



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



Inside This Issue of the Hearthstone Newsletter!

- Upcoming: November 8 Open Full Moon ritual
- Hearthstone Rituals
- Thanks and a Tip of the Hat
- Mental Health First Aid: Low Cost and Sliding-scale Resources
- On Donations
- Samhain and what it means for time and inheritance – Paulie Rainbow
- A Year and a Day with Nervines – Cynthia Killingbeck
- A Man Among Trees (parts 10 & 11) – Riley Hosick
- Turtle Monkey book series
- Cat & Dog Spay/Neuter Clinics
- Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir – Rite of Remembrance – November 16
- Earth Temple ritual dates
- Whom to Contact
- Hearthstone Open Full Moon dates

NOVEMBER 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, November 8, 2019.**

Please join Clyde, Cynthia, and Sarajane as we present the November 8th OFM Ritual. Continuing past Samhain into the dark time of the year, spiraling down towards Yule, we will each be taking a personal journey together into our own inner place of stillness, connecting and settling into that dark place behind our closed eyes where we are offered rest and renewal. In these tumultuous times when we are always on the go, when something is always demanding our attention, when thoughts never stop spinning, when light bombards us with its constant presence, we will look to the cycle of the year to show us how to lean into this dark time and emulate how Mother Nature rests. In stillness and silence, we can cultivate peace and create space for transformation and renewal. Tonight we will practice giving ourselves permission to rest!

HEARTHSTONE RITUALS

*Remember, please, that Hearthstone doesn't expect everyone to enter in Perfect Love and Perfect Trust,
as you may not know many of the other attendees,
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, Amy, Cynthia, and Deb) so that we may hopefully resolve and heal your concern.

Hearthstone is a safe and sober environment.

Please respect your fellow participants by not attending under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT

Hearthstone Tips our Hat to Maeve Wilde and Brighid's Forge Coven who led a powerful ritual for our October Open Full Moon. Participants were smudged and anointed as we entered, then Circle was cleansed and consecrated. The Elements were called, as were God and Goddess, Ancestors and Allies, with an emphasis on creating safe sacred space. In guided meditation we heard examples of harsh, devaluing, demeaning messages that some of us have been told before, that often echo in our minds even years later...followed by hearing positive messages expressing the love, value, and importance Deity sees in each of us. Our goal was to discern whether the negative messages have to live within us, or can be discarded and replaced with divine messages that affirm our importance and how beloved we are of the Gods. The ritual presenters sang to us the song "How could anyone ever tell you 'you are anything less than beautiful? 'How could anyone ever tell you 'you are less than whole?' How could anyone fail to notice that your loving is a miracle? How deeply you are connected to my soul." We followed that with shouting the affirmation "I AM FINE!" emphasizing our triumph over old negative messages.

After "cakes and wine" were passed around the circle, Maeve explained that in advance of the ritual, the Goddess had inspired her with many positive affirmations which she had written on disks of wood. Each person was invited to come and select one from a bag. Those who wished to share spoke about how their short affirmation was meaningful to them, and just what they needed to hear. This sharing was special. Even the children understood that Deity had just given them a loving, unique message of support and affirmation.

Yes, this ritual was unusually intense and emotional, and also powerful and triumphant and personal. Our sincere thanks to Maeve and Brighid's Forge Coven for guiding us safely through this rite, with their intent to strengthen us as we enter the dark season. Blessed Be!

---Arynne

PS Maeve provided the following handout of Mental Health First Aid low-cost and sliding-scale resources. She can also offer personal recommendations for counselors; her email is maevemail@comcast.net.

MENTAL HEALTH FIRST AID LOW-COST RESOURCES

SLIDING SCALE SERVICES

Mental Health Center of Denver mhcd.org
303-504-7900

Medicaid/Medicare accepted. \$30/month for uninsured. No one is turned away.
Case management, outpatient therapy, child and family, suicide prevention programs,
medication, housing services, residential treatment

Aurora Mental Health Center aumhc.org
303-617-2300

Sliding scale for Aurora residents. Medicaid/Medicare accepted, no insurance
required.

Individual, group and family therapy, medication, residential services, respite care,
vocational services, refugee wellness center

The Blue Bench thebluebench.org

303-329-9922, 24-hour hotline 303-322-7273, 24-hour Spanish hotline 303-329-0031

Sliding scale fee

Individual and group therapy, rape, assault and abuse survivor groups

Centers for Counseling and Family Therapy (Regis University)

303-964-6295 (Thornton), 719-264-7027 (Colorado Springs)

Sliding scale up to \$30. No one will be turned away due to inability to pay. No
insurance accepted.

Counseling services for youth, adults and families

Community Reach Center communityreachcenter.org

303-853-3500

Sliding scale based on income. Medicaid/Medicare accepted.

Child, youth and family services, outpatient counseling, case management, substance
use, crisis services, housing, vocational services

Counseling and Educational Services Clinic (University of Denver)

morgridge.du.edu/counseling-educational-services-clinic/

Counseling services 303-871-2528, assessment services 303-871-6395

Sliding scale \$5-30

Counseling services, psychological and LD assessment

Jefferson Center for Mental Health (Jefferson, Clear Creek and Gilpin Counties)

JCMH.org

303-425-0300

Sliding scale possible for clients without insurance. Medicaid/Medicare accepted.

Mental health counseling, substance use treatment services, 24 hour crisis line

Maria Droste Counseling Center mariadroste.org

303-867-4600

Sliding scale fees available. Medicaid/Medicare accepted.

Individual, family, child and addiction counseling

Professional Psychology Clinic (University of Denver)

du.edu/gspp/services/ppc.html

303-871-2528

Sliding scale \$15-70. Medicaid for therapy only.

Individual and psychological testing provided by doctoral students. Cancer,
trauma, veteran, and international disaster survivor specialties

Safehouse Denver safehouse-denver.org

24-hour crisis and information line 303-318-9979

Free services to survivors of domestic violence. Insurance not required.

Domestic violence safe shelter, emergency services, counseling and advocacy center,
Spanish services

Sheridan Health Services (University of Colorado Denver)

303-315-6150

Sliding scale fees. Medicare and Medicaid accepted.

Individual and family therapy, physical care, oral health services, substance use

Student and Community Counseling Center (University of Colorado Denver)

303-315-7270

Sliding scale \$5-40; \$5 for Denver Public School students.

Individual, group, family, and couple therapy provided by masters level students

Information gathered from Mile High United Way. For additional information about
fees, accepted insurance, and services, call the numbers provided.

OPEN PATH COLLECTIVE

Openpathcollective.org/city/Denver

offers reduced rates

PEOPLE HOUSE

Peoplehouse.org

303/480.5130

Sliding scale fee - \$20-\$50/hour

[Friendly psychologist suggests

that they are quite friendly to all

Spiritual paths]

DENVER FAMILY INSTITUTE CLINICS

denverfamilyinstitute.org

303/756.3340

Low fee, sliding scale services

ON DONATIONS

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'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.

Samhain and what it means for time and inheritance.

In Modern Irish, Samhain, pronounced sow-in or sahv-in, is the word for November.

On the calendar, it follows October or Deireadh Fómhair, which means Harvest End, which, in turn follows September or Meán Fómhair, which means Mid-Harvest. The word for August is Lúnasa, many Pagans spell this Lughnasadh, and only celebrate its first day.

It was learning about the original language of the holidays and the months that drew me into Irish polytheism, that and an insatiable curiosity about the original practices from which these names, the folklore, the folk practices, and our modern reconstructions arose.

Mostly, I continue to love our shared path because it stitches us back into the real seasons and changes of the year. Maybe not the same for each one of us, and of course not the same way as our ancestors, but in a very authentic, and in-the-moment way. And I need that. Maybe you do, too.

I saw a news headline saying that some municipalities are ready to "change the date" of Halloween to "always" be the last weekend in October, and this is a perfect match to the framework of the modern world. It is made out of seven-day weeks that make up numerically defined months named after Roman emperors on a yearly calendar that works as long as we throw an extra day in every four years. It is made out of work and school weeks, and weekends. It gives us time to work and time to shop, and makes the culture we live in "more efficient." And it needs to be more efficient, because we are very, very busy. So these things need to "line up."

We're told that the Solstices and the Equinoxes "happen on different dates" depending on the year. We are not told that the orbit of the earth around the sun is pretty darned stable, but that our artificial calendar only matches it inexactly. We shift the "date" of the equinox on the fixed Julian calendar.

We hardly notice how artificial it is, because it is ubiquitous. It is everywhere, and we keep each other in check with it. When the full moon happens "on different days of the month" it is the stable flow of light and dark and the tides which have governed human life for thousands of years that is the imprecise and unpredictable phenomenon, seen against the stable backdrop of the numbered grid we have lived with since we learned its secrets in grade school.

I've had people tell me that they'd love to join us for our Full Moon Ceremony, but they never know when it is, and they don't always have time to check our page on Facebook or Meetup. But we celebrate on the exact date of the full moon as it occurs right here in Denver. Sometimes, when I explain this, I fail to make a connection, the person in front of me really has no idea, day to day, what phase the moon is in. People are surprised when I explain that the sun rises and sets directly east and west on the equinoxes and that as far north as the summer sun rises and

sets is exactly equal to the southern degree of distance for those sacred events on the winter solstice. People are surprised. Pagan people.

We have been trained. We keep each other in line. We don't know where the sun and the moon are, and we're too busy to notice.

We have been deprived of our inheritance of time and tide at the same rate at which we have been deprived of the true value of our labor and ideas, at the same rate at which we have been disconnected from the world our lives depend on, at the same rate at which we have agreed to be blinded to the effects of our own choices.

But it doesn't have to be that way.

The world that we have always known is leaping up to get our attention every day. Hummingbirds have abandoned the feeders we tended all summer. The green veil of photosynthesis has drawn back from the leaves, revealing their vital colors and then releasing them from the branches. The wind has a different scent. Plants left in the garden were green one day and then laid low and destroyed by a single icy night. Different constellations have appeared in the night sky and the path of the sun begins and ends south of the east-west center of our horizon.

This shift calls us, and we yearn for a connection to something other than the grid of a mechanically industrious world. Many practitioners choose to celebrate the thinning of the veil between the worlds on the new moon closest to the traditional date of Halloween, which this year will fall on October 27th. Others choose our Halloween date, or as late as November 2nd. If you're curious about the solar alignment, the midpoint between the equinox and solstice lines up with the 24th and 25th of October this year.

So, pick your date, your alignment, your choice, but if you want to re-wild our holidays, make it line up with something that makes sense to the stable rhythm that guided the human races for untold generations. Connect it to your garden, to the hours of the night, to the cycle of the moon, to a place on the horizon that you can mark and remark from year to year.

And when you honor your ancestors this year, maybe you'll feel more connected to the world that they recognized and handed down to you for your pleasure and safekeeping.

Peace of the mountains to you,

Paulie Rainbow

founder: Denver Celtic Women's Circle.

A Year and a Day with Nervines

By Cynthia Killingbeck CH, CN, FEP

You can find her at www.vitalblossom.org or cynthia@vitalblossom.org

October seems a great month to begin diving into Nervines. As defined from my last article (6 Herbs for Stress and Anxiety), 'Nervine is a general term for a class of herbs that affect the nervous system in any way. Herbs that are anti-anxiety or anti-depressant are what we think of first, but it also includes herbs that help restore or rebuild the normal functioning of the nervous system, herbs that stimulate or relax, herbs that are sedating or calming and even help us sleep'.

Fall began with the Autumn Equinox, a time of shorter days and longer nights. All biological energy begins with the Sun, which powers photosynthesis. All summer the plants and trees have been breathing in this delicious energy and it has fueled their blooming, fruiting, and growth ensuring their bio-continuation. In the Fall trees pull their energy back inwards into their core and roots in the earth to store their energy and rest until Spring when they can reach out to the Sun again. Leaves reveal brilliant colors as the chlorophyll is pulled into the core and roots of the plant

and the colors of phytochemicals are revealed. Just like the trees at Samhain we begin to go within and work on the inner workings of our bodies and minds. Instead of playing out in the sun, we warm ourselves indoors drinking tea and thinking, meditating, and moving towards understanding. It is a time of letting go -- just as the leaves fall from the tree, Nature is modeling for us how it is done. Processing, Releasing, Letting Go... All of us need a time to Rest and Digest (go into the parasympathetic state).



This season makes me think of Vervain (*Verbena spp.*) a nervine that is relaxant, a bitter tonic, and especially affects the nerves. It promotes the parasympathetic state, its bitter tonic effects have a natural affinity for our digestive system, liver, and kidneys. Traditionally it has been used to help recover from convalescence, debilities, and with nervous depression.

The Physiomedicalist T.J. Lyle stated, “*Boiling destroys considerable of its stimulating quality and leaves it a relaxing nervine.*”

Vervain is a relaxing diaphoretic (opens pores and supports perspiration). In this way it helps relieve tension and releases toxins, what is no longer serving us. It supports the production of digestive secretions and tones the tissues, creating flow and firm barriers. It promotes proper liver function and bile flow. It supports the kidneys and the eliminations of toxins. Vervain is a sedative and hypnotic allowing restful and rejuvenating sleep for the agitated and busy mind. Vervain is quite bitter which is an important part of its healing as a bitter tonic but can be over whelming. I like the tincture in formulas, but it is lovely in a tea as long as you match it with some nicer tasting herbs. It is cool and drying so some moistening and warming herbs would be a good balance.

Possible examples:

- Moist: Marshmallow, rose hips, slippery elm, licorice
- Warming: Cinnamon, ginger, rosemary, fennel, anise, nutmeg

Flower Essences focus on energetic emotional imbalances and blockages. There is always a connection to what the plant can offer physically and energetically. Note the similarities.

- The imbalanced state that Vervain is unique to healing is one who is fixed in their principles and overbearing or insistent in their beliefs. Lacking boundaries, they are intense and could be bordering on fanaticism. They may have nervous exhaustion from over striving, but they keep going.
- The balanced state that Vervain promotes is learning moderation, tolerance of others and ideas, and balance within and without. It supports the flow of energies and ideas; it teaches openness and supports boundaries.

Flower Essences are a powerful support to any herbal protocol.

Master Herbalist, Paul Bergner says, “*For every physical change there is a corresponding emotional response.*”

The healing focus of Vervain is rest and digest, release and flow, open and let go. Vervain is the perfect herbal ally for this time of year.

A Man Among Trees

(Part 10)

A large breath was let out as the man opened his eyes and stepped across the fallen tree that had almost been his silent killer all those years ago. It still looked the same, he thought. Even though it had fallen over twenty-six years ago, the man saw no signs of rotting and termites had not taken liberties with its wood. The man could not help but wonder if it was being preserved by time itself. He smiled at his thought for a moment longer, before walking toward the three stumps he had use so many times as a makeshift table and chairs. They had also been well preserved, but he knew he was the reason for that. Upon moving back to Colorado four years ago, he began coming back out to his “spot” weekly. During his second trip out, he sanded the stumps and applied a non-toxic sealer. He had then spent several months becoming re-familiar with the area he had loved for so many years. The man began to notice the animals that were routinely around when he was there. He would also listen for the babbling of water. It came from the stream that sat just beyond the thorn bushes. Now, he could tell if the water level of the stream had gone up or down and the thorn bushes are not as wild as they were. He smiled as he looked at all the work that had been done in the last four years. Some of it had been hard work, but work that he had treasured for two reasons. The first, when he worked with the land out here, he felt a harmony, a sense of peace with the world around him. He could feel the magic this place held, and it would leave him feeling rejuvenated. It always left him feeling great. Yet, as great as he could feel working with the land, the second reason for his fondness was his family. His wife and daughter would both come out at least once a month and help him. This place was no longer just his “spot”. Years ago he would have had a sense of jealousy for others being here; now it was a place he loved more because of his family. It had become a sanctuary where they could all speak openly to each other. A place that allowed him to get to know the kind of woman his daughter will become.

Tears welled up in his eyes as he thought about her. Never could there be a prouder father, he thought. When her college letter arrived from Brown University yesterday, he was not surprised to hear she had been accepted. It was a wonderful moment in both of their lives, but also a little bittersweet for the man. He would miss the time he had with her. She would only be home for the holidays, and then only for a few days at a time. It would also be her first time living away them, he thought. He used his thumb to push the tear away before it fell. He heard a loud crackling caw, as he looked and saw two ravens perched in a tree overlooking the stream. He chuckled for a moment, remembering that it was the same tree he had fallen out of because he had carelessly fallen asleep. The ravens fluttering wings had startled him awake. He remembered feeling foolish for thinking he could sleep on a narrow tree branch. He recalled spending the next few weeks after that time, looking for their nest but never finding it. While he still has not found it, he has given up trying to figure where he has not already looked for the nest, now just accepting them as part of what makes this place comforting.

The man closed his eyes again, and allowed himself to recall the trip he and his family made out here just two weeks ago when his daughter was still going to college locally. He and his wife were still helping her decide on what she would have as a major, and which of those classes would work best for her. With her going to Brown, he thought as he closed his eyes harder to lock the tears in, she would have to pick her classes out there. All alone, without him or his wife helping her. She had never been all alone anywhere, unless it was a trip to see family. Even then it had been no more than a week. When she moved out there, his felt his heartbeat increase, she would be ALL ALONE OUT THERE! The man opened his eyes and let out a few deep breaths and allowed himself to calm down. He stood up and walked over to the stream. The man knelt down, cupping water into

his hands and splashed his face. The man knew he could not really be upset with his daughter. Still he thought it would best if she stayed close to home, instead of being all alone out there.

"All alone out there?" The man heard a naturally pleasant singing voice over his shoulder. *"...but still I am right here. All alone out there,"* turning around the man walked back to the stump and toward the voice that was still singing. *"...but not alone I swear"* *"Carry on sweet dove, and know you have our love. Carry on because we care."* Stepping around the thorn bush the man heard the voice finish, *"...and know you are not all alone out there."* The man looked at the silhouette that was facing away from him. Dark red hair draped just past the shoulders and formed little ringlets. The shoulders beyond the hair were covered in a long sleeve deep green shirt. "Giving and taking," the man heard the silvery voice of a lady begin to speak. "That is something I like about life." The man continued walking toward the lady. He opened his mouth to respond but did not know what he could say about giving and taking. He did not like the thought of giving and taking at the moment, and he did not feel up for talking about it right now. She turned her head to the left, revealing almost half of her face. From all the man could see, she was beautiful. He could not place who she could be, but there was something familiar. "With the right connections" she paused, gracefully standing and turning toward the man, "in the early years of life. The strength of those connections will allow it to stand the test of time and hard weather." He watched as she knelt down, picking up three strands of twine. "Those strong connections it can offer protection as well." Standing up again, she continued. "So I would think that you should like the thought of giving and taking." She smirked at him as if she knew what he was thinking, before returning to her seat. "Come and sit, young one." She patted the seat next to him and without hesitation he moved to the stump. As he sat next to her, he began to see the age on her face. Though she looked younger before, now she carried the distinguishing features of an older lady. "Strength and determination, young one." Her once silvery voice, now brought a rasp as well. "There is little that cannot be done when one has both."

The two sat in silence for a few minutes before the man looked over to the lady. The man watched as the lady appeared to further age as they sat there. "Ma'am," He finally spoke with concern in his voice. "Are you alright?" Not knowing what to do the man reached to touch her shoulder. However, before he could reach over, she answered. "Just as the seasons end, young one, so to must the path end." And turned toward him, placed the three strands in his hand. He looked down and saw that she had braided all three together, forming what looked like a headband. "I feel it is about time for me to go." She broke the silence once again. "Can I help you get home?" The man asked, worried about her safety. "No, no, young one. Just as the seasons end, so to must this path end." The lady stood up again, showing the same graceful movements as before. "Besides, it seems to be time to start a new path." She smiled at the man. He watched as she walked into the treeline, toward the path by the fallen tree. It was at that moment that the man realized he had not asked for her name. Almost in response, the man heard a voice from the tree line. *"Gor!"*

(Part eleven continued below)

Thunderbunny Riley

A Man Among Trees

(Part 11)

"Next week," the man spoke to himself as he followed the familiar path toward his sanctuary. The man watched his breath for a few moments, seeing the crisp air of his words as small, quickly dissipating clouds. A larger than normal grin came to his face as he thought about what next would be happening in the weeks to come. His daughter, son-in-law, and grandson would be coming

home to visit for Thanksgiving. While he was always happy when they were able to come home, this year felt bigger than before. After all, he thought, it would be the first time he would bring his grandson out here to experience the wonder it had held for him and his mother. Pausing for a second the man looked at the fallen log. It amazed him that it still showed no sign of decay, despite it falling over fifty years before. There was also still a rabbit family living under it, always with one larger than the others. Though he could not guess on which generation it was on now, they also must have felt safe and protected here.

Stepping over the log the man continued to reminisce about the last fifteen years, after his daughter went off to college. She met her husband during her junior year of college; they had shared a couple of classes for the first few years before he had asked her out. The man had liked the kid immediately, reminding him of himself when he was younger. He was open to learning, listening, respect, but most importantly he was being a good partner to his daughter. The man was so grateful for the paths he had taken in his life, and could not think he could be happier, until his grandson had been born. He had come along shortly after she graduated college, just a year after they had married. And every year since his birth, the man and his wife had flown out there for every holiday or special occasion. Mostly because it was easier than to go there than it was for them to come here, but also because it allowed him to return to the house he had started his family in, the first home his daughter had ever known.

The man walked to the three stumps and sat his now ancient looking walking stick on the tallest one. He slowly slid his backpack off and stretched his lower back, allowing his muscles to loosen. His walking stick was not the only thing that had aged. As fantastic the last half century of his life had been, his body was well past his prime and on a chilly November morning like today, it took longer to get going. The man took a deep, purposeful breath and allowed himself to once again focus on the world around him. He felt all weariness and pain fade away as his surroundings began to take his attention. Clearly now he could hear the flowing stream close by. The babbling of water seemed to keep an almost perfect tempo as the wind picked up and blew through the trees above him. As the man began to become more in tune with the world around him, an attention-grabbing hoot caught his ear.

The man opened his eyes suddenly, scanning the direction he heard the owl call from. Normally he would ignore the birds that tried to garnish his attention, but it was too uncommon for an owl to be out mid-morning. Leaving his backpack, he grabbed his walking stick and walked toward the stream. The sun's rays were still doing their part to warm the forest, as steam rose from all around. The man smiled again thinking how it looked so mystical as he saw the owl perched on a branch overhead. "What brings you out here my friend" the man asked, surprising himself as he suddenly spoke to the owl. "Next week," He continued. "My grandson will be here." He chuckled to himself thinking about how silly he probably looked. Still, he thought, it felt good to be able to say that out loud; he had not been this excited in years. Watching the owl fly away, the man suddenly felt the wind pick up as he heard what sounded like a flute playing near the stream behind him. Years ago, this would have been more baffling, as he would have tried to figure out where it was coming from or who was doing it. Now, he thought as he followed the sound, now he just wanted to meet the person making such beautiful music. He knew he would be blessed with whatever the outcome was from the encounter. The man walked along the stream for almost a quarter of a mile before it came to a bend to his left side. The music had become louder, but not overwhelming as he stopped for just a few moments to relax his nerves. Somehow, he thought as he refocused on himself, he still got anxious when he knew he was alone, yet someone had appeared. He still remembered how the anxious feeling upset him when he was younger. Now that feeling is one of

excitement. As he took another step toward the music, he was quickly surprised with silence. His heart fluttered without explanation as he continued around the bend.

As he walked around, he was surprised to see that there was nothing to be seen. Rather just a few tall patches of grass growing out of the edge of the water. He scanned the grass in front of him but could only see the grass swaying in the wind. A hint of sadness touched him as disappointment entered his mind. He had thought someone was there, hoping the owl was a sign that he was not alone out here. Instead he got tall grass blowing in the wind. "Sometimes it's disappointing one does not get what they expect," a harmonically deep voice spoke over the man's shoulder. Wanting to turn, he resisted, fearing that it might not be wise. "But maybe, have you considered that their inner drive is so great that they forget that there is no right way?" The man began to speak but was cut off. "I am Ngetal, and one that finds that the best way to avoid disappointment is to be more like that grass you see before you." The man continued looking forward at the edge of the stream, watching the wind dance through the tall grass. "And go with the flow." The man looked over his shoulder and saw a young-looking gentleman standing there. A deep maroon top hat sat upon dark brown hair that flowed over his shoulders before curling at the end to form ringlets. His face showed no sign of wrinkles or aging, while his deep green eyes showed the wisdom of a person filled with a lifetime of experience. A patch of hair sat on his chin that had grown about six inches long, yet it did not look out of place. "Do not worry young one." The younger man smiled. "I am not going anywhere before we talk."

The man turned around, and watched Ngetal offer a welcoming nod to the already pleasant smile. The man returned the smile and studied the gentleman's appearance. His deep green pants were being held up by hat-matching maroon suspenders, and set firm over a cream white dress shirt. "Now let us talk while we take a stroll." Ngetal spoke again while motioning for the man to follow him as he walked toward the three stumps. "You have been walking this path for a while, and we need to talk about where you go next." The man followed closely behind but did not say anything. His mind would not let him think of a question to ask. There were many questions years ago he wanted to know, but all he wanted to do now was listen.

The man and his new companion Ngetal arrived back at the tree where the owl had been perched as they concluded their talk. "And remember young one, it is better to be flexible than rigid." The man smiled. "Thank you" was all he could force out as the gentlemen gave another nod. A loud hoot sounded from above and the man looked up, seeing the owl in the tree, before looking down at the gentleman...only to see that Ngetal was no longer there. The man smiled in the direction of the stream before walking back to the stumps.

(Part twelve continued next month)

Thunderbunny Rzley

Turtle Monkey children's book series

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

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!

A Rite of Remembrance

Saturday, November 16th at 7:30 PM
Wash Park Center for Music and the Arts
400 S. Williams Street at Dakota Ave in Denver
Easily reached by the No. 3 bus (E. Alameda Ave)
There is ample free parking.

As the veil thins and darkness descends, join us for beautiful music honoring our beloved dead.

Together with your energy, music, words, and silence, we will create a meditation on love, life, and that which lies beyond. Then, light a candle for them on our Día de los Muertos altar.

A special part of the rite is dedicated to those members of the military and first responders who fell in the line of duty.

A limited number of free tickets for members and veterans of the military and first responders are available, thanks to the SCFD.

Tickets are \$20/\$15 for Seniors and students. Free for those under 12.

For all tickets, including those for the military and first responders, go to: www.orpheuspcc.org

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!

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 2020! 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

November 8, 2019

December 6, 2019

January 10, 2020

February 7, 2020

March 6, 2020

April 3, 2020