



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



Inside This Issue of the Hearthstone Newsletter!

- Upcoming: July 12 Open Full Moon ritual
- Greetings
- Hearthstone Rituals
- Thanks and a Tip of the Hat
- On Donations
- Spiritual Journey – Paulie Rainbow
- A Man Among Trees (part 7) – Thunderbunny Riley
- "The Silence of Faith" – Gorse Brooke
- Turtle Monkey book series
- Cat & Dog Spay/Neuter Clinics
- Earth Temple ritual dates
- Whom to Contact
- Hearthstone Open Full Moon dates

JULY 12, 2019 OPEN FULL MOON

Hearthstone meets the Friday before or the Friday of the Full Moon in the Library Room at the **Althea Center for Engaged Spirituality, 1400 Williams St., Denver, CO**. There are two small parking lots: to the north (next to the building) and to the east of the building (across the alley), each with spaces for 20 cars. Enter through the Main Door at the corner of Williams St. and 14th Ave. **The door opens at 7:00 pm, and we must lock the door at 7:30 to secure the building.** Please be prompt as we don't want you to be locked out! This month's ritual is **Friday, July 12, 2019.**

The Denver Celtic Women's Circle will present the July 12th ritual. Kellene has created and will be leading the upcoming Open Full Moon ritual as part of her 5th year with DCWC, and is glad to share this part of her journey with you. We will be honoring Medb, the Warrior Queen of Connacht. Sovereign and Sovereignty, Warrior and General, Judge and Priest. We invite all to join us in honoring this great Goddess, hearing Her story and receiving Her blessing this Full Moon at Hearthstone and fáilte roimh a chairde! (Welcome friends!)

GREETINGS

July has continued our rainy season. I truly don't remember a year where we had so many storms, so close together. We're having our usual afternoon rain. We also have had several major storms – ones that knock out the satellite dish and produce thunder that surprises me every time I hear it.

During the summer after my first year of college I worked at Lakeside Amusement Park. The pay was lousy, and the days were long; I still had a good time. Most of the time, I ran the Wild

Chipmunk – a sort of mini-rollercoaster with single cars running around a square structure. The brakes were asbestos. This is important.

When it rained, we had to shut down the ride. Not because of a fear of lightning, but because drops of rain would affect the brakes: the cars simply would not stop on wet asbestos. If I felt even one drop of rain, I needed to shut down for safety. When the rain stopped, we had to wipe down the brakes and run empty cars around a few times to make sure it was safe. Needless to say, this upset the park patrons. They wanted their fun NOW, whether it was raining or not. I learned to hear their complaints, and answer them, without taking them to heart. I knew that they believed I was arbitrarily keeping them from their fun. I also had the ride crew to back me up. It gave me a certain security in my decisions

I only worked there that one season. I grew older and now I'm the one whose fun is interrupted by nature. I get mad – at circumstances and at people that seem to be responsible for that interruption. Fortunately, I have friends to back me up and allow me to realize that those people aren't responsible for the interruption. I can't yell at them, but I can yell at myself. My new "crew" keep me balanced. Thank you, my friends, for that balance.

–Catherine

HEARTHSTONE RITUALS

Remember, please, that Hearthstone doesn't expect everyone to enter in Perfect Love and Perfect Trust, as there are people you don't know there, but to enter with a willing heart and an open mind, and leave your differences at the door.

Some traditions are more controversial than others, or may contain a component that confuses or disturbs someone attending an Open Full Moon. It is one of the risks of exploring different traditions. Should anyone be uncomfortable, unsettled, or upset about any ritual presented by Hearthstone, please discuss it with the ritual leaders or one of the Board members (Catherine, Arynne, Morgan, Amy, Cynthia, and Deb) so that we may hopefully resolve and heal your concern.

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT

Hearthstone offers our gratitude to Hawk Shadow for leading our Open Full Moon ritual in June. The ritual was designed both to celebrate Litha (Summer Solstice) and to guide participants in exploring our relationship with those most magical of creatures – trees.

The circle was created in traditional Wiccan fashion, with calls to the Lord of the Forest and Lady of the Green Earth to join us. In each of the four directions native trees were invoked: East--Plains Cottonwood, South--Gambel Oak, West--Aspen, and North--Ponderosa. Hawk Shadow reminded us that trees have been important to nature religions in Europe for eons. She shared interesting facts about the four different trees and suggested metaphysical significance. For example, a grove of aspen appears to have many separate trees, yet a clonal colony of aspen shares one root system and is considered one living organism. Ponderosas have the deepest tap root of any native species, and it is not uncommon for Ponderosas in the Front Range to live 250+ years.

Hawk Shadow encouraged us to notice the trees we come across daily and observe them through the seasons. She shared stories of memorable trees from her childhood. Lastly, she led us in guided meditation through the urban forest, then suburban, then rural, then asked us to allow our intuition to guide us to a particular tree that calls to each of us, and open a relationship with that tree. We asked the tree what it needs from me, and what message it has for me. Each person chose

a pine cone as a reminder of how sacred trees are, and a reminder of our journey, and we sang a song about Oak and Ash and Thorn.

Thank you, Hawk Shadow, for this deep dive into the sacredness of the trees around us. Blessed Be!

---Arynn

ON DONATIONS

Hearthstone's primary expense is leasing the space for our monthly Open Full Moon rituals. Your donations to Hearthstone (and other Pagan organizations) make the difference between failing and thriving, and let the organizers know that our efforts are of value to you. We encourage you to donate to Hearthstone or to the organization of your choice.

We appreciate that many of you do donate to Hearthstone. Thank you! We ask that you please give what you can to support the work and service of the church. We will keep Hearthstone running as long as possible, and we need your support to continue to serve the community.

We don't collect at the door, and no one will be turned away for not having a donation. However, we *suggest* a donation of \$5-10 per person. If you can't afford it, you are still welcome. If you can afford more, we'll be delighted to accept it.

Hearthstone Community Church, Inc. is registered as a church and your donations are **tax deductible**. If you wish, you can write a check so you can keep track of your donations.

Spiritual Journey

When I inherited a small women's circle in 2008 I had notions. I'll admit it.

Having been a part of Denver's Pagan community since 1981, I felt like I had spotted some causes of failure and contention. I had read enough of the books produced in the wild and untamed 80's and 90's to have noticed some weaknesses in the received lore.

I wanted to do it right.

I made a start.

In the years that followed I would find my own failures, contentions, and weaknesses. I had decided that open, eclectic women's circles fail because they run out of gas somewhere after the third year. The burden of creating an entirely new, eclectic ritual, from scratch, each month, was too high of a threshold for newcomers, and it seemed like only committed best friends continued to do magic together after a year or two.

Traditions with consistent practices, a steady supply of newcomers, and a path to degrees of learning had more longevity, but also had the oaths, promises, and initiations that open circles avoided, and that I wasn't keen on.

Specific ancestral or cultural traditions, on the other hand, had a track record of open circles, with the benefit of consistent practices, and the added benefit of verifiable sources of inspiration. And I was at a point in my life where I was ready to face my own Irish ancestral heritage.

I was impressed with the Tree Henge OBOD (Order of Bards, Ovates and Druids) group from Fort Collins. I attended their events at Dragonfest. I joined OBOD and started on their process. I also had a small collection of books on Celtic lore and modern Druidry. I convinced my husband to build a beautiful privacy fence, buckled down to sketch out a practice and, with a few of the women from the original circle, started meeting at the New Moon around Imbolc 2008. I felt quite optimistic; I had seen enough groups start up with less!

It's been quite a ride since then.

By the time Kellene showed up in my life 5 years ago the "circle" was still going, but I was struggling. There had been a few months when I was the only one standing under the ash tree by the stone altar.

I had early on given up OBOD as being too open. Their definition of modern Druidry includes anyone, even people ordained in nonPagan faiths, and my definition does not. I had narrowed my scope from panCeltic to Irish and Welsh, but soon after Kellene and I began working together we narrowed it further to an Irish polytheist practice, which is rich enough to hold anyone's interest for a lifetime. Maybe more.

While I got a lot of things right at the beginning, I had begun to realize that the Wiccan framework that I was standing on wasn't the right size or shape for the lore and practice built above it. Still, I had hesitated to change it. My ability and freedom to engage in a cultural practice rests on the shoulders of generations of Wiccan activists providing space and community for us all to exist. And the available pool of interested women slanted heavily Wiccan. But I needed to rip out the seams of my practice and steady the foundations. I needed to speak and understand Irish language in order to really understand my Gods and Goddesses. I needed to know more about the original sources of the lore.

I went to Ireland. More than once.

Then Kellene and I went together. And we went other places on spiritual quests.

Because my practice engages with the Ogham, specifically the tree Ogham, I studied the trees. I earned a certificate as a Native Plant Master through CSU extension. I listened to the podcasts of StoryArchaeology.com repeatedly. I'm still learning. But, to backtrack...

When Kellene showed up my "circle" was floundering, even failing. My vision of a Celtic circle was imperfect enough to fail on its own, and not Wiccan enough to hold the commitment of the original women who passed through it. I remain much less charismatic as a leader in reality, than I am in my own imagination. Luckily, I generally find this as amusing as it is painful.

I fell right into a nonWiccan who was diving into Celtic ancestry and that was exactly the partnership I needed to do the learning, exploring, and refining that I wanted. Kellene had no expectations from Wicca, and a deep commitment to scholarship and authenticity. Her friendship provided the support to continue to strike out in the direction of my vision.

I wish I had known the term Celtic Reconstructionist when I got started. It might have saved me a lot of time. But it might have convinced me that there was already "a way." That might have prevented me from the work of uncovering, for myself, what authenticity means for a Rocky Mountain Druid practicing Irish polytheism.

Kellene is now in her Fifth Year and we still honor my original ideas around this level of dedication and practice. She has, while providing me with encouragement and support, truly devoted herself to learning and walking this path. When she stands in the center and facilitates the Hearthstone Full Moon ritual in July, she will hold a place that she opened through study and practice. She has literally walked the path of Druidry, in the Colorado mountains, in snow, in mud, in an Irish yew forest, on urban streets. When she speaks the name of the Goddess, Medb, she addresses a Deity with whom she has already conversed, her words rise up out of the stories she dived down into, from a language with which she has painstakingly grappled.

It is easier to be "right" when you're not afraid of being wrong. Kellene has found a way to demonstrate that concept through the honoring of Medb. I have found that though our journey together. I will continue to learn and grow and explore, hauling my wet-erase sandwich board from city park to mountain park, from open New Moon Walking Meditations to Open Full Moon

Ceremonies, teaching workshops, encouraging Irish language learning, officiating at the occasional handfast or rite of remembrance, sharing as I learn, tweaking as I go.

It's a spiritual journey and as the Irish say: Giorraíonn beirt bóthar: Two people shorten a road.

Peace of the Mountains to you,

Paulie Rainbow

founder: Denver Celtic Women's Circle.

A Man Among Trees

(Part 7)

Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley

The man watched as the moving truck pulled out of his drive and disappeared around the block. He had spent the last four years making monthly trips back and forth to his grandfather's property. In that time, he had watched his childhood home be demolished and replaced with a new one. He had not taken the trees out though, deciding that he could keep some the memories intact. He turned and smiled as he looked at the new house. This would be the house his wife and daughter would share with him now. In time, he thought, this would feel more and more like home. He picked up the last box and stepped up the front porch before going inside the solid oak door. He stopped when he entered the house, hearing a voice in another room. His wife was trying to put their three-year-old daughter to sleep by reading her a book. Faintly, the man could make out a few words being spoken. His wife was telling his daughter a story to help her sleep. Not wanting to cause a distraction, the man sat the box down by the stair leading to the second story. Sliding his shoes off, he stepped to the right of the stairs and into the open living room. Boxes were still stacked up and it would still take a few days to finish unpacking, but they would be gone soon enough. Walking through the archway he entered the soon to be dining room, where he picked up his grandfather's game board and looked to a door to the left. The remaining of the dining room opened up to the laundry room, kitchen and small greenhouse, but this door led to the back yard. The man opened the door and saw one of the two large oak trees, only a few feet from the door. It allowed for a nice amount of shade before opening to the remainder of the yard. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and allowed himself to take in the smell of the tree. It had been awhile since he had been in the woods, and though he missed it greatly, there was a sense of calm when he stood in his back yard. He knew that given time he would find the same connection with his yard that he found in the mountains.

Following the cobblestone path he had made, the man walked out from underneath the tree and toward the other. He looked around and started thinking about all the things he wanted to do to the back yard. He wanted a small garden where he and his wife could grow vegetables and herbs. Probably toward the back of the yard where he had put in a series of hawthorn bushes, he thought. He saw his rowan tree was starting take roots with the soil. This made him smile as he recalled just how important that tree was to him. As he kept looking around, he let his mind wander about how beautiful this place could be, if he gave it the proper time. "Greetings, young one." His mind returned to the present as he heard a familiar, and yet unfamiliar, voice that was speaking to him from the nearby stump that had been cut many years ago. Looking toward the tree stump by the fence he saw an old man that look similar to his friend Duir, only it was not Duir. He saw a man with a long, white beard, instead of the salt and pepper look he had become

accustomed to seeing. "Greetings young one," the gentleman repeated. "Greetings, though you are not my friend Duir" the man responded. "I just saw him last month and while you look the same, something is different." He walked toward the stump and saw the older man nod with a welcoming grin. "Very good, young one" the old man paused, and the same felt it was more for dramatic effect. "You would be correct. I am not Duir, but he is my brother and I have heard many things about you." The man was slightly taken aback by the response. His friend had never mentioned having a brother before, and they had talked every month for the last four years. Duir had reminded him a lot of his grandfather and as he got closer to this new man, he felt a familiar sadness. Duir had helped fill a void that had been left behind when his grandfather passed away, and now Duir was not here on the day he had moved into his new home.

The man walked up to the newly introduced man, holding the game. So many thoughts were running through his mind in that moment. Where was his friend? Who was this brother of his and what was he doing here now? As he opened his mouth to speak the old man answered. "My name is Tinne, and just as my brother, I knew your grandfather also." Maybe it was the deep richness of his voice, but the man felt more at ease the longer this old man spoke. "I know you are wondering where my brother is right now. Maybe you are also wondering when he maybe coming back." the old man smiled his most infectious smile at the man. A smile that the man could not help but return to the old man. "I do not expect you will get to see him again" the old man replied before adding "Well not anytime in the near future at least." A long pause hung in the air. The man did not understand what he meant by that last comment, but it did not seem to matter in the moment. He felt an overwhelming trust toward the man standing before him. "I see you have come out here to play a game." He laughed cheerfully. "Your grandfather and I played quite a bit and I must say I am the king of it" The man looked at him, slightly confused. He recalled Duir saying almost the same thing four years ago when they met for the first time, though he remembered his brother being slightly more modest when he had said it. "How about we play a game or two and get to know each other a little better," the old man asked as he held up his own tokens. They looked almost like small red berries. "I would not say that if I were you" the man respond with a light hearted tone in his voice "I have beaten your brother before and that was something my grandfather was not able to do."

The old man had not exaggerated his claim at being amazing at his grandfather's board game. After a few hours of losing, the man consented that the old man was a better player than he was, and he took his pieces off the board. The old man nodded to the man with an understanding respect and also removed his from the board. The man wanted to be upset at losing to the old man, but he could not. After all, he had only beaten Duir once, and it came after four years of playing against him. "With more practice young one, you will get better and better," the old man spoke without sarcasm. "Maybe we could play more often. I will be staying here from now on, and I could use someone to talk to." he continued as he extended his hand to the man. "I look forward to getting to know you better also." The man responded, shaking the old man's hand in return. The man grabbed the board and turned toward the house. "Wait, young one, before you go" He heard the old man's voice, but as he looked back the old man was no longer there. However, sitting on the stump where he and the old man had played there was a small tree sapling, with waxy, stiff, green pointed leaves. The man looked over the fence for the old man, knowing he could not have moved that quickly, but there was no one. A wide grin came over his face as he turned back toward his new home. The man thought, maybe this place could be like the woods he had come to love all those years ago. As he walked to the back door and paused, seeing two small markings on each side of the door. The left was a single vertical line

with two small dashes on the on the left side. The second marking was almost identical, except for three dashes rather than two. “Maybe this place already was” he said out loud as he walked inside.

(Part Eight continued next month)

--*Thunderbunny Riley*

“The Silence of Faith”

“Do you claim to know me, or does the thought of me stick in your throat?” Many have killed in my name; others have been saved. Saved from the toils of feeling hopeless and defeated in life. So often, I’m a consolation from realities too harshly steeped in logic and rational.

“I am inevitable.” Yet, many would argue otherwise. Many resist what I have to offer because they lack what I offer in the first place. I’ve been involved in some lives only to be lost when it becomes difficult to hold my hand. While my comfort is powerful, it is also subtle. Many would argue it’s not enough to simply hold space for me alone, in their heart. So, from time to time I invite my companions. It gets lonely after a while. Sure, I’m the center of the universe, when I’m accompanied by my friends or family. But when it’s just me, all on my own. I make about as much sense as an ink blot. Even I get a little confused. However, I can’t help supporting those I find myself attached to. They don’t have to understand who I am, if who they think I am gives them strength. If my presence in their life gives them the confidence and love to be the best version of themselves, then I’m more than happy. I don’t have to label myself to feel meaningful.

Still, it’s fun to imagine what people think of me. Some say I’m like the resonant cadence that burrows into the deepest recesses of your mind and shakes loose encrusted damp treasures of passion resting in the caverns of the soul. A melodious voice only heard in the quiet of tranquility; felt like the resilient and reliable thumping of your heartbeat between the long soothing hisses of a deep breath.

Many see me as a fool. Casting aside my virtue as foolishness, simply because those who I keep in my company brave the canvas of life so vividly and with lighthearted merriment. It is easy to overlook their mentality. It is easy to label my friends zealots when many of you cling so harshly to a world built in my absence. A world meticulously shaped and fashioned to accommodate a multitude while also becoming unforgiving toward a reasonable small few that should not be valued any less. Many of my friends have felt suffering because while their numbers can always be potentially great, they are often isolated. My children are kindred spirits often lost and struggle to share with each other the deep understanding of life that unites their unique experiences.

My reach knows no limits. Sadly, I am only able to serve those who’ve come to accept my vow of silence, my refusal to be summoned into mere logic or tangible things like bronze or silver talismans of crosses and circled stars. I do not need these things to exist. They are bridges of trust forged by your life’s encounters to overcome the obstacles of disbelief. While I hide from each of the common senses on their own, I am free to influence all the perceptions of the external reality.

“I am relieving,” or so I’m told. I suppose this sentiment comes from some of my closest friends. While it’s more often than I’d care to admit, I’ve been known to be found resting in the wake of a perfect storm’s symphony. There’s a certain beauty in the chaos of life, but I’d never claim to care one way or the other. I don’t seek to destroy or create in the grand scheme of things... I just always seem to appear where I’m needed most. When life goes over your head, I just lay my hand on your shoulder and silently tell you, I’m here. It’s not the end of the world. Do whatever you need to

do. Scream a little. Get all the helplessness, rage, and confusion out. Then when your ready, tell me what I can do to get the ball rolling again.

See, the thing about humanity is you often witness the ebbs and flows of certainty. The unseen conductor of life guides my antithesis upon your existence. Taking away the illusions of control. Laying bear reality until curiously only I, an ineffable essence, remain. I embrace my coven once the searing hate of confusion and bitterness have finally subsided. And you are no longer ruled by the urge to enforce your relationship with me upon some projected resemblance of my being. It is only when you no longer need to validate me by the measures or values of someone else that I can become the force you need within. Where I offer my agile spirit to propel you forth in confidence and reaffirm all your other beliefs.

“I am intrinsic.” My oldest friends have turned my shared knowledge into finely aged wisdom. I’ve ministered my cohorts to enjoy a marriage where logic can be wedded to both ethos and pathos. Creating a rhythm of harmony to withstand the trials of life and the passage of time.

Mankind has flocked to me for as long as I can remember. I’ve seen it fit to roam their reality like a potent and ancient censer wafting through home and cathedral alike. My scent clinging to flesh and spirit long after my core has been burned and rendered to ash. Long after the sight of my subtle wisps have faded beyond sight, like an eerie phantom freed from its mundane vessel. Leaving only a faint sensation upon the consciousness and never really forgotten.

My favorite home is in the heart of my people despite their need to venerate me through the guise of religion. Many calls upon my name or reach for my hand are made in times of both deep despair and transcendent triumph. Forgetting I have lived with them every moment that is without proof. Every moment without clear or apparent cause. Every moment that I give meaning to the things we value but are unable to define.

“I am what is apprehended in the abundance beyond proof.” I only hope those who struggle to know me will one day welcome me as a familiar face they forgot they knew. Even my greatest critics tend to acknowledge me, so for better or worse... I encourage everyone to get to know me any way they’d like to. After all, once someone recognizes how I’ve played a part in their lives I’ve rarely known said people to regret letting me be a part of their experience.

Authors note: For this story I’d like to give a special thanks to a few friends that helped me revise my concept and make its existence on the page feel more authentic, or at the very least make more sense to the average reader. Thank you, Joy, Kathy, and Monticue for all your feedback. And as always Thank you Catherine and Hearthstone for giving me a space to express myself to an open audience and hopefully share my unique take on the world in a creative way. It’s never easy to have confidence as a writer. Yet, in my own way I’m confident enough to know my writing is a talent and gift. I treasure my skills as an author, it’s one of a few things I feel give my life purpose.

--- *Gorse Brooke. (a.k.a Broom Hill Bran)*

Turtle Monkey children’s book series

For information on any of our books please visit: www.jofontana.com

About Turtle Monkey: Turtle Monkey is a read to me book series. There are just enough pictures to hold their attention while being read to before they eventually read the books on their own prior to

tackling chapter books. Turtle Monkey and Mama Monkey are the only green monkeys in the village. Turtle Monkey has lots of gas. She received Fuzztastic, her cat, as a Yule gift. Fuzztastic also has lots of gas – but he’s afraid of it! Turtle Monkey spends most of her time outside when she isn’t in school. Join us as Turtle Monkey learns about the world and how to cope with challenges.

Now available at Amazon: **APPROACHING DARKNESS.** This is an anthology of twelve short stories. Some are horror, some are bizarre, and some are unnerving. These stories will make you look under the bed and keep your feet from dangling over the edge at night. Read as a child fends off a horror from beyond the grave with just a nightlight, listen in as Gods debate the future of humankind, or root for twins who battle a lady made of plants. Written by Jo Fontana under A. J. Hallows, one of her many pen names.

Print book available on Amazon at: https://www.amazon.com/Approaching-Darkness-J-Hallows/dp/197915001X/ref=sr_1_4?ie=UTF8&qid=1516143137&sr=8-4&keywords=Approaching+Darkness

THE EGG QUEST. Book One of the Demon Coast series by Jo Fontana & Teresa Horton.

Reyden Frost leaves the sanctuary of the library to experience the world, despite the advice of Master Levik. His focus, a petrified egg, is stolen by a mysterious criminal his first night in the town of Hollow Harbor. Reyden reluctantly joins forces with a man of the law and another magic worker who was also a victim of the thief. The chase takes them across the continent of Ator, gathering new companions along the way. Will Reyden’s past interfere with his future, or will he overcome it on the journey to retrieve the egg?

Print book available on Amazon at:

https://www.amazon.com/Egg-Quest-Demon-Coast/dp/198354714X/ref=sr_1_2?ie=UTF8&qid=1518571543&sr=8-2&keywords=The+egg+quest

COMING SOON:

Gods of the Bay

Comfort Food for All Seasons

The Demon Swarm (Book 2 of the Demon Coast Series)

Cat & Dog Spay/Neuter Clinics

<http://www.ddfl.org/spayneuter/>

Hearthstone cares about pet overpopulation! The Denver Dumb Friends League (DDFL) cares too, and through generous grants and donors, they offer **FREE cat spay/neuter surgeries and age-appropriate vaccinations** to any Colorado cat regardless of owner's income. DDFL also offers **\$50 dog spay/neuter surgeries including basic vaccinations to lower-income dog owners**. The details, locations, and qualifications are at their web site above. It takes ALL of us to reduce the overpopulation problem and move toward a world where all pets are wanted and cared for. Thank you!

EARTH TEMPLE

Here is the list of 2019 ritual dates for Earth Temple. We are still at Full Moon Books and Event Center, 9106 W. 6th Ave. (at Garrison) in Lakewood.

We have a NEW DAY for rituals this year; these dates are all **FRIDAYS**. Start time is 7 pm, the same as last year, so please arrive at the store between 6:30 and 7:00 pm, since the store closes and the door locks right at 7. Hope you can join us!

Aug 2, 2019

Aug 30, 2019

Sep 27, 2019

Oct 25, 2019

Nov 22, 2019

Dec 27, 2019

---Chris, Dara, and Michelle, the Earth Temple steering committee

WHOM TO CONTACT

For Pagan or Wiccan clergy or for any other Hearthstone business, please contact Catherine by phone or email, or contact Arynne by email. Catherine's phone number is 303-886-7067, and her e-mail address is fionnula.harp@gmail.com. If you would like to officiate at a future Open Full Moon, please contact Arynne at ArynneD@aol.com. At this point we have ritual leaders scheduled for all of 2019! Thank you all for volunteering your talents!

Hearthstone Community Church has a website at <http://hearthstone.fnorky.com> where our dates and newsletters are posted monthly. You can contact us through our web site. Hearthstone also has a Facebook page.

GUEST COLUMNS?

If you have something to say, and are willing to let Catherine and Arynne edit it slightly, (generally for grammar and spelling; Catherine has been known to grammar-check television commercials) please feel free to submit your writing to fionnula.harp@gmail.com. Content will not be edited. We can usually make room for more voices. **We appreciate our contributors!**

This newsletter is for Hearthstone Community Church, Inc. of Denver, Colorado. Editor and Publisher: Catherine Mock.

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Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates

July 12, 2019
August 9, 2019
September 13, 2019
October 11, 2019
November 8, 2019
December 6, 2019