

LOVE AS THE PATH

FEBRUARY 2026 | ISSUE NO. 5

On Love
How to Feel Your Heart

Love as an Active Verb
When We Choose Love as the Path

Bhakti & Dharma:
Different Kinds of Love

The Soul Needs a Passport
Emotional Ecology, Family, Presence

Pilgrimages of the Soul
Cuetzalan & Uxmal

Permaculture Principles
Use & Value Diversity

Suddha Prem MAGAZINE

Conscious Living & Travel





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Suddha Prem



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FROM THE EDITOR

Love as Practice, Love as Path

This February issue explores love not as a feeling alone, but as a lived path – shaped by our actions, responsibilities, and daily choices, across generations, and in how we care for one another, the land, and our shared legacy.

How we love our lives becomes an art, a tradition, a memory we carry forward.

I have been thinking about love for quite a while now. I remember my parents playing dominoes every afternoon. My mother would cut papaya in the morning and set it in a Tupperware so my father could enjoy it during our game. Earlier that day, my dad would have already stopped by Vivaldi's bakery to pick up my mom's favorite chocolate cake. Every day, a small piece of cake was her quiet luxury.

I remember my auntie Tita stopping by every afternoon around three o'clock – for a nap, for dominoes, for papaya, chocolate cake, tea, and shared laughter. After a long game, she would gently touch my hand and ask, "My darling, how about cutting some apples, lime, and cayenne pepper?"

These were not grand gestures.

They were rhythms of care.

Daily offerings of love made visible.

And this is where love lives – not in perfection, but in repetition. In showing up. In tending to one another with presence and devotion.

That attention, that presence, that daily dedication – this was pure love.

The kind of love I learned to recognize and cherish.

This issue is an invitation to remember that kind of love.

Across these pages, we explore love not as an abstract idea, but as a lived practice – in how we care for our bodies, how we show up for one another, how we tend the land beneath our feet, and how we pass values forward across generations. Through reflections on bhakti and dharma, everyday acts of devotion, ancestral memory, and conscious living, this issue asks a simple but essential question:

How do we choose love – again and again – in the lives we are building?

May these stories meet you gently, wherever you are.

May they remind you that love is not something to chase, but something to practice – patiently, imperfectly, and with intention.



Gabriela & Carmelo before he passed. Carmelo, my most loving companion for 19 years.

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



ON LOVE | HOW TO FEEL YOUR HEART



**“But I love your feet only because they
walked upon the earth and upon the wind
and upon the waters, until they found me.”
— Pablo Neruda, Love Poems**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
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Love Begins with Presence

This month – the month of love – asks for nothing more than presence.

The Hollywood idea of romance is not as real as we once dreamed. Couples are exhausted during these difficult times. We have lost the simplicity of being together – of simply looking into each other’s eyes. Streaming television and social media slowly erode the reality of love and presence. They dull our ability to be quiet, to pause, to sit across from one another holding a cup of coffee and truly talk. How can we honestly look inward and discuss what we are building – as couples, as parents, as friends? How can we notice what we are standing on, receive feedback, and plan ahead in ways that nourish and motivate our daily lives?

This kind of reflection is essential for well-being and for having something meaningful to move toward.



ON LOVE HOW TO FEEL YOUR HEART



Love Is Not Sentiment – It Is Structure

The love we share is not merely sentiment – it is structure.

Love is an invisible, active verb that holds our lives together. Love works. Love provides. Love holds – with presence.

But how can we feel our hearts when exhausting hours at the computer and endless scrolling pull us away from ourselves? How can we feel our hearts when, after finally saying “I’m going to put this away,” we collapse into bed and turn on Netflix instead?

Why do we avoid our hearts?

Feeling the Heart Through the Body

Love begins with loving ourselves – through somatic awareness: sensing, softening, listening. The heart speaks through the body when we slow down enough to feel.

First, reconnect with yourself. Feel that love, and learn what is best for you.

The path back to the heart is not indulgence – it is discipline, action, and responsibility. Only when we take responsibility for our own actions can we move into romantic love: toward ourselves, our partners, our children, our families, and our dear friends.



ON LOVE HOW TO FEEL YOUR HEART



Presence as the Greatest Gift

As Thích Nhất Hạnh reminds us, **presence is the greatest gift.**

True presence is the ultimate expression of love and care — more valuable than any material offering.

True love requires letting go of distractions, breathing consciously, and choosing love as a daily practice.

Simple mantras such as “Darling, I am here for you” — spoken to ourselves and to those we love — cultivate connection, stability, and deep listening.

This is how love becomes real again.

Not dramatic. Not performative.

But steady, attentive, and alive.

To feel your heart is not to escape life, but to return to it.

To choose presence over avoidance.

Responsibility over distraction.

Love as a practice rather than a promise.

This is not a call to do more —

but to feel more deeply what is already here.

And that, perhaps, is where love begins again.



LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB



When We Choose Love as the Path

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
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The older I get, the more I understand that love is an action. When you love yourself and find yourself in a place where your daily actions are reflected in how you feel—and in the life you are building—you naturally feel called to offer your love and your peace to the world: to your spouse, your children, your siblings, your friends, your pets. According to Thich Nhat Hanh, love requires being fully present, cultivating self-love first, and practicing deep listening and loving speech to remove suffering and create joy.



LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB | WHEN WE CHOOSE LOVE AS THE PATH



Loving speech begins with ourselves. If we use negative inner dialogue, we can only offer that same negativity to others. If we cannot cultivate self-love, we cannot truly love others.

In recent years, the wellness and self-care movement has sometimes drifted toward an excuse for selfishness.

While the original intention of self-care was to prevent burnout and ensure we have the energy to show up for others, it has, at times, evolved into a hyper-individualized—and sometimes narcissistic—pursuit of personal or aesthetic perfection.

Love, however, is not an infatuation or an unfulfilled promise. Love is a practice.

It is a daily commitment to selflessness, responsibility, and unconditional care—because we genuinely care for the well-being of those we love. As a child, I was obsessed with the idea of romance—the belief that one perfect love would fulfill everything. Yet even then, without consciously realizing it, I understood that the love I needed came to me from many directions: my parents, my siblings, my friends, the laughter we shared, the support we offered one another. The trips, the memories, the shared experiences—these are still the fuel that keeps my inner engine moving.



LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB | WHEN WE CHOOSE LOVE AS THE PATH



So what is love?

According to Miguel Ruiz, “Love is not an emotion, but the creative, unconditional life force that accepts others exactly as they are, without judgment or attempts to change them.”

Daily Acts of Love That Strengthen Relationships Communication & Connection

- Send a good-morning message. Ask about their day.
- Create time for a daily, undistracted conversation. Put phones and screens away and look into your loved one’s eyes and ask: “How are you, my love? I am here. I truly care.”

Small Gestures & Kindness

Perform simple acts of kindness—make a favorite drink, leave a note, offer sincere compliments. Pause before speaking, especially before making a critical remark.

Physical Touch

Initiate hugs, kisses, and gentle affection to maintain emotional and physical closeness.

Acts of Service

Lighten someone’s load by doing a chore they dislike, cooking a meal, or running an errand without being asked.

Active Listening

Listen to understand, not to reply. Remember past conversations. Allow space for your partner or friend to feel heard, seen, and supported.

Gratitude

Express appreciation for the small, everyday moments. Gratitude builds a foundation of trust and emotional safety.

Conflict Resolution

Approach disagreements with a desire for understanding and avoid the desire to win.





LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB | WHEN WE CHOOSE LOVE AS THE PATH



Self-Love as a Daily Practice

Intentional Self-Care

Set aside time for your own well-being so you can sustain your capacity to love others. Define what nourishes you—and commit to maintaining it.

The Reverse Golden Rule

Treat yourself with the same kindness, patience, and compassion you offer to those you love. Love always begins within.

Forgiveness

Release small, daily frustrations instead of carrying them forward. Forgiveness creates emotional spaciousness.

Creating Lasting Rituals with Yourself and Your Partner

Begin and End The Day Together

Start the day with intention—alone or with your partner—and end it with connection. Even simple rituals create stability.

Stay Present

Choose presence again and again. Even during ordinary, routine days, presence is an act of love.





PERMACULTURE PRINCIPLES: USE & VALUE DIVERSITY

Life thrives through difference.

In nature, diversity is not decoration, it is resilience.

A forest does not depend on one tree, one crop, or one rhythm to survive. It weaves together many species, many functions, many timelines. When one element struggles, another steps in. Diversity is how life protects itself, adapts, and continues.

In permaculture, the principle **Use & Value Diversity** teaches us that systems built on sameness are fragile, while systems built on relationship are strong.

This applies not only to gardens and landscapes, but to our homes, our communities, and our inner lives.

When we design our lives with diversity – of perspectives, cultures, ages, abilities, and ways of being – we create environments that can respond to change without collapsing. Diversity brings balance. It creates space for learning, humility, and growth.

In human relationships, valuing diversity means listening without the need to agree. It means honoring different rhythms, emotional languages, and ways of expressing care. It reminds us that love does not look the same in every body or every season of life – and it doesn't need to.

In our work with communities, food systems, and conscious travel, diversity asks us to move beyond extraction and into reciprocity. To recognize Indigenous knowledge, ancestral wisdom, and lived experience as essential – not optional. To understand that sustainability cannot exist without cultural respect.

Diversity also lives within us.

We carry many selves: the caregiver, the seeker, the creator, the tired one, the hopeful one. When we allow all of them to belong, we become more whole. More resilient. More human.

Permaculture invites us to stop simplifying life into single narratives and instead tend to the richness already present. When diversity is valued, life doesn't just survive – it flourishes.





SEASONAL LOVE THE EARTH LOVE YOURSELF

BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUDDHA PREM



CALABACITAS AND CORN SOUP AND UN POCO DE JARDIN.

CALABACITAS AND CORN SOUP

This delicious soup will nourish your body.

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Ingredients:

5 cups fresh water and/or freshly cooked Vegetarian Soup stock
4 organic fresh sweet corn ears, husked and cut, or two bags frozen corn
4-6 big zucchinis
1/2 bunch fresh cilantro
1/2 bunch of epazote (optional)
1 green onion or small white onion finely chopped
3 garlic cloves (optional; avoid if pitta and/or vata are high)
1/2 tsp cumin (optional)
1 tsp coriander seed or 2 tsp of powder cumin
pinch turmeric (optional)
sea salt
1 tsp coconut oil (summer) or ghee (winter) (optional)
2 poblanos chiles, roasted, peeled, cut into long strips, and sautéed with 1 tsp of coconut oil (summer) or ghee (winter) (optional) or cayenne (optional; avoid if pitta and/or vata are high).

Jardin Ingredients:

- finely chopped kale, basil, cilantro, dill, and parsley
- chili flakes or sautéed raw serrano (coconut oil for summer, ghee for winter; optional)
- organic extra-virgin olive oil or ghee



WHAT IS A JARDIN?

BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUDDHA PREM



A LITTLE KALE GROWING OUR GARDEN.

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



Suddha Prem 

Love is a practice.

A way of living. A way of listening. A way of being.

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Different Kinds of Love

Heart's Desire, Marin County

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GABRIELA ROCHA CABALLERO
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Some places hold us the way a prayer does.

There's a beautiful sheltered cove called Heart's Desire Beach. It is part of Tomales Bay State Park, a warmer-water beach at Point Reyes National Seashore. I have walked its shoreline many times—never alone—my young son tagging along, my daughter listening to her music on her iPhone. The beach is often quiet. I am always barefoot, hypnotized by the mountains, the small bay, and the emerald waters, letting the rhythm of the water meet the rhythm of my child walking, laughing, breathing with the wind. Over time, I realized that this place carries the shape of my own heart's desire—not as longing, but as alignment. Three threads meet here for me: the path, devotional love, and the fulfillment of a dream once held quietly inside. And at the center of it all—motherhood.



LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB | WHEN WE CHOOSE LOVE AS THE PATH



Bhakti: Love as Devotion

Bhakti is often translated as devotional love—but it is not romantic, sentimental, or abstract. Bhakti is love expressed through devotion, presence, repetition, and surrender. It is the kind of love that shows up again and again, not because it is easy, but because it is true.

Bhakti lives in daily acts:

chanting, praying, feeding, listening, forgiving, tending, waiting.

In motherhood, bhakti becomes tangible. It is love expressed through sleepless nights, small hands held tightly, boundaries set with care, and the long arc of showing up even when the heart feels stretched. It is love without applause. Love without conditions.

Bhakti teaches us that love is not something we feel once—it is something we practice.

Dharma: Love as Right Action

Dharma is often described as purpose or duty, but at its core, it is right relationship—with ourselves, with others, with the land, and with life itself.

Dharma asks:

What is mine to tend?

What is mine to protect?

What is mine to serve?

Where bhakti softens the heart, dharma gives it structure—its path. Dharma is love expressed through responsibility, boundaries, and ethical choice. It is love that acts, even when it is uncomfortable. Motherhood is also dharma.

- So is choosing a life aligned with values rather than appearances.
- So is listening when life redirects us.



LOVE AS AN ACTIVE VERB | WHEN WE CHOOSE LOVE AS THE PATH



Heart's Desire: When the Path Reveals Itself

For many years, living in Marin was a dream that came true—one I carried quietly, not as ambition, but as intuition, as though I had always known I would spend part of my life there. During that time, the nature of the environment felt less like wanting something new and more like remembering something already known: a deep sense of belonging to the land, of being part of nature, with one of the greatest cities nearby.

When that dream became real, I understood that desire does not always come from lack. Sometimes it comes from recognition.

Heart's Desire is not about chasing.

It is about arriving.

The green land mirrored something I had been practicing all along: a life rooted in presence, care, and conscious choice. A life where love was not rushed, extracted, or consumed—but lived.

Love as the Ultimate Teacher

Bhakti and dharma are not separate paths. They are two sides of the same devotion: love that feels, and love that acts.

Together, they shape how we mother, how we build relationships, how we design our lives, and how we walk our path. They teach us that love is not meant to remain private or theoretical—it is meant to become lived wisdom.

This is the heart of my coaching work.

Not fixing.

Not forcing.

But listening deeply—to the body, the land, the season, and the life asking to be lived.

If you find yourself standing at a threshold—feeling the pull between devotion and responsibility, softness and structure, longing and alignment—you are not lost. You are listening.

And that listening is the beginning of the path.



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my mama's healing soups



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

Discover the recipes that nourish generations.
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THE SOUL NEEDS A PASSPORT TOO

(I Followed Love to London)

It wasn't romance that called me across the ocean. It was something older, purer, fiercer. The kind of love that rewrites everything.

I refuse to be a long-distance grandmother. I refuse to love my granddaughter through a phone screen, to know her only through videos: how she sleeps, how she eats, how she takes her first steps, how she grows.

I wanted more. I wanted to live her childhood with her, every season, every stage.

To sit on the floor and play for hours, to braid her hair, to walk hand in hand through London parks, to jump in puddles, to chase butterflies, to ride the merry-go-round, to buy her strawberry ice cream, to choose pink dresses with bows and ruffles and matching headbands.

To help her with school projects, to make pancakes on rainy Sundays, to collect autumn leaves, to write letters to Santa in December.

To ride red double-decker buses, to visit castles and rose gardens, to sip five o'clock tea in luxury hotels, to wrap ourselves in scarves in the snow, to light candles in old churches.

To be there when she asked big questions, to hold her when she cried, to laugh until we couldn't breathe, to share silences that said everything, to watch her sleep year after year and whisper blessings for the woman she would become.

And later, as she grew, to shop together and let her choose what she loved, to watch her wander between hangers with that picky, sophisticated taste she has had since she was small. To try on sparkly lip gloss, to giggle over secret diaries, to draw side by side, to listen to her read her detective novels aloud. To laugh at animal reels on slow weekend mornings, curled up in pajamas, sharing joy over silly things. To talk about her dreams, what she wants to be when she grows up, which changes like the seasons: this week a summer camp director, last month a gymnast, before that a singer with glittering microphones and world tours. I just listen, marveling at every version.

Because that's what I believe God placed women on this Earth for: to stand beside the cribs and dreams of our children, to walk with them as they grow.



BY MARIE-VALÉRIE COUTURE DE TROISMONTS
PHOTOGRAPHS: VALERIE'S FAMILY ARCHIVE



THE SOUL NEEDS A PASSPORT TOO



I refuse to be a grandmother only twice a year, only for birthdays or Christmas. I refuse to be just a grandmother of oversized gifts wrapped in festive paper and loud kisses that leave thick red lipstick marks. That kind of love would never be enough for me.

That is what the women in my family have done, generation after generation. My daughter had the privilege of being watched over by her young great-grandmother, who stood at the foot of her crib, guarding her dreams with quiet reverence. She couldn't come often, but when she did, she would travel more than thirty kilometers by bus and underground, always carrying a homemade Spanish tortilla in a Tupperware, because my husband loved it. That's how she was: attentive, generous, and full of silent devotion.

We never forgot the time when he came home from work and the baby was peacefully asleep in her crib, but my grandmother was nowhere to be found. He panicked, thinking she had left the baby alone. After searching, he finally found her on her knees behind a piece of furniture, brushing the carpet with a hand brush. She had spotted a speck and couldn't let it be. That was the kind of woman she was. Quiet love. Invisible service. Limitless presence.

I didn't want to let her legacy be lost. She had devoted her entire life to her grandchildren. She had prioritized us. She had given us oceans of love, presence, and wisdom. To not continue that legacy would have been, to me, a betrayal of something sacred.

I rebelled against time and distance, against missing out on the joy of kissing my granddaughter's chubby cheeks, breathing in the scent of her baby skin, looking into her dark eyes, and hearing her laughter.

I could not accept being denied the right, and the deep desire, to help my daughter. To give her a hand. To care for my granddaughter so she could rest, go out for dinner, follow her passions, or simply read a book in peace.

Life had already taught me that the important things should never be postponed, that what slips away doesn't return, that children never stop needing us and we never stop yearning to have them near, that the only true treasures of life are our relationships, and that relationships only blossom through presence.



THE SOUL NEEDS A PASSPORT TOO



Time is a tyrant. It rushes everything. It sweeps away what we don't savor. And it never gives second chances, no matter how much you beg.

And one day, my daughter said on the phone, "I would love to have my mom near me." That was enough. Together with my deep desire to be fully present for my grandchild, it gave me the push I needed.

So I said goodbye. Goodbye to my beloved family. Goodbye to my friends. I loved them all, with everything I am, but I was off to be a grandmother. I rented out my house, I quit my job, and I crossed the ocean with nothing but the certainty that love was reason enough.

And in that instant, I remembered Frida Kahlo's words:

“¿Se pueden inventar verbos? Quiero decirte uno: yo te cielo, así mis alas se extienden enormes para amarte sin medida.”

“Can one invent verbs? I want to tell you one: I sky you, so my wings extend so wide to love you without measure.” — Frida Kahlo

That was the only way to name what I felt. I sky you, my little one. I crossed the ocean to meet you.

When I arrived, there was a little girl of eight months old, with English, Chinese, Argentinian, Asturian, Italian, and French blood, dressed like a yogi one day and a Coya the next, with enormous perfect eyes, waiting for me on the other side of the ocean. I couldn't let a blessing like that be something I merely watched from a distance. I needed to live it.

I found a cozy place to live in the city where my granddaughter had been born. I kept working, healing broken souls in whatever language was needed, but the axis of my life shifted.

I was willing to do anything and afraid of nothing. People asked me, "Aren't you scared?" I wasn't. "Scared of what?" I would answer. Of loving too much? Of being present? Of choosing the essential over the expected? No, I had already made peace with what truly matters.



THE SOUL NEEDS A PASSPORT TOO



If necessary, I was ready to live as a nomad, to eat roots, to sell coconuts, to wrap myself in fallen leaves and warm my frozen hands and feet inside medieval churches, just as I had done that one winter in Paris, stubbornly walking the whole city, nearly freezing to death in the attempt.

How could I love my granddaughter from afar? How would she ever feel my love if we didn't truly share life?

Now, exactly ten years have passed.

And looking back, I know it was the best decision of my life: to watch her grow year after year, to fill my heart with life and energy through her laughter, her songs, her dances, her somersaults.

Just as I did with her mother when she was little, I fell in love with her gaze. I was mesmerized by her questions as she discovered the world.

I remember that when I first met her grandfather, many years ago, he told me I had "intelligence for life." I was never good with numbers or math – but maybe he was right. Because if there's one kind of intelligence that truly matters, it is this: knowing what must never be postponed, knowing what must never be missed.

Just as I had lived the childhood of her mother and her aunt to the fullest, I gifted myself the chance to live hers too.

None of this would have happened if I had accepted being just a video-call grandma.

A few days ago, after a picnic in the countryside, she put on my sunglasses and I lay down in the grass, soaking up the rare warmth of the English sun. And then, without a word, without asking, my granddaughter climbed on top of me and rested there, still, calm, heart to heart. We didn't speak. We didn't need to. We were one.

In that moment, I remembered the day I made the choice to be with her, fully and completely, and to live her childhood by her side. To be there not just for her, but for my daughter as well, walking beside her as she mothered, loving them both with the same fierce devotion I had once received.

And I knew, deep in my bones, that I had made the right choice. There was a kind of wisdom in my body, in every cell, that had known exactly where I needed to be to live life fully and not miss the sacred details.



THE SOUL NEEDS A PASSPORT TOO



That clarity – the certainty of being exactly where your soul belongs – is not only spiritual, but deeply psychological. Abraham Maslow, the renowned psychologist who created the hierarchy of human needs, described it as the highest human aspiration: self-actualization, the fulfillment that comes when we live in alignment with our deepest purpose. That day, I could have raised my hand and whispered, “Here is one.”

Romantic love may be glorified. Erotic love may be idolized. But this, this is the greatest love of all. Because when you love a grandchild, you love them for who they are, purely and freely – and you love them twice over, because within them lives your own child.

Today, I can say: the soul needs a passport too. And love, when it’s real, always finds a way to reach its destination. Me vine a ser feliz, me vine a ser abuela.



About the Author:

Marie-Valérie Couture De Troismonts is a therapist, clinical psychologist and writer with over 34 years of experience in trauma recovery, ACE prevention, and mental health systems reform. She is the founder of Proyecto De Zero, an international therapeutic and preventive model that uses the power of love as a healing tool—in clinical practice, in families, and within communities. Her work blends scientific insight, poetic storytelling, and a deeply rooted spiritual perspective, exploring childhood, motherhood, emotional presence, and the invisible forces that shape human resilience and connection.

www.proyectodezero.com

 [proyectodezero](https://www.instagram.com/proyectodezero)







PILGRIMAGES OF THE SOUL CURATED RETREATS

**SOULFUL COFFEE RETREAT CUETZALAN, PUEBLA
SUMMER RETREAT
JUNE 16-26, 2026**



Stay in an eco hotel and sustainable Community:

This is a community-based experience centered within Tosepan Titataniske — a cooperative formed by over 22,000 Nahua and Totonac families working toward ecological sustainability, economic resilience, and cultural preservation in the Sierra of Puebla.

At Tosepan Kali, you will experience tourism in harmony with nature. The eco-hotel is built using permaculture and bioconstruction techniques — with rainwater harvesting, waste treatment, and an unwavering commitment to regenerate the land and support the community.

Practice Mindfulness in Nature and Journey with Be a Conscious Traveler

This for travelers craving more than a vacation. This soulful trip is for friends, couples, or individuals passionate about regenerative living, wellness, and cultural immersion. Slow travel rooted in Indigenous wisdom.

Be a Conscious Traveler offers an immersive adventure in the heart of the Cuetzalan del Progreso — inside a living coffee plantation.

Discover the itinerary:

beaconscioustraveler.com/soulful-coffee-cuetzalan

**SOULFUL CACAO RETREAT
UXMAL, YUCATAN
A WOMEN'S CIRCLE RETREAT
JULY 7-15, 2026**



Stay in a Historic Eco-Lodge

At The Lodge at Uxmal, located just steps from the Pyramid of the Magician, you'll enjoy rustic yet luxurious accommodations surrounded by tropical gardens and a working cacao plantation.

Relax in two outdoor swimming pools, visit the Choco-Story Museum, and learn the sacred story of cacao — one of the Maya's most treasured gifts to the world.

Wake up to panoramic views of the Pyramid, enjoy fresh fruits from the plantation, and immerse yourself in a setting where nature, culture, and comfort meet.

Practice Mindfulness in Nature and Journey with Be a Conscious Traveler

When you visit Uxmal, you naturally embrace a Journey of Renewal, Ancestry, and Presence. Escape the rush, reconnect with your roots, and experience tranquility in Uxmal's timeless beauty.

Be a Conscious Traveler offers an immersive adventure for women in the heart of the Puuc Route — inside a living cacao plantation.

Discover the itinerary:

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UXMAL

SOULFUL CACAO RETREAT JOURNEYING THROUGH ANCIENT MAYA CULTURE



A SACRED WOMEN'S RETREAT IN THE HEART OF THE PUUC ROUTE.

THE LODGE AT UXMAL



Located just steps from the pyramids, The Lodge at Uxmal is an eco-resort surrounded by tropical gardens and a working cacao plantation.

Relax in two outdoor swimming pools, visit the Choco-Story Museum, and learn the sacred story of cacao — one of the Maya's most treasured gifts to the world.

Wake up to views of the Pyramid of the Magician, enjoy fresh fruits from the plantation, and immerse yourself in a setting where nature, culture, and comfort meet.

UXMAL & THE PUUC ROUTE

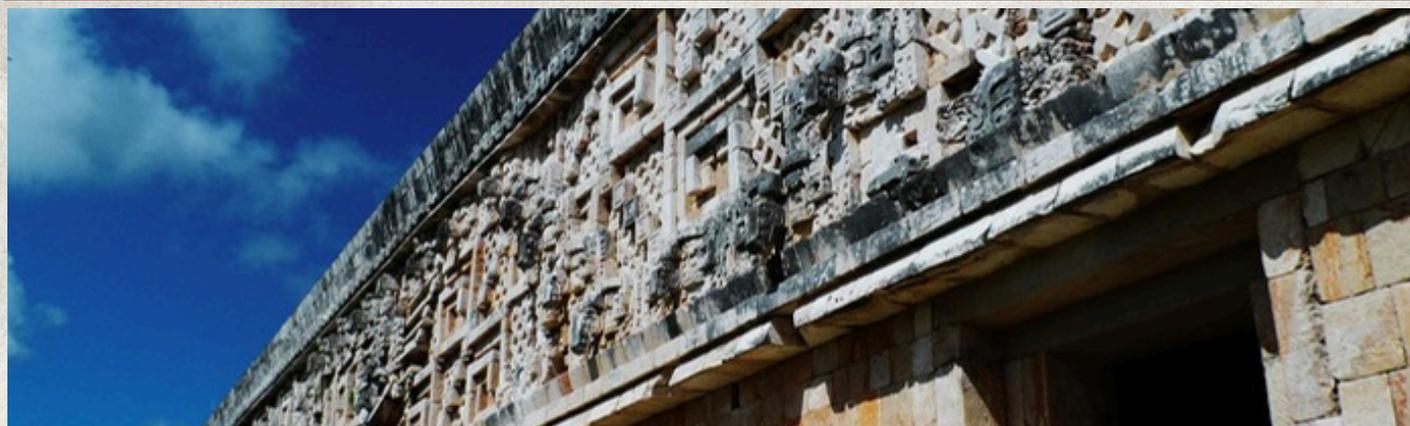
The Puuc Route is a 40-kilometer journey that begins in Uxmal and weaves through ceremonial sites like Kabah, Sayil, Xlapak, and Labna — each one adorned with hundreds of Chaac masks, symbols of the rain god and the Maya's deep connection to the rhythms of the Earth. Founded around A.D. 700, Uxmal is one of the most magnificent cities of the ancient Maya, renowned for its sacred geometry, architectural harmony, and precise astronomical alignments. The Pyramid of the Magician, with its unique elliptical base, rises from the land like a sacred sentinel — a place of wonder, reflection, and ancestral memory.





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STEP INTO SACRED LAND WHERE TIME SLOWS, STORIES LIVE IN STONE, AND CACAO FLOWS AS A SACRED ELIXIR.



AN INVITATION FOR WOMEN TO RECONNECT WITH ANCESTRAL WISDOM, CACAO, AND SUSTAINABLE CULTURE.

A Retreat at Uxmal, Yucatán, Mexico.

Set amidst the mystical Puuc landscape, this retreat honors cacao as a sacred plant and portal to presence. Led by Gabriela Rocha Caballero — author of *My Mama's Healing Soups*, founder of *Suddha Prem*, and curator of *Be a Conscious Traveler* — you'll embark on an unforgettable journey inside a working cacao plantation, just steps from the ancient pyramids of Uxmal.

Each day invites you into a rhythm of cacao ceremonies and tastings, immersion in ancestral Mayan traditions, and mindful nature experiences woven into the sacred land of Uxmal — a UNESCO World Heritage Site in the heart of the Yucatán.



LET THE ENERGY OF THE PYRAMIDS AWAKEN YOUR SPIRIT — A PLACE TO SET INTENTIONS, CULTIVATE CLARITY, AND INVITE TRANSFORMATION.

WHO IT'S FOR

Women seeking transformative travel rooted in:

- Intentional ritual and spiritual reconnection
- Cultural immersion
- Eco-conscious living and mindful community





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EACH SUNRISE INVITES YOU TO AWAKEN
ANCIENT MEMORY, WALK IN PRESENCE,
AND RECONNECT TO THE RHYTHM OF
THE EARTH.



The Spirit of Cacao

Cacao is more than a drink — it is ceremony, connection, and medicine. For thousands of years, this sacred plant has been revered as a bridge between the heart and the cosmos, used in ritual to awaken presence, gratitude, and collective healing.

Drinking ceremonial cacao gently opens the heart, increases blood flow to the brain, and deepens emotional awareness. It enhances focus, lifts the spirit, and invites you to slow down — to listen inward, remember joy, and root yourself in the wisdom of the Earth.

At this retreat, cacao becomes a daily ritual — a moment of stillness, intention, and soul nourishment.



**A SEEKER'S PARADISE:
WHERE ANCIENT PYRAMIDS
MEET THE SPIRIT OF CACAO**

RESERVE NOW | JOIN WAITLIST

→ *This retreat is exclusively for women—space is limited.*

We welcome thoughtful minds who align with values of mindfulness, respect, cultural integrity, and sustainability.

→ *Spaces are limited for this intimate, hands-on retreat.*

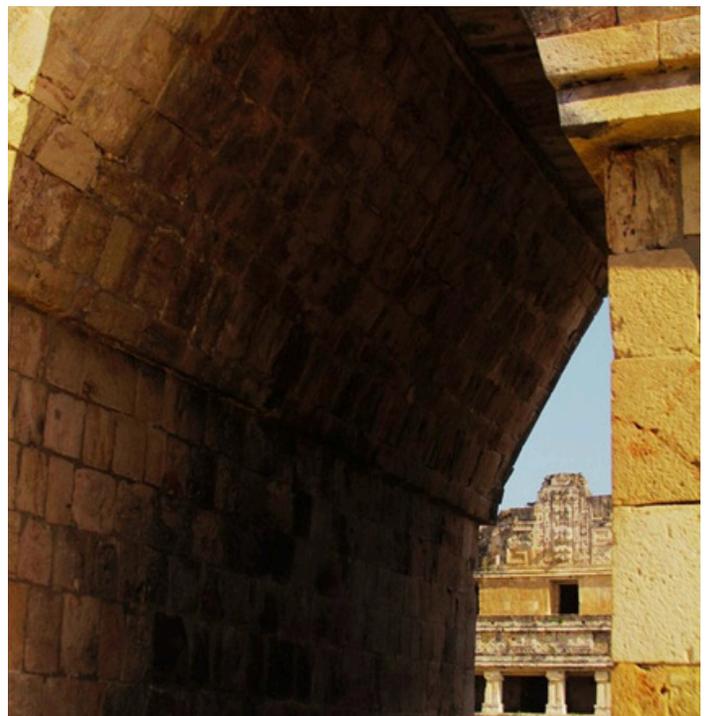
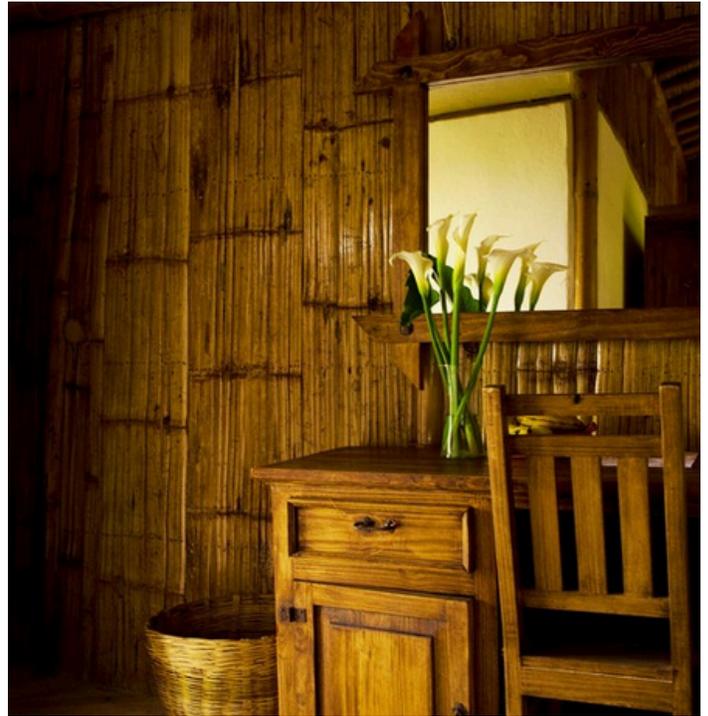


Our curated journeys are more than just trips — they are pilgrimages of the soul.

Each experience invites you to slow down, reconnect, and travel with intention. You will be surrounded by a small group of like-minded individuals, forming deep connections through shared experiences, heartfelt conversations, and the magic of sacred lands that invite transformation.

2010 & 2025 Memories

- *Profound Mindfulness Connection Postcards*
Etsy Store @SuddhaPrem
- Cuetzalan | Bamboo and Natural Woods
- Cuetzalan | Experiencing a Cultural Immersion
- Uxmal Archaeological Area



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BOOK CACAO WOMEN'S RETREAT

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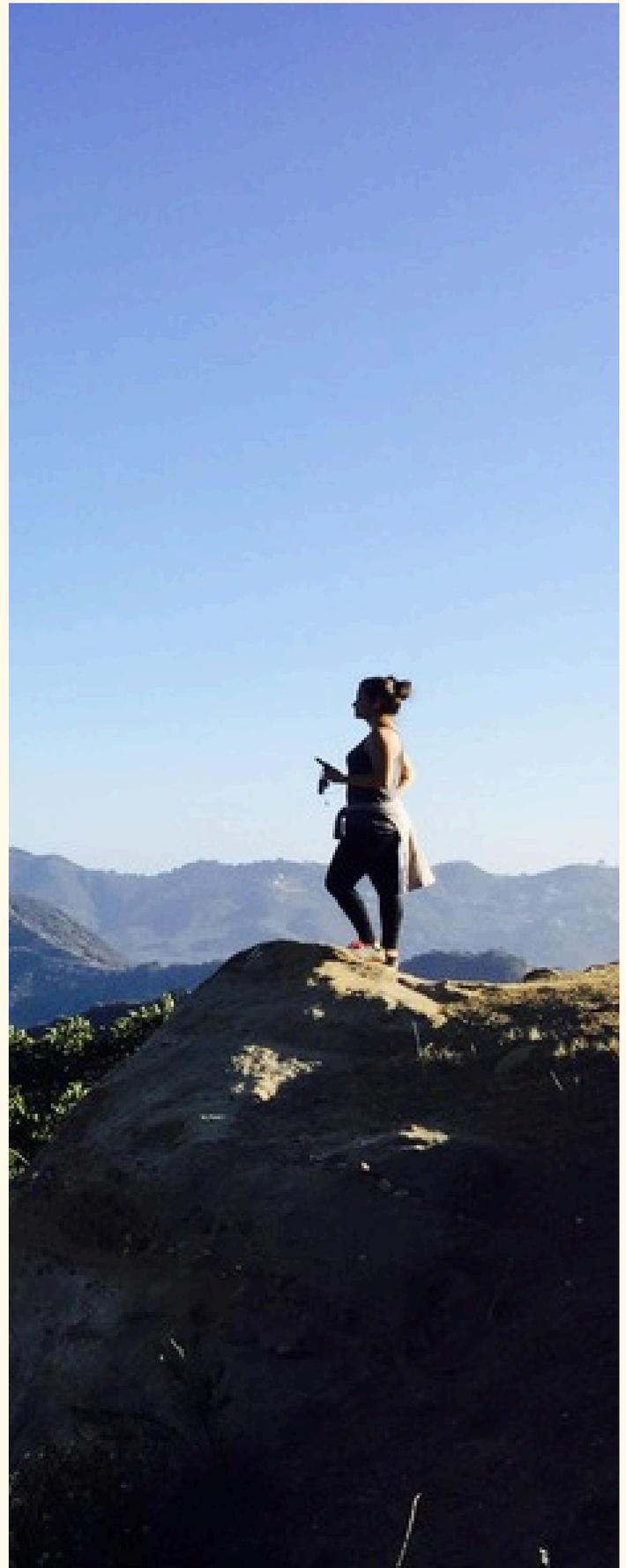
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