

ISSUE NO.03

JULY  
2021

# ARDENT



JOY

A MINDFUL MAGAZINE

# ARDENT MARKET

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*Basically, don't be a jerk.*

For any additional questions on this please email: [emily@ardentmarket.com](mailto:emily@ardentmarket.com)

# ARDENT

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

When you're born sensitive, with a wild intuition and creative abandon, you quickly learn how to prepare yourself and the people around you for the worst. The curse of being an empath is that you can't help but feel the blurred lines between yourself and another. You naturally endure collective pain and heartbreak.

When you're younger, it feels as though you're permeable. You eventually discover how to exist in a small, definable space with very firm edges as both a means of protection and to cultivate a sense of freedom—intuitively bracing for emotional impact.

I see many messages that talk about the bravery and vulnerability in not being okay, in speaking your truth, in not bypassing your pain.

"It's okay not to be okay."

Eventually, not being okay becomes our resting state. It can become routine, and we feel contentment with that gnawing sense of lack. A moment of bliss followed by the clench of doubt and distrust because we learned that all good things come to an end. The feelings of loss, sadness, and grief slink around the depths of our hearts.

If okay becomes a little too unfamiliar, we lose our ability to commune with joy. Bubbling enthusiasm forms the sharp corners of anxiety. Suddenly we are afraid to experience happiness, excitement, pleasure, and contentment because we've lived through enough—and that oh-so-familiar shoe could drop at any moment. Our capacity feels weighed down; it becomes heavy to survive our day-to-day.

Joy can be our most significant means of expansion, but we've lost touch with how it speaks to us and how it helps us grow.

It becomes our most essential practice to feel the good things while feeling everything else, to be held in recognition for the light we bring, and stand proudly in the spotlight. Our most connective piece with other people lives in celebration, gratitude, and joy. We have to remember that our experiences aren't just about witnessing the pain but savoring the sweet—in welcoming joy.

It's okay to be okay, too.

You have to make space for joy with your resiliency by being brave enough to hold it, wise enough to celebrate it, and present enough to feel it—however it comes to you. It's a practice of savoring good, of lifting your spirits through play, humor, excitement, and pockets of bliss. The more you make space for your joy and the more you practice it, the bigger the expanse for your container. The well of your life experiences can become a fountain.

Ardently,  
Emily





## CAN YOU ALLOW JOY IN?

Written by Morgan Sowards

*Why does joy feel painful or unsafe at times? Why is it that joy often feels out of reach for many of us? How do you speak about something that you struggle to connect with?*

These were just a few of the questions that kept running through my mind as I began to contemplate my relationship with and observations of joy.

When I sat down to write the article for this season, the first thing I did was look up the word's definition, and I had a physical reaction to what I read.

The word joy means: the emotion of great delight caused by something exceptionally satisfying; a source of keen pleasure. The word keen stood out to me. Keen means intense or sharp, so shaped as to pierce.

I sat for a minute, letting that wash over me.

Joy is such a powerful feeling that it is capable of piercing us straight in the heart, into the depths of our being. It evokes instantaneous excitement we can't make sense of, and don't care to try. It consumes us in such a beautiful way, allowing us simply to revel in the sensation. For a moment, we find ourselves fully present, relishing in our existence.

As children, we so freely allow joy in. We play and delight in the smallest of activities. Our bodies feel wild and unrestricted. This is a state of being that comes so naturally to us. There is no effort, just pure surrender to the wonder of life itself.

And then there comes the point when our excitement becomes too much for another to hold, or for the world to accept. Our joy makes someone else uncomfortable. We may be told to calm down, to be quiet, to behave ourselves, or that it's time to grow up. We gradually adopt such suppression as the ideal way to exist in the world. Play, humor, amusement, and wonder are no longer acceptable.

This moment comes at a different time for each of us, but eventually, we learn to dim our light. We restrict, contract, and suppress our joy to make those around us more comfortable and to accommodate a world that glorifies achievement. And unfortunately, over time, this constraint also becomes more comfortable for us.

We become so accustomed to being productive, seeking control, and maintaining a level of seriousness about life that we forget how to allow joy in.

This is an unfortunate cycle that we find ourselves in, and it happens for a good reason. Life is harrowing at times, and the amount of injustice so many face can be unbearable. No wonder we are often taught to shut ourselves off from joy at such a young age. We are learning how to survive and how to navigate such pain because joy requires vulnerability. It asks us to let go, to be seen, and exposes us to the reality that the feeling is finite.

There are the lucky few who've never lost touch of this internal spark. I admire their bravery and thank them for the reminder of what lies dormant in each of us, just waiting to be rekindled.

Joy, pleasure, and delight in the wonders of life are our birthright. We were born into this world full of amazement and fascination, so ready to soak up all that life had in store, but we must remember how to let it in.





## ENJOYING THE RIDE

WRITTEN BY LEAH LONGUEVILLE

I was 17-years-old when I packed my bags, said goodbye to all things familiar, and moved 12-hours-away to a small town in Minnesota. My mother (who moved away when I was 12) had relocated there with her husband and bought a house with an extra bedroom. I was in dire need of a fresh start.

As a senior in high school, I was in a stage of rebellion, numbing, discovery—typical behavior for a teenager with childhood trauma. At the time, I felt like I was out of control, spiraling. But the idea of moving to a new place where nobody knew me seemed exciting. A chance to be who I wanted to be, to define my path. While incredibly difficult, I spent the next year growing, becoming and evolving. It was the first time in my life where I recognized that I had choices. To a certain degree, I had the privilege of deciding the type of person I wanted to be.

This period defined me. Not because of the place or the people, but because it was a clear example of what could happen when I took a risk by believing in the unknown and trusting that the Universe had my back.

During this time, I developed an awareness of my actions in relation to the outcome. My thought pattern switched from insecurity in making the wrong decisions to confidence in what is in my control. I developed agency and a sense of self-trust. No matter what life had to offer or how I felt like I was spinning out, I could rely on myself to focus on what was in my power. This shift in perspective changed my life with every milestone. I was no longer forcing an outcome but accepting my choices.

In college, this mindset led me to apply for a reporter job at our newspaper, despite not being a journalism student (I studied the enemy... advertising). I got the job and eventually moved on to become editor-in-chief. That position was my first taste of real-world responsibility. I became a leader. I gained confidence in a way I didn't even know I was capable of and felt important for the first time in my life.

A few years later, this sense of knowing lead me to my husband, Adam – a man I knew for decades, loved for years, and yet after many failed attempts at forcing romance between us found myself convinced that it would never work out. When it clicked, it wasn't exactly magical like in the movies. But it was harmonious, comfortable, and, most importantly, it worked. It still works beautifully. I realize that if we would've given it a shot those years before, it wouldn't have been sustainable. We weren't ready. But when I surrendered to Universal timing, things came together.

Years later, when Adam and I decided we wanted to grow our family, we miscarried. The months that followed were hard as my body tried to regulate, and I obsessed over becoming a mother. It wasn't until I stopped tracking my cycle, taking my Basel temperature, and testing my ovulation that we got pregnant with Lily. Once again, I let go and let the Universe take over.

I reflected on the moments in high school, the time I applied to the newspaper, my relationship with Adam, and the life of our baby girl. I reminded myself that some of the greatest things to ever happen to me transpired when I took a risk, let go, and opened myself up to whatever change was coming.



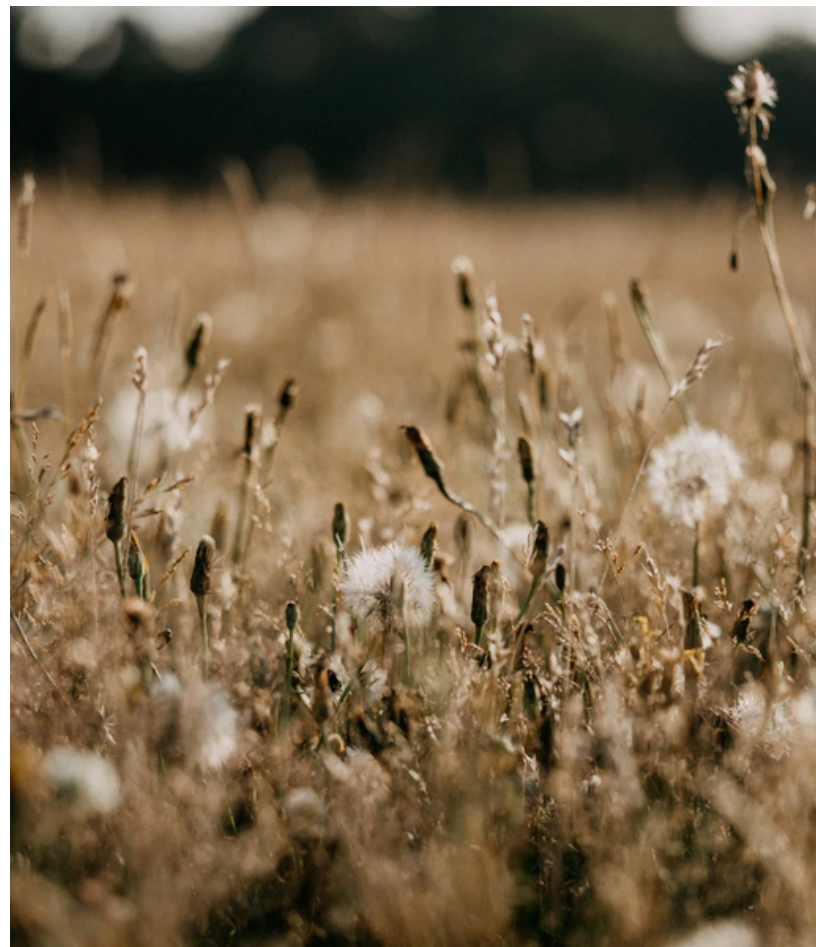


With this openness came the courage to step into my graphic design skills and leave a job to begin freelancing full-time from home; I found pockets of time throughout the day I never had before. As a hobby, I started designing and screen printing onesies on the floor of my guest bedroom. The designs featured messages – positive in nature, intentionally rooted in the daily values of parenting. I started sharing them online, using them as the foundation to share something deeper, opening myself up to the rest of the world.

The more I shared, the more others responded, finding their own connection to each piece. It wasn't long before that hobby evolved into an Etsy shop, which months later turned into an online store that grew into Polished Prints, the business I own today – the most rewarding work I've done professionally, the connector between me and so many others.

My business, my marriage, my sense of self, my career. The being I am today wouldn't exist in its current form without making that decision 15 years ago to trust the process, let go of what doesn't serve me, and believe that better things are coming, regardless of how they might take shape. The idea of agency is the catalyst behind the empowering designs that drive my business—inspiring others to be the good every day. It's what brings me joy, hope, and love. It's the reassurance that everything will be okay.

If you find yourself at a crossroads, a pivot, an especially trying time. First, I'm sorry, and also, I believe good things are coming for you. Life is fucking hard, but if there's anything I've learned, it's that sometimes the beauty of life, the destiny of our being is hidden in places we would never expect. And sometimes, the only place to find it is by taking our hands off the wheel and enjoying the ride.



# TENDER JOY

WRITTEN + PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY STEVI McNEILL

Over the past year, I have had a lot of time to think about what I want out of life and what truly brings me joy.

At the beginning of the pandemic, I was back at home in the UK. My wife and I travelled over to the south of England in early February. Before we knew what was to come, we visited friends and family all over the south and south-west; it was a wonderful trip. Katy flew back to the US two weeks early while I stayed for a school event. Those two weeks turned into three months.

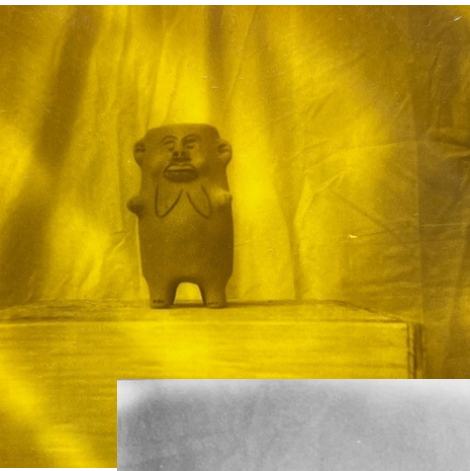
Everything shut down, and I was left without a flight back to my life in Colorado indefinitely. Luckily I was able to stay in the comfort of my childhood home with my parents. But the shock of what the world was going through and suddenly being unable to get back to Katy was surreal. I felt helpless not being able to be with my love. After the stress and confusion subsided, we started to figure out how to support each other from a distance. We had daily calls, read a book together, chatted about our strange days and what we did to occupy them. We found ways to fill this time with tears and laughter. I grew to appreciate my time in England—the time with my family and the unique way Katy and I adapted.

I was finally able to return to Colorado in June. I was thrilled to be with Katy, as she is my home and not something I want to take for granted.

I don't believe that one person or many can bring you joy. You can find happiness within yourself and the situations life presents you with. However, a lot of my joy comes from memories made with the ones I love.

This collection of polaroids is a reflection of the simple pleasures in life shared.







## JOY IN LIGHTS

Written by

Alexandra Diamond

During the winter holidays of my childhood, instead of the classic gingerbread decorations, my father used to nail a strand of white lights to the side of our house to spell the word Joy in 6 foot letters. His personal style of script caused some confusion. Many of our neighbors raised an eyebrow and chuckled, asking why someone would write "goy," when it was already quite obvious that we had a Christmas tree and not a menorah in the window. Folks walking by would stop, cars would slow as they passed to take in the beaming signage. Each year, it became a fixture in town and a self-fulfilling declaration of the precious and unintentional pleasure of experiencing joy.

Since then, I have met many folks looking for happiness, the elusive golden ring that it is. But so often, I also see folks who have been stifled in their experience of joy. Somewhere along the way, we were told that we did not deserve it. We were labeled with an awkward smile or a weird laugh. Or even worse, we were foolish, and the thing that elicited the joy was not as valuable as we felt. There is so much that we become serious about as we grow up. We take on the weight of our own limitations, the shortcomings of others, the collective judgments, and a looming existential dread that is marketed to us as a way to keep us buying and producing. These albatrosses we collect around our necks draw our faces longer and pull our shoulders down around us. We begin to feel like joy is superfluous or unwelcome. Besides, there are things to worry about. In some instances, we subconsciously close ourselves off from the experience of pleasure and begin to believe that it no longer exists for us.

Be that as it may, joy exists. And while happiness is a state that we tend to strive for throughout our lives—sometimes to our detriment, ignoring the actual "life" that goes on in the process—joy cannot be cultivated or gained. It is found, discovered, or happened upon, like ripe berries on the side of a country road, the recognition of an old friend in a crowd, or a fortunate coincidence on a stressful day. Sometimes, it finds us in the most remarkable places; other times it might be right where we instinctively knew it would be.

Joy arrives in all of its tickling, sparkling certainty and cannot be denied. It is here one moment and gone the next. Like the blood that rushes to blushing cheeks, it floods us like a flash and fills the space. Happiness is dependent on certain markers that, as individuals, we determine and qualify. On the other hand, joy is a feeling, however fleeting or enduring, that can surprise us with the absolute high that banishes any shadow of a low.

In some instances, the state of happiness can be divisive. It can elicit jealousy and envy from others, but joy is infectious. When we see someone genuinely experiencing joy, we are tempted to feel it with them, even to a small extent. It raises an individual's vibrations and, in turn, affects the auric fields of those around them. We've all seen the videos of people catching contagious laughter on public transit. Joy is unadulterated, harkening us back to a childlike state without judgments or preconceived notions.

When we experience joy, we are opened. We breathe deeply; elastic inhales and exhale fluidly on a wave of endorphins. Our pupils dilate, the corners of our mouth lift, our shoulders fall back, and our heart space is unlocked. Joy can feel like we are more energy than matter, electrified and expansive. We are literally lit up by the rising vibrations in the auric field. Our entire being attuned to the present moment, existing only in this time and space.

“Joy can feel like we are more energy than matter, electrified and expansive.”

If we allow it, we can ride each moment of joy to the shores of satisfaction and find acceptance in the reality of what is. We are not given the depth of our feeling and the range of our expression to remain only in one state. But we pass by so many opportunities to discover joy seeking the illusory permanence of happiness. When much like Dorothy discovered the concept of home, joy has been right in front of our noses the whole time. The more we declare our joy, the more we share it, the more it spreads. When we release our grip on the reins just a little, the horse can move more freely, with a natural rhythm. We become open to receiving, and joy can come cantering in.

Even in the recollection of moments of joy, I am uplifted by little highs. Moments like candlelit friends laughing over full bellies and empty wine bottles; watching my young dog discover the buoyancy of water; when that old song comes on and courses through my hips. I have learned that joy is not something that I can keep. It is water through my fingers, refreshing and baptizing, and then it moves on. However, the more I open to it, the more deeply I feel it, the longer it stays with me, and the more often I find it. This openness can make me vulnerable, yes, but it also makes me more appreciative. If I lean into the moment, I am filled beyond capacity. I overflow with joy. Whether others take it and how much of it they do is entirely up to them, but it exudes from me freely without an expectation of anything in return. I no longer stifle my laughter or quell my excitement. I can hold the awareness that not everything is perfect or maybe even all that good and still catch my breath and giggle at the sight of my first squash in the garden. Just as deeply as I can feel difficulty and stress, I permit myself to feel joy. If I could, I would write it in lights all over my body.

# SEASONS OF GERMINATION + HARVEST

WRITTEN BY MALLORY LEONE

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At the time of this writing, it's July 2021 in the Northern Hemisphere. The air is heavy with heat and moisture where I live, and the garden is bursting with life.

As a burgeoning gardener, I'm learning to think ahead. The seeds that we plant now will bear fruit in the fall. So, in our household, we're taking the time every morning to nourish tiny (but mighty) seeds and starts, helping them grow strong before we transfer them into the ground.

Planning and planting seeds throughout the year reminds me of what it means to make goals and work toward them. But there's a part of goal-setting and tending that a lot of us miss. Germination happens in the darkness of the moist soil that we don't see.

Late summer isn't traditionally a time to talk about planting seeds. It usually goes like:

- Winter: Plant your seeds and tend to them lovingly
- Spring: Keep on tending, but watch them begin to sprout
- Summer: Things are starting to happen — watch out world!
- Autumn: Full-on harvest and celebration

But what happens when these seasons turn symbolic and show up during different times of the year. For instance, you're in a "winter" period over the summer and ready to harvest in January?

The trick is to tune into your own personal energetic seasons and figure out which one you're in now. Then, you can plan accordingly.

There's no standard amount of time to spend in any one season, so it's important to be gentle with yourself and check in often.

After a while, you'll know the difference between a time of sacred rest and when you're just putting something off because you're lazy or scared. Or when you're meant to push through and hustle, or if you're just working so much to avoid facing your emotions or close relationships.

Remember, just like a baby seed needs every season to grow, so do you, and so do your dreams. Skipping sacred rest will leave you burnt out and uninspired, just like ignoring the work will leave you frustrated and a bit empty-handed.

No matter what season you're in, the below spell will help you find your path and walk it with the confidence that only magic can bring.

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## 01

### repetition

In magic, we work a lot with repetition. Repeating a phrase or mantra helps to embed new thought patterns. Repetition is also thought of as "an assumption of success" wherein you repeat what you want as though you already have it. This teaches your brain to accept that the Universe is already working on delivering what you want.

Creating something with your hands takes the power of repetition to a whole new level, which is where braiding and knotwork come in. Through braiding, your words and your hands marry to create a magical object imbued with your intention. You can wear it, carry it around with you, or place it on your altar.

Once it's done, the magic is working, and you don't have to think too much about it. In this spell, we'll work toward building energy around a goal. It doesn't matter what season you're in because the spell will help you inspire, create, and receive — whatever it is that you need at this moment.

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## 02

### supplies

- Whatever you use to create sacred space: candles, sacred smoke or spray, an altar, etc.
- Three large pieces of yarn, rope, cord, or other braidable things (these can all be 1-3 feet long) I use green, gold, and/or white for abundance.
- A mantra. Take a few minutes to come up with something you can say on repeat without looking at a piece of paper.

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## 03

### ritual

- Begin by burning sacred smoke or resins. You can also use a sacred space to clear the energy of the space. Burning a cinnamon stick is great for abundance work.
- Bind the three pieces of yarn together at the end and secure it somewhere. I like to tie it to my desk or secure it with pins to a pillow.
- Take a moment to ground into the space and center your energy. Bring to mind the thing that you're trying to bring in — whether it's more energy or a pregnancy or a project at work.
- Begin braiding as you repeat your mantra out loud. The idea is to create a trance-like state through chanting while also imbuing your braid with magic.
- Braid and chant until you run out of yarn.
- Declare that your magic is already done by saying, "and so it is."
- Keep your braid on your altar, wear it, or carry it around with you until you see evidence that your magic is coming true!

# ON JOY

WRITTEN AND



PHOTOGRAPHED

BY JONO MELAMED



When we think of joy, we think of the people, places, and things that bring it to us. Of all the cracks in the world made evident by the last 18 months that we've shared, the masked fragility of the human spirit is perhaps the one we should be paying the most attention to. Never before have we been forced to reckon with how close we are to breaking as both a society and the individual creatures from which it is comprised. As strong as we like to think we are, we are also imbued with a cosmic softness, the capacity of which is truly unknowable. As abysmal as it is profound, our emotional complexity is the result of evolutionary forces outside of our control.

Thanks to millions of years of unintentional yet wholly strategic mutation, we are only as magnificent as we are pathetic.

Joy is alchemical, a nuanced concoction of reception and perception that floods our bodies, swirling through it like a brackish deluge. Explosive and highly addictive, for some, the onset is quick, like fever.

Glacial and incredibly savory, for others, it happens more slowly and methodically. Of all the things that it can be, joy can never be static. It is, instead, amorphous and untethered, just like everything else that makes us human.





I often think back to my childhood, to the days in which my excitement couldn't be physically contained. I remember throwing the full weight of my body at my parents when they'd pick me up from daycare. I remember finding out on the last day of the second grade that my best friend and I would be in the same class the following school year. I remember how we held hands and spun in circles until the inertia of our excitement made me vomit. I remember the full-body sensation leading up to my first kiss, only dispersing to make way for confusion as I realized I actually had no idea what we were supposed to be doing with our tongues. When we're young, joy lives closer to the surface, in the folds between our facia, the part of our body that quite literally holds the rest of us in place. As we get older, it retreats inward, digging its way through the various layers of who we are until it finds something solid and stable enough to root into.



Growing up in this world, with any level of awareness, brings with it so many opportunities for grief, so many involuntary excursions into the darkness. With each enemy incursion into the sanctum in which our joy has made itself at home, we run the risk of being ruined. We're made to believe that joy is light and airy, that it exists free from the heaviness that life brings with it. I find so much in the world that brings me to my knees, so many deeply human corners of this place that we share, but my joys are neither light nor airy. They are, instead, dark and grounded, like most of my favorite songs and people. I cannot overstate the reverence that I have for all that brings light into this world, but I have to find my joy on my own. I haven't found it floating across the sky, riding a cloud like a prayer sung into the ether. My joy has been found on my hands and knees, howling into the dirt and waiting for it to howl back. I've had to dig deep, wading through the darkness with my fingers outstretched, bumping into seemingly familiar monuments to my own shadow.



Joy seems easy to explain, but the actual feeling of it defies vocabulary. It's like trying to describe a smell without comparing it to something else. Maybe it's the absence of grief and having the strength to keep my head above water for long enough not to feel like I'm drowning. Maybe it's shared belly laughter and the way that my bones open up when I dance. Maybe it's the simple softness of a shared meal in a place that feels like home or in the gasp of a lover after an unexpected orgasm. Maybe it's simply feeling ok in a world that won't stop setting itself on fire. I don't need to know what joy is to know where I find it, though I'm pretty sure it finds me. Tried and true, I am always the best version of myself when I'm out in the wild, chasing things that make me feel small. Maybe what I'm actually chasing is joy, and perhaps joy, for me, is being made to feel small in a world so massive that I have a hard time feeling like I'm a part of it at all.

Like everything we need to stay alive, joy is a natural resource, every bit at risk as our dirt, sea, and sky. As we sink further into the future, I worry that our cosmic softness will be lost, usurped by an as-of-yet unknown biological imperative. In this recent swathe of time, we may have all been forced to take pause, but the world kept spinning regardless of our confusion, a truth that I wish wasn't so. Our masked fragility, cemented into our hustle as a necessary disguise, can be a gift if we let it teach us. I'm here to tell you to find joy in your darkness and strength in your joy because you have resilience built into your bones. I'm here to tell you that I'm proud of how deeply human you are for letting yourself feel small in a world that won't stop trying to prove how big it can be. I'm here to tell you that you are a simple and beautiful beast, in control of all that brings joy into the world.



# ARDENT

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THIS MAGAZINE IS A COLLABORATION  
FOR KINDRED SPIRITS

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INTENDED AS A RESOURCE OF OUR  
CONTRIBUTORS AND A CELEBRATION OF THEIR OFFERINGS.

AS A SPECIAL THANKS FOR THEIR TIME AND ENERGY, PLEASE EXPLORE THEIR  
STORIES AND (IF POSSIBLE) SUPPORT THEIR INDEPENDENT BUSINESSES.

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## ALEXANDRA DIAMOND

Alexandra, Healing Guide | Human Design Reader | Embodiment Counselor, Honored Body

OFFERINGS: [HONOREDBODY.COM](https://www.honoredbody.com)

Alexandra uses the Human Design System, embodiment techniques, and somatic coaching in 1:1 settings to guide folks through life's transitions. By way of her insight and the collaboration in these sessions, clients gain a deep understanding of their unique mental, emotional, physical, and energetic aspects of self. Furthermore, they are compassionately supported to process limiting belief systems and become empowered individuals with the tools to follow their authentic life path.



## MALLORY LEONE

Mallory is a witch, healer, and mover of energy. She owns and operates Four Corners Studio, an online offering of magical education, apothecary tools, and unique 1:1 energy healings rooted in lineage techniques. She's at her happiest when she's working with a client or writing and teaching about folk magic, witchcraft, healing, and energy medicine.

OFFERINGS: [FOURCORNERSSTUDIO.COM](https://www.fourcornersstudio.com)

Mallory Leone has opened access to 1:1 Magic Mentorship, Energy Healing + Intuitive Guidance, and Magic School. Magic School includes Ritual RX, Magic Lab, and Candle Magic. Each course offers ancient and modern tools to tap into your power, use it to your advantage, and support the collective. Magic School is crafted with the belief that when one of us heals and grows, all of us benefit.



## LEAH LONGUEVILLE

Leah is the founder, CEO and Creative Director behind Polished Prints - a sustainably-minded lifestyle goods line for women and children. When she's not designing product or navigating the new world of ethical manufacturing, Leah can be found embracing life with her two toddlers, drinking coffee and diving deep into true crime podcasts.

OFFERINGS: [POLISHEDPRINTS.COM](https://www.polishedprints.com)

Polished Prints recently transitioned over into entirely organic products (made in house), bringing greater impact to our brand that can be passed along to those who shop with us. A fun collection launches July 26 featuring all the new goods.



## JONO MALEMED

Hi, I'm Jono. I'm an artist, photographer, and designer that is currently calls the desert of southern Utah home.

The first thing I remember wanting in life was an olive. Next, it was a dog. Then, supposedly, it was to go anywhere and everywhere, so much so that my parents had to put up a fence to keep me from wandering into traffic. It's been 3 decades and that still says more about me than almost anything that I can think of.

OFFERINGS: [JONOMALEMED.COM](http://JONOMALEMED.COM)



## STEVI McNEILL

Stevi is an English/American photographer, based in Boulder, Colorado. Her work is in the sphere of Editorial and Fine Art photography. She is influenced by the land and seeks honest connections; leading with the desire to build relationships and community.

OFFERINGS: [DUSTANDGRIT.COM](http://DUSTANDGRIT.COM)



## EMILY MARKS

Emily owns and operates Ardent Market, a carefully curated store of handmade goods and vintage finds for home, body, and being. She believes in cultivating community and reinventing the online experience for a more holistic and inclusive retail environment. She is a CA resident and spends her free time crafting playlists, sourcing vintage treasures, and studying Astrology and Tarot.

OFFERINGS: [ARDENTMARKET.COM](http://ARDENTMARKET.COM)

Ardent Market is two! Join us for the celebration with 20% off your purchase with code TWO2021. Offer ends 8/30/21



## MORGAN SOWARDS

Morgan is a multi-passioned creative, and forever the student of life. Her work is rooted in self-exploration, nurturing other women, and helping creative entrepreneurs bring their ideas to fruition. She is also a Tarot enthusiast, Human Design reader, and aspiring gardener and recently moved back to her home town of Birmingham, Alabama, with her husband, Jordan, and three kitties: Hazel, Betty, and Bea.

OFFERINGS: [MORGANSOWARDS.COM](http://MORGANSOWARDS.COM)

Morgan is the host of a private, online community for women called The Grove—a safe space for personal evolution, healing, and meaningful connection. As an intuitive business mentor, Morgan partners with other women to bring their creative business dreams to fruition. She also offers Human Design readings, providing focused support for both personal and business guidance.

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JOINING US!

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