

August 2026 - The Wild Rose

A Monthly Workbook
from Serenity in Motion

My Love,

The Wild Rose grows untamed — not because she rejects beauty, but because she defines it on her own terms.

This is the season of edges, of fire, of becoming whole through courage.

Boundaries are not walls; they are petals — the structure that allows your bloom to thrive.

This month, we honour your inner flame — fierce, feminine, and free.

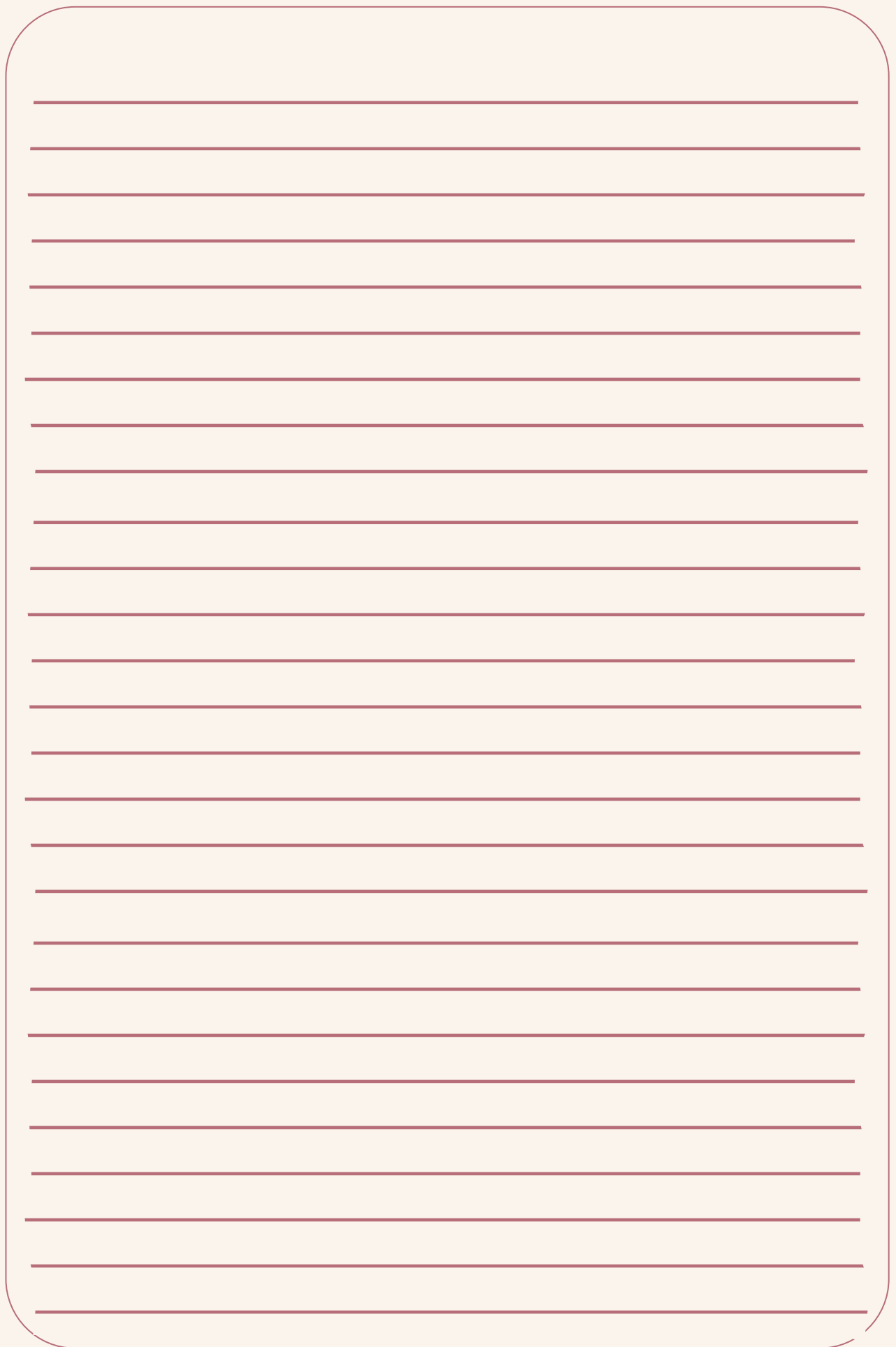
With love,

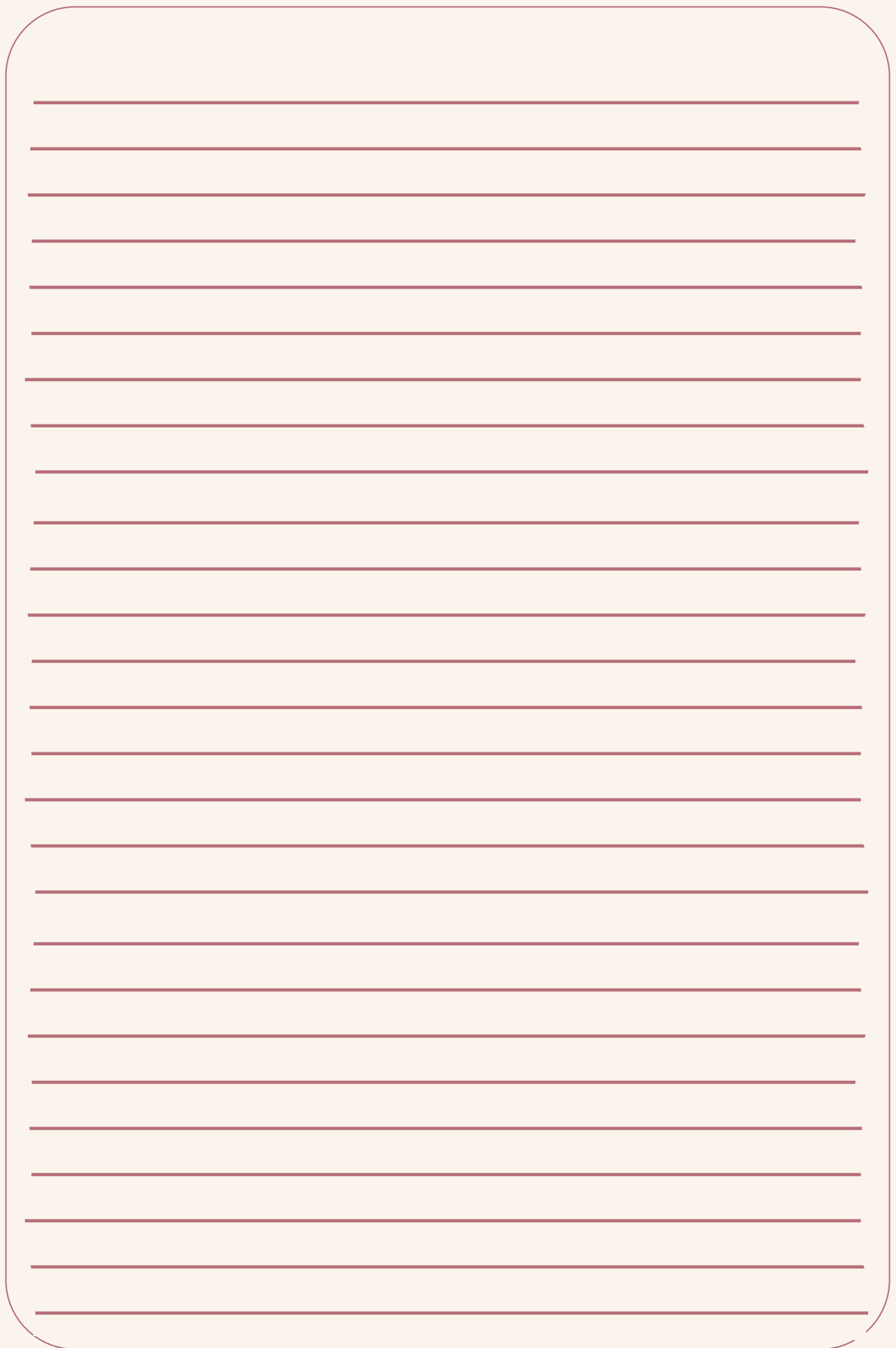
Lily

*“She was made of petals
and fire — too soft to
break, too strong to burn.”*

Journal Prompts

1. Where have I been shrinking myself to preserve peace?
2. How does my body tell me when a boundary is being crossed?
3. What does “wild” mean to me — and where am I craving more of it?
4. How can I express anger or passion safely, without self-abandoning?





Affirmations

- My softness does not make me small; it makes me sovereign.
- Boundaries are acts of self-respect, not separation.
- My fire is sacred; I tend it with care.
- I can be both gentle and powerful — that is my nature.

Ritual Practice — The Rose with Thorns

Light a candle — red, if you have one.

Write down what you no longer wish to carry:
other people's expectations, old guilt,
emotional clutter.

Speak aloud: *I honour my fire, and I choose myself.*

Burn the paper (safely), or tear it into pieces
and release it in running water.

End by touching your heart — *I am safe in my strength.*

Sensory Moment — Anchoring in Heat

When emotions rise, place one hand on your belly, one on your chest.

Inhale through your nose, exhale through the mouth with a soft “haaa.”

Feel the warmth dissipate — not suppressed, but transformed.

Whisper: *My fire fuels me, not burns me.*

Movement Ritual — The Wild Feminine Within

Begin seated.

Roll your shoulders back and imagine your spine lengthening like a serpent rising.

Let your breath grow fuller, your movements more primal — circles, sways, small stomps, or free gestures.

Feel your strength as sensual, not harsh.

This is sacred boldness — embodied permission.

Closing Reflection

The rose does not apologise for her thorns.

They are her way of saying, I am not here to be picked; I am here to be respected.

You, too, are allowed to take up space — to be wild, wise, and whole.

You are the Wild Rose — untamed, sovereign, beautifully alive.

