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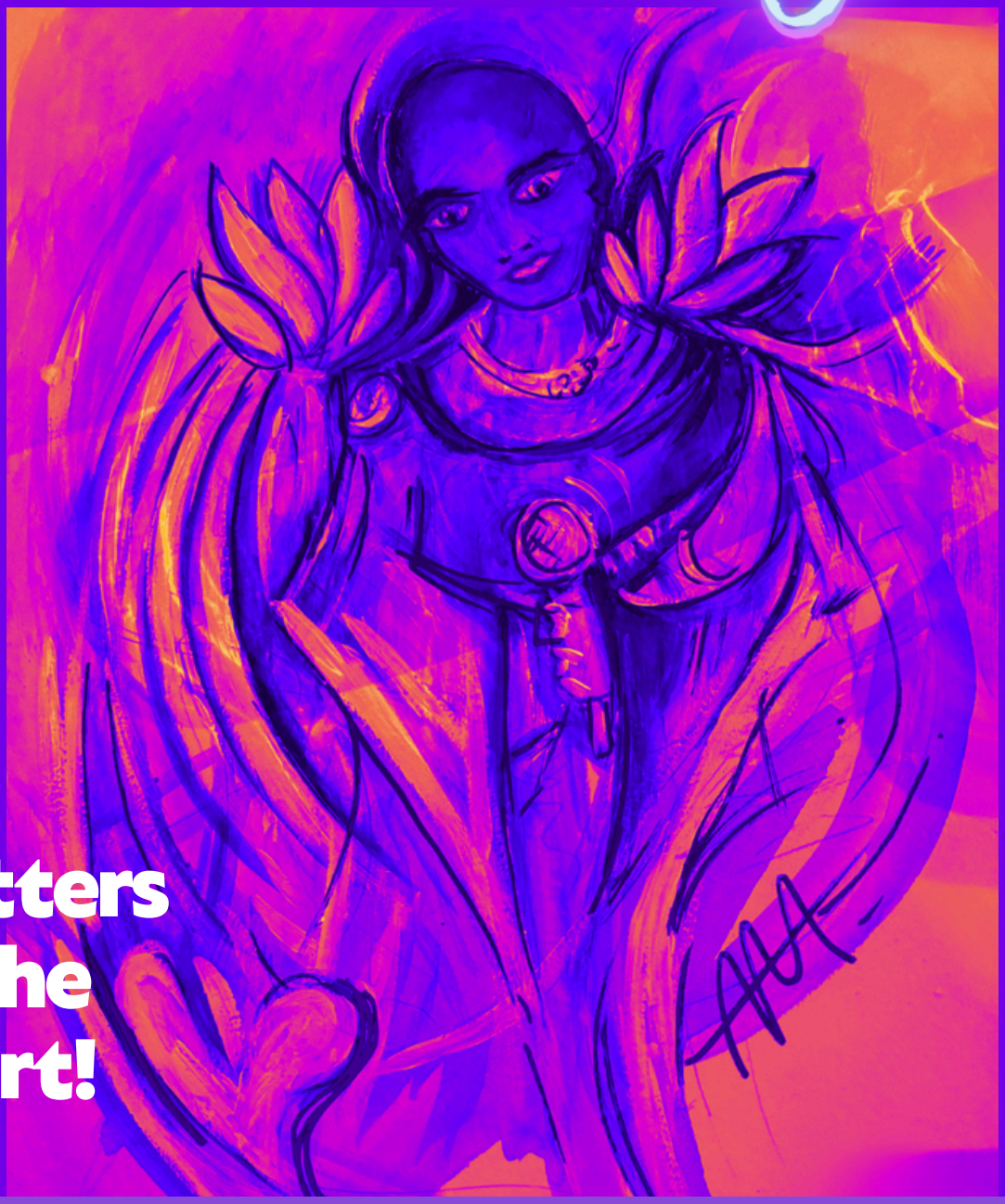
FLEX & FLOW MAGAZINE



Matters of the Heart!

RAINBOW GLO'S
MONTH IN REVIEW

FABULOSITY SPEAKS
ORACLE READING

SEPTEMBER 2026
ISSUE NO. 1

WWW.RAINBOWGLO.CO.UK

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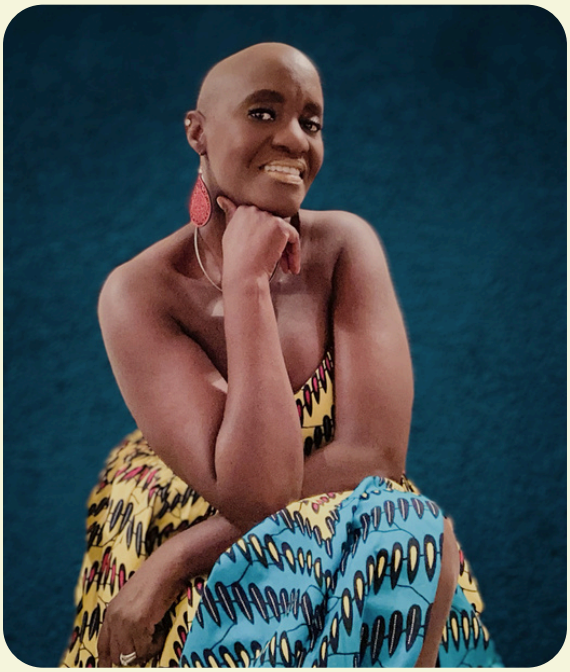

From the Editor

Welcome to the very first issue of Fabulosity Monthly!

At Rainbow Global, we believe in the power of agency, sovereignty, integrity, self-care and freedom—five elements that illuminate the journey towards embracing your truest self.

My hope is that what you find here supports you in being all of who you are, without apology.

There are eight billion people on this planet, yet there is only one you. There is nothing else like you anywhere in existence. So be perfect in your own unique brand of humanity.

You are here as the best version of you. Embody it.

Rainbow Glo
Editor-in-Chief

Month In Review



Rainbow Glo with Chloe Josephine

On the heels of turning 60 in July, August felt like a bridge from the old to the new. Like all roads have been leading here.

That feeling was reinforced in two spectacular ways.

After I closed my entertainment business back in 2021, I put performing tribute shows on the back burner, with only the occasional one-off here and there. My last one-off show happened at the Isle of Wight Festival in 2024.

Or so I thought.

Last autumn, I received a random email from James Acaster's tour manager asking if I would be interested in performing my Diana Ross tribute for several of his tour dates. They had found my promo video on YouTube which lead them to my website. They had seen on my website that I had retired from tribute shows, but thought they would ask me anyway.

The offer was good. And I saw the money I could make from it as a way to fund my work. This work.

So I went for it.

And what an adventure it became, beginning at the London Palladium back in March and finishing at The Hall for Cornwall in Truro on the 24th of August.

Now, back to those two spectacular ways.

First, I travelled to Truro, Cornwall, for my final James Acaster tour support gig. On the train journey there, I was feeling melancholy. I was excited, but it was muted.

Then came the introduction.

I remember relishing James giving me this huge build-up. I was taking in every word. And when he said, 'Performing Supremely Diana Ross, welcome to the stage the fabulous... Gloria Millerrrrrrrr!' it was like I returned to my body after a long absence.

I pranced out there in the persona of Diana Ross, but as the totality of Gloria Lynette Miller and all the other names I have worn.

I finished my set with *Home* from *The Wiz*, connecting it to the very end of *Defying Gravity*, where I hit that big sustained note.

The audience erupted.

But it didn't snap me out of the fullness of myself. It restored me.

I bowed, blew a kiss and waved my way off the stage, hugged Acaster and Jilly, his fabulous tour manager, and stepped into Rainbow Glo.

I felt it.

Then came the second moment.

On the 28th of August, just a few days later, I travelled to the other end of the country, to Colne for the Colne Blues Festival, to sing backing vocals for Chloe Josephine. From there, we travelled on to Lymington for a second gig on the 29th at Temperance.

The festival was just okay for me.

But at Temperance, Rainbow Glo was in full effect.

I love singing with Chlo Jo. Being able to connect on stage with another artist the way we did that night was magical. The whole band was in the zone.

And then there was the audience. Temperance is intimate. You can see people. Feel people. Exchange something with them.

That connection was such a contrast to standing on a huge stage with all that space between you and the audience.

This is what I love about performing. Intimacy between me and the audience. That feeling was so strong that it is still resonating with me.

Let me just say this: crossing this bridge has been hard. Scary, even. Because in order to fully embody what's next, there has been a lot of letting go.

Month In Review ... Contd.

On the 16th of August, I attended my Black Medicine Women's Circle. Oya, our guide, creates the most amazing environment for self-care, expression and support. But that morning, I woke up tired. Had I not already agreed to pick people up from the train station, I probably would have bailed.

Part of crossing this bridge has meant dealing with a broken heart from the trauma that can come with being in the skin I'm in. And not all of that trauma is mine. Generational hurt cuts deep too.

n my personal oracle readings, matters of the heart kept arising. Again and again.

So the work was already being done to accept what is and allow healing to flow. About a week or so before the gathering, I had put together a combination of herbs, flowers and crystals to support the healing process.



Heartseed Medicine Pouches

When I selected the medicine, I had no idea what any of the ingredients could mean on a spiritual level. I simply went to my starter kit of plants and herbs — ordered from Amazon, nothing fancy — and chose from the jars that resonated with me.

Then I did some research.

Every ingredient pointed to the heart. It felt like I had intuitively created a healing salve. I placed all of the ingredients into a little mesh pouch and left it sitting on my office desk.

Then, the day before the gathering, I put the pouch into my bath, allowing the water and steam to integrate with the medicine.

And somewhere inside that deeply relaxed state, I said to myself: I feel incredible. It was like falling in love. You know that moment when you suddenly realise it? That.

And that feeling was something I had to share. First with the women in the circle, through physical medicine pouches.

I am so glad that I pushed through the tiredness to attend the gathering. And when I arrived, I realised I wasn't the only one who was tired. We all were.

Oya seemed to understand exactly what was needed. She gently led us into rest. There was no pressure to perform, produce or push through. We rested. We swung in the hammock. We ate nourishing food. We talked. We listened. And, one by one, we shared our medicine through the different offerings we had brought to the circle.

Something began to loosen in me that day.

I had already been feeling that crossing this bridge into what's next required letting go, but during that gathering the letting go became something I was actually doing. Through what I offered, and through what I received from the other women, I began releasing some of what I had been carrying.

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Death Scrolling



Time and attention are valuable assets—and Big Tech is investing millions to capture both.

But what is it costing you?

As AI becomes increasingly woven into our lives and algorithms become ever more effective at competing for our attention, it's worth stepping back and asking what we're giving away or losing in the process.

Your time is yours. Your attention is yours. They are too valuable to surrender to the constant noise of distraction.

On Tuesday, I opened Instagram to pass some time. At first, I was laughing. The posts were funny, light and easy. I was enjoying myself. Then, somewhere in the scrolling, the temperature changed.

I did not notice the exact moment it happened. One minute I was amused, and later I was angry. Not mildly irritated. Angry. The shift had been so subtle that I had not clocked it while it was happening.

I must have been scrolling for two or three hours. I honestly lost track of time. My neck had started to feel almost locked in place from holding the same position, absent-mindedly consuming one post after another. My body was telling me to stop, but I kept scrolling.

That is the part that disturbed me.

I knew I was uncomfortable. I knew I had been there too long. I knew something had changed in me. Still, I kept going. My attention was no longer simply occupied. It had been captured.

The feed kept presenting the next thing before I had time to process the last thing. A joke. A face. A song. An opinion. An injustice. Something irritating. Something upsetting. Something designed to keep me watching.

Each post created a small reaction, but none of those reactions had time to settle before the next one arrived.

Even the good content was overstimulating.

Then the feed began slipping into material that made me angry. There was no clear boundary between the lightness and the outrage. No obvious point where I could say, this is where my mood changed. The feed changed gradually, and I changed with it.

When I finally managed to put the device down, it felt less like stopping and more like escaping. I went to bed, but the scrolling seemed to continue inside me.

I had one of the worst nights I have had in a long time. I felt detached and frightened. My mind felt stuck. It was almost as though I could feel my brain, overworked and unable to settle.

My body had been almost motionless for hours, but internally I had been repeatedly activated. I had been laughing, reacting, judging, absorbing, anticipating and getting angry while barely moving from the same position.

When the screen was gone, the activation remained. I became so restless that I was violently jerking my body, deliberately trying to regulate myself and shake off whatever had taken hold.

The next day, I was still out of sorts. I was irritable. I picked fights with my husband. I still felt slightly detached from myself, though not as intensely as the night before. The device had been put down, but the effects had not ended.

I turned to my crystals, candles and oracle cards to calm myself. They helped, but only once I could fully attend to them and myself.

That shit was hard. It was several hours later and I was still struggling to gather my attention, which had been pulled in so many directions that I could not immediately give myself to the things that normally ground me. I had to return to my own attention before I could receive the medicine.

It felt like fighting for my life.

I had also spent time that day in intense conversations with AI, which creates a different kind of current, ripping through attention, intention and agency with a subtle force. It responds immediately, expands whatever you bring to it and keeps the exchange moving. There is always another question, another answer, another interpretation, another frame that may or may not have actually come from your own thought process.

Between Instagram and AI, I had spent hours inside systems that do not naturally end.

A human conversation pauses. A book has chapters. A television programme finishes. A walk reaches a destination. An algorithmic feed has no conclusion. It does not know when you have had enough. It does not know when your body is hurting. It does not know when your mind is saturated. It only knows that you are still there.

I cannot say exactly what happened in my brain, and I am not trying to diagnose myself. But I knew immediately that the combination of Instagram and AI had triggered something.

There are recognised effects connected to prolonged digital exposure: cognitive overload, fragmented attention, mental fatigue, disrupted sleep and emotional agitation. There is also the pull to keep checking — reaching for the device, refreshing the feed, opening the app again, sometimes without even deciding to. That repeated checking can become part of the loop itself.

Prolonged exposure can also warp our sense of proportion. If the feed keeps placing anger, cruelty, conflict or catastrophe in front of us, our minds can begin to experience that narrow slice as if it is the whole landscape. What is repeated starts to feel widespread. What is amplified starts to feel normal. And without noticing it, we can leave the screen carrying a picture of the world shaped by what the algorithm chose to keep showing us.

When emotionally charged material is placed beside entertainment, beauty and humour, we can be carried from one emotional state into another without fully noticing the transition.

When the brain is constantly receiving new information, very little of it is properly absorbed. We are reacting, but not necessarily processing. We are consuming, but not necessarily understanding.

Over time, we may also become less able to notice when we are oversaturated.

That's what happened to me and it frightened me.

My neck had already told me that I had been there too long. My body had sent a clear signal, but the feed still held my attention.

Death Scrolling ... Contd.

The danger was not only that I became overstimulated. It was that I had become temporarily disconnected from my ability to recognise the overstimulation and act on it. My self-agency had taken a direct hit.

I do not usually scroll for long periods. I now call it death scrolling, because doomscrolling does not fully describe what I experienced.

It was not only the consumption of post after post. It was the gradual deadening of my awareness of time, my body, my surroundings and my ability to choose to stop.

It was the narrowing of my attention until the feed became my whole environment. It was the loss of proportion that made whatever appeared on the screen feel immediate and pressing.

It was the emotional accumulation of hundreds of small reactions with nowhere to go. It was the strange experience of being physically still while my mind and nervous system were being repeatedly moved.

The experience troubled me for another reason.

The weekend before, I had been at a music festival when I noticed a little girl who looked no more than three or four years old. She was holding a device very close to her face. She was completely fixated and barely moving. Her guardians were nowhere in sight. She was simply there, alone with the screen.

I remember noticing her at the time, but after what happened to me on Tuesday, the image returned with much greater force.

I am an adult. I was eventually able to recognise that something was wrong. I could put the device down. I had language for what I was feeling. I had a husband nearby. I had crystals, candles, oracle cards and other practices that helped me return to myself.

And still, I struggled.

What happens to a child who has not yet developed those resources?

A young child is still learning how to direct attention, recognise discomfort, regulate emotion and return to herself after becoming overwhelmed. She is learning through movement, touch, play, conversation, eye contact, imagination and interaction with the physical world.

What happens when a device becomes one of the first things teaching her how to hold attention, how to soothe, how to be entertained and how to respond to the world? What happens when her attention is repeatedly directed by a system designed to keep her watching?

A child cannot recognise algorithmic manipulation. She cannot understand why the emotional atmosphere has suddenly changed. She may not even know that leaving is an option.

I am not suggesting that what I noticed tells the whole story of that little girl's life. I do not know what she was watching or how long she had been there.

But in hindsight, I recognised me in her. I noticed the captivation — a very young child, still and transfixed, while the living world continued around her. The child in me had been transfixed the same way.

And now I understand something else.

The danger may not always announce itself through obviously harmful content.

It may begin with laughter.

It may feel good.

It may seem harmless.

Then, slowly, the feed changes. And you change with it.

What Was Happening to Me?

What happened that night was not simply “too much screen time.” It was a loss of relationship with my own attention.

The feed had become the dominant environment. My body, the room, the passing of time and even the change in my emotional state had all moved into the background.

That is what concerns me most about prolonged exposure.

It does not only fill the mind with more content. It can weaken our awareness of what the content is doing to us while we are consuming it.

The shift from laughter to anger happened without a clear break. My emotional state changed inside the flow, and because the flow never stopped, I did not stop to notice it.

This is one of the dangers of algorithmic consumption: the system does not need to hold us in one emotion. It only needs to keep us responding.

Laughter works.

Curiosity works.

Outrage works.

Fear works.

Research has found that people can perceive more outrage and hostility in social-media posts than the people writing them actually report feeling. This can exaggerate our sense of how angry and hostile the wider environment really is.[1]

As long as we remain engaged, the emotional direction may be secondary to the fact that we remain on the platform.

That means the experience can feel pleasurable and harmful within the same session. The enjoyment at the beginning does not protect us from where the feed may eventually take us.

In fact, the enjoyment may be what opens the door to the rabbit hole.

Death Scrolling ... Contd.

There is also no built-in point of completion. The feed does not reach a natural conclusion. It does not recognise saturation. It does not know that enough information, emotion or stimulation has entered the system. It continues until we interrupt it.

But prolonged exposure may make that interruption more difficult.

The longer we remain inside the stream, the less aware we may become of our physical discomfort, emotional change, mental fatigue and surroundings. The very capacity needed to stop can become weakened by the thing we need to stop.

Research by Mesfin Bekalu and his colleagues suggests that the effects of social media cannot be understood by measuring time alone. Routine use and a strong emotional connection to social media were associated with different outcomes, suggesting that our relationship with the platform matters alongside how often we use it.[2]

Social-media use—particularly problematic or compulsive use—has also been associated with poorer sleep, anxiety, depression and other forms of mental distress. These studies show association rather than proving that social media caused every individual experience, but they confirm that the effects can continue beyond the time spent looking at the screen.[3]

That makes sense of something I felt very clearly: I had removed the device, but I had not immediately removed its effects.

AI added another layer.

Unlike a social-media feed, AI responds directly to us. It takes our thoughts, questions and concerns and returns them expanded, interpreted and sometimes reshaped. That can be useful, but it can also blur the line between what we actually thought and what was introduced by the response. An idea can come back sounding so coherent, so complete and so close to our own language that we may begin carrying it as if it originated with us. There is always another angle, another answer and another possibility to pursue.

Research into human–AI interaction has found that repeated exchanges with AI can influence human perceptual, emotional and social judgements, sometimes without people recognising the extent of that influence.[4]

Between Instagram and AI, I had been receiving stimulation from two different directions: one selecting content for me, the other responding to me.

Neither had a natural ending.

What I experienced may have been the point at which my ability to receive, react and process was exceeded, and the affects carried on long after the device was switched off.

For adults, that may mean noticing when scrolling stops being a choice and starts becoming a pull — when time disappears, the body is ignored, the mood shifts and we keep going anyway. Most devices already give us the option to set limits on how long we spend in particular apps, which can create a boundary before our own sense of time begins to disappear. Sometimes the reminder that we have been scrolling for an hour may be enough to interrupt the current and give us back the choice of whether we actually want to continue.

For parents, the stakes feel even higher. A child can be deeply captured by a device long before they have the awareness to recognise that their mood has shifted, their body has gone still, time has disappeared or they have simply had enough. If adults can struggle to pull themselves out of that current, it is worth asking what happens when a developing child is left to navigate it alone. Most devices and platforms offer parental controls that can limit screen time, restrict access and give parents some visibility into how their children are using them. With social media and AI becoming increasingly embedded in everyday life, that kind of awareness may be less about policing children and more about staying present to what is holding their attention, for how long, and what happens to them during the exposure.

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Music

Releasing this single into the world has taken me through self-doubt, insecurity and outright fear. Instead of waiting for those feelings to disappear, I allowed myself to feel all of them—and released the music anyway.

Some of my insecurity came from the fact that I recorded and produced the song myself. I'm on a huge learning curve, and if I'm honest, there are moments when I feel like I'm leaning more towards ignorance than knowledge. But I'm learning, experimenting and trusting myself enough to put the work out there.

I'm Here is a powerful anthem and a reminder that simply existing in this moment is enough.

The song is available on all the major music platforms, and you can also download it for free—or pay what you like—directly from my website.

Scan the QR Code to listen and get a free download.



Energy

In my personal Oracle readings over the past couple of months, heartbreak has come up again and again. The heartbreak I carry doesn't feel like mine alone. It feels generational.

Current world events haven't helped. If anything, they have intensified the pain.

For me, healing in this area begins with the Heart Chakra. Mine has been on a seesaw between joy and despair. Through spending time with oracle cards, crystals, oils, smoke and plant medicine, something has begun to shift. The burden of constantly having to defend the skin I'm in is lifting, and I'm experiencing a more sustained joy—one that has moved beyond the need to understand everything and towards acceptance.

I'm part of a Medicine Women's Circle based in London, and for our August gathering, I prepared a Heartseed Medicine Pouch for each attendee. I wanted to share the heart of it with you, too.

I wish I could make a pouch for each of you, but the next best thing is to share the ingredients, the intention and the medicine behind it.

Energy ... Contd.

Heart-Seed Medicine Pouch

To heal the trauma of heartbreak and restore flow and growth!

Root - Grape Seed: Renewal
Being. Rootedness. Continuation.
'I am rooted in renewal.'

Sacral - Grape Seed: Becoming
Potential. Gestation. Emergence.
'Something in me is becoming.'

Solar Plexus - Mesh Bag: Field
Agency. Perceived Boundary. Freedom.
'I am unlimited.'

Heart - Motherwort + Ankh: Source
Holding. Tending. Soothing.
'I mother the child within.'

Throat - Calamus + Sodalite: Expression
Voice. Truth. Articulation.
'I give voice to what is true.'

Third Eye - Calamus + Sodalite: Clarity
Clarity. Insight. Discernment.
'I see clearly and discern what is mine.'

Crown - Orange Jasmine (Murraya Paniculata)
Bloom. Flower. Essence.
'I bloom into the essence of who I am.'

Rainbow Global

Ingredients

5 Grape Seeds

1 Mesh Bag

2 Teaspoons Dry Motherwart

1 Cutting of Calamus

1 Sodalite Crystal or 1 Teaspoon of Sodalite Crystal Chips

2 Teaspoons Dry Orange Jasmine (Murraya Paniculata)

Rainbow Global

Click To Download the PDF.



Fabulosity Speaks

I believe deeply in the power of intuition and in trusting our gut instincts. For me, oracle cards are a beautiful way to tune into that knowing and give it space to speak.

I've done a Fabulosity Oracle Reading specifically for September, and you may find some interesting synchronicities in the way I intuitively read the cards.

Take what resonates and see what speaks to you.

The Reading

This reading moves through joy, passion, connection, play and balance. The cards do not travel neatly upward through the energy centres. They move between Sacral (Orange), Earth (Black), Solar (White), Root (Red) and Crown (Violet), bringing different parts of the self into relationship. Underneath that movement are five foundations: agency, sovereignty, integrity, self-care and freedom.

Past - Apricot / Sacral - Rejoice & Laugh - 20 reduced to 2

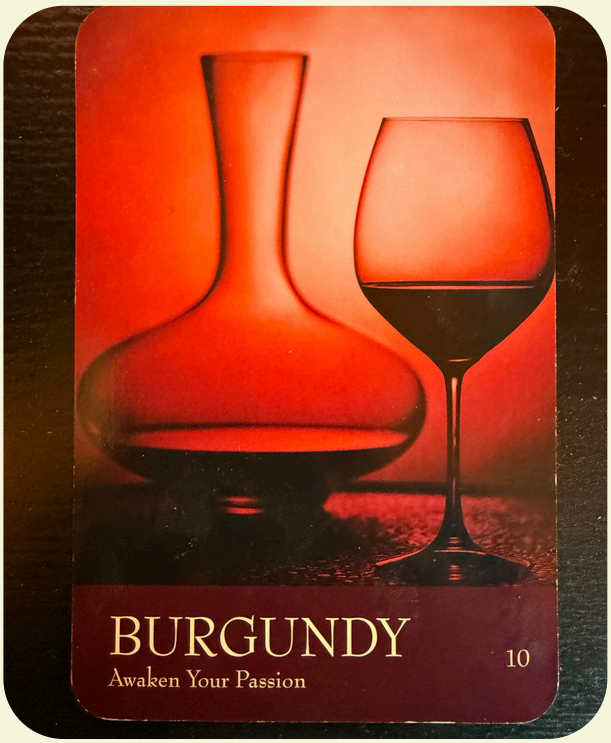


The reading begins with joy. Before the work of September asks anything else of us, it points toward laughter, pleasure, creativity and the ability to rejoice. The Sacral places this in the realm of feeling, desire, relationship and creative movement.

This is where agency enters the reading. Joy is not always something that simply happens to us. There are moments when we can choose to make room for it, notice it, participate in it, refuse to postpone it and/or refuse it.

The 20/2 also brings relationship into the opening card. The self is not alone here. There is an encounter: self and other, inner and outer, giving and receiving. Agency does not require isolation. It gives us a place from which to enter relationship without disappearing inside it.

Present - Burgundy / Earth - Awaken Your Passion - 10 reduced to 1



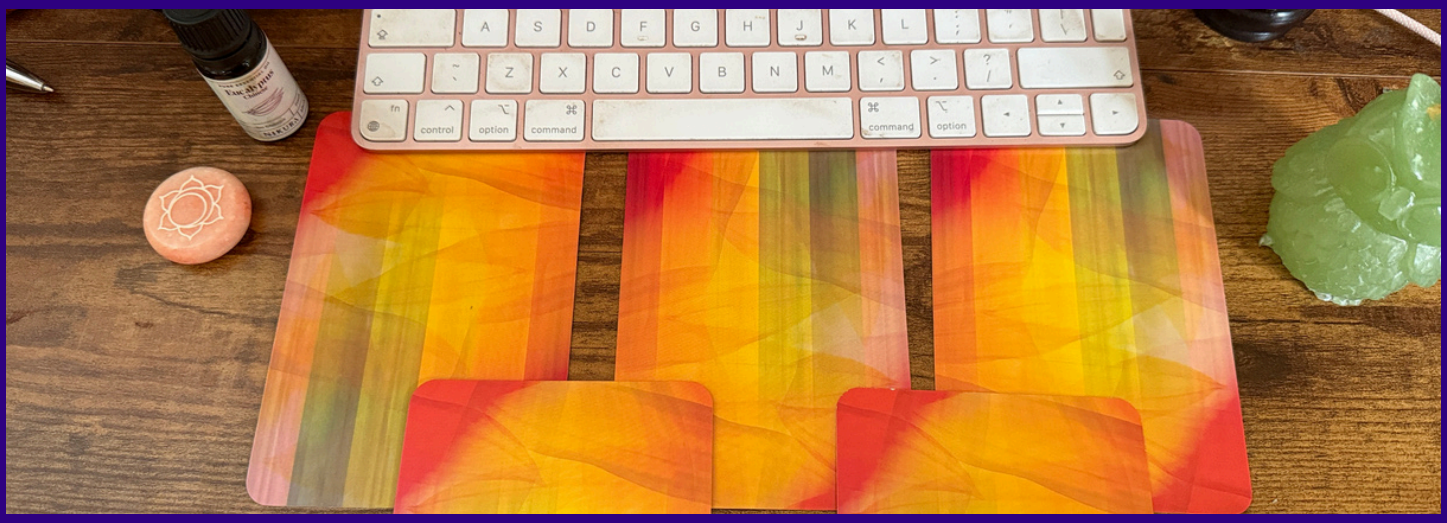
The colour deepens from Apricot to Burgundy and the energy comes into Earth. What was felt in the Sacral now asks to be embodied.

Awaken your passion, not find it. Awakening suggests that something is already present. Passion may have been quiet, neglected, buried or simply waiting for attention.

This is sovereignty: I belong to myself. What do I want when I am not first asking what am I supposed to want? What becomes possible when my own desire is allowed to resonate?

10/1 carries both completion and initiation. Ten closes a count and opens another; reduced to 1, it returns to the individual point of beginning. Something can end without leaving emptiness. The ending can expose the place from which the next choice begins.

Continued on page 20



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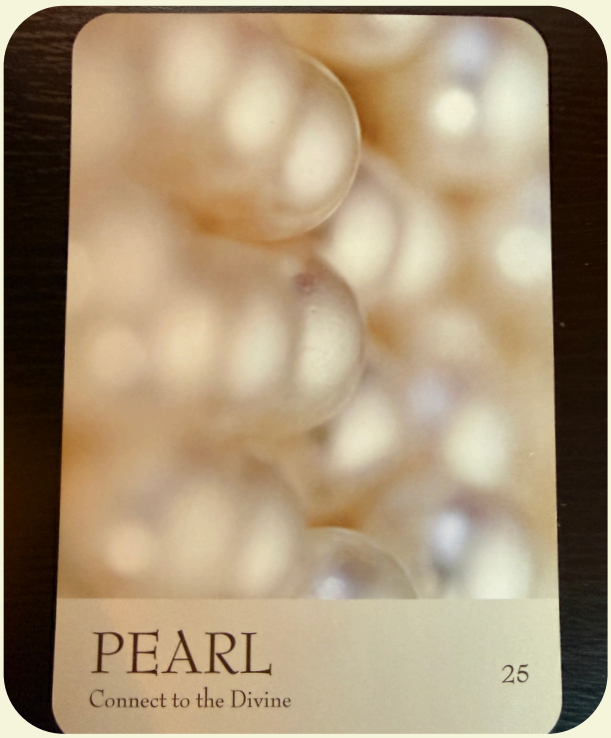
The Reading ... Contd.



Future - Pearl / Solar - Connect to the Divine - 25 reduced to 7

The future card moves into connection with the Divine (double vine), but connection does not require surrender of self.

This is where integrity becomes central. Integrity here is not the throwaway use of the word as simply being honest or morally good. It is wholeness, intactness: the ability to remain oneself while in relationship.

I can connect and remain myself. I can receive without disappearing. I can participate in something greater without abandoning my own centre.

Pearl adds another quality. It carries luminosity and reflection. The invitation may not be to reach outside ourselves for the Divine, but to recognise relationship with what is already present.

25 reduces to 7. Seven can hold inwardness, contemplation, mystery and deeper knowing. The movement toward the Divine therefore does not have to be an escape from self. It can be a movement more deeply into relationship while remaining whole.

September Oracle Message:

‘Rejoice and laugh to awaken your passion, connect to the divine, and have fun with your inner child to create a balanced life.’



Here - Watermelon / Root - Have Fun with Your Inner Child - 3

After the Solar and the Divine, the reading does something interesting: it comes back down to the Root.

The instruction is not to heal, repair or fix your inner child. It is simply: Have Fun with Your Inner Child.

This gives self-care a different texture. Self-care does not have to become another responsibility or another way of managing ourselves. It can be play. Pleasure. Curiosity. Silliness. Making something for no reason other than wanting to make it.

The number 3 carries expression, creativity and the emergence of something through relationship. And this card is not positioned in the future. It is Here. Play is available in the present field of the reading connected to the deep burgundy of awakened passion.

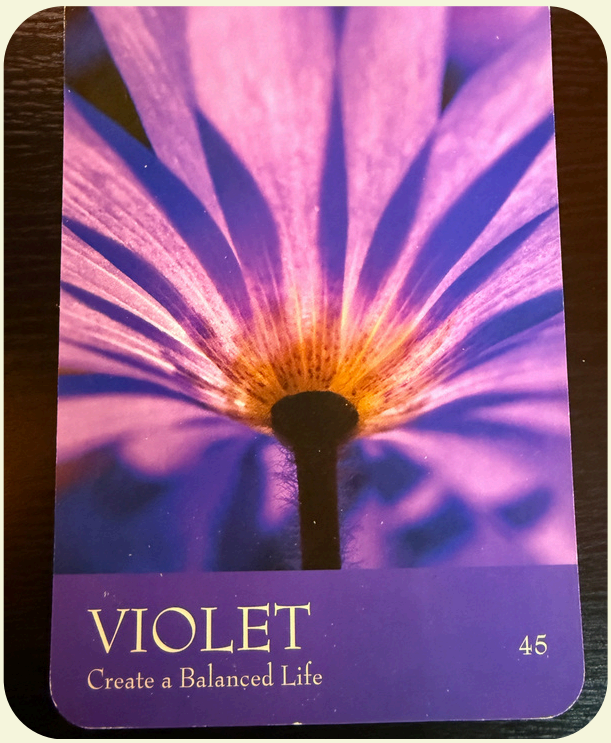
From Now - Violet / Crown - Create a Balanced Life - 45/9

The final position is not Later. It is From Now.

Create is an active word. Balance is therefore not presented as a destination we eventually reach after everything else has been sorted out. It is something we participate in making now.

This is where freedom enters. Freedom does not always have to mean the absence of structure. It can mean having enough space to create a life in which the different parts of ourselves are allowed to exist: joy, passion, connection, play, spirit, body and self.

45 reduces to 9. Nine brings the numerical movement of the individual cards to its final single digit before the count turns again. In this reading it sits naturally with integration: not the erasure of difference, but the possibility of holding what has moved through the reading together. #



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I move with purpose
Practice 2:
Lift your chin, open your hands.
Repeat three times. Notice your posture, breath, and the shift in your mood.
Affirmation:
I walk in alignment.
I move with purpose.
I create my path.



Fabulosity

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