



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



Inside This Issue of the Hearthstone Newsletter!

- Upcoming: August 9 Open Full Moon ritual
- Greetings
- Hearthstone Rituals
- Thanks and a Tip of the Hat
- On Donations
- Lessons of a Young Black Mystic – Gorse Brooke
- A Man Among Trees (part 9) – Thunderbunny Riley
- Unexpected Soul Retrieval – Moon Gazer
- Turtle Monkey book series
- Cat & Dog Spay/Neuter Clinics
- WSLA Meet & Greet – Oct. 13, 2019
- Earth Temple ritual dates
- Whom to Contact
- Hearthstone Open Full Moon dates

AUGUST 9, 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, August 9, 2019.**

Rainah will be presenting the August 9th ritual. We will be working with the astrological energies of the day and evening focusing on compassion, empathy, and bringing our awareness to how everything we do has an impact on others and this world. Quan Yin is the Chinese Goddess of compassion, mercy and kindness. Avalokitesvara is a bodhisattva who embodies compassion.

Rainah is an eclectic wiccan practicing for many years both solitary and with other groups.

Please join us for an evening of guided meditation, reflection, music, and honoring the deities.

GREETINGS

Well, in case anyone hasn't noticed, summer heat has arrived. To be honest, I do not like heat extremes. Spring and Fall are my favorite seasons. Of course, in Colorado, the seasons tend to run together.

For me, Lughnasadh is the beginning of the Autumn. This is the time of the first harvest. When I was younger, it was the time we picked cucumbers and zucchini. We pulled carrots and onions. There were still some peas in the garden and we ate those off the vine.

My parents' vegetable garden was something to behold. We kids had the example of the wheel of the year before us. Perhaps that's why I feel so attuned to it. However, it was their garden. They planned it and planted it. We kids got to harvest some of it, but my mother is the one who made sure the harvest was preserved for the Winter.

My mother is over 80 now; my father died in 2012. There is no longer a vegetable garden at my mother's house. Mom still grows flowers in her garden; enough to continue the cycle of the year

—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 tips our hat to the Denver Celtic Women's Circle (DCWC) who presented our July Open Full Moon. Paulie Rainbow introduced the DCWC, and briefly explained her spiritual path and her sense of the responsibilities pagan clergy have, which for her, spans the spectrum from obtaining training to become a Certified Naturalist to obtaining training for dealing with suicide.

Paulie then turned the OFM over to Kellene, who, as part of her 5th year with DCWC, created and led the ritual. Kellene has dug into Irish lore and been impressed by the breadth of roles fulfilled by women/goddesses. For this ritual she chose to honor Medb (anglicized pronunciation Maeve), the Warrior Queen of Connacht. Kellene shared Medb's story, including how Medb demanded that any man who wished to be King of Ireland must be courageous, generous, wise, and kind.

Kellene and Paulie invoked the energies of land, sea, and sky, and kindled the flame. Medb was invoked into Kellene and spoke to us from her wisdom lore. Then each person was invited to step forward, honor Medb with a small libation, and ask for a blessing. Each received a red ribbon as a token of the blessing they received. Cakes and juice were shared, and She left us all with this blessing: "May the Spirits of Peace Everlasting be yours."

Thank you, Kellene and Paulie, for taking us back in time into the spiritual lore of Ireland, bringing Medb to life for us, and for the blessings we received. Blessings to you as well!

Note: The Denver Celtic Women's Circle can be reached through Facebook and Meetup. Blessed Be!

---Arynne

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.

Lessons of A Young Black Mystic (Emotional Intelligence) or "When the Black Ram Met the White Dove"

Everyone has an abyss within themselves, whether you stare into it or not. For some the abyss is where their demons rest. It is an inner world designed by pure spirit and emotion, so it only makes sense that to "see" what exists in one's own inner abyss, one must learn to deeply feel and experience this world of the soul.

I've come to see my soul as a vast wilderness, surrounded in an eternal night. Despite the literal degrees of darkness, the moon still plays her part. The moon of my soul cycles through its phases of elegant illumination. Meaning there are times where my soul is pitch black. The moon is new, and it is only a sense of faith that tells me the world of my soul does not disappear simply because there are moments when I can't perceive anything around me. This also implies there are nights in my soul where the moon is full. Somewhere, beyond discovered consciousness lives a source of divine light that reflects off the surface of my soul's moon, as I choose to both rest and explore the dark frontier.

When I gaze into my soul and seek refuge from the external world, there are many things that change and a few that seem permanent. For example, in this immense wilderness there are unexplored terrains full of trees and vegetation untouched by my perception. Giant bodies of water exist at the edge of some areas. I imagine there you can feel the abyss within the abyss. The bottomless sea that invites you to open your senses. Sensing the chill waft off the surface of the water and bring goosebumps to the flesh. Sensing the subtle shift in air as dampness and moisture impregnate the invisible texture surrounding you. A scent of water so thick and pure you can taste that salty liquid free of any leads or metals. It's quiet, but off in the distance just above the sounds of the wandering wind through the canopy of leafy trees are unidentified living creatures aimlessly scampering across the ground. A gentle roar of rushing water suggests the mighty source of this serene opening amongst the stretches of wild.

For me, this is the part of the soul for the most dense and raw emotions. A place where you can both dive deep down into the world of unconsciousness fighting the currents as you maneuver yourself until you find yourself suddenly drifting in a space without boundaries. Effort is no longer needed for motion. Your previous movements have propelled you into a realm that has a physics beyond you or your control. This is where the mind goes to meditate. A space where I am simply allowed to just exist, to breathe in and breathe out. Weightless, the deeper I sink. Formless, as my state of mind alters. Open, to becoming one with the source and aware of my existence in the universe and its infinite fibers.

There are also more familiar territories where I've erected great impossible castles. Within my mind palace are comforting structures. Rooms and corridors shaped by memory and dream. The details of this palace are best told another time. For now, let's focus on another place. A recent settlement in my soul nearby my mind palace. There is a place in my soul where a massive cave exists. Its caverns and depth may seem vacuous at first, but intuition proclaims something more, some substance awaits discovery. This is where my tale truly begins.

It was a new moon night. Darkness devoured the land in such thickness it was as if an inky slime had slickly passed over, coating the canvas of existence from one seamless tone to another. I could tell a sort of winter was approaching but had yet to arrive. The dead seedlings of evergreens littered the forest floor, causing a soft crunch to accompany every step. After some time of aimless wandering it seemed a storm was brewing in the jet-black skies. Between the gap of the tree canopies gusts of wind began assaulting me with a fine rain mist. As the weather picked up the soundtrack of rain consumed the land. Droplets of rain in a soft sightless downpour collided and burst against everything they touched. Grass, trees, rocks, bushes. Everything would soon be soaked. The ground became so soaked that it began to lose all tension and become a soft gushy mud. On a night like this finding my mind palace would be difficult if not impossible. Suddenly out of the corner of my eye a faint ember flickered in the distance. At first the dot seemed so distant and faint it was like trying to spot the twinkle of a star. As the rain had soaked the ground to mud, I had been soaked to the bone. Desperately wiping the water out of my eyes, I darted from one clump of trees to another. Until finally the canopy of trees grew thick enough to serve as my umbrella against the gusty mists of rain. However, this could not hold out for long. The mists would not stay mists. Especially when for the past twenty minutes the jet-black sky would flash to life in an eerie silence aside from the rain. Each flash revealing clouds and endless forest. The palace was nearby, my senses told me but Wherever this new location was there was a thick untouched wilderness between me and my comfort zone. Catching a break from the rain allowed me to track the phantom flame ghosting across the distance. At first it appeared to be blinking in and out of existence. Upon closer inspection, the faint star solidified into a small dancing ember. Even closer, one ember became two. The closer I could wander to the ember the more I could perceive to the point I grasped a color. It was a magenta ember that at this point not only carried a life like movement but also seemed to trail across the blackness of the new moon night.

I had to focus on the pair of magenta phantom embers in fear that losing sight of them for any longer than a moment would allow them to escape into the emptiness of some dense pocket of darkness. However, I was still deeply aware of the growing storm. No longer silent, lightning had found its brother thunder. The musk of the soaked forest caked my nostrils as sporadic cracks of deep powerful thunder subtly pounded against my eardrums. Each powerful clap gains a concussive force that soon became a freighting thumping shortly ringing throughout my body, leaving the tingling sensation of anticipation. The anticipation that one of those thrusts of wind, rain, lightning and thunder would connect, searing my body upon contact. Throwing me lifelessly to the ground. With a palatable panic in the back of my focus the magenta embers finally grew still. Hovering at what was now a feasible distance. Flickering with life yet stone still. That's when I realized. This feeling washed over me. I was being stared at. As if a mirror rested in the darkness catching the light of my eyes. Yet, my eyes do not glow or dance like purple flames on a candle wick. A formless creature or spirit with a body shrouded by the darkness was staring into me with an undaunted intensity.

After what could have been hours the twin wisps of flames staring and blinking at me finally decided to trail off into an unrelenting pocket of blackness unaffected by flashes of lightning. Feeling the remnant tension of that spirit's gaze linger, I realized the shadowy creature had entered a

cave. I decided to follow. The deeper I traveled the weaker my senses grew. That is to say, the atmosphere of the cave and its endless caverns seemed to offer less and less information to absorb. At the mouth of the cave, thunder, lightning, rain, and nature rested. Breathing and heaving across the land as if it existed on another plane of existence. Like a different dimension of reality. Meanwhile, the cave was a vast realm of darkness. Narrowing's cramped your body with a frightful pitch of blackness that rendered you so blind there was no difference between your eyes being open or shut. As I pushed on in fascination and curiosity, openings would appear. Faint star like glows would dot the ceiling. Making it hard to perceive if the dots were simply small and bright features on the ceilings and walls, or if their appearance was due to the boundaries being as tall and wide as any forest of nature. Yet most of these other faint glows were colorless. Unmoving markers that reminded me of some luminescent fungus or algae. Which is why I was still able to notice the phantom magenta embers when they reappeared. We were in some clearing or opening at the end of what felt like a step descent. Across from me there seemed to be a rocky peak and from one of its edges closest to the floor, the gazing magenta embers rested in a shadowy form. Upon seeing my closeness, the shadowy form slowly began to solidify. It was like watching translucent heat vapors rising off desert sands and pool into a black smoke. The smoky black shadows began to fill some invisible boundary. A predetermined shape collided with the growing smoke as it wavered and drifted around the empty spaces. Till the form had finally filled in, around the still magenta embers and the invisible shape that became a black wooly ram. The wisps of magenta flame were now a soft reflective glow of an animal's eyes peering through the dark.

I stood still. As if I'd reached the end of my journey fatigue suddenly began to set in. The leering calmness of the black ram could not escape my notice. For reasons unknown to me my gut told me it was sizing me up. The ram decisively made its way down the edge of the peak closest to the ground. When Its hooves reached the floor, it stepped into the rocky dirt clearing, carrying a slow confident and serious canter. The canter was strangely quite as it closed what little distance remained between us. All the while the black woolen ram never broke eye contact and neither did I. Its what some might call a soul gaze. A type of meeting of the eyes between two different people that communicate pure emotion. Despite my fatigue and growing pain. I began to lower my body into a running stance. The longer I gazed the more I knew to prepare myself. Finally, the ram stopped for a moment. Only to begin trotting backwards while still in our gaze. I poised myself like a football quarterback. As the ram bowed its head and stopped trotting backwards, we both jolted forward. I lowered my head and it lowered its horns until a bone to bone clack echoed throughout the cave.

When I awoke my senses took some adjusting. My sense of time was already long obliterated, but what little sight I possessed in this cave slowly returned to me. As I stood the hazy softer tones of my sight filled in becoming more vivid and stark. The looming hush of silence became muffled for a moment, so I kneeled to avoid fainting. As I kneeled, I noticed the ram was gone. I faintly remembered as we butted heads it was as if the wool clad form had violently burst back into black smoke. The ram must have dissipated back into the air, its convenient vessel as an animal used up. After some time, I eventually came across a cavern with a shallow pool of water. I caught a glimpse of myself reflected in the water. The magenta glow that the black ram once possessed was now flickering in my eyes.

It's been nearly a year since that incident. I feel truly changed somehow. Back then It would have taken too long to return to the mind place before winter hit, so I erected a small cozy cabin with a back patio facing the wilderness. I made a modest unobtrusive resting spot near the mouth of the cave. Nowadays when I'm not lazily sitting on the cabin back porch, I contemplate to myself at the mouth of the cave resting in a humble wicker chair, or hammock in the nearest tree.

Most recently, a stark white dove flew to the mouth of the cave. As I watched it glide and circle the trees on the horizon. The stark white dove garnered my full undivided attention. Its white feathers glowed at a degree that felt foreign to this world yet familiar. I had seen this dove before. I had met this dove before. I began to realize this dove circling ever closer to my home away from home was a foreign spirit. The guise of another soul able to penetrate this deeply into my own. The white dove had visited many times over the years since we first met but this was the first time I could fully appreciate its essence. If I was a man whose soul had been possessed by a black demon made of shadow. The dove was a blessed guise of an angelic brilliantly lit woman. She was a kindred spirit. Our relationship has challenged me in many ways. I struggle to reconcile my deepest desires and instincts each time we cross paths. She is of a different path and morality. She belongs to a foreign vessel, yet there are meeting points across the paths we choose walk.

It is depressing at times. For as much as we are alike, we are also different. This glowing ember within me is my soul and it thrives in the shadows of the eternal night. While darkness is my current home, I have traveled the roads of light. Often have I found myself at the threshold. Eventually crossing into the world outside of the dark frontier but never resting there. All the foreign souls I bear witness to in the light awaken my loneliness. I am a shadow of myself in their world. Trapped in a form of flesh that masks the depth of my being. Therefore, the white dove frustrates me. A kindred spirit like I able to explore my home, my darkness. Yet she too must flee back home to the light. Her essence is masked and censored in my company. I sense her essence and while it is in my nature to manipulate and transform... I know this white dove is incorruptible. She cannot be changed to something better suited to my world. Frankly, I acknowledge I'd be disappointed if I could change her. All these feelings and thoughts reaffirm a growing dream I savor. The desire for a partner. Someone who sits at the edge of my darkness unafraid. Glowing as a warm beacon that leads to the light. I would go to her willingly. Knowing my home in the dark frontier is still there, serving its purpose as not my cage but a safe place of comfort. Someone who could encourage me to feel that just because I hide and draw strength from darkness and even tend to get lost in isolation. It doesn't mean I am defined by that existence. The ability to be someone else's light while at the same time seeing and embracing the embers of their soul in the dark is rare.

In recent times, the winters of my dark frontier have grown longer. In this abyss of the soul governed by eternal night landscapes have begun to reflect a frozen tundra. While I have adjusted. While there are times I've been deeply contented in this cold climate. A sadness tinges the frost. The essence of the mysterious explorer in this soul is a vessel meant for traveling the distant reality of brighter frontiers. Begrudgingly aware these frontiers will never feel as home as the darkness. There are days where I leave the frozen tundra that the dark frontier is becoming knowing the world of light will disappoint and fail me many times. As my home in the dark frontier at times bears a suicidal weight, I still enter the world of the light one last time, knowing it will fail me, but hoping just once it won't. If only the protective shell around my shadowy essence did not become a stagnate brittle cage when exposed for extended time to the dark frontier, I call home. If only my shadowy essence could exist as something more than a mere shallow stain upon the world of the light frontier. A core destined to shrink and fade in the light's brilliant heat.

I am the Young Black Mystic. Some call me Izu for short. The point of me telling you this tale, is to illustrate a lesson. In this tale are metaphors and analogies years in the making. To me they are an invention of insight and reflection. Hopefully to you, this is a guided spirit walk of sorts. I offer in making and sharing this tale a window into my soul. The moral is that we can all reflect on ourselves and create stories that illustrate our feeling about of soul. The abstract essence of our choices and existence. This is my way of conveying the craft of emotional intelligence. Emotional intelligence is a frame that allows us as a society to learn and develop an understand of our

emotions. While some may argue it is our actions and choices that define our character. I argue this does not make emotions and insight any less a part of an objective reality.

Emotional intelligence is a learned craft. In this craft we learn to listen deeply and intently. We listen to our feelings so we can explore the depths of our feeling. Over time we develop and learn empathy. At this point not only do we listen to our feelings we see other people's emotion which evolves our understanding of our own. Listening to our emotions leads to seeing and exploring new territories empathetically. Ultimately these explorations lead to new experiences that all stem from an emotional intelligence.

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

A Man Among Trees

(Part 9)

Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley

The man pulled his car off the isolated two-lane road and onto a small patch of dirt just big enough for it to fit without blocking any traffic that may find itself passing while he were here. "I hope you know what you are talking about, Tinne" He said to himself as he watched as the first few rays of the sun began to break the horizon. Five years had passed since he met Tinne, and in that time they had become very close friends. The man had learned a lot from his friend, and often came to Tinne when he was seeking counsel. Stepping out of the car he felt the first warmth of the day on his face. It reminded him of his home in Colorado, and that day in the woods twenty years ago. The day he had started a new path in his life. The very same day he almost died in a storm. Looking out over the newly harvested corn field, he was more grateful than ever for the life-changing moment. The man could never imagine a more fulfilling life.

The man crossed the two-lane road and followed the edge of the field until it met with a thick treeline. He scanned the trees, seeing a small opening in the branches. Walking toward the opening he began to notice a path that could not be seen from the road. He paused for a few seconds, gripped his walking stick, and pushed himself through the branches and into a canopy of open forest. The man smiled as he looked at the lightly worn path before him. He could hear the sounds of birds in the treetops and smaller animals waking up for the day. Taking less than ten feet, he could see a few deer turn their heads toward him before casually walking away knowing he was not a threat. He watched them walk out of sight and then continued down the almost unseen path. As the man walked deeper into the woods, he made sure he took his time and soaked in the beauty and feel of such a peaceful place. It had been a few years since last time he was in a forest but in this moment, it did not feel like it had been even a day. He smiled and continued walking deeper into the woods looking for the pond Tinne had told him about a few weeks ago.

An hour passed before the man was greeted with fresh smell of water in the air. He now knew the pond was near, and excitement was beginning to show as his casual walk turned in to a quickened step. A step that lead him to top of a small valley. The man made a small gasp for air as he looked through the morning fog still sitting heavy over a small pond. Several clusters of trees could be seen though not all of them looked the same with their variations being obvious even from this distance. He fixed his eyes back on this path and followed it without difficulty to the pond. He also noticed that there were several trails beyond the pond: trails leading down other slopes. The man first thoughts were of jealousy, because the other trails meant he and Tinne were not the only two people that knew of this place. That thought was a short-lived one, as the beauty of this place was meant to be shared with others. He would have to bring his family out sometime also, but not

today. Gripping his walking stick, the man descended into the valley and toward the pond. His anticipation was climbing as he could feel something from within almost encouraging him to get closer. It was a feeling that he had felt before, a feeling of pure unquestioned joy for being in nature. A crane suddenly flew only a few feet over the man's head. He ducked instinctively, while watching the bird continue flying until it landed on the water's edge. "Maybe I should focus" he said as he let out a chuckle and walked toward the edge of the pond looking for a place to sit.

Making it to the water's edge, the man saw a cluster of nine trees that drew his interest. They all looked identical in height at close to twenty feet, and almost spaced out in a perfect circle. Their bark was dark brown, but cracked, showing these trees were on the older side. The man was pleased with himself. Twenty years ago, he would not have known how to tell a tree's age by looking at the bark. Now, he did it out of habit and was happy it sank in for him. Taking in a deep breath and letting it out slowly, the man walked between two of the trees and toward a well that sat in the center. There was a lid over it, but did not appear to be locked. A long wooden ladle stuck out of a bucket that hung above the lid, tied to a rope that connected to its crank. He walked around the well and looked out over the pond. The sun had risen now, its rays shimmered off its surface. He felt that if he stared at it long enough, he could be hypnotized by this comforting nature.

The man placed his backpack and walking stick on the ground before setting down facing the surface of the water. Taking several focused breaths, he closed his eyes and began to let his mind drift into nothing. He turned his ears to listening to every sound that was around. From the singing of the birds, to the salmon swimming in the water, the man could hear nature living around him. As his mind began to focus, he heard the sound of wood scraping against stone. His eyes shot open as he twisted around to see a tall lady standing by the well. She had long flowing black hair that dropped past her shoulders before clinging to her long silky dress. It shimmered like the light reflecting of the water. "Welcome lady" the man spoke as he began to stand up. "Same to you young one" the lady replied with a soft, alto voice that flowed ever so smoothly from her lips. "Are you Coll?" he asked before he realized he had said anything. There was a pause for a few moments, then she nodded and smiled. "Yes, young one. I am Coll." Her smile faded. "You are becoming well organized now young one. Soon will be your next step in the path. A step that requires that you are more patient than before." The man wanted to speak, but he knew that it would be best to just listen. She continued. "Do not hurry things along, when you should be sitting back and letting things flow their course." She waved for him to walk towards her, and he did without hesitation. Logic told him that he should be cautious, but he knew she meant no harm toward him.

He watch as she grabbed the hand crank and effortlessly rotated it counterclockwise. The bucket slowly dropped deeper into the well until he heard the splash of water. "You will have to listen to your own rhythm." She said as she began to crank the bucket out of the well. "And by doing this you will be more prepared and happier." As she finished speaking, the bucket reached the top of the well and splashed a little water over the side as it sloshed. The lady took the ladle in her hand and leaned over the well to the bucket. He watched as she scooped water into the ladle and brought it to her mouth. Stopping only a few inches from her lips. "We salute the guiding light." She spoke. "We salute your knowing might." She finished before bringing the ladle to her mouth and drinking from it slowly.

"Here drink a toast with me young one" She spoke, extending the ladle toward the man. When he grabbed the ladle, the man saw there was still half of the scoop remaining. "We salute the guiding light." The man said as he now repeated the same actions as Coll. "We salute your knowing might." He finished the remaining water in the ladle and offered it back to her. "No, young one." she held her hands up. He looked down and admired the craftsmanship of the ladle, taking note of the marking that was on the handle. Four small dashes that started at the center of one long vertical line.

He looked up to ask the lady about the marking but to his subtle surprise, she was nowhere to be seen. He did a quick scan of the trees around the well, but he knew he would not find a trace of where she went. Over the years he had come to understand that he needed to flow with things. The man looked into the sky and saw the sun was directly overhead. Morning was over, the man noticed, so he decided that his hike was also over for the day. He gathered his backpack and stored the ladle inside, before picking up his walking stick. "If I must be patient," he said as he looked out over the pond before heading back down the trail, "I will at least have an amazing view" and he smiled as he left the valley.

--Thunderbunny Rzley

(Part Ten continued next month)

Unexpected Soul Retrieval

Last month, I went back home for a vacation. It was a half working vacation, and half rest up before work commences. Well, maybe it wasn't just to rest up. I find it highly coincidental that my forthcoming novel, *Gods of the Bay*, is set in my home town and that was exactly where I needed to be to come to terms with not living there anymore.

When I was younger, circumstances forced me to leave. I think that and the fact that it wasn't my initial choice to leave and that I moved to a place where I was extremely unhappy until I left, caused the perfect storm of home sickness that clouded me until this last visit. For the most part, I was able to bury the homesickness deep down and it was one of the few things I was able to ignore with much success. It only occasionally reared its head when I went back to visit. I can't say for certain, but I think that if I had been able to take a longer vacation so I could actually deal with everything, it may have caused the healing to occur sooner. Be that as it may, I never stayed for more than a week until now.

This time, I opted for a two week stay to make sure that I had ample time for research. What I didn't realize was that even though there were some changes to the area and the demographics which helped me let go, but also, I realized that I would have never become the person that I am now if I had stayed.

The energy there is much different than in Denver. It's heavy, dark, and oppressive. If anything, I may have become bitter if I had stayed. You see, where I come from, independent artists, authors, and musicians have a much harder time breaking through barriers. They aren't supported like they are here. And opportunities are rare. They also don't have a vibrant Pagan community like Denver has. It may not be the bible belt, but the area has a strict form of Christianity all the same. I believe that when I was finally able to mentally check off the things on my to do list when I went back home, I gathered a piece of my soul back each time. Also, realizing that the place had changed into something that I didn't like helped me to release the thought of ever moving back. So, the day of my return flight, I couldn't wait to get back home here to Denver. I had a late evening flight so I didn't get home until almost midnight and I crashed as soon as I had everything settled. The first thing I did the next day was shower to wash away any of the lingering energy from my home town. I burned incense and a candle to remove anything that lingered. The last thing I did was accept that people I knew had changed and to move on. No longer will I live in the past, and my future is unhindered by it.

--Moon Gazer

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!

WSLA MEET & GREET

**Celebrate our Pagan Community
and Get Information about Upcoming Community Events!
Sunday, October 13, 2019, 1-4pm**

Bring Your Community Announcements
about Festivals New Initiates Events and Classes
SUPPORT OUR LOCAL PAGAN COMMUNITY!

Pagan Plumbers, Carpenters, Health Care Workers, Teachers, Readers, Counselors, Artists and ALL
Come with your business cards and let the community know about you so we can put you to work!

We'll be at the fabulous MERCURY CAFÉ
2199 California Street Denver, CO 80205
(come via the Light Rail station at 16th & Stout or 20th & Welton, by bus or there's free parking all
around)

See old friends and meet new friends!
Annual WSLA fundraising table of magickal goodies
Credit cards accepted www.wsla-co.org
Women's Spiritual Leadership Alliance

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 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.

STANDARD DISCLAIMER and COPYRIGHT INFORMATION

Please note that information and opinions contained in the articles in this newsletter are the responsibility of the authors only. No endorsement by Hearthstone Community Church, Inc. is implied.

All writings are copyright to their respective authors. Please obtain permission before reprinting anything here, with the exception of the Open Full Moon Dates. Those may be copied and transmitted as needed.

Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates

July 12, 2019
August 9, 2019
September 13, 2019
October 11, 2019

November 8, 2019
December 6, 2019