

BYRDIE

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I Got a "Moon Massage," and It's the Goop-iest Thing I've Ever Done

by [LINDSEY METRUS](#)

We don't keep our beauty secrets.

This past April was emotionally taxing. After many wonderful years in our tiny, outdated Upper West Side apartment, my boyfriend and I would be making the pilgrimage to Brooklyn, like the rest of the tristate 20-somethings we knew. Our new building is shiny and new and much more enticing than our old haunt, but we'd made so many incredible memories within those thin walls and parquet floors that packing up and shipping out felt like we were leaving so much behind, even though we had so much to look forward to. We've also been planning a wedding, balancing crazy work schedules, and had just experienced a death in the family, so to say my stress levels were in overdrive would be the understatement of the year. And talk about bad timing—I'd planned a trip to Mexico with three of my best friends right in the middle of all of this a few months prior. It was a completely inopportune time to be leaving the country, but I'd soon learn it was just the release I needed.

After two planes and an impossibly long airport shuttle ride packed with ornery travelers, I finally arrived at The Resort at Pedregal, the most picturesque vacation destination I've ever stayed in. The rooms are stacked within the cliffs of Cabo overlooking a pristine beach and turquoise water with a personal pool built *into* your balcony, so it's virtually impossible to have a "bad" view. But no amount of in-room relaxation could compare to my visit to the on-site Luna y Mar spa.

Considering the tension back home that had permeated my entire back, a massage treatment was a requirement. I took a quick glance at the spa menu and essentially closed my eyes and pointed at the signature moon massage. I figured maybe some moon stones would be involved and I'd somehow be aligned with the lunar cycle, but mostly I was looking forward to being rubbed down in a five-star spa for 90 minutes.



PHOTO: THE RESORT AT PEDREGAL

Stepping into the dome-shaped building, I'd soon learn this was going to be much more than your average massage. After changing into the world's coziest robe and slippers, I was brought into a dimly lit room lined with cozy couches to have my feet washed. My masseuse let me know that we were currently in the new moon cycle (when the sun and the moon are aligned, with the sun and Earth on opposite sides of the moon), which is a time of change and new beginnings—a rather apt reflection of my life at that point in time.

As she knelt down and began carefully rinsing off my feet with sea salt water, eucalyptus, and seaweed, I could've cried. The act of cleansing was as metaphorical as it was physical—as she knelt down and carefully rinsed my feet, she was also washing away the fear and stress that had bubbled up like a volcano leading up to that point. During this time, I was also sipping on a digestive tea she'd brewed me made with fennel, rosemary, juniper, and lavender. The plane bloat was especially real that morning, so I was further convinced the masseuse had telepathic powers.



PHOTO: THE RESORT AT PEDREGAL

Following the divine foot scrub, we made our way to the massage room, which overlooked a waterfall and the ocean. As I laid my face in the massage pillow, she placed an awakening blend of essential oils underneath my nose for me to inhale through slow, deep breaths, an act I found my mind needed whether I was getting a massage or not. Ninety minutes of sheer relaxation, warming stones, and a scalp rub later, I was completely renewed. Before leaving the room, the masseuse opened up the doors and told me to lie still while I took in the sound of the ocean for the remainder of the appointment. My limbs sunk into the table, body perfectly still, while each wave crash lulled me into a further state of euphoria. I reflected on what's changed, what's passed, and what's yet to be, and as the tide turned, so did my outlook. It's said a day at the spa is good for the soul, but these 90 minutes were good for my entire well-being.

I realize a trip to Cabo for a moon cycle massage isn't within reach for everyone, so below, we've included some lunar-inspired beauty buys.