



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



FEBRUARY 23, 2018 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**. The Althea Center is easy to find, exactly four blocks east of our previous location. There are two small parking lots on the north and east sides of the building. 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, February 23, 2018.

On Friday Feb. 23, 2018, The Denver Celtic Women's Circle (DCWC) in continuous practice since 2006, will be facilitating a ritual of the dedication of work to Brigit and conferring blessings on the gathered community.

In the Irish path, work is honorable, industry is valued, and skill is venerated. The Tuatha de Danann, were the people of skill.

The ritual will make use of the brilliant translations and updates to passages from the Carmina Gadelica from the book Land, Sea, and Sky by Morgan Daimler.

The participants gathered will help cast the circle hand to hand, and have the opportunity to individually dedicate their work or skill for the seasons to come to the Goddess Brigit/Brighid. Together we will sing the circle open at the end.

---Catherine

GREETINGS

Well, we've had a roller-coaster climate this last month, haven't we? In just the last week, the temperature has gone from 70° to 8° and back up again. And, unfortunately, I don't have my furry bedwarmer any more.

It is February, which in Colorado does mean cold. And warm. And cold.... I know because I've lived here 58½ of my 60 years. Of course, Colorado weather is always changeable – whether one lives on the Eastern Slope or on the Western Slope, or for that matter on the Eastern plains. We depend upon the snow every year to make sure we have water for the coming summer. However, even when it snows, we don't always get water with it. That's all right though, come summer, we may get rains so hard and fast that it just rushes downstream. It's as though Nature is challenging us. Will we rise to meet it?

My workplace has been having a competition perfect for these cold days: We try to challenge ourselves to read at least 100 pages during February. Those who know me also know that 100 pages per day would be limiting. I've found during this challenge that, just because it is a challenge, I'm more mindful of what I read; and I don't get bored and wander off to do something else. I like challenges. I especially like them if I have a chance to do better than expected. I knew I could and would read more than the challenge amount. Instead, I challenged myself to read more than 100 pages per day – and to keep with a book until I finished it. I've been finding new books to read and rediscovering old ones. I've even finished this month's selection for the office Book Club. (The

Bear and the Nightingale by Katherine Arden – I highly recommend it if you're interested in Scandinavian and Slavic folk tales)

The other challenge that I've had this month was to figure out how to pronounce a song in Gaelic. I've sung songs in Gaelic before, but usually, I've just listened to the song until I could imitate the sounds. Because I usually sing this kind of song by myself, I didn't have to worry too much about the process. This time, I won't be singing it alone. I need to help others to sing the song with me. So, I listened and listened some more. Then I tried to write what I heard down. Then I listened again and corrected what I had written. It took me three weeks to get to a point where I'm relatively confident that it's correct. Now I just have to practice it so I can teach it to someone else.

They say the best way to learn something is to teach it to others. I suspect this is true. I do know that I have a real feeling of accomplishment having worked on it.

What wonderful ways to spend this changeable month!

Blessings,

—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

We Tip our Hat to Maeve, Michelle and additional members of Brighid's Forge Coven for leading our late January Open Full Moon ritual. This rite was just before Imbolc, and the upcoming full moon a few days later would be both a blue moon and have a total eclipse. With all that in mind, Brighid's Forge, a Celtic shamanic group, designed a ritual around the themes of waxing light and fertility, seeking the positive, and finding our potential.

Coven members cast, cleansed, and invoked the Elements and Brighid and Dagda. We were introduced more deeply to Brighid, the goddess of fire and forge, childbirth, and inspiration. After grounding breaths, we entered into a guided meditation in which we were invited to use a key to open a heavy door, and pass from the stagnant Winter realm we knew into the Spring-like realm of possibilities. We followed a path through the woods until we came to a powerful, welcoming Woman next to a Well. She led us to a scrying bowl filled with water from Her sacred Well, and encouraged us to seek visions of our potential and ask for Brighid's support. After all returned from this meditation, we grounded with "cakes and ale" and Circle was opened.

Thank you, Maeve and Brighid's Forge Coven, for offering to our Hearthstone community this clear and lovely rite. I find myself wanting to look again and again into the reflections in the scrying bowl.... Thank you. Blessed Be to all as we seek the potential of this new year.

---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, as well as assure the organizers 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 to the community.** The more you can spare, the longer we will be around, and the more we can help those who need it. 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 to 10 dollars 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 to Hearthstone are **tax deductible**. If you wish, you can write a check so you can keep track of your donations.

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** to anyone regardless of income. DDFL also offers **\$50 dog spay/neuter surgeries 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!

FEBRUARY AND BRIGIT

For me, February belongs to Brigit, sometimes starting in January!

Working with Brigit, or Brighid as She is sometimes known, has been an incredible journey; one which continues onward.

My latest delving into the lore has highlighted Her role as a member of the Tuatha de Danann and the meaning of that phrase.

The word "tuath," pronounced too-uh, still means people or tribe in modern Irish or Gaelic. And it has been popularly assumed that Danann referred to a progenitor, or Goddess, possibly named Danu.

But as Irish scholarship and understanding has increased in the neo-Pagan and Druid communities, this has been cast into doubt. Firstly, because no Goddess or God by that name has survived in the ancient literature. While a case can be made for the continental Celts to have such a progenitor, on the strength of place names alone, that case just doesn't hold up for Ireland where the lore of the Tuatha de Danann has its origin. While that doesn't eliminate the possibility, it certainly weakens it.

Secondly, and more important, even a cursory study of the stories of the Tuatha de Danann shows the primacy of the value of skills. The exchange between the God Lugh and the doorkeeper

in the tale of The Coming of Lugh, shows, line by line, just how important it was for a person to have skills in order to belong to the Tuatha de Danann.

Here is an excerpt from that story: *"There is a young man at the door," he said, "and his name should be the Ildánach, the Master of all Arts, for all the things the people of your house can do, he himself is able to do every one of them."*

Third point: the definition of the word "dán" in modern Irish is: 1. Gift, offering. 2. Lit: Craft, calling: allotted task. 3. Art, faculty; art of poetry. ~ draíochta, druidic art.

It is clear that Brigit, daughter of the Good God, the Dagda, is a member of that community of Gods who are the People of Skill, and this, for me, clears up another mystery that surrounds Brigit.

She is known as the Goddess of Healing, Smithcraft, and Poetry, but She shows up in the ancient texts more briefly than you would imagine. In the Second Battle of Moytura She figures as the grieving mother of Ruadán, who is killed by the God of Smithcraft, Goibniu, when Ruadán attempts to betray his mother's people by killing Goibniu. The tale announces that, because of Her grief, She invents keening.

There is little to show that She is directly involved with these things of which She is a Goddess. And yet, She is a Goddess, a member of the óes dána, the People of Skill, and the folklore that surrounds Her demonstrates that She lived on in the hearts of the Irish people as a prime representative of that impressive group, even as Ireland took on Catholicism, in a very Pagan way.

In Ireland, even today, when you interrupt someone at their work you offer "God bless the work" as a token of respect. Skill is still greatly valued in the culture. Interestingly, the word for "bless" in that phrase isn't the same as the word for a blessing at church, or the blessing of a saint which is "beannacht." Instead the word is "bail," pronounced "byle" which has a root meaning of prosperity and increase. It is this phrase: "Bail ó Brighid ar an obair." (byle oh breed un ubber) which we will use in the Hearthstone Open Full Moon ritual as we ask for the blessing of the Goddess on our skills and work for the seasons to come.

Something subtle changes when we ask for our deities to bless our skills. I hope something very good happens for you.

Side note: The language of Ireland is known as Irish or Gaeilge, or Gaeilinn (Munster Irish). The definition of Gaelic is: adjective 1. relating to the Goidelic languages, particularly the Celtic language of Scotland, and the culture associated with speakers of these languages and their descendants, and noun 1. a Goidelic language brought from Ireland in the 5th and 6th centuries AD and spoken mainly in the highlands and islands of western Scotland.

Peace of the mountains to you,

Paulie Rainbow

founder: the Denver Celtic Women's Circle

author: the Colorado Celtic Weekly Planner 2018

SEPARATION ANXIETY

This is a true story. Only the names have been changed.

I had been in the chaplain's office at the Denver Women's Correctional Facility for only a few minutes that day when the phone rang. "Chaplain's office. Chaplain Anthony", I answered.

"Chaplain, this is Riley, in Control"

“Yes, Sergeant. What can I do for you?”

“Listen, I’ve got a man on the phone. He keeps calling the facility. He won’t leave us alone. He’s not always very coherent. Sometimes I think he’s not very sober. No one can figure out what he wants, and we don’t have time to deal with him. Can you talk to him? Find out what it is he wants and if you can, get him to Stop. Calling. Us.

“I’ll do what I can, Sergeant. Put him through.”

The phone clicked as the connection was made. “Hello, this is Chaplain Anthony.”

“Now don’t you go hanging up on me or transferring me to someone else.” A man’s voice, heavy with frustration, came through the phone.

“Who am I speaking with, please?”

“Uh. Walter Kincaid. Now don’t you go giving me the run-around.”

“Mr. Kincaid, I’m here to try and help you with your problem. I’ll be talking to you until we can figure out what’s going on, and if there’s something we can do. Now, what do you need Mr. Kincaid?”

“I need to talk to Tammi.”

“Who is Tammi, Mr. Kincaid?”

“Tammi, my daughter. I need to talk to my daughter. I know she’s there, just give her the damn phone,” he snapped.

“There’s no one in the office with me right now, Mr. Kincaid. I’ll need to find her. What is your daughter’s last name, Mr. Kincaid?”

“Kincaid, same as mine. She’s my daughter.” His words were clipped and abrupt. Agitation came through in his voice.

“Do you happen to know your daughter’s registry number, Mr. Kincaid?”

“No I don’t. I never paid any attention to that. Why are you asking all these questions? Just let me talk to my daughter.” He was sounding more exasperated with every utterance..

“In order to help you, I need this information, Mr. Kincaid. I can find her registry number, so that’s not important. Tell me, have you been drinking, Mr. Kincaid?”

“No I haven’t, not today,” he snapped at me. “The guys from the VFW Post haven’t been by yet today, and I’m all out of bourbon.”

“The guys from the VFW?” I prompted.

“Yeah. When Tammi got arrested, the guys from the VFW all decided to pitch in and help me out. They’ve been taking really good care of me. They stop by every couple of days and bring me McDonalds and more bourbon. Bourbon is a real man’s drink.”

“When the guys from the VFW stop by, how much bourbon do they bring you?” I asked.

“A jug. Tammi would never buy me bourbon. She was always bringing home those bottles of cheap-ass wine. I would tell her ‘Get bourbon this time’, but her she comes with that lousy wine. Only pansies drink wine. I ain’t no pansy. We used to get into such fights over that. She would never listen, would always just sass me back. She was uppity, you know. Ungrateful bitch.”

Now that he had someone on the phone that was listening to him, it was like all the pent up frustration was finally released.

“Yes, sir” I prompted.

He kept going. “I worked hard. I provided real well. We got us a nice house here in Edgewater. Paid the bills. All of that. Now she fights with me and sasses me. She should show me more respect. I’m a disabled vet’ran ya know. I deserve some respect. The guys from the VFW, they know how to respect me. They bring me what I want. They take good care of me. Although, eating McDonalds all the time gets kinda old. I could cook for myself; I know how to cook, you know. Cooked in the army. Man food. None a’ those salads an’ veg’tables an’ crap. But it’s hard

for me to get out of bed by myself. I'm disabled. I can't go shopping or leave the house; Tammi used to do all that. The guys from the VFW, they help out a lot, but there's just some things they can't do. They don't cook or clean like Tammi used to. They don't help me out in the bathroom or help me get a bath like Tammi used to. They won't sweep or vacuum or change the sheets. Tammi used to do all that." As he talked, his tone changed, as a wave of self-pity swept through his verbal demeanor.

"Do you happen to know why Tammi got arrested, Mr. Kincaid?" I was wondering how much time might remain on Tammi's sentence.

"Well, sure. She stole my disability check," he exclaimed. That he felt deeply offended was clear in his voice. "She bought *drugs* with it. I *had* to call the cops on her. I couldn't have her not listening to me and disrespecting my authority like that." His voice became mournful and sad. "Now she's locked up in that awful place and I'm here all alone with no one to look after me. That's why I need to talk to my daughter. I need my Tammi to come home and take care of me. You can let her out now, cuz I forgive her." By now he was practically sobbing, he was so despondent.

I suppressed a laugh and gave my head a sad shake at his lack of understanding.

"Mr. Kincaid, I'm going to go talk to your daughter now. I will ask her to call you, but I can't make any promises. What is your phone number?"

He gave me a number, which I wrote on a kite pad, and I quietly hung up the phone. I spent a couple minutes on the computer, finding Tammi Kincaid's registry number and housing assignment; Unit One, first floor. I picked up the phone again and dialed Control.

"Control, Riley."

"Sergeant Riley, this is Chaplain Anthony. I just got off the phone with Mr. Kincaid. He wants to talk to his daughter. He says we can let her out now, cuz he forgives her." I was barely able to contain my mirth.

Riley gave a short burst of laughter. "He should let us know how that works out."

"I'm going to talk to her now. I'll ask her to call him and explain how this works. Maybe she can get him to leave you alone."

"Thanks, Chaplain."

I closed the office and made my way across the prison yard to Unit 1. Inside, the wings of dormitory-style rooms line the hallways, radiating out from the block office. I knocked on the block office door, and entered. The housing sergeant looked up.

"Hello Sergeant, I need to talk to Tammi Kincaid, please."

"Is it bad news?"

"No. I just got off the phone with her father, and he wants her to call him."

"Good. There's been enough drama already today." He turned to the intercom. "Kincaid. Report to the block office, Kincaid."

I stepped outside the office door and waited, watching inmates wander past. After a couple minutes, a tall, slender woman about thirty years of age with brown, shoulder length hair, approached the office door. "You called for Kincaid?"

"I asked to see you Ms. Kincaid. I'm Chaplain Anthony. I just got off the phone with your father."

"Was he drunk?" she asked, dryly.

"No, he was sober. The guys from the VFW hadn't been by yet today." We shared a sad smile.

"What did he have to say?"

“He said quite a lot, actually. He wants you to call him. He wants you to come home and take care of him. He says we should let you out cuz he forgives you.”

She gave a short, bitter laugh. “It’s a little late for that.”

“He also said you stole his disability check and bought drugs, and that you fought all the time about the bourbon and wine.”

“Wow. You really did have quite the conversation.” She paused and took a deep breath. “His disability check was the only money there was. I quit working to look after him. I kept up with all the bills, the groceries, I made sure he had enough wine, and yeah, sometimes I bought drugs. He never wanted the wine. He never liked it. It was always bourbon, bourbon, bourbon. He needed something to keep the D/Ts in check, but bourbon would always make him so sick.” She wiped her face with her hand. She paused briefly, and glanced around at the subdued activity. “I never thought I would say this, but being here has been good for me. I was able to see how crazy it was at home with my dad.”

“If you do call him, Ms Kincaid, he’s been driving the staff nuts, calling here constantly and telling them to let you go. Could you talk to him about that?”

She nodded and shook her head, as if confused. She looked down briefly. “I can put my papers in for community next month. It’s a six month residential program. I see the parole board in four months, and I’ll probably make parole. It would be better for me if I don’t go home. I don’t know what I’m going to do.” She breathed another sigh. “I’ll call him in a little while. I have to work myself up to it. I’ll talk to him about calling the facility.”

“Is he on your phone list? Do you have phone time? I can help you with this if you need it.”

“No, I’m good. I got it.” I turned to go and she continued, “They’re going to kill him, you know.” I looked back at her as she wiped a tear from her eye. “The guys from the VFW; they’re going to kill my dad. They won’t mean to do it, but they don’t know what they’re doing and they don’t know how to tell him ‘No’, and he’ll still be just as dead, and there’s nothing I can do from here.” She breathed another deep sigh. Her eyes glistened, and she wiped them again.

“I’ll call him.” She turned and walked away.

---*Martin Anthony*

Alexandria Temple

FIRST A DOLLOP OF GOLDEN DAWN...

One of the things that it is safe to assume that I would include in whatever 101 course I decided to teach would be some basic stuff about the Golden Dawn. After all, the Golden Dawn system has deeply influenced many of my ideas about how to teach – and what to teach. My Wicca and witchcraft is colored by my involvement with the tradition commonly known as the Golden Dawn.

How involved have I been in Golden Dawn? Well, I suffered my first Golden Dawn initiation twenty-six years ago, and somehow managed to be invited to enter its Inner Order...though it should be noted that not everyone in the GD community considers me to be an actual member of the tradition.

Golden Dawn, much like Wicca, is not a monolithic uniform tradition. Today, there are many groups that claim to be Golden Dawn, including a couple who consider themselves the only valid descendent of the original Order.

In a nutshell, Golden Dawn history can be summed up as follows:

Golden Dawn was founded in 1888 Victorian London, in the spring of the year that would be better known as the year of the mad murderer known as Jack the Ripper. It was a time of secret Orders and societies. By the height of the fridge masonry period, forty percent of the United States population would belong to one Order or another.

Golden Dawn was originally lead by three Freemasons, Mathers, Westcott and Woodman. Upon Woodman's death, and Mathers having received guidance from the "Secret Chiefs" including the materials and rituals for new grades of the system, Mathers became the sole leader of Golden Dawn. Unfortunately, Mathers became abusive towards the membership, treating them more as an ATM than students worthy of his complete attention. The majority of the membership rebelled against Mathers, and the original group broke up into various factions in 1901. This was the end of what historians consider to be the Golden Dawn.

What many people consider to be Golden Dawn is actually a combination of the original material and new teachings that developed in an offshoot known as the Stella Matutina "morning star" during the first three decades of the 1900s. The changes made the tradition more magical and less masonry and ritualistic. Publication of the Golden Dawn material, chiefly by Aleister Crowley in the first iteration of the Equinox, and Israel Regardie during the late 1930s, ensured that the Golden Dawn material would eventually be known well outside of its initiates. There is some debate on how much the publication of the materials affected the offshoots that existed at the time – some claim that the publication of the material actually saved the system while others argue that it was the worst possible thing to happen to the system.

There is also some debate on how much the Golden Dawn material affected the formation of Wicca. Gerald Gardner was aware of the works of Aleister Crowley, a former student of the Golden Dawn system. Much of Crowley's early work can only be understood with a background of Golden Dawn studies. How much influence Crowley had over the new religion of Wicca is debatable; Crowley fans give Crowley credit for writing the original rituals and Book of Shadows of Wicca – those with knowledge of his published works sometimes argue that every word of Crowley that made its way into the original Book of Shadows could have been copied from his published works. Either way, Doreen Valiente purged much of the Crowley material, along with stuff from other authors, from the Book of Shadows and the rituals of Wicca when she extensively rewrote the Wiccan Book of Shadows.

The effect of Golden Dawn on Wicca became more of a hidden influence than an open one. Yet to this day, students of Wicca occasionally borrow ideas from Golden Dawn – there are mixed feelings about this among all the concerned parties.

In my own case, having been a Wiccan admitted to Golden Dawn and an experimenter in magic, with an exposure to some of the unpublished Golden Dawn material, the system influences how I go about doing magic. My flavor of Wicca sometimes is more ceremonial than the current standard that I typically see. And I outright mix the organizational systems of Kabbalah and Tarot with my Wicca. I have been very open about what I do which has gotten me a lot of black looks from people who think that I am guilty of Wiccanifying Golden Dawn. These accusations sometimes amuse me for I feel such a Wiccanification would be welcomed by the Wiccans actually interested in the system.

At the very least, if I were to teach a Wicca 101, I would teach the basic framework of Kabbalah and Tarot as used by Golden Dawn, along with concepts such as godforms and layered ritual. I would also expect my students to be able to perform the Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram, the most basic ritual of classical Golden Dawn. My logic for doing so, besides sticking with what I know best, is that Golden Dawn was and still is a major influence when it comes to understanding the practice of magic in the modern age.

Morgan Drake Eckstein

Morgan Drake Eckstein writes about Golden Dawn, Wicca and other mystery traditions on his blog at:

[Musings from the pen: The writer blog of Morgan Drake Eckstein](#);

[Gleanings from the Dawn: Thoughts about Golden Dawn from one of its members](#) and

[Book Reviews by Morgan: My archive for the book reviews that I have done](#)

Editor's note: As usual, the foregoing column reflects only the views of Morgan and are not necessarily those of Hearthstone or any of its other Board members. Please direct all comments to Morgan.

[Morgan's wife, Khari, sells mundane pottery on Etsy at:

<https://www.etsy.com/shop/celticsouljewelry> and witchy pottery at:

<https://www.etsy.com/shop/Khariswiccantreasure>

Turtle Monkey children's book series

Turtle Monkey is a read to me book series. It's printed in the font in which children are taught to read and write. There's 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. www.turtlemonkeybooks.com

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

It's here! ***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

EARTH TEMPLE

Earth Temple meets at Full Moon Books and Event Center, at 9106 W. 6th Ave. in Lakewood, for New/Dark Moon ritual work. We have a NEW start time for most rituals this year. 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!

Mar 17
Apr 14
May 12
June 16
July 14
Aug 11
Sep 8
Oct 6
Nov 3
Dec 8

---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 2018! 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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Upcoming Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates

February 23, 2018

March 30, 2018

April 27, 2018

May 25, 2018

June 22, 2018

July 27, 2018

August 24, 2018

September 21, 2018

October 19, 2018

November 16, 2018

December 21, 2018