



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



FEBRUARY 15, 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, February 15, 2019.**

Feb 2 was Brigid's Day and Imbolg. Our ritual will be in Brigid's honor with a triple drawing down...an opportunity to speak with the Lady and set intention for the returning light.

---Deb

HEARTHSTONE RITUALS

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

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

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT

Hearthstone Tips our Hat to Pamela and Mary Ann (known to many through their organization May You Have Enough) who led our Open Full Moon ritual in January. They led us in a Two Power Meditation for grounding and centering, with each person reaching out to Earth energies, then Star energies, and bringing them together in our cauldron in our core. After Circle was cast, three Goddesses of the oceans were called to join us. The first task of ritual was to let go of all negativity from 2018. Then 4 goblets of water (from snow collected at Yule), with small polished stones in the bottoms, were passed around, one in each quarter of circle. Each person was invited to whisper into the water their prayers for the New Year. The goblets were collected and the waters poured into a large jar, blending together all our hopes and positive intentions. Pamela and Mary Ann promised to pour the water into the S. Platte River, and from there it will gradually make its way to the ocean. The goblets were passed around once more and each person was invited to choose a stone to symbolize purity for the New Year. Mary Ann led a chant and a cone of power was raised and released to power our intentions into the New Year. Home-baked moon cakes and juice were passed around to all, then Circle was taken down.

Thank you, Mary Ann and Pamela, for leading our community in this powerful collective experience of raising energy for our intentions for 2019! Blessed Be!

---Arynn

Moon Cakes from Pamela McAlpin

- 3/4 C. soft butter
- 2 C. brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 2 C. flour (these turn out well using Pamela's Gluten Free All Purpose Flour)
- 1 C. finely chopped walnuts (optional)
- Powdered sugar or cinnamon sugar

Cream the butter in a large mixing bowl. Gradually add the brown sugar and mix well. Add eggs, lemon juice, and rind. Mix until well-blended. Stir in flour and walnuts. Cover and refrigerate overnight. When chilled, shape dough into crescent moons and place 3" apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 for 8 -10 minutes. Allow them to cool before serving. If you like, sprinkle them with powdered sugar or cinnamon sugar as they cool.

ON DONATIONS

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

We appreciate that many of you do donate to Hearthstone. Thank you! **We ask that you please give what you can to support the work and service of the church 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!

Equity & Fairness

This column is written to my white siblings in community, in hopes for magical changes that not only help and support our siblings who are faced with racism in our community, but those outside of our community as well.

It's Black History Month in a year when we are increasingly aware of the racism of our culture. There is genuine defensiveness around these issues, and more than a little denial, yet I have confidence in our ability to move in the direction of good.

As I have watched the public and political conversations around racism, I experienced moments of discomfort, anger, frustration, and sometimes a sense of futility. I have listened as people of color speak of occurrences of every day racism as "taking a piece" out of them. This is painful and important. It motivates me to do my own part to make a difference in this important cultural challenge.

For me, the key to the doorway out of denial and into usefulness starts with my sense of equity and fairness. We nearly all have a sense of fairness; it's a part of being human. It can be detected even in babies. And it is intrinsic to the Irish polytheistic path. Stories out of the lore, even the Brehon laws themselves, are based on the concept of fairness. It is clear that our Irish ancestors (spiritual or physical) were deeply concerned with fairness. For example, a person who sustained an injury on your property had to be nursed back to health by your own household, and a person from your own household had to be sent out to take on the responsibilities of the injured party. Rulers could be deposed by making a bad judgement in matters before them. When I tap into my sense of fairness, defensiveness moves to the background.

Equity may not have an equal foothold in the lore. The old stories tell of a highly stratified, hierarchical society where all members of the community were not at all equal. There was little expectation that an individual could improve their status.

But equity is a part of basic human nature, and it is a part of the DNA of our sense of being American. "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men were created equal." It's not in the constitution, but it is in our first declaration as a newly forming nation. The seeds of equity were planted in the beginning, yet it has taken them a long time to grow into reality.

There comes a moment in a seemingly unresolvable argument with a friend or a loved one where we realize that we must be a part of the problem, even if we simply can't see how. It's this moment, this acceptance of my own part of a struggle, that offers me the most hope.

When I can accept that I have some part in the problem, without having to understand what that part is, I have an opportunity. And this is why I find it so frustrating when, as we struggle with these issues, I hear people say that they are not racist.

I am a white person in a racist society. I can accept that I am a part of the problem, without always knowing what that part is. I am a part of this culture and this culture has been, for centuries, unfair and inequitable. That I am racist, or I am not racist, isn't even important. I am a functional part of this functioning racist society and therefore a part of this problem.

I could spend paragraphs telling you what I have come to understand about the unfairness of my country. I could recount to you the individual stories that opened my eyes to basic inequities, but I don't think that those small, concrete moments that meant so much to me have one tenth of the

power that telling you what the key was to having those moments has. You must have your own moments. You must hear the stories that open your eyes and your mind, and these moments, these stories, will only matter because they make sense to you personally.

But I will tell you again what I think is key to having those moments happen, and that is to lay claim to your own sense of fairness and equity. When you contemplate yourself as a person of fairness and equity, when you stop to think about what it means to you to be a fair and equitable person, you will have the opportunity to recognize unfairness and inequity and it will offend you.

When I set my mind on the notions of equity and fairness, when I claim these ideas as a part of my sense of myself, I become more open to finding solutions to inequity and unfairness. It's the small change in focus that enables a larger change in action. I'm no longer trying to "figure out" if the world is fair, or if a situation is equitable. I am looking at myself as an agent of fairness, as a person committed to the triad of Hospitality, Truth, and Right Judgement. I shift my place in the cultural moment and begin to look for solutions.

And every shift matters. It matters that we do this work. No one among us will solve this problem, but if enough of us make a shift in our attitude and approach we will reach that critical amount of energy for change. We are at a moment when real change can take place in our culture. It is a tremendous good that we are having discussions on race and racism and a great deal of good can come from it.

It is a spiritual challenge and we are spiritual people. If we can get our defensiveness out of the way of our best sense of ourselves, if we can stop fearing the indictment that comes from acknowledging our part in an unfair system, we will add ourselves into the energy of change. Together we will be able to say "Níl sé de réir cirt, dar linn" which means "It offends our sense of justice."

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

A Man Among Trees

(Part 2)

Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley

Again the man went into the woods, just as he had every week for the last three years. Every week since the night he almost died, he had returned to the same woods. At first he did it to find the woman that had saved him, but in time, he gave up on that and just took in the joys of the world around him. It was still an early-March morning when he paused before entering the woods. Spring was just getting a start on the year. All around him, he could feel nature waking up to start the day. Squirrels were running around from tree to tree, chasing each other frantically. The birds above resonated a continual combination of song and chirps, almost like a cheering section, he thought. He gripped his walking stick, and felt the peace it provided. He had only changed its appearance slightly since receiving it, adding a leather hand grip and carving his initials in the wood above. It had become a companion when he took walks. Though the walking stick could not talk back, the man would often feel it necessary to talk aloud when he was here.

Stepping over the fallen tree that had almost killed him, he walked further down the path until it opened to a small clearing. It was no more than twenty feet in diameter but it had become his sanctuary. He had found this spot a few months after his injury healed: three trees had been

cut out years before and now only the stumps remained. The sound of rushing water could be heard close by and this spot had allowed him the solitude he needed. He sat his bag on one of the stumps, sitting on another for comfort. The stumps had become his makeshift table and chairs over time and he had spent many hours sitting here. This was his "spot" he thought as he took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes.

Sudden screeching sound cut through his thoughts, making his eyes open wide as he tried to identify the noise. It was not a sound he had heard before, as he scrambled to open his backpack, taking out bear mace, knowing it wasn't -- but understanding it could stop anything smaller than a bear. Another minute passed, before he sat the spray down and relaxed. Another screech came from the direction of the rushing water. Without further hesitation, he grabbed his walking stick and held it as if it were a long wooded sword. The overgrowth closest to the stream began to move as the screech became more blood curdling. Fear began creeping into his mind; knowing it was early spring, he knew bears and mountain lions would start looking for food soon. Although he had never seen any sign of them during times he spent here, he could not discredit the possibility of one coming down from the mountains. The man felt panic shivering down his spine. Thoughts of running away came to his mind "Stand firm young one" he heard a voice whisper. He gripped both hands firm on the leather strap. "Stand firm" the voice spoke again as a rabbit came shooting out of the overgrowth and toward the man. It was larger than an average rabbit; fur was interwoven with gray and light brown, and eyes wide as it charged toward the man. It stopped, only inches in front of the man before falling over, eyes closed. Watching the rabbit, man noticed no rapid breathing other than his own, and there was no movement.

Deep growls came from where the rabbit had left the overgrowth as three coyotes now emerged from it as well. The man was again filled with fear, but he knew that if he turned his back on the hounds they would be on him before could run. He backed himself against the largest of the stumps so they could not get around him and he held his walking staff in a bracing fashion. His heart was racing as all three growled in unison and slowly approached. The one to his left lunged at him, gnashing his exposed teeth. "Young one, defend her," the man heard the whispers again as instinct moved the walking stick into the open jaws of the coyote. Its teeth bit hard around the walking stick as it quickly yelped and leaped back. The other two leered at the man and then the rabbit before running back into the woods. The last remaining coyote gave one final howl and followed the other two. The man lowered the staff as his hands shook uncontrollably. The rabbit jumped up and looked at the man before hopping off the same direction the coyotes did only moments before. He allowed his pulse to slow before he took a hand off the walking stick. Other than the bite marks it had received, everything appeared to be intact. He searched for another half hour for the rabbit but it was no where to be seen.

Due to the excitement of the morning, mid-afternoon seemed to arrive faster than the man had realized. He gathered up the few things he had taken out of his bag and looked to his walking staff. He felt a slight sadness that his walking stick had been damaged during the exchange with the hound. "Come to the stream," the man heard a deep robust voice call, causing him to startle. The voice did not repeat but the man did not need him too. Quickly he ran toward the stream to try and find the person speaking. It was not the woman's voice but it was still someone, and with their help he might have more answers. He made it to the edge of the stream and stopped running. With heavy breath he began to look around and try to call out. "Hello!" Frantically searching he called out again. "Hello, who are you?" He paused for a response "I made it to the stream like you said, but there is nothing here now." Again he paused but no response came. He

could feel himself getting angry as he gripped the walking stick and looked at the stream. There was nothing in there and still he stood here. He felt so foolish. "What do you want me to do now!" He yelled with all his lungs, throwing the stick into the water. He yelled and cursed a few more minutes before walking out into the water to grab the walking stick. It had stuck in soft mud and the hand grip was still showing.

As he touched the walking stick a loud voice echoed all around. "I am the King of the Forest, friend to all and like you young one, a protector." The voice paused and the man looked for any sign of movement but there was none. "I am called Fearn by many but any name will work. Today you chose the first of many forks along your path. You saved those around you without harming others; be pleased." The man grabbed his walking stick and stepped out of the water.

"Where are you? Come out and let me meet you please," the man called out, but no one responded. Another hour passed as he sat by the stream. He knew that the man would not return, just as the woman did not, but he had to be sure. Deciding to give up, he gathered his bag and walking stick to head back to the car, when he noticed his walking stick was different. The bite marks from the coyote was gone, instead there was a series of lines. One was going vertical, only two inches long. The other three were horizontal and only set on the right side of the vertical line and less than an inch in length. The man searched the base of the walking stick further but nothing else showed. "This is the key to knowing more." He heard the man's voice whisper. "Time to go young one, but do not show concern. For you will know more next time." A warm breeze swept over him, as he closed his eyes.

The man opened his eyes as the wind died away. He looked around one final time to see if there was someone around, but got the answer he had always gotten before. Nothing. "'Til next time I guess" The man spoke with a revived determination as he made his back down the trail he had taken so many times before. He saw the large fallen tree on his way out and noticed something different with it. Something he had not noticed in the last three years of stepping over the rotted log. The tree now supported a family of rabbits. The man smiled as a large gray and brown one poked his head out and looked at him, almost to say thank you, before it disappeared again under the fallen tree.

(Part Three continued next month)

--*Thunderbunny Riley*

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

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!

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! 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

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