



# Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

## "The Full Moon Folk"



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### APRIL 19, 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 14<sup>th</sup> 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, April 19, 2019.**

Hearthstone Board member, Nyterose, will lead the April OFM where we will do some internal work to bring harmony and peace to ourselves and our relationships. The energies right now are bringing into focus discord and imbalance, things like not receiving the same amount of love given, strife in the workplace, arguments with friends, illness and injuries.

To prepare, please think about what in your life needs to be adjusted to make you and yours feel loved and accepted, things about yourself that you can adjust, maybe external things that aren't positive any more. Think about what needs to be brought out into the open and shared with your partner(s), or released, to keep your relationships positive and loving. These things can be a grudge, a physical ailment, bad feelings, or anything else that interferes with a balanced relationship - work, home, friends, partners, any relationship that needs attention. This can also be about releasing a relationship that no longer brings you happiness, or that you are no longer a positive part of. We will not be sharing publicly, but raising energy together and lending support to each other as a community to achieve a common goal.

---Catherine

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## GREETINGS

April showers? In Colorado that often means snow – which arrived last week. On Tuesday I moved my car to avoid a street-sweeping ticket on Wednesday. It snowed on Wednesday. By Thursday, it was melting off. Friday, the streets and yards were clear.

It is a time of changes. Trees are changing from bare to green leaves. My lilacs are budding and will soon boast lovely flowers with an enchanting scent. Each branch of the Russian sage in the front yard is greening up – it won't bloom until later in the summer.

Sunday night I sat out in the front yard and enjoyed the spring weather. I thought about the changes this spring and how to bring them to maturity.

It's time for that.

–*Catherine*

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## 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.

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## THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT

Hearthstone thanks Vella Rose for leading our community in celebration of both the Full Moon and Spring Equinox at our mid-March OFM. Vella began by inviting everyone to release anything before ritual that they needed to release, then sweeping outside the Circle to cleanse. Saltwater and incense were then used to cleanse and bless the Circle and participants. As anyone can guess who has participated in Vella Rose's rituals in the past, many chant songs were woven throughout our ritual. We sang in the four Elements, and Vella called God and Goddess and welcomed the Ancestors. She talked about balance, and Spring being the time to plant seeds of those things we want to grow. She passed around a bowl of soaked lima beans and invited us each to select a couple to dissect. She explained the parts of the bean, showed us how to find the root already beginning to grow inside, and spoke of the significance of the outer protective skin. A bowl of dry lima beans was passed around for each person to take one or several. To charge them with the energy of our personal intentions for the seasons ahead, Vella led us in the chant "Seed of what I wish to be, Grow and bud and bloom in me!" We affirmed our magick with the lovely chant/song "I am rooted, I am growing...", and closed with the chant/song "I give thanks for unknown blessings already on the way." Cookies and juice were shared by all.

Thank you, Vella Rose, for weaving in a bit of science as a foundation for our magickal work. (I, for one, am grateful to practice a religion that isn't anti-science!) This rite was a perfect and joyful way to celebrate the upcoming Equinox and the coming of Spring! Blessed Be!

---Arynn

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## 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.

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## Donn Fírinne, Irish God of Death, the Dark Truth

In such a time of rebirth, all of the greening, the bright opening of the new leaves and bursting of buds, it seems an unlikely time to think of death, yet there are those among us who are thinking of little else. Suicide rates are on the rise again in the U.S. after years of decline. There are things we can do to address that.

Perhaps the contrast of the force of life at this time of year with the force of depression makes these months worse. Spring is the season when suicide spikes, shocking and confounding those who are left behind, and who, sadly inherit a higher risk for self-destruction.

There are suicide prevention programs and processes, and they have a positive effect on the statistics, yet many of them are found in Christian contexts which can increase the sense of alienation for Pagans seeking help.

This is unnecessary. We can have access to the same training, the same techniques, and help to care for and connect with our own community members.

And we have access to incredibly rich traditions to offer strength, comfort, and guidance.

I urge every member of this community who considers themselves clergy, or who finds themselves in the role of counselor, whether formally or informally, to get credible, accredited, authentic training for dealing with suicide. This is not a problem to guess your way through. Similar to learning the basics of first aid, or CPR, you can become qualified to be that uniquely useful bridge between a moment of crisis and substantive, legitimate medical and psychological help. I am currently pursuing certification with QPR, but there are a number of systems that are similar, and you can find the right one for you.

With that training in hand, or under your pointed hat, we are together facing two important situations: first, the person who is or may be suicidal and who needs to be connected to help, second, the survivor who is left behind when someone in their life has ended their life through suicide.

You must use your training to make the right decisions and use the right words, and beyond that there is something very simple and very effective that has been shown to make a great deal of difference in the disheartening statistics of suicide.

Contact.

Regular, human contact and the sense that someone notices and cares. If you're in service as clergy you're already doing this. What you didn't know is how measurably powerful it is. By regularly reaching out to people, by remembering them and letting them know they matter, you have already saved lives. If you know someone is a survivor of someone else's suicide I suggest you put them into your "rotation" of contact, in whatever way is natural to you.

If you are a survivor of someone else's suicide, reach into your path to find that way that honors death, and restores life.

If you are on the Irish polytheist path, I remind you of our God of death, Donn Fírinne.

His isolated and rocky home is Teach Duinn, the Rock of the Bull, an island off of the coast of the Beara peninsula in Ireland where the bright surf of the crashing waves rises and glitters. It is said that on Teach Duinn His cairn was raised after He drowned before this Milesian king could ever set foot on Ireland with His brothers, and the rest of His family and fleet. His sacrifice paved the way for His people to arrive and in Irish folklore it was believed up to the last century that all of the dead visited His home after their deaths and before moving on to their next destination in their journeys.

"To me, to my house ye shall all come after your death!"

His home is a shining hall, hosting a great banquet, and offering traditional Irish cóir, Irish hospitality and the dignity that goes with that. To join Him at His table is an offering of honor and gratitude, a respite for the weary traveler.

And, after His death, He also took a home at Knockfierna, the Hill of Truth, from whence He rides out on His white charger, dressed as a fine and dignified lord. He has been known to be generous to those who are suffering, particularly those whose suffering has arisen from the loss of someone through death and generous to people of honorable conduct.

His name "Donn Fírinne" can mean, among many things, 'dark truth' and he is often paired in contrast with Finnbheara, bringing to mind the Dark and White bulls of the Táin and the timeless notion of the dark and light cycles of the moon. It is said that He roars when He returns to His island home, much as the sea roars when the tide turns from ebb to flow.

When someone we love chooses to end their lives through suicide we can be certain that a great and terrible struggle preceded their choice, perhaps one which we will never understand, and that our beloved dead have the right to step across the threshold of Teach Duinn and receive hospitality and welcome to restore and fortify them on their journey. We can take comfort as we honor Donn Fírinne, that His homecoming roar signals that the tide is coming back in again, the force of life is returning to our own shores. In honoring death, we can take the opportunity to recommit to life. It is what we have in our own hands, hands we can reach out with and grasp the hands of others in our community. We are not alone. He will ride out to greet us from Knockfierna and offer us this truth, there is honor in our lives, a purpose beyond our loss and pain.

Here is a small offering that I composed from my research. I relied heavily for this column on Käte Müller-Lisowski's work in "Contributions to A Study in Irish Folklore: Traditions About

Donn” published in *Béaloidas* (Meitheamh-Nodlaig, 1948), pp. 142-199 but many other wonderful resources are available.

- Donn Fírinne -  
His home is on the Hill of Truth  
His home is on the Rock of the Bull  
He is the rainbow that signals the storm  
The storm that He rides in, the storm we will weather  
His is the roar that signals homecoming  
The end of the ebb tide, return of the waters  
Díreach Donn! You receive all who pass over  
Lord of Death  
Signal of Life

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

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## **A Man Among Trees**

(Part 4)

*Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley*

He had been looking forward to getting away for weeks now. The man smiled fondly at the trail he had walked down so many times in the last seven years. The first few years had been filled with wonder and confusion, never really knowing what was happening. And while that was often still the case, since his encounter with the old man four years ago, he had only solidified his love for the forest. The feeling was mutual he thought, as he and nature seemed to understand each other. His trips though, had become less frequent. Instead of the weekly excursion, he now only came out here twice a month. Splitting the other half of his time with a woman he had met in the dirt packed parking area. His thoughts shifted to her, as his mind began to replay the day they met:

*She had just stepped off the same trail he had used for years and was heading back to her car after a hike. While it did bother the man initially that someone was on the trail that lead to his “spot”, he had become comfortable with who he was transitioning into as a person. The forest after all, was meant for everyone to enjoy and his connection to the woods was unique. He pulled in and gave a courtesy wave before grabbing his gear and heading down the trail. It was not until his return later that day that he discovered she was having car trouble and needed a ride.*

They had been seeing each other since that day, and while she had been out here with him on many occasions, today he needed to be alone.

He made his customary step over the fallen tree, noting that the bunny family was not out. “Little too warm today, guys.” The man spoke as he walked over to the three stumps and placed his backpack and walking stick on the ground. He ran his hand over the largest stump as he recalled spending a weekend lightly sanding all three down until there were no rough edges. He sat upon the stump, closed his eyes and allowed the world around him to talk. This had become one of the most joyous places in his life. He had made these woods into a sanctuary, and he had allowed himself to let go of everything because of it. All his worry and fears melted away as he listened to the whistling

sounds of a hawk high overhead. It was almost hypnotic as he placed himself high above also. He imagined looking down on the sanctuary and all the wonder it had held for him. He was ready he thought. The man opened his eyes from meditation and watched as the sun was beginning to set. Years ago, this may have been a concern, but not now. He had spent many nights out here and with late April being as warm as it had been, there was little concern for bad weather tonight. He gathered his gear and followed the path he had made leading to streamline. The man had cleared an area of land underneath the same ash tree he had fallen from few years ago. Doing so allowed the rest of the area to remain unchanged. After lighting a fire, the man ate a small meal and unrolled the sleeping bag he had brought. He laid on his back and stared at the moon. He again allowed his mind to focus on the sounds around him. With a fire crackling and the stream babbling, it did not take long for the man to fall asleep.

His eyes opened with alertness, but he remained still. The moon was still bright overhead, so he knew he had only nodded off briefly. “Finally awake, young one,” a feminine voice cut through the silence. “Good,” she continued. He sat up cautiously and followed the voice to a lady wearing a long white dress. It shimmered with hints of silver, greens, and blues as the breeze seemed to wrap around her. Her hair was long and almost white, but she did not show any sign of looking old. In fact, she looked younger than he did. His eyes were fixed on her, watching her as she smiled at him. Slowly he rose to his feet. “Who are you, lady?” The man responded out of impulse, not thinking before he asked. “Oh, young one,” retorting before the full question left his lips. “You already know who I am, and if you are not sure, do not worry. For I am but a hawk on a cliff, watching you move along your path.” The lady spoke with a comforting and loving tone. The man opened his mouth and began to speak, before being halted by her hand. “Young one, we both know what you are seeking. You want to know if you are picking the right path.” She paused as he nodded his confirmation. As with the old man, she knew what he was thinking. In the years he had spent coming to his sanctuary, he had never thought to ask how they knew what he was thinking. “How do you seem to know what I'm thinking? The old man.....” The man cut himself off when he saw her hand rise; the wind picked up slightly as she did. “No more questions, young one,” she spoke with reverence, “Already, the time is late, and we must part soon. I have duties to attend. It would seem that you also have a task before you.” His eyes grew heavy and though he did not understand it, his body also seemed to be exhausted. “Rest, young one, as always more answers will come when it is time for them.” An endearing smile formed on her face as the man's body began to collapse onto the sleeping bag.

The man awoke from a peaceful sleep, and the events of last night replayed in his head. Slight disappointment washed over him. He had hoped he would find an answer to his question when he came out here, but there was nothing. He looked around the area where he had seen the lady, and as he suspected there was no sign of her. He knew there would not be, but he had hoped that a gift would be left in her absence. Just as the old man had left him one four years before, but there was nothing. With a heavy heart, the man began packing up his campsite. He still did not have an answer to his question, and he knew he would have to wait. “I guess this isn't the right time,” he said as he let out a huff. He had felt that this was the right moment for him. How could he have been wrong? He had felt almost certain. Despite his discouragement, the man took comfort knowing he still had time to figure things out. Time to head home, he thought.

As the man made his way back from the streamline, intently hiking back to his car, the man gave just a passing glance at the three stumps—something was different. The man walked toward the three stumps taking notice of a large ring of mushrooms. The ring looked like a near perfect circle that encompassed all three stumps. The man knew that mushrooms could grow overnight but he had not seen a single sign of them the day before. When he stepped over the barrier of

mushrooms, he felt a warm gust of wind blow over him. That same gust seemed to cause something to move on the center stump. It was something lightweight, but it did not blow away. When he approached the stump, he saw roughly a foot long, white, silk ribbon. It shimmered with silver, blue and green and seemed to be lightly woven through two wooden rings. The man examined the rings; they were made of a basic wood. While he did not quite know what the wood was, they appear to be seamless, as if they were made from one single piece of wood. He picked up the rings as he realized his question had been answered, though he never asked it out loud. Unable to hold his excitement, the man collected the rings and ribbon before heading toward the fallen tree. Stepping over the tree to leave, the man saw two members of the bunny family scurry away from the log. Smiling, he yelled as loudly as he could "I'm going to marry her!!!!" The roar from the man had caused a stir, as birds flew, and squirrels ran from the sound. It was settled he thought. He would propose to her on May 1<sup>st</sup>, the date they met.

(Part Five continued next month)

--*Thunderbunny Riley*

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## Lessons of A Young Black Mystic

### *"Attracting Loneliness"*

Loneliness is like a fever. A searing, invisible heat, consuming the body from the inside out. In a state of vulnerability, the body finds itself spiraling out of control. Floundering into the intermittent pain that grows longer and deeper over time. As true ailment sinks in, the mind can no longer focus on anything other than the raw physical state of misery. Eventually lonely people crave to be "at peace" with their condition. Some seek the eternal silence of suicide while others pray for numbness. A bone-numbing chill in the wake of the fever somehow relieves agony and will mask the sweaty stench of fatigue. At this point the sickly mind can no longer discern the fiendish lie in believing that worse symptoms will cure the virus. Even after recovery, there is a lingering delirium that leaves its impression on your soul.

Unlike a simple fever, loneliness is not just an objective or rational affliction, despite its vivid physical side effects. In the spiritual world, loneliness is a germ that incubates in the mind and is greatly abetted by magical thinking. Magical thinking is not exclusively a term for describing a spiritual belief: it is my personal experience that leads me to believe Magical Thinking is one way to describe the craft of focusing an individual will, desire, or thoughts to an intensity that affects that individual's perception of the physical world. Put bluntly it is the mental act of manifesting your will into a reality. The ability to make wishes come true. (within the boundaries of our common or natural reality) If you feel lonely long enough you attract loneliness. If you attract enough loneliness it begins to manifest into a physical reality with a will of its own.

Keep in mind a common stereotype is to place some special self-conscious guilt on oneself for feeling lonely. Yet loneliness is very common and very normal. Its only when individuals adopt and accept a negative connotation of loneliness that their subjective relationship with feeling isolated sours. For Pagans, Magical Thinking is a negative connotation of isolation in the way that a strong enough impression of a witch or pagan feeling isolated will influence the nature of their will. An individual's relationship with feeling isolated is an impressionable mental energy conditioned by in this case a feverish delusion, the fever and fear that being alone is for lack of a better word bad.

In a spiritual faith that believes in magical thinking, the world is a place where thoughts lead to vivid realities. In this same world thoughts can not only manifest into everyone's personal reality, the nature of these manifestations is dependent on the polarity of our emotional energy. For

afflicted pagans loneliness is not just a fever but can reflect magical thinking gone awry. In the spiritual world loneliness is a negative state of mind that attracts greater negativity, until the infection has not just corrupted the body and mind, it has injured the spirit.

I've often wondered if my relationship with loneliness has become chronic enough that out of defense, I've learned to idolize it. Psychologists like Carl G. Jung encourage us to embrace and face the parts of our personality we hate, the shadow. I've learned when you chicken out of embracing and by default rising above your worst self, you can end up idolizing your shadow as some fantastical persona you craft for the audience that is society. In the case of loneliness, this means instead of trying to become more social and accept the reality of feeling lonely as normal, people can come to avoid this truth by burying it in the maladaptive habits of personas or alter egos.

A sign that you might be idolizing a fantastical image of loneliness can be captured in a single archetype I favored in the modern media of my impressionable youth, (the nineties): The Lone Wolf. Like most misused sources of entertainment, the oversaturated archetype of the lone wolf allows individuals to avoid and distract from a certain reality about loneliness and focus on the fantasy. Movies and television (especially in the nineties) have popularized the lone wolf so enticingly we forget that the reality of a lone wolf. That the lone wolf is not a mysterious alluring rebel like comic book character Wolverine but a sickly maladapted individual isolated from his peers and only suffers for it, despite a stoic or masculine guise that says otherwise.

It is my personal word of caution that any individual seeking an alternative or new spiritual path in life must understand that many forms of paganism will be experienced far more genuinely depending on your state of mind. Consider growing reports that youths are migrating from Christianity to alternative paths like Paganism in greater numbers than ever before or previous generations. It is both simple yet difficult to understand why. Most youths are likely seeking an emotional change but are confused about what or where this change needs to take place.

Especially in the United States, through our education structure many young adults and adolescents have been conditioned to shape themselves to the mold of a peer group because of its popularity rather than attempt attracting peer groups like themselves as they already exist. Eventually the atmosphere of college challenges our high school clique perceptions and encourage young adults to seek out likeminded people without compromising their own authenticity. The primary difference between our high school and college mentalities is in college there is greater focus upon individualism. To a degree college allows and encourages each student to form their own perception of what a career means to them and not merely what is important to various authority figures.

In this way, one could argue a fatal flaw of emotionally running from faith to faith is the inability to move from a negative environment for self-confident thought to a positive environment. There is no guarantee that going from Christianity to Paganism or vice versa will instill a matured emotional change within a person for the better. Rather it is the ability to self-diagnose the fever of loneliness and rise above its negative mindset that allows people to seek out and genuinely achieve the emotional change they seek.

As biased as I am, whether it is Christianity or Paganism, neither world will heal you of loneliness if you cannot start the changes from within. Whether you believe in magical thinking or not, a delusional mind incapable of facing reality will only attract greater delusion. A Lone Wolf hell-bent on maintaining the reality and habits that sustain their isolating image will never grow beyond a superficial comfort. To break the fever of loneliness, you must recognize the common need to socialize. Not only this, but by meditating on maturing your perception of yourself you become greater prepared to attract likeminded peers and establish positive environments for your state of mind.

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

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## Turtle Monkey children's book series

We're diversifying our brand. Stay tuned for changes! Our new web address is:  
[www.jofontana.com](http://www.jofontana.com)

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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 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.

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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](https://www.amazon.com/Approaching-Darkness-J-Hallows/dp/197915001X/ref=sr_1_4?ie=UTF8&qid=1516143137&sr=8-4&keywords=Approaching+Darkness)

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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](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)

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## **Class Announcement**

Are you interested in learning more about Wicca? If so, Vella Rose is exploring the idea of facilitating a ten (10) month study of Wicca, meeting once a month on Sunday afternoons in the

south metro area, starting in April. She has a general idea of what she would like to cover during this time but would also like to incorporate additional topics participants want to know about. If you are interested in taking part in this class or would like more information, email Vella at: [VellaRose1@msn.com](mailto:VellaRose1@msn.com). She is not planning on charging a fee for her services, but may need to collect money for room rental, depending on how many are interested in this class.

Proposed topics and dates:

- 28 April – the Elements
- 26 May – Sabbats, Wheel of the Year
- 30 June – Moons
- 28 July – Deity
- 25 August – Ritual Basics
- 29 September – Divination 101
- 27 October – Magic 101
- 24 November – Amulets and Talisman (Thanksgiving is the following week, 28Nov)
- 29 December – Astrology 101
- 18 January – A Plethora of Paths

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## **The Glories of Spring!**

*We celebrate Beltaine with 7 centuries of Spring:  
music celebrating the blossoming of Earth,  
the Goddess Diana, the spring Zodiac signs, and much more.*

Wash Park Center  
for Music & the Arts  
400 S. Williams St., Denver  
\$20 per person  
\$15 Seniors & Students  
Under 12 free

For tickets: <http://www.orpheuspcc.org/order-your-tickets.html>

***Saturday, May 18 at 7:00 PM***

***West Side Live! Presents...***

***The Glories of Spring!***

Jefferson Unitarian Church  
14350 W 32nd Ave, Golden

For tickets: [West Side Live! Tickets](#)

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## **Chrysalis Circle Invites You To**

# EIGHTH ANNUAL DRUMMING DOWN THE SUN

## 2019 SUMMER SOLSTICE

**Friday, June 21, 2019, 6pm to 9pm.\***

*\*Sunset is 8:31 p.m.*

*Solstice at 9:54 a.m., Denver, Colorado*

*Moon full Monday, June 17, 2019 2:31 a.m.*

*We will be at the shelters at Addenbrooke Park, 600 S. Kipling Parkway, Lakewood, CO.*

**Bring your drums, rattles, pentagram tambourines, other musical instruments, and yourselves.** Help celebrate the Summer Solstice and the change from the Light (Goddess) half of the year to the Dark (God) half of the year. We offer this event to all as a way to bring balance and further celebration to our tradition of Drumming Up the Sun on the Winter Solstice. Join us in honoring the changes that this solar event marks.

### ***More details:***

- Suggested donation is \$2.00 per adult (to cover park rental costs).
- Wheelchair accessible.
- Playground adjacent to shelters.
- RTD – W Line Light Rail connects (Federal Center Station) to #100 and #3 buses for bus stops within 1/4 mile.

**See our website for links and all the details.**

<http://www.chrysaliscircle.org/drumming-down-the-sun/>

*Park amenities can be found listed at the following link.*

[http://www.lakewood.org/Community\\_Resources/Parks, Forestry and Open Space/A to Z Park Listing/Addenbrooke Park.aspx](http://www.lakewood.org/Community_Resources/Parks,_Forestry_and_Open_Space/A_to_Z_Park_Listing/Addenbrooke_Park.aspx)

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## **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!

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## **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!

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*

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## **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](mailto:fionnula.harp@gmail.com). If you would like to officiate at a future Open Full Moon, please contact Arynne at [ArynneD@aol.com](mailto: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.

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## **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](mailto: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**

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