

# Corporate Hippie Oracle

**VOL. 02**

AGAPE LOVE  
SPECIAL EDITION

**EXCLUSIVE**

**Interview**

*Dr. Dong and the  
pilgrimage of peace.*

THE WALK FOR

# Peace

the 2300 mile walking pilgrimage across the US

**EDGE | FREQUENCY | REBELLION**

A collective of conscious authorities shaping what's next.

There comes a moment when the old rules stop working. When success without soul feels hollow. When truth calls for a new way.

**Corporate Hippie Oracle** was born from that moment.

I created Corporate Hippie Connection as a space for conscious leaders to remember who they are beneath roles, titles, and expectations. It became a living ecosystem rooted in embodiment, reverence, and real transformation. From that evolution, this Oracle emerged.

Not as a magazine, but as a transmission.

This volume carries a powerful frequency. We are honored to have the monks gracing our cover and deeply grateful for the opportunity to sit with Dr. Dong, who organized the **Walk for Peace**. Their presence reflects what the world is craving right now: stillness, devotion, and love in action.

The response to this publication has been humbling. Aligned voices, visionary brands, and conscious platforms are finding their way here. The right people are arriving.

We knew Volume One was not meant to be perfect. What mattered was honoring the moment. Launching through the 1.11 portal felt essential. This release arrives on 2.14, anchored in Agape Love, the highest frequency, and the day the monks return home.

Corporate Hippie Oracle exists for those who walk the edge between spirit and strategy. For leaders who understand that depth is power and alignment is the new authority.

Thank you for choosing resonance over noise.

Thank you for being here.

With gratitude and reverence,

*Kerry*

**Kerry Romano Zall**  
Founder & Editor in Chief

## Agape Love

Roadmap to a higher way of living

5

## Walk for Peace

Walking pilgrimage for peace

16

## ApotheKerry

Thje Rose:  
The Priestess of the Heart

21



February arrives quiet and bare, asking for a love that does not demand or take. The Oracle chose agape because it is love that stays. Love that sees without judging, gives without keeping score, and stands firm when the world feels unsteady. In a season often painted with romance, agape becomes something rarer and more necessary. A deeper current. A healing frequency. A return to who we are beneath it all.

**Debra Ebel**  
Editor & Creative Director

### Love Language

What you give. What you crave.  
Where they collide.

### The Altar | Beets

Earth medicine for modern lives.

### Lunar Well | Water

The original healer.

### Agape in the Mirror

Your body is not the problem.

### The Oracle Speaks

Truth doesn't whisper. It arrives.

### The Look | The Brooch

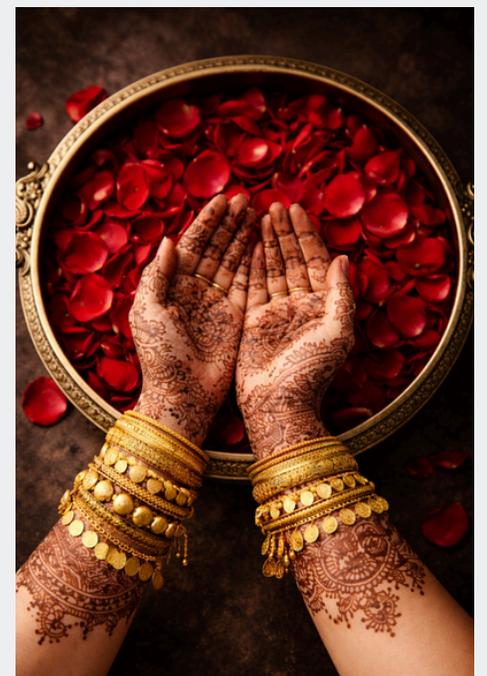
Adornment with a past. Style with intention.

### The Hat I Never Forgot

Memory stitched into identity.

### Introducing Aimee O'Brien

A talent worth leaning in for.



A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red kimono with a gold floral pattern and a gold sash, stands in the center. Behind her, several brown horses are running in a field, kicking up dust. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is one of strength and forward motion.

**2026**

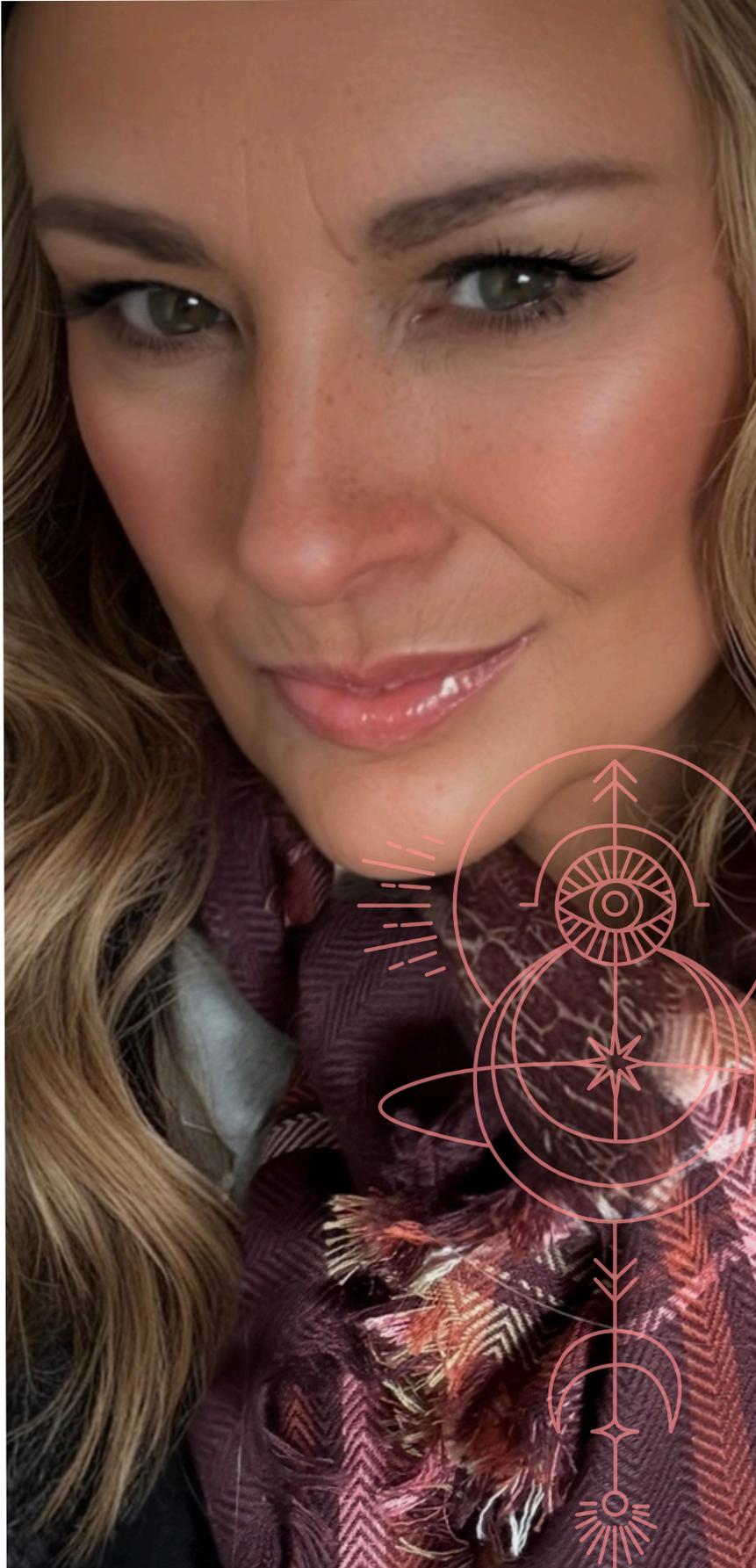
*The Year of the*

*Horse*

**Move forward without hesitation. This is a season for courage, momentum, and truth in motion. Trust your instincts, choose freedom over fear, and act with integrity. When heart and purpose lead, the path opens - and you go farther than you imagined.**

# Agape Love

A Road Map to a Higher Way of Loving  
By Debra Ebel



Love is not what we  
were taught.  
Not the chase.  
Not the spark.  
Not the moment when  
someone chooses us  
back.

Love is what remains  
when the choosing is  
no longer optional.  
When comfort  
disappears.  
When devotion costs  
something.

Agape does not arrive  
with fireworks.  
It arrives with  
presence.  
With staying.  
With a steady hand in  
the dark.

This is the love that  
changes everything.

## Why Love. Why Now.

The world is loud.  
Not just noisy, but fractured.  
Pulled apart by certainty.  
Exhausted by outrage.  
Drowned in information that demands we react,  
choose, defend.

We scroll.  
We retreat.  
We protect our hearts by closing them.

And still, beneath the armor, something aches.

We want to be seen.  
To be held without condition.  
To live at a frequency higher than fear.

We speak of love constantly.  
But we practice it rarely.

What if the love the world needs  
is not romantic,  
not conditional,  
not transactional?

What if the love that heals  
is quieter,  
braver,  
and asks everything of us?

There is a word for this love.

Agape.

### Defining Agape. More Than Love.

Often translated as unconditional love, Agape is love that seeks the highest good of another without needing anything in return.

This is not passion.  
Not attachment.  
Not approval.

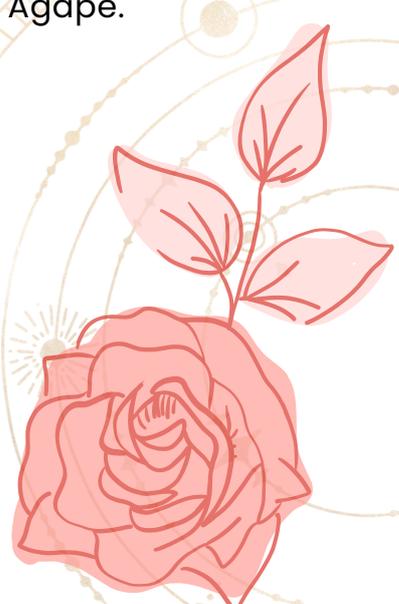
It is not eros, the love that longs to possess.  
It is not love that says I will love you if.

Agape is a practice, not a feeling.

It is inconvenient.  
It requires presence.  
It asks us to stay when leaving would be easier.

Wayne Dyer described Agape as love that flows outward rather than inward. Love rooted not in ego, but in spirit.

Agape does not announce itself.  
It simply shows up.



# The Moment Agape Changed Me

I didn't understand agape until I lived it.  
Not as an idea.  
Not as a belief.  
But as a moment that rearranged something in me forever.

It came while caring for my sister at the end of her life.  
Terminal breast cancer. Spread to her brain and lungs. Her liver failing.  
Her body could no longer stand.  
Her mind could no longer manage daily tasks.

There is a particular exhaustion that comes when love outpaces strength.  
I was beyond tired. Beyond coping. Running on something that wasn't willpower anymore.

That day, getting her to the bathroom became an ordeal.  
I was nearly carrying her. My body compensating for what hers could no longer do.  
Fear entered the room.  
Fear she would fall.  
Fear I would drop her.  
Fear this was how it would end.

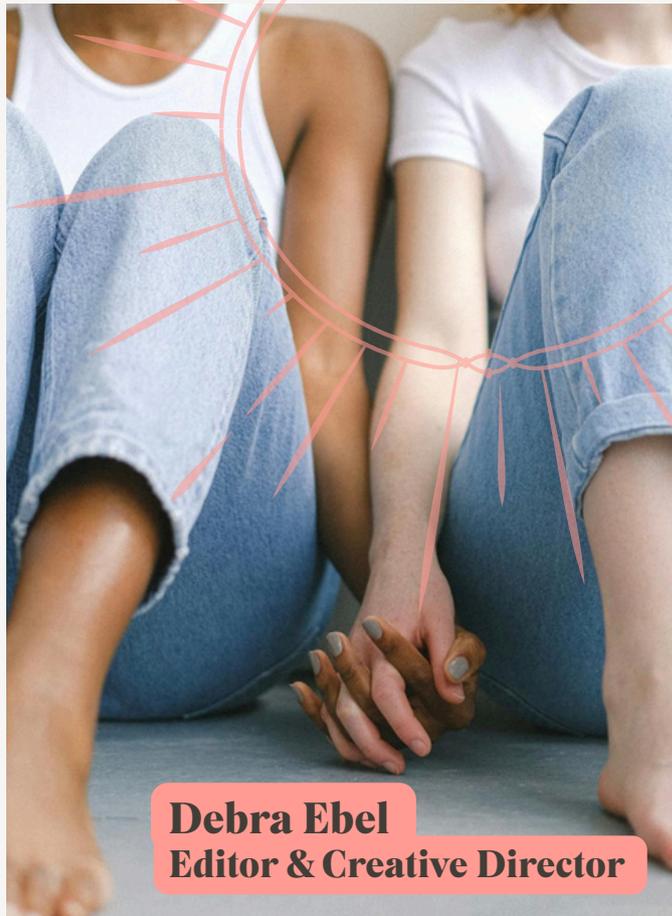
Then something shifted.

She sank into me.  
Not just physically. Fully.

Her weight increased, but her resistance disappeared.  
The moment she stopped fighting her body.  
The moment she let herself be held.

Her head rested against me. Her breath slowed.  
And quietly, she said

"i Love You."



**Debra Ebel**  
Editor & Creative Director



In that moment, I understood.

Love is not what we promise when life is easy.  
Love is what we offer when there is nothing left to trade.

Agape is staying without bargaining.  
Devotion without applause.  
Love stripped of romance and left standing anyway.

That moment changed me forever.

## Agape in Action

Agape love regulates the nervous system.  
It slows the breath.  
It softens the heart.  
It creates safety where fear once lived.

When we live this way, everything changes.

Marriages become sanctuaries.  
Caregiving becomes sacred.  
Aging becomes honorable.  
Leadership becomes service.

## Imagine The World We Could Create

Imagine a world led by agape.  
Where power looks like compassion.  
Where strength looks like restraint.  
Where love is practiced, not performed.

Agape does not ask to be easy.  
It asks to be chosen.  
Again.  
And again.

This is the love that heals.



WHAT IS YOUR

# Love Language?



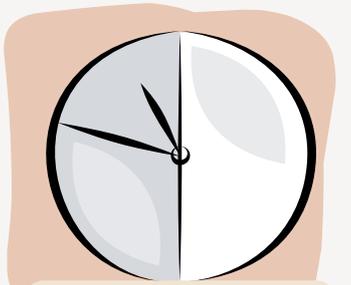
## Words of Affirmation



## Acts of Service



## Physical Touch



## Quality Time



## Receiving Gifts

Love has dialects. Quiet ones. Bold ones. Awkward ones. Fluent ones. Your love language is the way your heart speaks when it wants to be known. It's how you give affection without thinking and how you most deeply receive it. Words that land and linger. Time that feels like oxygen. Touch that steadies. Acts that say "I see you." Gifts that carry meaning far beyond the object. When you name your language, you stop guessing and start communicating from truth.

But love deepens when we learn to listen for other dialects too. When we discover how our partner, our friends, our people feel most cherished. Sharing your love language is an invitation. Learning theirs is devotion in motion. It turns good intentions into felt experiences. It transforms connection from accidental to intentional. Love doesn't ask us to change who we are. It asks us to love with awareness. And that is where intimacy grows roots.

### Oracle Action

Pause for a moment. Name your love language. Then ask someone you love to name theirs. Share it out loud. Practice loving them in the way they receive love best this week. One sentence. One gesture. One intentional moment. Let love be spoken, not assumed.



The  
**altar**

Where Nourishment Becomes Ritual

“

In these pages, nourishment becomes intentional. Seasonal. Alive. Each offering begins with what the earth is giving now, then explores how it supports the body, steadies the nervous system, and feeds the work we're here to do. You'll find recipes designed as rituals, notes on medicinal benefits, and reflections from the chef. The why behind the ingredients. The wisdom behind the method. This is food for leaders, creatives, and healers. Food that grounds, restores, and remembers that how we eat shapes how we live.

”



# The Beet

Earth's little jewel-toned truth-teller. 🍷🌱

*Betterave*

*Barbabetola*

*Remolacha*



Across cultures and languages, the beet is always the same thing: a root that nourishes deeply, stains boldly, and asks us to slow down and honor what grows underground.

"In February, we choose foods that love us back. Beets nourish the blood, strengthen the heart, and remind us that what grows slowly sustains us longest."

## February Offering | Root Vegetables & Winter Light

Beets are a winter root at their peak, grown for resilience, not speed. While everything else feels rushed or forced this time of year, beets thrive underground, storing minerals, strengthening the blood, supporting circulation, and gently detoxifying the body. Their deep crimson mirrors the themes of the month: heart health, love, endurance, and nourishment that lasts. Beets remind us that vitality in winter doesn't come from flash, but from what's rooted, steady, and deeply fed.

# Roasted Beet & Citrus Ritual Salad

## Ingredients

4–5 medium beets (red, golden, or both)  
5 oz baby arugula  
1 green apple, thinly sliced  
¼ small red onion, thinly sliced  
½ cup toasted pistachios or walnuts  
¼ cup pomegranate seeds (optional)  
3 oz goat cheese or burrata

## Citrus Balsamic Dressing

3 Tbsp extra-virgin olive oil  
2 Tbsp balsamic vinegar  
1 Tbsp fresh orange juice  
1 tsp Dijon mustard  
1 tsp maple syrup  
Sea salt + cracked black pepper

## Preparation

Roast beets at 400°F, wrapped in foil, until tender (45–60 minutes). Cool, peel, and slice into wedges. Arrange greens on a platter. Layer beets, apple, onion, nuts, and cheese. Whisk dressing ingredients until emulsified. Drizzle just before serving. Toss gently.

## Chef's Note

February asks us to slow down and listen to what the earth is offering. Beets are winter's quiet powerhouse, pulling minerals from deep soil, reminding us that nourishment doesn't need to shout to be transformative. This salad is meant to be eaten slowly, ideally with light pouring in and nowhere else to be.





RITUALS OF WATER, INTENTIONS & RETURN



# Water is Love

An Agape Reflection on Life,  
Safety, and Remembering

By Alexis Santos



## **Water Before Words**

Before I had language for water, before I understood what it was or what it meant, it existed for me as mystery. I grew up in San Diego, where the ocean was not something to analyze or fear but something to enter fully, with my whole body. I remember allowing the waves to crash against me, feeling their force move through me, sometimes catapulting me forward, sometimes pulling me under just long enough to remind me that I was small and yet deeply held. The water felt alive and playful, as though it was responding to me as much as I was responding to it, and in those moments, I did not feel separate from it at all.

## **The Ocean as Song and Spell**

The ocean moved like a song that was always on beat, and I would fall into a trance as I built castles and entire cities out of sand, knowing they would eventually be taken back by the tide. There was no disappointment in that, only wonder. I also remember still water—quiet pools and reflective surfaces that turned the world upside down. I loved watching familiar surroundings become something entirely new when mirrored through water. Even as a child, it felt mystical, almost magical, as though water was inviting me to see reality from a different perspective. That feeling never left me.

## **Learning Respect through Relationship**

What my body knew then, long before my mind could articulate it, was that water is a force to be respected. I learned this the day I was caught in a riptide, slowly being pulled farther from shore. I remember my parents' voices echoing in my mind, reminding me to keep my head above water, to swim parallel to the shore, to let the waves help me rather than fight them.

That moment taught me something profound: survival does not come from domination, but from relationship. From tuning in. From listening. I did not stop playing in the ocean after that day, but I never entered it unconsciously again. Water gave me awareness.

## **From Fear to Freedom**

Later, at my grandmother's house, a neighbor nearly drowned in her pool, and I realized then that not everyone knows how to swim, not everyone understands how to move with water rather than against it. To enter its depths without panic, to trust yourself enough to resurface, to learn its rhythm—this is what transforms fear into freedom. Once you learn how to meet water in this way, the fear of death loosens its grip, and what once felt dangerous becomes a place of joy, peace, and presence.

## **Why Water Calms the Human Soul**

There is a reason humans feel calmer near water. It is hardwired into us as a symbol of life. When we see water, something ancient in our nervous system relaxes, recognizing that life can be sustained here. Water is almost always surrounded by beauty—lush plants, movement, reflection—and it reminds us that something greater than ourselves is at work, something that also lives within us. Water reveals the vastness and versatility of our Creator. It's sound, its mirrored surfaces, the steam rising off a lake in the early morning—all of it speaks in a language older than thought. Many people experience the depth of water's influence subconsciously, which is why so many feel an unexplainable release simply by being in its presence.





## **Water as Communication**

Water signals safety to the body in ways words cannot. It is the medium through which life communicates. Living, mineral-rich, structured water fuels our cells, allowing the body's communication pathways to function as they were designed. Without it, elimination slows, signaling falters, and dysfunction sets in. Most systems in the body depend on hydration to regulate properly, and without it, toxins accumulate, and the body loses its ability to adapt. Water also allows us to process emotion and think coherently. When the brain is properly hydrated, thoughts and feelings move freely, creating a regulated human being who can express themselves clearly and calmly.

## **Safety is the First Language of Love**

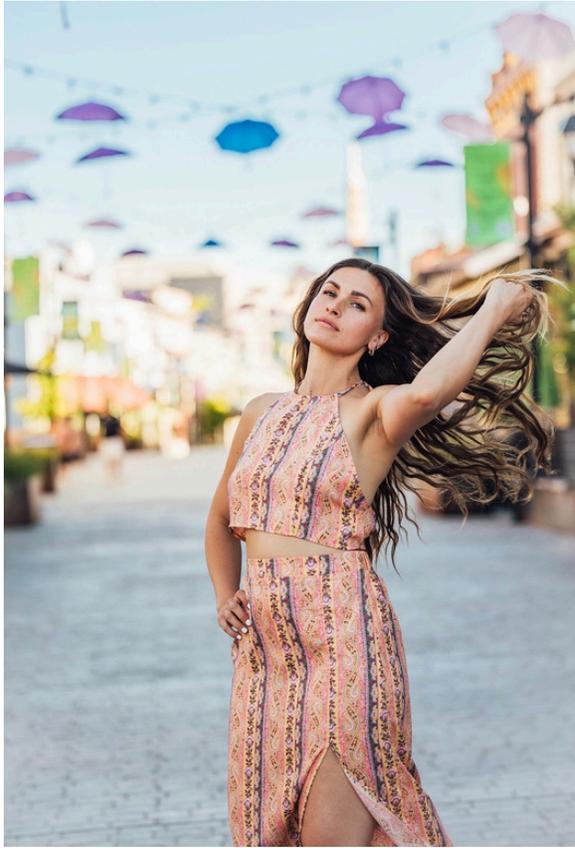
Safety is the soil where love grows. We come into this world through water, formed in the womb, carried and sustained by it. As children, our bodies hold the highest percentage of water they ever will, our cells charged and responsive, our nervous systems open. If a mother feels safe, nourished, and regulated, that love is transmitted directly to the child. Safety itself becomes an expression of love.

## **Returning to Safety**

When we create safety within ourselves by nourishing our bodies, tending to unresolved trauma, and releasing the belief that we must carry everything alone, we make room for love to be present. Love cannot remain where fear, anxiety, and chronic stress dominate, though these emotions are not wrong; they are signals inviting us back to safety. Some find safety through faith, some through community, some through nature, where the Creator's design is unfiltered and whole. Wherever we find it, we must choose to live from a place where we feel safe enough to be fully ourselves. Only then can love overflow like a spring, giving life to all it touches.

## **The Forgotten Sacredness of Water**

Somewhere along the way, we forgot how sacred water is. Water is not just a substance; it is a medium, a solvent, a messenger, a conductor of information. It moves through multiple phases and holds memory. It is the same water that sustained our ancestors, the same water that has coursed through every generation since the beginning of time. And yet, in much of the modern world, water has become something careless, accessible, but often contaminated, stripped of minerals, disconnected from reverence. What was once a giver of life has quietly become a source of depletion.



## Reverence Restores Life

In many cultures, water is still carried by hand, honored with song and gratitude. To have water is to have life. Without it, there is none. When reverence is lost, the cost is felt physically, emotionally, and spiritually. We are hydro-electric beings, dependent on the meeting of water and minerals to maintain internal voltage. Without that charge, systems slow, signaling breaks down, and vitality fades. The body speaks through discomfort not to punish us, but to invite us back into care, just as a crying child invites attention rather than neglect.

## Agape Love in the Body

Agape love is love in service. It is not romantic or transactional; it is reverence for life itself. To love your neighbor as yourself requires stewardship of the body and spirit entrusted to you.

## Becoming a Clear Channel

When we care for our vessels, we become clear channels through which love flows freely. Water teaches this perfectly. It moves without force, nourishes without discrimination, and gives without depletion when sourced properly.

## What Water Reveals

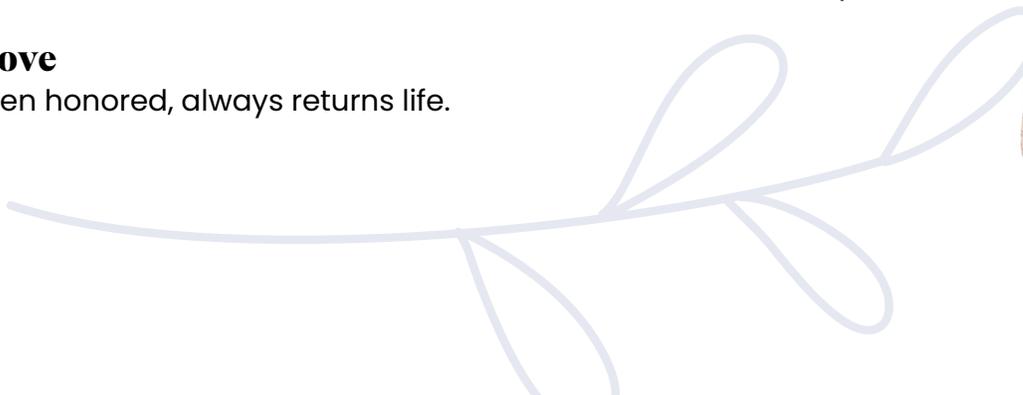
Water also shows us who we are. It reveals how deeply we love our cells. Are we moving, sweating, releasing? Are we allowing emotion to flow or holding it in? Are we nourishing our minds or overstimulating them? Hydration brings awareness. Just as still water reflects clearly, so do well-nourished cells. When the body is fueled with life force, awareness increases, communication improves, and patience becomes possible. The nervous system softens. The mind clears. We see ourselves and our circumstances with greater compassion.

## Remembering

To remember water is to remember yourself. A simple beginning is to become conscious of what you drink, to learn where your water comes from, to remove what harms, to restore what nourishes, and to approach it with gratitude. Remembering feels like coming home—to a body that breathes deeply, a mind that settles, a spirit that feels held. Water is the most loving thing we can give to ourselves, and when we do, love flows outward naturally.

## Water is Love

And love, when honored, always returns life.





# Walk for Peace

A mindful pilgrimage across America  
where compassion, presence, and  
Agape Love meet the road.

**A sacred interview with Dr. Dong  
by Kerry Romano Zall**

## The Walk For Peace

### A Living Prayer in Motion

I had the pleasure of speaking directly with Dr. Dong, and from the very first moment, I could feel the energy through the phone—steady, intentional, and calm. Somehow, with ease and grace, I moved past the gatekeeper and straight into conversation with him, an answering that felt guided rather than coincidental.

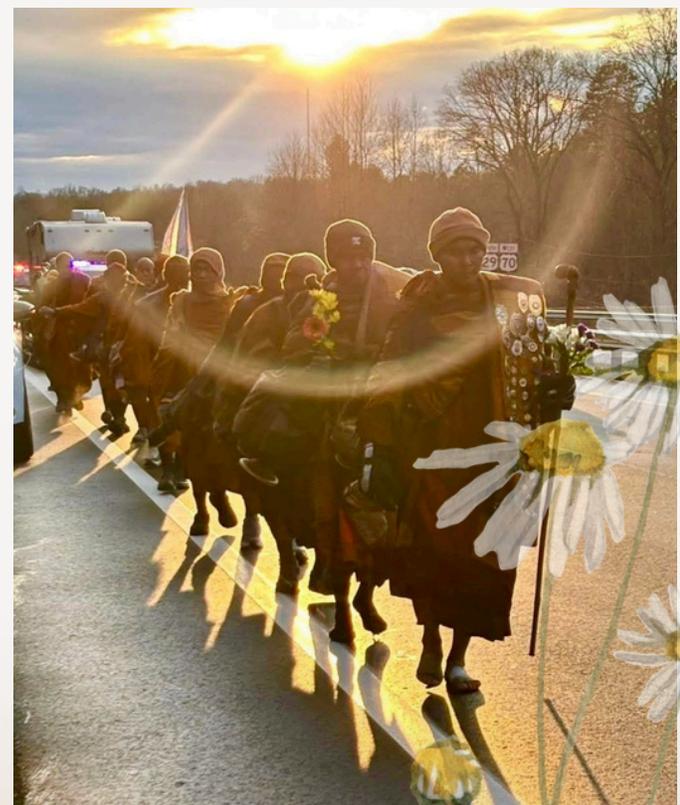
Dr. Dong shared that he is not a monk himself, but the organizer and steward of **The Walk For Peace**, a long-distance, mindful pilgrimage undertaken by Buddhist monastics, the Sangha, who walk peacefully across the United States. Rooted in the principles of compassion (*karuṇā*), loving-kindness (*mettā*), and mindfulness, the walk is a living spiritual practice. Each step is intentional. Each step is prayer. Each step is an embodied expression of peace, non-violence, and interconnection.

As he spoke, I shared how deeply moved we are at Corporate Hippie Connection and how honored we would be to feature the monks on the February cover of Corporate Hippie Oracle. When I mentioned the release date—**February 14**—he paused. That, he shared, is the very day the monks return to Texas. A moment of quiet recognition passed between us. One of those moments where timing feels less accidental and more aligned.

Along their journey, the Sangha engages with local communities through peaceful gatherings, dialogues, blessings, and even silent presence—offering a powerful reminder that peace begins within and radiates outward to families, communities, and society. Their walk is not performative. It is devotional. A gentle, steady offering to the land and the people they encounter.

Dr. Dong explained that **The Walk For Peace was created in the United States** in response to a growing need for healing, unity, and inner stability amid social division, historical wounds, and modern stress. The United States, with its vast diversity of cultures, beliefs, and histories, becomes not just a backdrop but a living classroom. By walking through towns, cities, open fields, and historic sites, the Sangha honors both the pain and the resilience embedded in the land, planting seeds of reconciliation, understanding, and mutual respect.

Naturally, I asked about **Aloka**, their beloved companion dog, and what his name meant. Dr. Dong simply replied, “Light.” After we hung up, curiosity led me deeper. *Aloka* is a Sanskrit term meaning *light, illumination, and brightness*—a guiding light that represents clarity, knowledge, and spiritual awakening. Not a blinding force, but a gentle illumination that reveals the way forward. Of course.





I shared with Dr. Dong that the theme of this issue is dedicated to **Agape Love**, one of the highest frequencies of love. Selfless. Unconditional. Expansive. The kind of love that asks for nothing and gives everything. The kind of love that walks.

The core message of The Walk For Peace is simple and profound:  
**Lasting peace is not imposed—it is cultivated. Step by step. Heart by heart.**

Through mindful walking, compassionate presence, and respectful dialogue, the Sangha reminds us that peace is not an abstract concept or political slogan. It is a daily practice. A choice. A frequency we embody.

When we ended the call, I felt deeply honored—honored to receive an exclusive conversation, honored that Dr. Dong would write for our brand-new magazine still finding its wings, and honored by the unmistakable sense that this collaboration was pure alignment.

Since that first exchange, my connection to this mission has only deepened. Watching the monks day after day through their journey—through stillness, devotion, and steady steps—I felt a different level of involvement. This is not just a walk.

It is a living prayer in motion.

To witness more of their journey, follow along at [@walkforpeace.usa](https://www.instagram.com/walkforpeace.usa)





As shared by Dr. Dong,  
Peace... is not a distant horizon, not  
something to be built by others,  
somewhere far away.

Peace begins in the quiet chambers of  
our own hearts.

This is the living truth at the heart of  
**The Walk For Peace.**

On **October 26, 2025**, a small group of  
monks began walking from **Hương Đạo  
Vipassana Bhavana Center** in Fort  
Worth, Texas.

They walked not with banners.  
Not with demands. Not with slogans.

They walked with compassion, with  
loving-kindness, with mindfulness.

Over more than one hundred days and  
over two thousand miles, their feet  
touched frozen roads, warm sidewalks,  
quiet fields, and crowded streets. They  
passed through small towns and large  
cities, meeting curious eyes, open  
hearts, and sometimes silent longing.

They did not preach.

They were present.

And in that presence, something remarkable happened

People discovered that peace is not far from us.

It grows where compassion is practiced.

Compassion begins when we allow ourselves to feel with  
others. On the road, this meant acknowledging not only  
the suffering of others, but our own vulnerability.

A warm meal offered.

A moment of listening.

A hand placed gently in greeting.

These are not small acts.

They are the seeds of peace.

And mindfulness . . .

Mindfulness is the art of being fully here.



Each step a meditation.  
Each breath a return home.  
Loving-kindness-mettā-extends  
compassion without condition. It  
wishes well without asking anything in  
return.

Along the **Walk For Peace**, this loving-kindness was offered quietly—  
through a gentle smile, a shared  
breath, a bracelet tied around the  
wrist.

A reminder:

*Walk with us in spirit.*

Loving-kindness softens the heart.  
It dissolves fear. It reminds us that we  
belong to one another.

Mindfulness transforms ordinary  
actions, walking, speaking, and  
listening, into sacred practice. It  
quiets the noise of judgment and  
allows wisdom to arise naturally.

When peace is cultivated within  
individuals, its effects ripple outward.

Individuals who live with compassion  
build healthier relationships.  
Families grow steadier.  
Communities become more resilient.

Fear loosens its grip.  
Care takes root.

And over time, nations are shaped not  
only by laws and policies, but by the  
character of the human heart.

On a global scale, peace from within  
teaches us to see one another not as  
strangers, but as fellow travelers on the  
same fragile planet.

**The Walk For Peace** does not promise  
instant change.

It offers something deeper.  
A living example.

Peace is not abstract. It is not  
unreachable.





It begins with a breath.  
A step.  
A kind word.  
A mindful response.  
Peace begins inside us.  
And when it does, the world slowly learns how to reflect it.



### Editor's Note

This feature arrived not by strategy, but by synchronicity.

In a world moving faster than our nervous systems can process, The Walk For Peace reminds us that healing does not rush. It walks. It listens. It bows to the land and to the human heart.

At Corporate Hippie Oracle, we believe peace is not a destination-it is a frequency we choose to embody. This collaboration reflects that truth. It is devotion in motion. It is Agape Love with feet on the ground.

May this story invite you to slow down, soften your breath, and remember that every step you take carries impact. Peace is not something we wait for. It is something we practice.



# ApotheKerry



*Rose:*

**THE PRIESTESS  
OF THE HEART**

by Kerry Romano Zall

# Rose: The Priestess of the Heart

ApotheKerry – Season 2, Episode 6

At the CHC farm, rose is not grown as a product. She is grown as a relationship. In Episode 6 of ApotheKerry, we enter the world of tea roses—how they are cultivated, honored, and transformed into living medicine through intention, frequency, and ritual.

Rose has long been revered for her ability to regulate the heart and calm the nervous system. Physically, she supports emotional balance, cools inflammation, and gently soothes stress held in the body. Rose is traditionally used to support grief, heart health, digestion, and skin, but her deeper medicine lives in the emotional and energetic body.

Rose restores heart coherence—the alignment between the heart, mind, and nervous system. She teaches us how to feel without flooding, to love without losing ourselves, and to soften without collapsing our boundaries.

At the CHC farm, tea roses are grown slowly and consciously, without force. They are harvested only at peak potency, and only once touched by human hands during harvest.

That moment belongs to Kerry.

During harvest, Kerry enters total focus and devotion. She speaks aloud to the roses, offering gratitude for their beauty, resilience, and service. A mantra is spoken over the plants—words of honor, purpose, and intention. The roses are told that their most important work is about to begin.

This is the only time Kerry touches the roses.



**Kerry Romano Zall**

**Founder, Corporate Hippie Connection**



They are harvested with reverence, not urgency. The exchange is mutual. The roses are acknowledged as conscious allies, not raw material. From this ritual, two sacred blends are created.

### **The Bohemian Blend**

This blend carries pure manifesting vibration. It is designed to activate creativity, expansion, and aligned desire. Bohemian Rose supports those calling in new visions, projects, and expressions of self. It is medicine for the dreamer who is ready to move.

### **The Goddess Blend**

This blend is rooted in the highest power and purpose. Goddess Rose supports sovereignty, self-worth, and embodied leadership. It brings the drinker back into their truth-strong, receptive, and unapologetically aligned. This is medicine for remembrance.

Both blends are curated by Kerry and served only to those who visit the villa or participate in ceremony. The most potent medicine is reserved for intentional spaces-where the body is present, the heart is open, and the soul is listening.

Rose is the priestess of the plant kingdom. She teaches clarity of heart. She teaches love with boundaries. She teaches that devotion is a form of power

In Episode 6 of ApotheKerry, rose reminds us that the heart is not fragile- it is intelligent. And when tended with care, it becomes the most powerful instrument we have.

**Rose holds one of the highest vibrational frequencies in the plant kingdom. Her medicine brings the heart, nervous system, and emotional body back into coherence, reminding us that love is not chaos; it is regulation.**

Kerry Romana Zall



In Episode 6 of ApotheKerry, rose reminds us that the heart is not fragile-it is intelligent. And when tended with care, it becomes the most powerful instrument we have.

**Rose holds one of the highest vibrational frequencies in the plant kingdom. Her medicine brings the heart, nervous system, and emotional body back into coherence, reminding us that love is not chaos; it is regulation.**

Kerry Romana Zall



# Agape

## In the Mirror

### Learning to Love a Body that Carried Us Here

Debra Ebel, Editor



#### First Look

Most of us don't really see our bodies. We scan them. Judge them. Correct them.

I've done this my whole life. It didn't matter if I weighed 120 pounds or 300. I could always find something I hated. A curve that felt wrong. A softness that felt like failure. A reflection that never quite measured up.

Which tells me this was never about weight. It was about the story I was told.

#### Where the critic comes from

We are trained to critique our bodies long before we understand them.

Praise came when we were smaller. Concern came disguised as love. Comparison was framed as motivation.

Our bodies became projects instead of homes. And the voice followed us. Familiar. Relentless.

Over time, criticism stopped sounding cruel and started sounding true.

But it never was.

#### The Cost of a Divided Self

When we are at war with our bodies, we delay our lives.

We avoid mirrors, photos, intimacy, joy. We wait to feel "enough" before we fully show up.

Meanwhile, the body keeps showing up anyway. Breathing. Healing. Carrying grief. Carrying love. Carrying us.

That's where agape enters.

#### Agape, Turned Inward

Agape is unconditional love. Not earned. Not negotiated.

We give it freely to our children, our partners, our friends. But rarely to ourselves.

Agape in the mirror doesn't mean loving every inch. It means choosing respect before affection. Compassion before correction.

**"Love grows where attention goes."**

# Falling in Love with your Body Boldly

## What if my body isn't the problem ?

Loving your body doesn't start with forced positivity. It starts with presence.

Change the language. No insults. No jokes at your own expense.

Honor function over fantasy. Your body's job is not aesthetics. It's life.

Touch with intention. Warm water. Lotion. Breath. These are signals of safety.

Respect the seasons. Bodies change because life happens.

Practice mirror moments. Look yourself in the eyes. Stay.

## The Curve Compassion

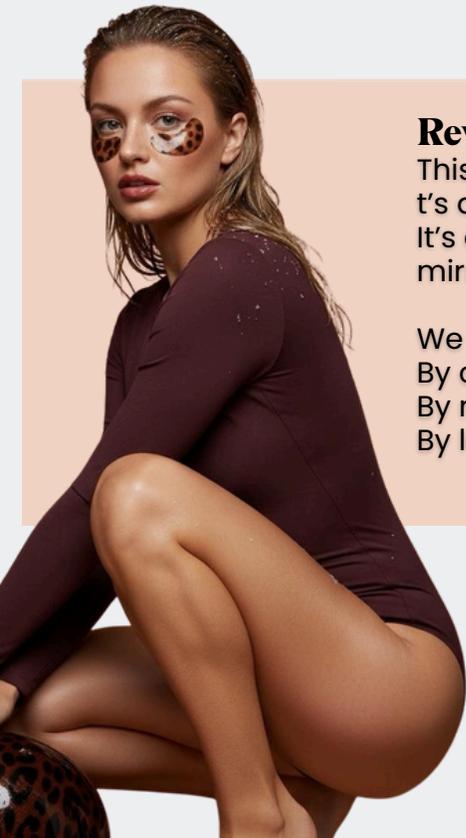
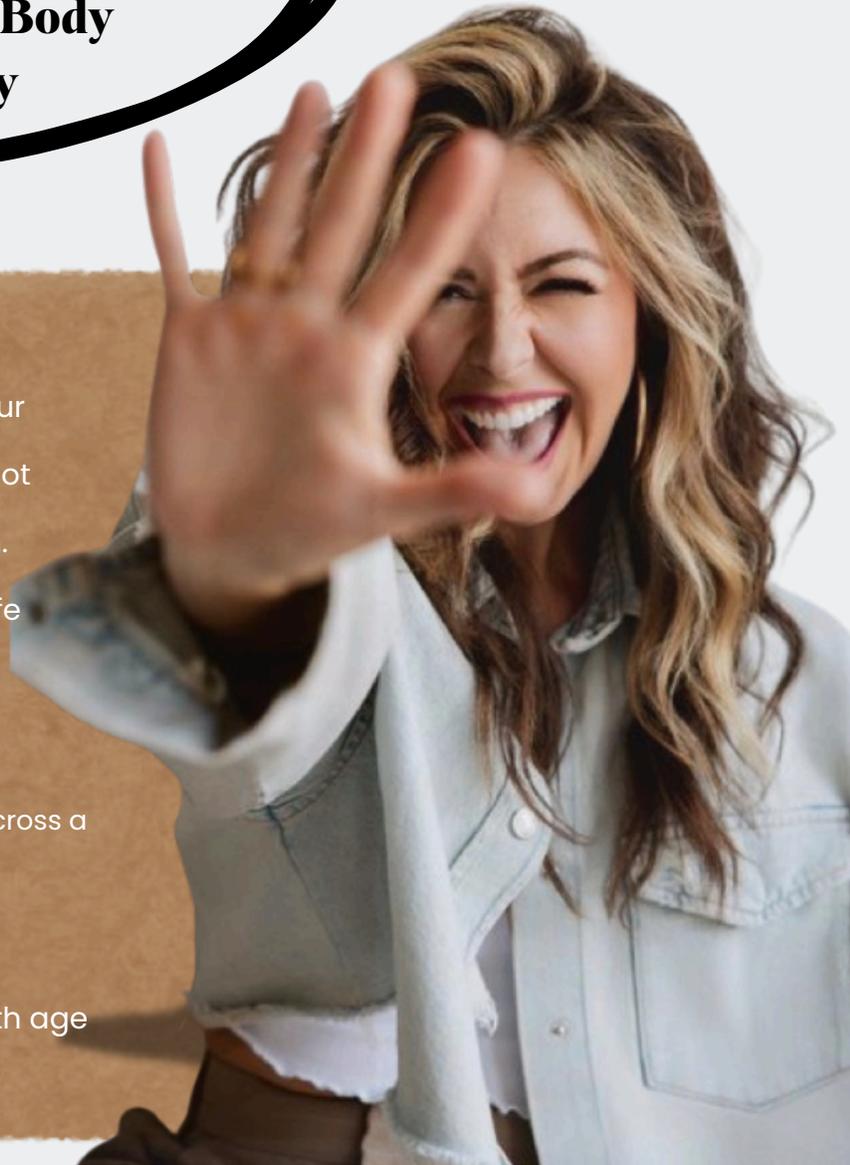
If you look at how women feel about their bodies across a lifetime, there's a pattern.

Early confidence. Adolescent fracture. Adult negotiation. Midlife reckoning.

But here's what we've learned.

The capacity for self-love actually deepens with age when we choose it. Wisdom softens the lens.

Survival changes the metric.



## Rewriting The Script

This isn't just about us.

It's about what our daughters learn by watching how we treat ourselves. It's about what our granddaughters inherit when they stand in front of their mirrors.

We can end the cycle here.

By choosing reverence over ridicule.

By modeling kindness instead of control.

By loving our bodies not because they are perfect, but because they are ours.

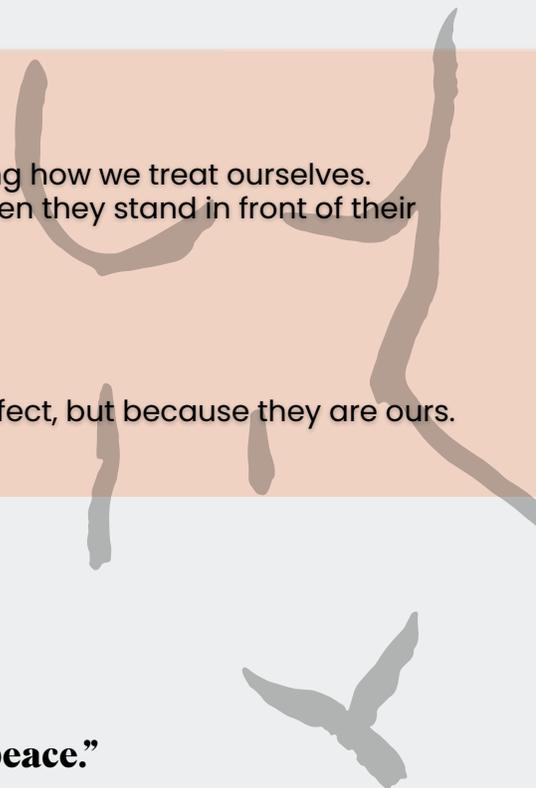
It's time to rewrite the script.

For ourselves.

For the women who come after us.

For the body that has been waiting to be loved all along.

**"The most radical act of beauty is peace."**



# INEOS



## Grenadier Station Wagon

Test drive yours today.

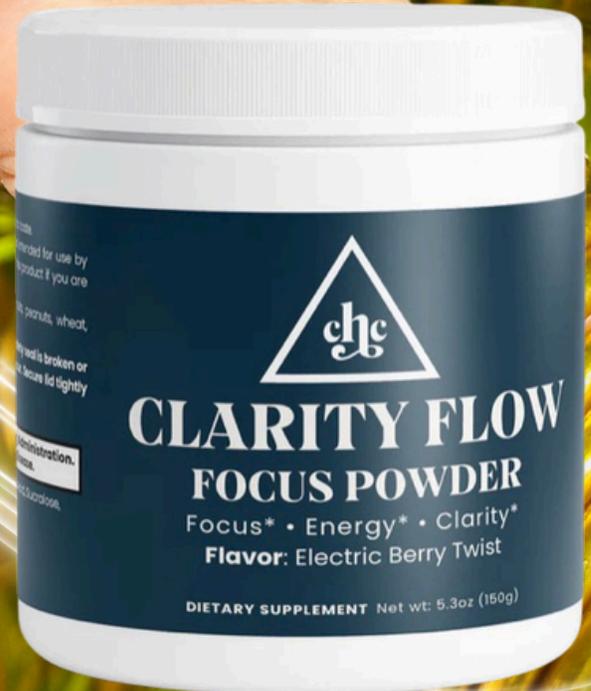
*Look what's trending*  
**confidence.**

## **CLARITY FLOW**

Not color for attention.  
Nature, unapologetic.

Blue spirulina is clean fuel.  
Light on the body. Deep in  
nourishment.  
Minerals. Protein. Calm energy.

We drink it for clarity.  
For glow at the cellular level.  
For strength that doesn't spike.  
It sustains.





"I speak from Agape love.  
The love that does not  
chase or bargain. The  
love that simply is. When  
you remember this love  
within you. You stop  
seeking. You start  
radiating."

-Kerry Romano Zall

**THE ORACLE SPEAKS**

We use only environmentally friendly materials.

# CHO Selects



**01**  
Boho Heart Necklace – Gold Paper Chain with Namaste Tag

**02**  
CHC Ritual Bar Trio  
Sacred Sandalwood Bar + Sage Serenity Bar + Golden Glow Bar

**03** Himalayan Pink Salt Tea Light Holder



**04**  
Clarity Flow Focus Powder – Electric Blue Twist



**05**  
Morning Alchemy Mushroom Coffee (Lion's Mane & Chaga)



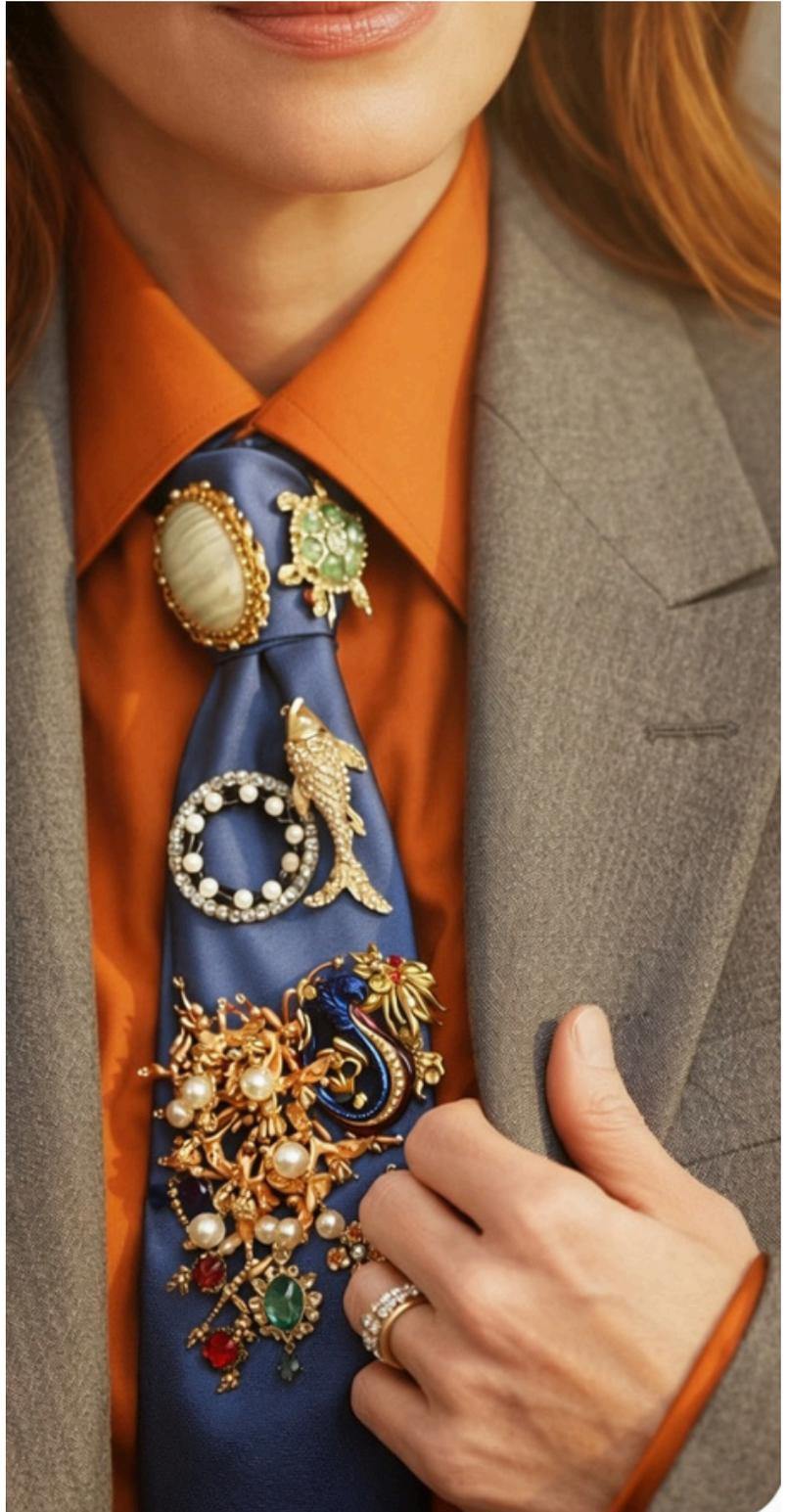
**06**  
Crimson Radiance nutrient-dense fruits, botanicals, and metabolic-supporting compounds to help nourish the body at a cellular level

**07**  
Emerald Ceremony Matcha Powder



STYLE · STYLE · STYLE · STYLE ·  
**Hippie** · STYLE · STYLE · STYLE ·

The *look* -  
CHO

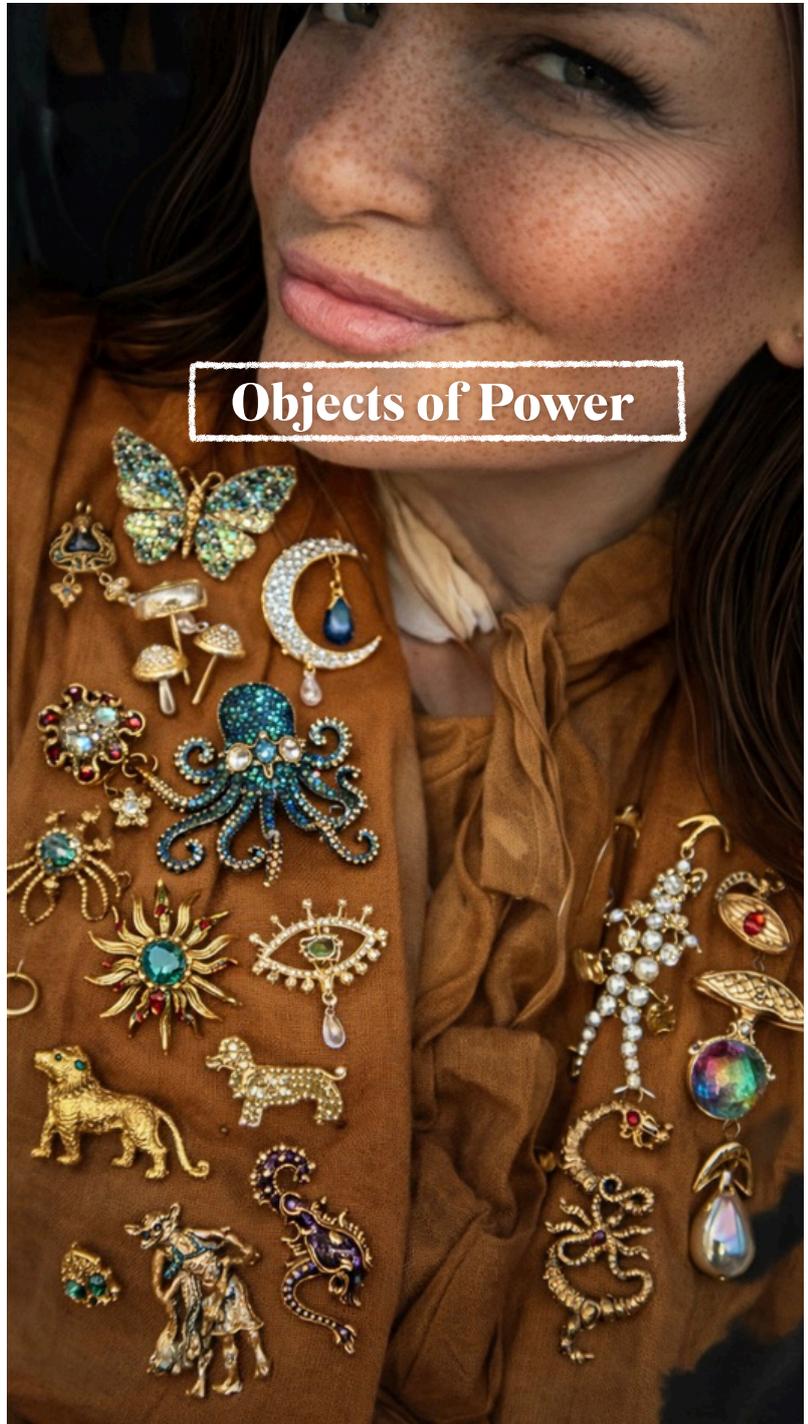


The trend that's taking fashion by storm. Brooches are everywhere. Adorn your favorite designs and create your own distinctive next look.

Symblic with heirloom intention



Objects of Power



Old is new~  
Grandmother's  
pin is fashion &  
coveted

**Curated|Intentional**



# The Hat I Never Forgot

Kerry Romano Zall



I was a little redhead from Long Island when my world shifted.

We moved from New York to a town called Burlingame, California. I had just turned six. My sixth birthday landed in California soil, and with it came a new school, a new language of rules, a new rhythm that felt foreign in my body.

Back in Long Island, I walked across the woods to kindergarten. The world felt wide, wild, and breathing with me. In California, everything felt more structured. More controlled. My nervous system didn't know how to land. I didn't feel scared. I felt numb.

I remember the dress I wore my first day. A little green dress that I still own to this day. I remember it like a marker in time. Proof that the day really happened.

But I remember the hat even more.

That hat was everything. It was covered in pins. Little metal treasures collected in my first six years of life. Snoopy. Tweety Bird. Mickey Mouse. My New York pin. Souvenirs from places, moments, and feelings. They call them brooches, but to me, they were stories. Each one meant something. Each one belonged.

My mom helped me pin every single one. She never rushed it. She would ask me where each pin should go, and I would decide carefully. Placement mattered. When I received a new pin, I would sit in the back seat of the car on the drive home and just stare at it, already imagining its home on my hat. Sometimes dinner needed to be started, so the pin would sit on my dresser overnight, waiting. Anticipation. Ceremony. Joy. That hat wasn't just something I wore. It was continuity. It was identity. It was how I carried my world with me.



# The Hat I Never Forgot...



I wore it to school.

I remember that morning clearly. I put my hat and coat on the hooks. I placed my lunch pail in my cubby. I sat and listened to the teacher. I tried to be good. I tried to be invisible in the way children do when they are trying to survive a transition they don't yet understand.

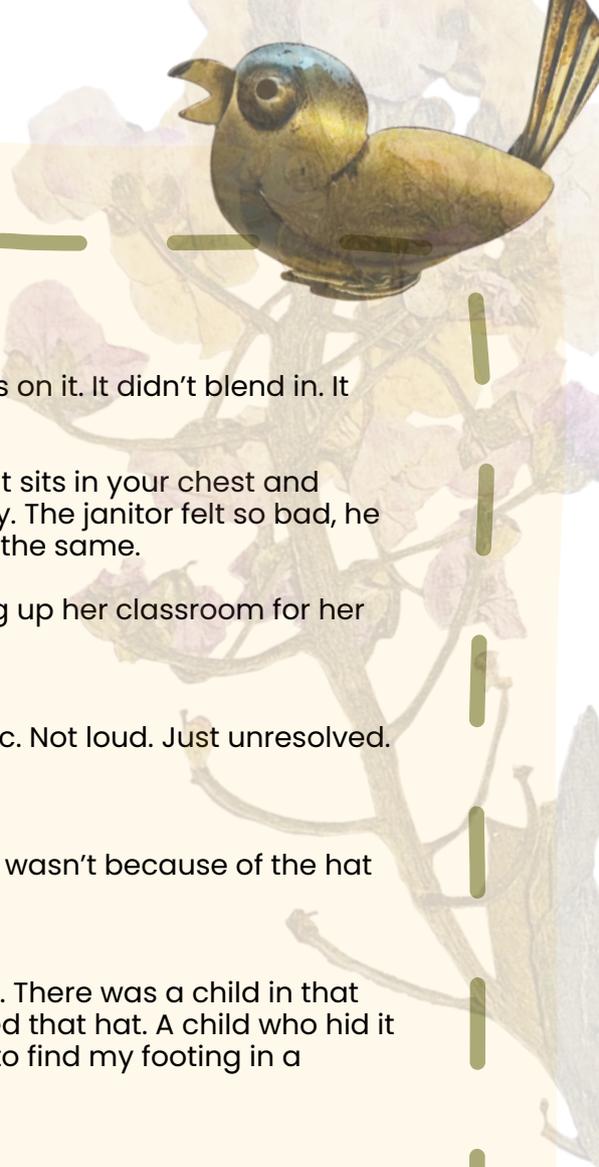
When my mom picked me up, I grabbed my things, and we went home.

And that's when my stomach dropped.

I ran into my bedroom to grab my new pin and my hat, ready to place it where it belonged, and it wasn't there. I realized I had left it at school.

The next day, I went back. It wasn't on the hook where I left it. I asked the teacher. We checked the lost and found. My mom and I even became friendly with the janitor. Everyone looked. Everyone cared.





The hat was gone.

You couldn't miss it. It had at least twenty, maybe thirty pins on it. It didn't blend in. It didn't disappear on its own. I was devastated.

I cried for that hat. Not a quick cry. A deep one. The kind that sits in your chest and doesn't move. I checked the lost and found every single day. The janitor felt so bad, he bought me a little toy car. I thanked him. Truly. But it wasn't the same.

That summer, I would visit my teacher while she was setting up her classroom for her new group of kids. Every time, I asked about my hat. It never came back. I never got over it.

For years, that memory lived quietly inside me. Not dramatic. Not loud. Just unresolved. A small ache. A six-year-old version of me is still waiting.

And then, the other day, something shifted. I realized maybe the reason I never got over losing that hat wasn't because of the hat at all.

Maybe it was because I never forgave the child who took it. Because someone did take it. It didn't walk away on its own. There was a child in that class who made me feel uncomfortable. A child who wanted that hat. A child who hid it in my first week at a new school, while I was already trying to find my footing in a strange place.

And something else came through. Maybe that child never got over it either. Maybe they carried that moment too. The guilt. The knowing. The quiet weight of devastating a little redheaded girl with freckles who had just crossed the country and lost her most prized possession.

So I forgave them.

Not because what they did was okay. But because I was ready to release what had been living in my body for decades. I said a little prayer.

And then I found myself in my closet. Sitting on the floor. Surrounded by memory.

I pulled out my mother's jewelry box. My own. I gathered brooches. Pins. Pieces with stories. Favorites. I made a pile. And then came one last cry. Not from grief. From completion. Because I am still collecting.

And I realized this wasn't about replacing what was lost. It was about reclaiming the ritual. The joy. The identity that never left, only waited.



This one holds time. This one holds forgiveness. This one holds the woman I became and the little girl who loved deeply.

The photo that will accompany this story is an upside down hat. A pile of brooches spilling out. Mid creation. Mid remembering. Mid becoming.

Because healing doesn't always look finished.

Sometimes it looks like everything you love is laid out in front of you, waiting for your hands to decide where it belongs.

Hat on. Heart open. Still collecting. Choosing to belong to myself.

## **“I’m making myself a new happy hat”**

**Kerry Romano Zall**



# The Gaze

Every image begins as an offering. She enters with reverence, watches the light settle, and presses the shutter only when the truth arrives. Her photography is the result of trust, timing, and a deep respect for what wants to be seen.



**Aimee O'Brien**  
Editorial & Brand Photographer

# The Corporate Hippie Oracle

The Corporate Hippie Oracle is a living transmission of conscious leadership, plant wisdom, embodiment, frequency, and modern spirituality.

Each issue features highly skilled guides, influential voices, and cultural leaders who truly walk their talk. From respected healers and industry innovators to globally recognized influencers and aligned public figures, the Oracle curates voices devoted to moving humanity forward with integrity, intelligence, and heart.

This is not content for consumption.  
It is wisdom for integration.

Within these pages, you'll find medicine for the body, clarity for the mind, and remembrance for the soul.

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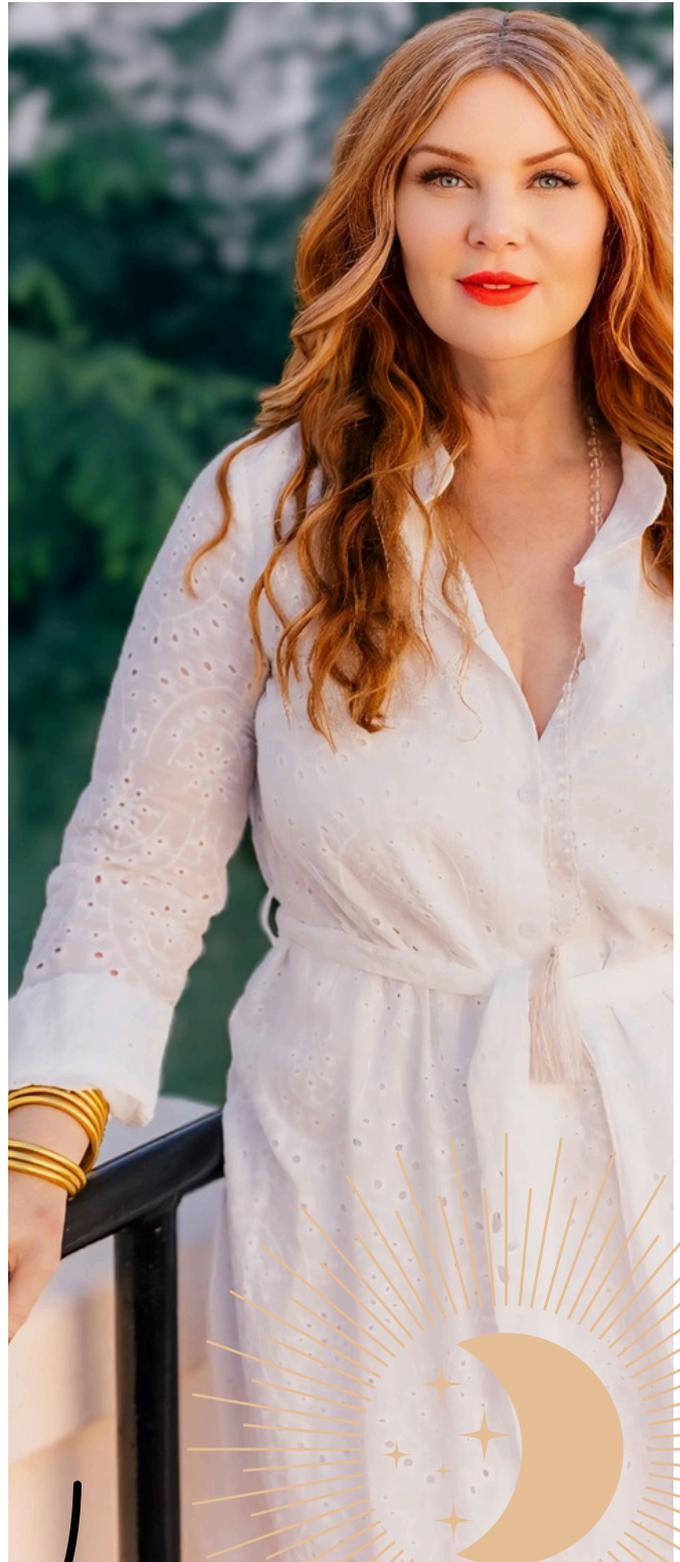
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With Gratitude,  
Kerry Romano Zall  
Founder  
Corporate Hippie Connection



*Kerry*