out, and strengthen your core.

You runners out there: VERY good class to take! (Note: Cara will continue to guide you through a stretch and flow class during any one of her regularly scheduled Tuesday or Thursday evening classes...just let her know!) Along with our new Saturday lineup is Lee Anne's beautiful Nia class: a blend of Martial Arts, Dance and Yoga. Move to the rhythm of your heart in this eclectic blend of healing arts!

Qi Gong Starts it's 5 week session Sunday September 18. Registration is separate (\$80 for 5 weeks) however, those who have taken the form before are invited to drop in.

The dates are: Sept 18, Oct 2, 16, 25 and 30th.

Please check the website for instructor schedule for September. It will be posted as a downloadable PDF.

WE ARE CLOSED SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3, SUNDAY THE 4TH AND MONDAY THE 5TH FOR LABOUR DAY WEEKEND.

Yoga Teacher Training

Wanting to start a new career?
Become a Certified Yoga Instructor.

Studio 2 for Yoga and Wellness
YTT 200hr Yoga Teacher Certification

Next Session: Friday September 30th,
Saturday October 1st and Sunday
October 2nd, 2011.

10 weekends over 6 months time.
See website for details.

For more info or assistance please call
Noelle. 905-877-3793

So, when I see you next, I may burst into tears from a full heart (I'm doing it now as I write this...) and you may notice some wonderful changes in the way I teach (and the way you practice...).

Namaste
Noelle

Namaste, Meegwitch

Thank you to my parents who aptly named me Noelle.

Customer Appreciation Barbeque

Friday August 26

6:00pm

Yoga Teacher Training Certification

September 30, 2011

see website for details

Believe

"I believe the body has the innate ability to heal itself. You are your own healer, I am merely the facilitator." Noelle Cormier

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