

HOME & PURPOSE

HOME IS WHAT WE TEND

On building not only a life, but a way of being within it.

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Suddha Prem



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FROM THE EDITOR

Home Is What We Tend – Home as a Living Practice

Home is often spoken about as a place — a structure, a destination we return to.

But over time, I have come to understand it differently.

Home is not fixed. It is alive.

It is made in how we move through our days, how we speak to ourselves, how we care for what is in front of us. It lives in the way we prepare food, the way we hold silence, the way we respond when no one is watching.

There are seasons in life where home feels clear and anchored, and others where it feels like it must be rebuilt from within. Not because something is broken, but because we are changing.

This issue is a reflection on that quiet rebuilding.

On care as a daily practice.

On purpose as something embodied, not endlessly pursued.

On the invisible architecture of our lives.

And on how we begin to recognize that what we are building is not only a life, but a way of being within it.

I want to be a good mother. That's all.

I feel incredibly fortunate to have chosen motherhood, even when my work has been joyful and creative, and even when two marriages challenged that path and, at times, my deepest sense of purpose. Even when I have had to reinvent myself — twice, across different seasons of life — just as my children were beginning to taste a little freedom from me.

That investment continues to bear fruit.

Those fruits are my children's confidence, their successes, their laughter, their big smiles.

Maybe that means I have become accustomed to reinvention. Maybe I even love it, despite the moments when becoming again has made me feel, at times, like a complete failure.

My parents had me later in life, after raising six children and carrying the weight of many responsibilities and tuitions. My mother's menopause pregnancy was a joyful surprise, but a surprise all the same.

A community of aunts, siblings, and friends helped raise me.

My strict Catholic schooling offered many things, but one lesson stayed with me:

Your body is your home. This home is the temple of God. Care for it. Protect it.



Cuernavaca, Morelos. Mexico.

FROM THE EDITOR

I have carried those words — and the concept behind them — with me.

What is a home?

A home is shelter, yes — but also refuge. Security. Comfort. Belonging.

The fact that so many people helped raise me was a gift. I absorbed many ways of living, many beliefs, many forms of care. I learned to adapt myself in every home I entered, adjusting so I would never burden anyone.

Eventually, that began to trouble me.

So I began searching for my own home — my purpose, my path.

Last week, my young son and I visited my daughter in New York City. She welcomed us into her little apartment, and immediately we felt held. Her tiny space — carefully arranged, filled with books, colors, art, and objects reflecting what she loves, her dear roommate and the presence of a loving young ginger tabby cat — felt full of soul.

It reminded me of myself at her age.
And of myself now.

More than ever, I understand:

Home is where I am.

Home is where my children are.

Home is where my hairy companions are.

Home is also my ancestors in the ether, waiting.

Mexico is home.

California is home.

That will never change.

Purpose, though — that keeps evolving.

Its roots remain the same:

To be an excellent mother.

To offer presence as much as stability.

To tend to myself, my children, my furry companions, and the Earth.

To be a good mother also means teaching my children to tend to their bodies, their homes, and the Earth itself.

The Earth — our shared temple of love — connected to our bodies, our own temples, our eternal umbilical cord.

Eternally interconnected.



Cuernavaca, Morelos. Mexico.

For 20+ years my approach has been a blend of permaculture design, Ayurveda, sustainable tourism, ecological practices, ancestral wisdom, and creative storytelling.

Do you have a story to share?

Drop me a line — or apply to be part of our Conscious Living Directory.

With love and presence,

*Gabriela
Rocha Caballero*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



THE BODY IS OUR FIRST HOME



Home & Daily Life

“Knowing that you love the earth changes you, activates you to defend and protect and celebrate. But when you feel that the earth loves you in return, that feeling transforms the relationship from a one-way street into a sacred bond.”

— Robin Wall Kimmerer

Care as a Form of Intelligence

Care is often mistaken for something soft—secondary, almost invisible.

It is not.

Care is structure. It is intelligence in motion. It is how life is held together.

It lives in rhythm—in noticing what is needed before it becomes urgent, in responding to exhaustion without abandoning oneself. In choosing, again and again, to remain present.

In daily life, care is rarely dramatic. It is repetitive.

Quiet. Found in the smallest gestures—washing, preparing, listening, adjusting, tending.

And yet, this is where everything is shaped.

Not in grand decisions, but in the subtle, consistent acts that define the emotional architecture of a home.

There is intelligence in knowing when to pause.

When to simplify.

When to soften.

And in understanding that care for others cannot exist without care for the self—not as an idea, but as discipline.



THE BODY IS OUR FIRST HOME



I began running as a teenager in Cuernavaca, around Los Tabachines Golf Course, alongside a high school friend. We were young, suspended between innocence and anticipation—the promise of a prom trip to Ixtapa Zihuatanejo quietly shaping our afternoons. I didn't have the right clothes. Not even proper shoes. Still, I showed up.

Some evenings, my boyfriend at the time would take me to a gym—the first of its kind in our town. It felt aspirational. A glimpse into a future we were already rehearsing.

Years later, in Puerto Vallarta, those runs softened into early morning solitary walks around the Marina Golf Course—still dark, the presence of crocodiles, tlacuaches, raccoons, and cats not entirely metaphorical.

The intention, then, was simple: beauty, health, control. More than thirty years later, movement remains the foundation of my life—yoga, pilates, swimming, biking, long walks under the California sun.

And yet, at fifty, I recognize something more subtle: How often nowadays I resist placing myself first.

The practice remains.

The devotion wavers.

Life expands. Responsibilities multiply. The body becomes both witness and archive.

My teacher and dear friend Mas Vidal once said:

“As we age, devotion becomes a stronger practice. The goal is no longer performance, but a strong body—and a deeper prayer.”

That stayed with me.

Because now, more than ever, I understand:

The body is not something to optimize.

It is something to honor.

A sanctuary.



THE BODY IS OUR FIRST HOME



Practices for Returning

Personal Nourishment & Physical Care

Eat sustainably and consciously. Let food nourish, not distract.

Move with pleasure, not punishment.

Protect sleep as ritual.

Soothe the body through touch, warmth, and breath.

Emotional & Mental Safety

Listen—fatigue, tension, pain are forms of language.

Dismantle the inner critic. Replace it with regard.

Edit your inputs. Energy is shaped by what you allow in.

Spiritual & Inner Space

Make room for stillness. Daily.

Practice sincere gratitude.

Set boundaries that reflect self-respect.

Environmental Hygiene

Keep spaces intentional. Order supports clarity.

Invite in nature—light, air, life.

The way we tend to ourselves becomes the way we live.

STINSON BEACH, CA.
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO



MOTHERING AS SACRED ECOLOGY



Food as Education

“We are showered every day with gifts, but they are not meant for us to keep. Their life is in their movement, the inhale and the exhale of our shared breath. Our work and our joy is to pass along the gift and to trust that what we put out into the universe will always come back.”

— Robin Wall Kimmerer

Learning Through Nourishment

Food is often treated as routine—something prepared at the end of the day.

It is not.

Food is language. It is memory. It is relationship.

It is one of the first ways we learn to belong.

Before words, there is texture.

Before instruction, there is curiosity.

Before knowledge, there is experience.

I grew up in Cuernavaca, surrounded by gardens, culture, and a way of life shaped by food.

My mother’s care—for us, for plants, for the act of nourishing—quietly shaped everything.



MOTHERING AS SACRED ECOLOGY



I remember her sopa de calabacitas. Her version of esquites.
Through it, she recreated the feeling of Mexico's town plazas—late afternoons, the scent of corn, lime, and chile in the air.
Warm, layered, alive.
At least once a week, she made it for us.
Not just as food—but as continuity.
As care.
I carry that with me, wherever I go.
When children are invited into food, something shifts.
They are not being taught.
They are participating.

Touching. Tasting. Observing. Becoming.
Food is no longer separate from learning.
It becomes learning. Naturally.
Chopping becomes attention.
Mixing becomes collaboration.
Sharing becomes connection.
This is education that does not rush.
Nothing is abstract.
Everything is lived.
And through that lived experience, a deeper awareness forms— of care, of reciprocity, of belonging.
Between self, family, community, and Earth.



MOTHERING AS SACRED ECOLOGY



Practices for Living Ecology Daily

Reduce. Reuse. Recycle.
Choose reusables.
Be mindful with energy and water.
Move through the world more slowly.

Home & Garden

Compost.
Grow native plants.
Avoid chemicals.
Choose non-toxic materials.
Respect natural rhythms.

Consumption

Eat locally and seasonally.
Support ethical production.
Practice care in natural spaces.
Don't litter.
Engage in community stewardship.

Clothing

Buy less, choose well.
Repair and reuse.
Honor the lifecycle of what you own.

What we place on the table becomes the world our kids learn to care for.



HOMEMAKING AS CREATIVE PRACTICE



Regenerative Living

“The land knows you, even when you are lost.”

— Robin Wall Kimmerer

A MALIBU HIKE.
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Returning to Rhythm

I’ve always found it curious—the idea of “going to nature.”

We are nature.

What we are often seeking is not a place, but a relationship.

There is a difference between living in nature and living in rhythm with it.

One is external. The other is internal.

Regenerative living is not a system to adopt or a philosophy to perform.

It is something quieter.



HOMEMAKING AS CREATIVE PRACTICE



A remembering.
A remembering that life moves in cycles.
That energy is not linear.
That growth does not always look like accumulation.
It asks us to slow down enough to notice what is
already speaking: the seasons, the soil, the body, the
spaces we inhabit.
In this way of living, sustainability is not a goal to
reach.
It is a relationship to maintain— with land, with food,
with time, with ourselves.
And over time, something begins to soften.
The urgency to control softens. .

The need to extract dissolves.
The separation between “life” and how we live it
dissolves too.
What remains is something quieter—a sense of
participation in something already in motion.

VENICE CANALES.
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HOMEMAKING AS CREATIVE PRACTICE



The Home as a Living Practice

Homemaking, then, becomes an extension of this rhythm. Not a task. Not an aesthetic to perfect. But a creative, living practice.

I think of my childhood in Cuernavaca, the city of eternal spring— where doors were often open, and the boundary between inside and outside barely existed.

My mother moved through the kitchen with a kind of quiet devotion.

There was always something growing, something simmering and baking, something being tended to.

It wasn't presented as ritual.

It simply was.

Fresh herbs on the table.

Fruit ripening by the window.

The rhythm of meals shaping the rhythm of the day, and the seasons.

Looking back, I understand now—that was homemaking.

Not as perfection, but as presence.

And perhaps this is what we are really honoring in quieter ways—not only motherhood as a role, but as a way of being.

The quiet, often unseen gestures of care.

The hands that nourish, tend, and create space for life to unfold.

In many ways, our homes carry these imprints—of those who came before us, of the ways we were held, fed, and taught to see the world.

A home is not built all at once.

It is shaped slowly—through gestures, through attention, through care.

Through the way light enters a room.

Through the meals prepared in the kitchen.

Through the objects we choose to keep close.

When approached this way, the home becomes more than a place.

It becomes a space of return.

A place where beauty is not imposed, but revealed.

OUR GARDEN.
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HOMEMAKING AS CREATIVE PRACTICE



A Gentle Practice of Living Well

These are not rules, but invitations—a kind of quiet toolbox you carry with you:

Reflect your current self

Let your home evolve with you. Release what no longer feels true.

Set intentions

Let your space support how you want to feel—grounded, calm, alive.

Create space for calm

Clear surfaces. Simplify. Let the mind rest where the eye can rest.

Embrace slowness

Move away from perfectionism. Toward comfort, presence, and ease.

Curate, don't accumulate

Choose objects with meaning. Let them tell a story. Let them breathe.

Layer with life

Bring in natural textures—wood, linen, plants. Let the space feel alive.

Create a small altar

A corner of stillness. A place for reflection, beauty, and memory.

Daily Rituals, Quiet Transformations

What transforms a house is not design alone, but the rituals that live within it.

Lighting a candle at the end of the day.

Opening a window in the morning.

Preparing a meal with care.

Small gestures, repeated, become atmosphere.

Notice what is already beautiful.

Let gratitude become part of the architecture of your home.

Start small.

A single shelf. A cleared table. A made bed.

These are not insignificant acts—they are subtle ways of restoring rhythm.

To make a home—both spiritually and physically—is to practice attention.

To create a space that reflects your inner world while gently guiding you back to it.

Not perfect.

Not finished.

But alive.

A living reflection of care—past, present, and becoming.

STINSON LAGOON. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.



Lived Experiences

**“This is really why I made my daughters learn to garden—so they would always have a mother to love them, long after I am gone.”
— Robin Wall Kimmerer**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
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There is a point where understanding is no longer enough. There's a place where ideas begin to ask to be lived. This is where experience becomes essential—not as escape, but as integration. In shared spaces, something shifts. The pace changes. Attention deepens. The ordinary becomes visible again. Food tastes different when it is prepared together. Silence feels different when it is held collectively. Learning feels different when it is not separated from life itself.



WHERE WE BELONG



After years of producing spiritual retreats in Northern California and Mexico, I understood something simple but profound: waiting for these experiences once a year was not enough. I wanted to bring that sense of presence, nature, and ancestral memory into daily life. That is how my books began to take shape. That is how my classes and creative experiences became a natural next step—a way of passing this feeling forward, especially to younger generations. Tiny Chefs, Cosmic Art, and I AM LOVE are not about instruction. They are about immersion. About remembering—through experience—what cannot always be held through thought alone. And in that remembering, something opens.

A recognition that knowledge is not only something we carry, but something we inhabit. I remember a kindergarten student saying to her mother one day: “I am going to need Ms. Gaby’s afterschool yoga class to calm myself down, and to get rid of all the jibber jabber in my head. You need it too mommy” There was something so honest in that moment—a child naming the need for stillness in a world that rarely pauses. This is the geography of belonging. Not fixed, not abstract—but lived. A place we recognize through safety, presence, and shared experience. A space we choose, again and again, to return to.

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Love is a blooming.

A way of opening. A way of becoming.

A way of being.

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SEASONAL LOVE THE EARTH LOVE YOURSELF

BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUDDHA PREM



CREMA DE CHAMPINONES

CREMA DE CHAMPINONES

This delicious soup will nourish your body.

mymamashealingsoups.com

Ingredients:

- 5 cups fresh water and/or freshly cooked Vegetarian Soup stock
- 2 cups white or Cremini
- 1 cup finely chopped champions
- 1 small yellow onion (optional) or 1 small leek
- 1 clove garlic (optional)
- 3 cups milk
- cayenne (optional)
- 2 tablespoon parsley garnish
- sour cream to serve (optional)
- sea and pepper salt
- 1 tsp of coconut (summer) oil or ghee (winter) (optional)



WHAT IS A JARDIN?

BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUDDHA PREM



SPINACH, KALE, CHIVES, CUCUMBER, LIMES, LETUCE

My auntie Tita's Jardin recipe

This delicious, organic, NON-GMO raw garden is the final touch — the yummy toppings for your warm soups.

mymamashealingsoups.com

The ingredients may include, but are not limited to:

- 2 large ripe, organic avocados, cut into cubes
- Finely chopped kale, chard, spinach, celery, broccoli, Brussels sprouts (lightly cooked or raw)
- Finely chopped herbs like oregano, basil, peppermint, cilantro, dill, and parsley
- Tomato cubes (optional)
- Green onion (optional)
- Lime and/or lemon
- Chili flakes, finely chopped raw serrano or jalapeno, or sautéed in coconut oil for summer, ghee for winter (optional)
- Organic extra-virgin olive oil or ghee
- Sea salt



LOVE NOTE



CREMA DE CHAMPINONES

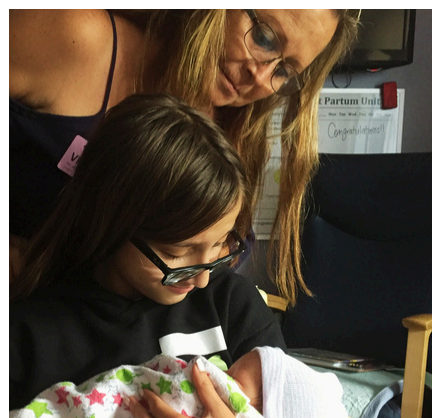
This cream of mushroom soup is exceptionally delicious, evoking memories of Campbell's mushroom soup, yet undeniably superior and healthier.

During my childhood, my mama would treat us to canned soup only a few times a year, just for the joy of it whenever we felt too lazy to cook. One day, my mama discovered a way to prepare an even more delectable and wholesome version.

On the day I went into labor with my daughter, my first baby, my sister, my little mama representing our mom on Earth, lovingly prepared this delightful recipe that sustained me throughout my five days of labor adventure.

For those who share our love for mushrooms, this recipe promises a delightful blend of creaminess and freshness.

Indulging in this soup feels like a lazy, rainy Sunday spent cuddling with loved ones and a good book.



PHOTOGRAPHS: GABRIELA'S FAMILY ARCHIVE
A LOVE NOTE INCLUDED IN
MY MAMA'S HEALING SOUPS | AVAILABLE IN AMAZON
WWW.MYMAMASHEALINGSOUPS.COM

my mama's healing soups



A cookbook memoir of love, healing, and garden-to-table traditions.

Discover the recipes that nourish generations.
Available now on [Amazon](#) & [Barnes & Noble](#).



This chapter is a reflection of my mother's kitchen and daily life – where love and presence were the main ingredients – shaping the stories in this magazine. It is also included in *My Mama's Healing Soups*, available on Amazon and Barnes & Noble.

www.mymamashealingsoups.com

MY MAMA'S RECIPE BOOK

**"You are smart, creative, beautiful, abundant, and very fortunate. Recognize what makes you truly happy, and keep it."
- Maria Teresa Caballero Mier, my mama.**

For many years, my mother collected recipes inside an old handmade book. While sitting at her small office desk, she spent hours choosing recipes from magazines and newspapers. She would cut out recipes, and glued them to her book while sighing softly, worried about time.

Among other intellectual goals and achievements, my mama's daily routine was filled with office work, endless chores and art projects around the house as well as studying spirituality and often lovingly guiding her many friends of all ages. All while reading endlessly, cooking for an army, sewing her own designs, relentlessly knitting gorgeous sweaters until she almost lost her eyesight and, of course, typing.

Using her old yellow typewriter, she would write historical novels, short stories, and her own food and beauty recipes, as well as different tips for the simple and luxurious lifestyle she knew so well and longed for at the same time.

Her intention was that this cookbook, and the other series of books she was working on, would be my legacy, my inheritance - just in case I wasn't learning fast enough, aware that anything could happen, just in case we couldn't be together long enough.

I left home when I was eighteen years old, but I went back many times to continue my photography studies and, of course, to visit my parents. No matter where I was located, either with her or away from her, I traveled a lot around Mexico, and so she used to call me her "little travel agent."

BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
PHOTOGRAPHS: GABRIELA'S FAMILY ARCHIVE



MY MAMA'S RECIPE BOOK



It was during this time that all of a sudden my powerful mama was diagnosed with terminal cancer, sadly she had smoked since she was 12 years old.

It was only because of her courage and a positive lifestyle that she lived for seven more years. She worked on her book as much as she could, but mostly with other people's recipes – those of her friends or recipes clipped from newspapers and magazines because she couldn't type that much anymore.

Unfortunately, none of her delicious soup recipes were recorded on her recipe book. Perhaps because of the simplicity of the recipes, or perhaps because these recipes were so close to her heart and prepared them daily that she completely forgot.

Fortunately, with her training I learned quickly, and from a very young age I began using her delicious recipes, that later became remedies, to heal, nurture and support her healing process.

She left too young, and her work was unfinished. This is my way of finishing her work, and my wish is to share it with you, because the gift of sharing was her ultimate virtue.



About the Author:

Gabriela Rocha Caballero creates regenerative learning experiences through food, nature, and conscious living. Through Tiny Chefs, retreats, books, and consulting, she designs embodied spaces for children, families, and communities to reconnect with nature, creativity, and presence. Her work exists in the interesection of education, food culture, and ecological awareness – supporting a more intentional way of living.

📷 @suddhaprem





PERMACULTURE PRINCIPLES: CREATIVELY USE AND RESPOND TO CHANGE



Life is always becoming.

Nothing stays fixed—not our homes, not our relationships, not the way we understand ourselves.

We are not meant to control this movement, but to participate in it.

To notice what is shifting.

To listen more closely.

To respond with care rather than resistance.

Change is not disruption.

It is the natural intelligence of life unfolding.

When we soften into this understanding, something within us relaxes.

We stop trying to hold everything in place.

We begin to trust what is already moving.

And in that trust, we learn something simple:

We are not outside of change.

We are part of it.





EARTH AS HOME



The idea of perfectionism is destroying human's ability to see the true beauty and feel the bliss, and love our own imperfections, and improve. Perhaps the work is not to create a perfect life. But to create a livable one. One where care and presence are not occasional, but continuous. Where learning is experiencing daily life. Where purpose is not distant, but present in ordinary moments. Home, then, is not something we arrive at. It is something we do and practice.

Again and again. In small ways. In real time. Until it becomes not something we return to – but something we live from. Our own bodies, the earth holding us. Receiving her gifts, and living in reciprocity.



MOMENTS OF BECOMING

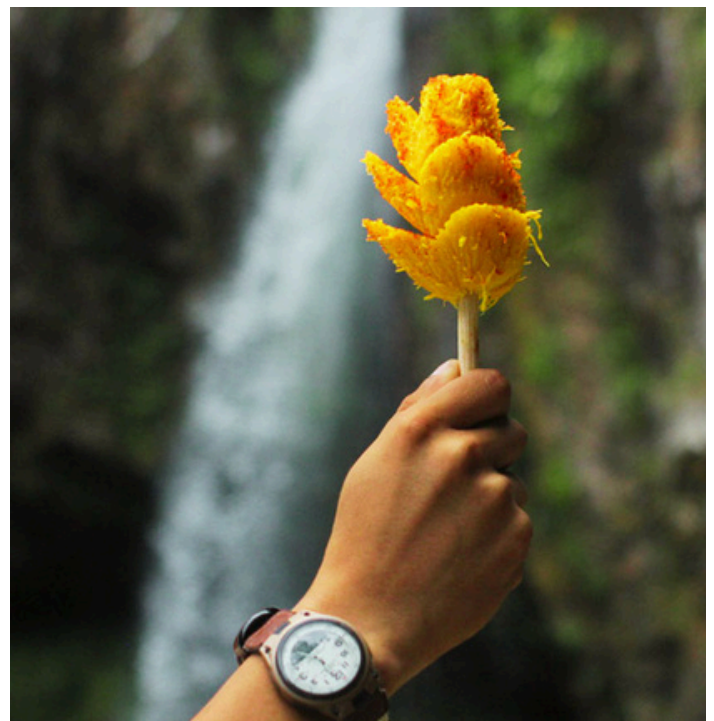


Our curated experiences and journeys are more than classes and trips. They are pilgrimages of the soul.

Each experience is an invitation to slow down, listen, and return to what feels essential.

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- Cuetzalan | Experiencing a Cultural Immersion
- Uxmal Archaeological Area



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