



The Oversized World of Overwhelm

This has been quite the summer for me really, and I don't write this with the happiest of thoughts on my mind. I took my second Shingles vaccine towards the end of May and the side effects lasted for 3 weeks, and one of them, a skin irritation on my face, continues to bug me even after 2 months.

I apologize for a delayed edition of the July newsletter, but it has been about a week when some medication finally seems to be working a wee bit, and I feel more like myself to sit down and pen down a few lines.

Overwhelm can look like a lot of things, and when one is not in the best frame of mind mentally or physically, everything can feel like overwhelm.

So this month, tune into my ... and yes, ladies and gentlemen, I now have my [5 Minutes of Authenticity as a Podcast](#) on [Spotify](#), [Apple Podcasts](#) or wherever you find your podcasts. Tune in and subscribe to listen to a new episode each week.

The episodes this month are:

[The Weight we Carry](#)

[The Cost of Overwhelm](#)

[Tiny Interruptions. Big Shifts](#)

[Returning to Ourselves - A Conscious Choice](#)

[Rooted. Connected. At Peace](#)

Pritha Lal



Remember, today is the
tomorrow you worried
about yesterday.

Dale Carnegie





LOST & FOUND: THE LUGGAGE OF AUTHENTICITY

Analogies help things land—and stories even more so. While brainstorming podcast episodes on overwhelm and exploring how it connects to our authentic self, one image kept surfacing: authenticity doesn't vanish. It simply goes missing. Like lost luggage.

Bags get misplaced in transit—rerouted, delayed, or set aside. But “lost” doesn't mean gone. It means waiting to be found. Whether it's in a crowded terminal full of orphaned suitcases or perched quietly on a forgotten bench in a train station, it's still yours. Out of sight? Maybe. But never truly out of mind.

Our authentic self is a lot like that missing carry-on. We know it's ours. We remember what it holds. We feel its absence. But sometimes, we can't quite recall where we last felt connected to it. The ache is real because that bag carried more than just essentials—it held a favorite book, a well-worn scarf, a tiny souvenir from a journey we loved. It held pieces of us.

That's why the search matters. Reclaiming our “lost” authenticity isn't just about remembering—it's about continuing the journey with what grounds us. Because the bag may be misplaced, but the story it holds never really left.





IT TAKES A VILLAGE

8 years ago, my then 5 year old daughter decided to sell Lemonade on July 4th, along the sidewalk of our home, under the shade of two cherry trees. What started off as a childish whim is now her annual fundraiser to give back to a cause or charity, and a way to hone, showcase, and sell her art work to raise money for the same.

Parijat, my now 13 year old, who is headed to 8th grade at Springville Junior High, and who goes by Pari, has been blessed by a community both in person and online who have encouraged and supported her initiative through the years.

One of my goals this summer was to design a website that captures all that she has done, and Pari helped me by doing all of the content writing for the site – Pari's LemonAid Stand. As we put this website together, one of the greatest epiphanes of Authenticity for me personally, was that – Human beings are essentially good, and seek ways to be a part of something larger than themselves.

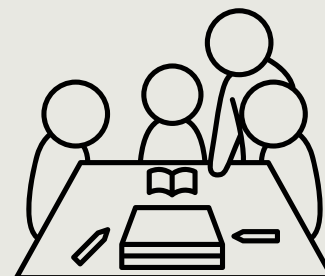
They do this in many ways, and supporting a child with her Lemonade Stand is probably one of the most wholesome ways one can think of. So from the local Fire, Police, and Elementary school, to the Headstrong Project, to children in Ukraine and Uvalde, and this year, to Doctors Without Borders, Pari and her village, continue to make a difference, one minty glass of lemonade at a time. !



COMING UP IN AUGUST



THE DYNAMICS OF
DISCOMFORT



INTERESTED IN AUTHENTICITY
WORKSHOPS?