



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



JANUARY 18, 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, January 18, 2019.**

The January Open Full Moon will be led by Mary Ann Bonetti and Pamela McAlpin. We will take a few minutes to release all the negativity from 2018 and start to create a clean slate upon which to write our 2019 story. Then we will whisper prayers for our planet into snow water collected on the Winter Solstice 2018. These prayers will be released into the South Platte River.

----*Catherine*

GREETINGS

It's 2019 – I find it hard to believe. Winter Solstice has come and gone. The secular New Year has begun. The days have been getting longer, although it seems like milliseconds each day.

Between Solstice and now, it seems I've hardly had time to breathe. At work, there was the usual rush of things that *must* be done before the new year begins. Once it did, then we had the usual rush of things that had to be done because we didn't have time at the end of the year.

During that time, I also had the Orpheus 12th Night concert to get ready for (along with the rest of Orpheus). If you were there, you know how wonderful it was. If you weren't – don't worry, we will have another 12th Night concert next year. And there are the Spring concerts in the offing.

The end of the year also brought some sad news: Joe Dellea passed away just after Christmas. Joe had been in the Denver community since the late '80s. He would help anyone that asked – and sometimes those who didn't ask. He was also a teller of tales. Those tales were always true; although *not* always factual. He was, in fact, a seanchaí.

He was proudly Irish and proud that he came from New England. Many of his tales came from his childhood in Massachusetts.

He also smoked like a chimney – which was undoubtedly a large part of his last illness.

For those of you who don't know, Joe and I were married for about eight years in the early 2000s. It was a tempestuous relationship. Although you could not say we remained friends afterward, we did still talk some.

I will miss him. Hail the traveler!

–*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

Bright Blessings to Vella Rose for leading Hearthstone's Yule Open Full Moon ritual on Dec. 21! The altar was elegant and beautiful with a red altar cloth topped by a circle of 12 white pillar candles around a raised central white candle. While people arrived and settled, Vella Rose led us all in pagan Yule Carols, with song sheets she provided. Then she cleansed and consecrated Circle while we all sang "Hoof and Horn". She called the Elements and God and Goddess to celebrate Winter Solstice with us, the time when the Sun stands still on the horizon for about six days surrounding the Solstice. It is the dark season, the time to be quiet and go within. Vella Rose explained that Holly represents the God, and Ivy the Goddess, the word Yule means "wheel", and candles represent the return of the Sun. Then she turned the lights off and we had time to watch the flame of the central candle (the only one burning) and simply think and feel. A basket of candles was passed around for each person to choose one. Still in near darkness, participants were invited to step forward and choose one of the circle of candles to light. Each of the 12 candles had a word written in front of it, and when the individual lit the candle, they said the word aloud, and all present chanted the word 3 times. The Circle resonated with concepts such as wisdom, strength, peace, gratitude.... Once all 12 candles were lit, each of us was invited to circle around the altar and charge our personal candle with the specific attributes of one or more of the candles of our choosing. During this time, we all chanted the beautiful song "Light is returning, even though it is the darkest hour..." to build energy as all charged our candles. The energy was built, channeled, and excess released to the Earth. Volunteers assisted in passing out cups, cakes, and juice.

The Hearthstone Community offers a big hug and our thanks to Vella Rose for sharing this meaningful, musical, elegant ritual with us as we celebrated both Yule and the full moon. We also thank her partner Dann who willingly managed the front door for us!

Blessings of the New Year to all!

---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 \$5-10 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.

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!

Triumphant Brigit

There is a single copy of a poem called "Hail Brigit" found inscribed in the Book of Leinster and I have quoted part of it in my 2019 Colorado Celtic Weekly Planner. It is a complicated poem with great weighty literary significance that is of little importance to most seekers.

My choices were probably misleading; my quotation reads as a praise poem for "triumphant Brigit," like a prayer to the Goddess, when, in fact, the theme of the poem is a lament for the glories of the Pagan past and an affirmation of the enduring legacy of Brigit of Kildare, at that time a relative newcomer to Ireland's history.

My calendar, perfect for the modern Druid or Pagan, leaves aside many complexities in favor of comfortable or inspiring excerpts. I should feel guilty, and yet, as we approach Imbolg, or Imbolc, sometimes honored as Brigit's feast, I think that this poem still serves its original theme and helps us to connect to the enduring Goddess, Brigit.

We celebrate Imbolg, the returning of the light in the coldest months of the year. The Irish say, "*Tá coiscéim coiligh ar an lá.*" There is a rooster's footstep in the day, i.e. the day is noticeably longer. Not much longer, obviously! Roosters have rather short legs.

But just enough to give us hope.

We each have our own challenges, and around us there is a lot of chaos.

Cities fall, rulers fall, all things change. Brigit of Kildare may not have been the Goddess Brigit, but she carried Her name, and the power of Her legacy. The words resonate with that enduring power.

"You sit safely enthroned, triumphant Brigit...

You are the sovereign lady...

that presides over the Children of Catháir the Great..."

Brigit has endured, as inspiration, hope, challenge. She has outlasted the Kings of old. Her hostel stands even as forts have fallen to ruin. Her day is a day of hope. Her lesson is to look for the signs of enduring goodness, and the signs of renewal and change. Even Her name means “power.”

In the traditional song, Ode to Brigit, this is sung:

The bright light of Leinster
Bringing light to the country
The leader of the youth of Ireland
Our leader of gentlewomen

Brigit provides leadership, and what do we need in troubling times if not good and trustworthy leadership?

She is Brig of Hospitality and Brig of Judgments, generosity and fairness are Her qualities. Her name was also the name of a number of female judges in the lore, according to Eugene O’Curry.

The Bretha Brígi Ambue or “The Judgments of Brig Ambue” is a mythical law book that conveniently contained all the “precedents” needed to make changes in the law that created real justice. As we survey the challenges that beset us politically, economically, and environmentally, Brigit as Bríg Ambue, or Brigit of the Cowless, has the power to provide us with the insight and imagination to forge new solutions.

Brigit stands ready to offer the highest values of the Irish path for the neo-Pagan practitioner: Hospitality, Right Judgment, Truth.

And Her day is the day of beginnings, as indicated in the Carmina Gaedelica in Sloinntireachd Bhríde:

On the Feast Day of beautiful Bride
The flocks are counted on the moor.
The raven goes to prepare the nest,
And again goes the rook.

The raven being the first bird to nest in the springtime in the Celtic countries.

The magic here is the magic of hope that comes with recognizing our allies and setting our intentions. We have the opportunity to align ourselves with the season and with our highest values.

Many who rely on Brigit have taken for themselves some variant of the Shielding of Brigit from the Carmina Gadelica:

I am under the shielding
Of good Brigit each day.
I am under the shielding
Of good Brigit each night.
Brigit is my comrade woman,
Brigit is my maker of song,
Brigit is my helping woman,
My choicest of women,
My woman of guidance.

I hope that you find both the light and the shielding that is right for you in this season and the year to come.

If you are interested in some of the lore of Brigit you may enjoy this article: <https://dowsingfordivinity.com/2014/11/10/the-three-brigits-of-the-ulster-cycle-and-the-forgotten-origins-of-neopagan-theology/>

Peace of the Mountains to you,
Paulie Rainbow
founder: Denver Celtic Women’s Circle.

A Man Among Trees

Riley Hosick

A walk in through the woods is what he needed. It had been years, since his time running in the forest and he thought it might do him some good. Packing a small day pack, he took off in his car and drove off into the closest national park he could find. This was not such a difficult task as he lived in Colorado and all around him the solitude of the forest could be found. In an hours' time he found the dirt packed parking lot labeled Open Space. He was the only car there, so he chose to park as far from the mountain road as he could. He took out his gear and looked at the public hiking map posted near a trail. After looking over the map he read the notice written underneath: FOR YOUR SAFETY, ALL TRAILS ARE CLOSED FOR WINTER. Knowing he was only going to be out there for an hour or two, he decided to ignore the warning and set upon the trail.

Three miles into his hike he had begun talking out loud, allowing himself to vent openly about his worldly grievances. Suddenly the weather began to turn colder, and he could see a storm coming in over the mountains. He had lived in Colorado long enough and knew that January weather meant time to go home so he turned from his path and started heading back to his car. He had only made a few steps when the high winds blew an old weathered tree over the path. He jumped to avoid the falling timber but was not fully successful. His leg was pinned under part of the trunk and he was certain it was broken. Carefully and painfully he pulled his leg from under the tree. He tried to stand and found that he could but not for long. He knew he couldn't walk back right now and with the snow and temperature falling so quickly, he was in trouble. Sitting there he removed his rucksack and fumbled through it, pulling from it a satellite phone. Trying to turn it on, he found that it would not. Fear started creeping into his mind as he came to the realization that he was alone, hurt, and getting colder by the minute.

"Come to me" he heard a faint voice coming from a small grouping of over-grown trees. Searching frantically for the person speaking he called. "Wh-who's.... Th-th-there." But he heard no response. "Help me, please!" panic causing his voice to break slightly. "Come to me. Let me protect you." he heard the voice once again, this time more clearly than before. Though he still did not see the person speaking, he pulled himself to where he heard it come from. As he pulled himself under the trees, he was surprised to find that no snow had reached the ground through the trees above. He leaned himself against one of the larger of the trees and looked at his new surroundings. The snow was falling and still no snow made its way through the denseness of the branches above. There was still no sign of the person talking so he called out again. "Hello, I can't see you and I think my leg is badly hurt. Please help." His voice still had fear in it but it was controlled now, he could think clear and get himself home.

He gathered a few branches and twigs from the ground and made a small fire to provide some warmth. He also hoped the person talking to him would show themselves soon, so they could figure out a way out. After all, he thought, they were both stranded on the side of a mountain in a storm. Surely, they would want the warmth of a fire also. He sat for an hour, watching the snow still fall, and still no one had showed. He poorly inspected his ankle and leg, but he did not really know what he was looking at when it came to injuries. He knew only two things right now, it hurt when he tried to put pressure on it and he was starting to develop a fever. He was starting to shiver as well. Still being wet, his immune system was starting to struggle, and the early stage of pneumonia was taking effect.

“Cook and eat the berries and be safe” the voice startled him out of the daze he had been in as he looked around inquisitively at his surroundings. Nothing had changed, but he no longer felt alone. Someone had to be there “Cook and eat the berries” the voice repeated, still not showing itself. The man had not thought to carry a pot for cooking and resorted to using the metal water bottle he brought with him. After a few minutes of trying to set a proper stand for the bottle to rest, he took a handful of berries and placed them in the bottle. He brought the water to a boil and watched as the once hard red berries turned to a soft chewable fruit. He spat the first berry out of his mouth, the bitterness of the fruit surprising him. “Bitter” he said aloud, not expecting an answer. “Yes, but if everything tasted sweet, you could not understand just how wonderful a sweet taste can be.” came a response as the man finished the berries with only a slight reluctance.

Another hour passed, and the man felt his eyes becoming heavy. “I need to stay awake” he thought, stoking the fire he had kept going. “Rest young one” came the voice again. “I cannot, if I do, I may never wake up.” he responded with concern, knowing that falling asleep in the woods during a storm was almost certain death. “No, young one, you will be watched over while you sleep. No harm will befall you for now. Rest and heal.” the voice reassured him. Not able to keep his eyes open any longer he fell into a dreamless sleep.

The man woke to the sound of finches chirping around him. The storm had passed, leaving a blanket of untouched snow all around him. He had survived the night but still had no idea who had helped him or how they had done it. He looked to his ankle, and seeing as the bruising and swelling were still present, putting pressure on it would still be nearly impossible without support. With the sun now out, the man began to search for a long branch he could use as a crutch. Looking around, hoping he would see the person that had helped him survive the night, instead finding only a simple made, hand carved walking stick laying against the tree. Finally deciding the person must have already left the woods, he pulled himself to his feet and grabbed the staff. The pain had lessened during the night before, but he still decided to support himself using the staff.

It took him half of the day to make the three-mile journey back to his car. He took that time to try to understand the night before. Who had helped him? Why did they never show themselves? Had he just imagined the whole thing? No, he thought, the walking stick was proof that someone had been there. Someone had helped him stay alive, and he could not find them to give them thanks. He came around the last turn of the trail he had taken, seeing his car and letting out a sigh of relief. Turning around, he allowed himself a few more moments before leaving the tree line. “Thank you for all you did for me last night.” He smiled. “Without your help I would surely have died last night.” Silence followed his words, as he expected, and he turned back toward his car. “I wish I knew who you were.”

“I have been called Luis by the Celts, Quickbane, Mountain Ash, Rowan by the English, Thor’s Helper” A soft feminine voice responded from the trees behind him. “And so many more. I am considered as ancient by some and just scenery by others. But what matters most was keeping you safe, and that I have done.” The man looked into the woods but still did not see anything. “By taking the staff, you have bound yourself to a path. Do not worry young one, the staff is made for protection and will guide you. Today you and I have planted a seed and you will help it grow. Now go young one, and let this seed grow.” The man responded but nothing else was spoken, and after several minutes he headed to his car. He got in his car and looked at his phone. “February 1st” he commented to himself. “Maybe today is a good day for a new path.” turning the engine on he headed home with new direction in mind. Feeling happy and safe for the first time in a long time.

(Part two continued next month)

Turtle Monkey children's book series

We're diversifying our brand. Stay tuned for changes! If you'd like to give us input, we'll be creating a survey on the new website that should be ready by July 1. Speaking of new websites, our new web address is: www.jofontana.com

About Turtle Monkey: 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.

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

Orpheus Pagan Chamber Choir Open Rehearsals

Want to sing in a choir where you can make a difference? In Orpheus, every voice counts!

Are you an experienced choral who can read music and has a desire to do something totally different? Come to our Open Rehearsal on Sunday, January 27th or Monday, January 28th, and find out what makes Orpheus unique!

You'll sit in with us in rehearsal, then if you'd like to pursue membership, you can have an informal audition after the rehearsal.

We rehearse at Sixth Avenue United Church, at 6th and Adams in Denver (3250 E. 6th Ave., Denver, 80206.

The Sunday rehearsal is from 3 PM to 6 PM. Monday is from 7:30 PM to 9:30 PM.

Let us know you're coming: <http://www.orpheuspcc.org/open-rehearsals--auditions.html>

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!

Feb 1, 2019

Mar 8, 2019

Apr 5, 2019

May 3, 2019

June 7, 2019

July 5, 2019

Aug 2, 2019

Aug 30, 2019

Sep 27, 2019

Oct 25, 2019

Nov 22, 2019

Dec 27, 2019

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

WHOM TO CONTACT

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

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

GUEST COLUMNS?

If you have something to say, and are willing to let Catherine and Arynne edit it slightly, (generally for grammar and spelling: Catherine has been known to grammar-check television

commercials) please feel free to submit your writing to fionnula.harp@gmail.com Content will not be edited. We can usually make room for more voices. **We appreciate our contributors!**

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

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Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates

January 18, 2019
February 15, 2019
March 15, 2019
April 19, 2019
May 17, 2019
June 14, 2019
July 12, 2019
August 9, 2019
September 13, 2019
October 11, 2019
November 8, 2019
December 6, 2019