



# Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

## "The Full Moon Folk"



### Inside This Issue of the Hearthstone Newsletter!

- Upcoming: May 17 Open Full Moon ritual
- Greetings
- Hearthstone Rituals
- Thanks and a Tip of the Hat
- On Donations
- The Battle of the Poets or Why Knowing the Understories Provides for a Deeper Spiritual Experience – Paulie Rainbow
- A Man Among Trees (part 5) – Thunderbunny Riley
- Lessons of A Young Black Mystic: Healing from Mania – Gorse Brooke
- Turtle Monkey children's book series
- Wicca Class Announcement – Vella Rose
- The Glories of Spring! – May 18 -- upcoming Orpheus concert
- Drumming Down the Sun -- June 21 – Chrysalis Circle
- Cat & Dog Spay/Neuter Clinics
- Earth Temple ritual dates
- Whom to Contact
- Hearthstone Open Full Moon dates

---

### MAY 17, 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, May 17, 2019**.

May's Open Full Moon ritual will be presented by Circle of Light and Shadow (COLS). COLS has something special for you this month! We will be taking a journey to the magical realm of Hogwarts School of Magic and Wizardry; we will be facing our personal Boggarts and revealing the secrets that we are the most afraid of. And with a swish and a flick! we will magically free ourselves from the weight of those secrets. (It is a full moon in Scorpio after all!) Come to class to meet Professors Dumbledore, McGonagall, Lupin, Snape, Slughorn, Sprout, Lockhart, and of course, our very own Hagrid! Bring your wand! and dress for class in your house colors!\*

***"Harry, it made all the difference. You helped discover the truth."***

***Professor Lupin in The Prisoner of Askaban.***

---Catherine

\* Wands and house colors are not necessary to attend the ritual--Catherine

---

## **GREETINGS**

It's a glorious Spring – even with the snow and rain. My lilacs have been blooming and my front yard is filled with their scent. I walk out the door and am rewarded with their beauty.

Meanwhile, one of my other activities has become primary: The Orpheus spring concert season is most of the way through. April is come and gone; the first concert in May was last Saturday. Our second May concert (identical to the first) will be presented as part of the West Side Live! Series on May 18<sup>th</sup>. I'll include more information later in the newsletter.

As many people are aware, music – and especially song – is my path to the gods. Whether I am singing with a chorus, alone, or in circle, it is then that the gods come to me.

We each have our path to the godhead – even if deity isn't part of the picture. It's our best self – the goal we strive for. Another's might be writing – or meditation – or study – or as many other things as there are people in the world.

May your image of deity be as glorious as the Spring.

*–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 NyteRose, who led our April Open Full Moon. In preparation for the coming growing season, NyteRose led us to contemplate any discord or imbalance, injury or negativity that we need to bring into the light, heal, and release. Through contemplation and magick we worked together to bring harmony and peace to ourselves and our relationships. And as always, NyteRose helped us notice and appreciate the loving, supportive Wiccan/Pagan community that surrounds us. We each received a beautiful small glass sphere as a reminder.

Thank you NyteRose, and Don, for bringing us together, and helping us work together for our common good. Blessed Be!

*---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, and let the organizers know that our efforts are of value to you. We encourage you to donate to Hearthstone or to the organization of your choice.

We appreciate that many of you do donate to Hearthstone. Thank you! We ask that you please give what you can to support the work and service of the church. We will keep Hearthstone running as long as possible, and we need your support to continue to serve the community.

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.

---

## **The Battle of the Poets or Why Knowing the Understories Provides for a Deeper Spiritual Experience**

The Cattle Raid of Cooley is better known than it is understood. Even a passing student of Irish lore has heard of *Cú Chulainn*, the Morrigan, and Maeve. Slightly more knowledgeable seekers might knowingly attribute the tale to the "Ulster Cycle" of Irish mythology, and might, as I did, keep pushing it aside looking for the stories of one of the other of the five kingdoms. It turns out, if you look long enough you may find yourself right back at the beginning, finally recognizing the clues you missed the first time around.

The Cattle Raid of Cooley is actually seven cattle raids, shapeshifting, love stories, tragic friendships, outlandish chariots, domestic financial accounting, and sex by a river. There's more to it than first meets the eye. It's also more than one story. According to Chris Thompson and Isolde ÓBrolcháin Carmody of StoryArchaeology.com, there are 40 stories, including the *roimb scealta* or before-stories that provide grounding, meaning and depth to the more famous bits that people tend to know. It is more than "The" *Táin Bó Cúailnge*/Cattle Raid of Cooley, it is the Táin Tradition.

There is one story of the *roimb scealta*, the before-stories, that provides the deepest layer of storytelling. It is called the Quarrel of the Swineherds. Though it seems like a short, whimsical preface to the main action of the Táin, perhaps an afterthought to give some identity to the two Bulls that started a war between the Goddess Maeve and the great hero Cú Chulainn, it is, in fact, a message from our deepest past, providing insight to a most basic human problem; one that we still struggle with today.

In a time before ancient times, well before modernity, even before farming, even before the land was cleared for farming, back in the time when the Tuaths relied on pigs roaming the still-wild forests for their wealth and well-being, as much as they would rely on cattle later on, and in a place, not in Ulster at all, but in the south and the west of Ireland, there were two poets. What you need to know about poets in general, poets from our deepest past, and these poets, in particular, is that these were two magical people of the highest status and great power. What else would they be but swineherds? And their names were given as Bristle and Grunt, symbolic shorthand for the beasts they guided and watched over, the beasts that provided for the people of the Tuaths.

They weren't just amazing, powerful poets. They were equally powerful; they were also friends. The Tuaths that they served were cooperative and everything worked well for many years.

And then the poets were pitted against each other. The damage that they wrought on one another brought about mocking, and in our deepest history, mocking was as bad as it gets. Their battle against each other was unloosed and they shapeshifted, changed locations, evolved even as the world around them shifted and changed. In the end their battle resulted in the birth of two extraordinary bulls: a magnificent, huge, powerful brown bull described as the many-gifted father of ancient herds, and another bull whose name would be translated as "white horned bull" sometimes

shortened, deceptively, to “white bull.” But the white horned bull was red, blood red, dripping with gore, both wounded and wounding, the only thing about the second bull that was white were the horns.

This story, once understood, opens up the truth about our conflicts, about how much we prosper out of cooperation and friendship, how easy it is to drive a wedge between friends, how deeply scarring it is to be mocked. It shows that the roots of the war in the Cattle Raid go back to the earliest settlements on Ireland, to a time of tribes and wild woods. We have changed very little, though we have changed the world a lot, we remain, regardless of our shifting names and shapes, as vulnerable to the same destructive forces within our communities as in any time in the past.

This knowledge is much more useful than colorful descriptions of battles and weapons because it may help us see beyond the color of a cloak, or the insult of an impetuous hero, to a truth that could guide our decisions in times of deepest division. When we have moved from Bristle and Grunt to Point and Edge, to Shadow and Shield, if we see in ourselves the futility of fighting against our friends and equals, the “lovely destruction and much noise of slaughter,” will we be able to seek out the path back to the principals that hold human society together in *coir*, proper condition, rightness, hospitality, and equity? Can understanding the ancient truth of a short introductory tale provide the sustenance we need to engage in our modern struggles?

Irish lore is as complex as the language it was written in, yet I find it fascinating and compellingly layered. It feeds my soul as I honor the changes of the year, the phases of the moon, the presence of my ancestors, the land spirits, and my Gods.

If you are interested in this story you can find Patrick Brown’s translation here: <https://ulstercycle.wordpress.com/2009/11/07/the-quarrel-of-the-two-swineherds/>

And the insight into the meaning is provided by the Story Archeologists here: [https://storyarchaeology.com/circling-the-tain-01\\_the-quarrel-of-the-two-swineherds-or-how-it-all-began/](https://storyarchaeology.com/circling-the-tain-01_the-quarrel-of-the-two-swineherds-or-how-it-all-began/)

Please consider donating to StoryArcheology.com through the link on their website for the amazing work that they do to open up these myths for us.

If you are interested in joining us for our public events you can find us on Facebook or Meetup as:

<https://www.facebook.com/DenverCelticWomensCircle/>

<https://www.meetup.com/Denver-Celtic-Womens-Circle-Events/>

Peace of the Mountains to you,

*Paulie Rainbow*

*founder: Denver Celtic Women’s Circle.*

---

## **A Man Among Trees**

(Part 5)

*Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley*

Life seemed to move faster this last year than it had previously, the man thought as he stepped over the fallen tree. As always, he looked over to the rabbit burrow underneath the tree seeing not one, but two bunnies out today. One was the larger he would normally see; the interwoven gray and brown fur had made it easy to spot him over the years. The second also an

adult, though smaller, had darker brown fur. They did not run but watched him cautiously as he continued past them. All around the man could see the woods were awake today. Songbirds flew from branch to branch, singing their daily songs. A woodpecker could be heard in the distance, knocking on a tree or fallen log. And many furry little creatures moved around the mountain forest. He couldn't seem them but knew they were more than likely squirrels or chipmunks foraging for food, maybe even for their new babies. He stood there for a few moments, closing his eyes and took in everything the forest had to offer. Opening his eyes, he gripped his walking stick and headed toward the clearing of his sanctuary.

He wasn't alone today, as he saw his fiancée sitting upon one of the three stumps in the center of the clearing, with an over-sized picnic basket on her lap. He paused for just a few moments to stare at her. One of the best people he had ever met; she was smarter than most people he had ever known, yet had never made him feel less than her equal. Her love for nature was also great, maybe greater than even his. And it had become part of the reason they decided to have their small ceremony here in the sanctuary. Next week, a few family and friends would be joining them out here to watch them dedicate themselves to each other. Today however, they would just be enjoying a picnic and a little time apart from the craziness their family provided. He saw her wave at him and responded with one of his own. He smiled as he walked over to her, kissing her on the cheek. "To think" he began speaking to her, "next week we get to share this place with those we love." He placed her hand in his and give a slight squeeze, watching her smile at him. "But today" he paused and took a deep breath of mountain air, "today we get it all to ourselves." He finished as a warm breeze came through clearing, washing over them both.

They spread out a blanket on the ground near the stumps and placed the basket on one corner. As they ate, they continued discussing the plans for next week's ceremony. They had decided to keep it simple, as neither wanted to over-think the day. She would be wearing a long green and silver dress that had been given to her by her mother, while he would keep a more traditional Irish look, wearing a kilt with his family colors. After they finished eating they laid on the blanket, he on his back, while she laid her head on his chest. Within minutes she was asleep, and he smiled once he noticed. He watched as the slow-moving clouds began to play with his imagination...taking the shape of an owl, its wings spread wide. The two openings in the cloud looked like wide, round eyes. It looked to be flying high above, watching over him and his love. It stayed intact for a few minutes until a strong breeze started scattering the edges. His eyes grew heavy as he watched the last of the owl shaped clouds fall apart. He looked down at his fiancée. She looked as if she were dreaming about something enjoyable, so he allowed himself to fall asleep also, knowing he was perfectly safe here in the center of his sanctuary.

He awoke suddenly to the sound of voices nearby. Not wanting to wake her up he opened his eyes and just kept trying to listen. He could hear two different voices. The first was higher pitched and feminine sounding, while the other was more masculine. He then watched as his fiancée awoke as well. She sat up and looked for the location of the voices she also heard. She looked over to him and he said, "I know, I hear it also." he smiled and took her hand. "Do not worry, my love. We are safe here." She smiled at him with a knowing look and he sat up next to her. They both stood up, still holding hands, and began to walk toward a series of bushes that looked like a hedge row. The man had seen it for many years and always kept his distance mainly due to the size of the thorns it carried. They were close to four inches long and pointed every direction possible. He remembered thinking how horrible it would be to fall into them. But that wasn't the only reason he had avoided them. He also knew there was a beehive near the bushes. While he was not allergic to bees, he did not want to find himself being stung by so many. So, he

had always left the bushes alone.

As they approached the bushes, the man began to take notice of the mass amounts of flowers they produced. They appeared to be in full blossom this time of year. Each flower had five beautiful snow-white petals, clustered together. They formed smaller groups that were separated by the dark green lobed, tooth shaped leaves. As they stepped within a few feet of the bushes, he also began to notice the odor the flowers gave off. The fragrance was a strong, musky smell and gave the man the impression of slightly rotten meat. But despite this pungent aroma, he felt compelled to look for the voices. They continued speaking in hushed tones until both he and his fiancée were both within a foot of the very thorny bushes. The man took note that the forest around him had also become silent. No more did he hear birds singing or small animals moving among the trees. Now it was pure, uninterrupted silence.

“It looks as though Saille has set her challenge upon you. Now I, Hauth, will help you prepare for this challenge.” A soothing, deep voice spoke with both authority and compassion. The man felt at peace immediately and as he looked over to his fiancée, he could tell she felt the same. “Young ones, the challenges before you are not always threatening.” The voice paused briefly. “They will test your resolve and heart. Fear and uncertainty will arise with your challenges, but if fear is present then so is power.” Another pause came as the man looked over to his fiancée, seeing her smile at him. “Now, young ones, join your hands and reach into the bush before you.” They did as they were told, joining hands, then cautiously sliding them past the noticeable thorns until neither hand was visible. “Remember love can be beautiful, full of joy and growth. But always beware of hidden thorns.” The man felt a thorn scrape against his skin and on impulse he jerked their hands out of the bush. When their hands were clear the man saw blood coming from his hand. He released his fiancée’s hand and they both moved back to the picnic site. Taking a napkin out of the picnic basket, he began cleaning the cut, only to see his fiancée had been cut as well. “Are you ok?” he asked her, seeing a nod in response. They both sat down, each keeping a napkin on their cuts. A few minutes passed and he looked over to see she had fallen asleep. Not fully understanding, he began to feel uncharacteristically tired. As his eyes grew heavy, he decided to lie down next to his fiancée and allow himself a few moments rest as well.

They both awoke to the feel of rain falling on their faces. A storm was starting to roll in so they quickly folded up the blanket and stuffed it into the basket. It was then he noticed the scratches on both of their arms were the same. A long deep, vertical cut almost three inches long with a small horizontal cut intersecting on the left side of the first. He noticed how it looked similar it looked to the marking on his walking stick, but with one less horizontal cut. His thoughts snapped to the present when he felt his fiancée’s hand grab his. The rain was already falling, but neither cared. They looked at each other with large smiles and began running toward the path on the other side of the fallen tree. Next week would be a joyous one. Whatever challenges awaited them, he thought, they would be able to face them together.

(Part Six continued next month)

--*Thunderbunny RILEY*

---

## **Lessons of A Young Black Mystic**

*“Healing from Mania”*

Just because you grow, doesn't necessarily mean you will or are meant to bloom. Sometimes being in romantic relationships is like raising a magical African Violet planted in a sacred space of your soul. If we do not protect and cherish this sacred space, weeds of self-doubt will breed a sense of chronic loneliness. Like global warming, our internal atmosphere is thrown off balance by an unhealthy fit of mania. The garden in our soul will seek to heal itself. However, mending the gap between simply growing and wishing to flourish is not an easy endeavor. The wake of what's been damaged must have the time to truly recover and heal.

With the proper spells (degradable charms for the soil) and incantations (blessing the water you use twice a week) what started as two glittering magenta and mauve flowers grow to be four bushy sprouts of mighty emerald spade shaped leaves. Yet after a while like all cycles of life the original youthful blooms seem to suddenly stop. You can't remember the last time you saw the sunlight bring out the subtle sparkly sheen in your African Violets. The leaves keep growing taller and wider, but it seems to have been ages since the last small dwarfed little flowers shriveled up and died. Over the years the plant has outgrown two of its pots and like clockwork old leaves die off and fertilize new ones. It's only a matter of time before you truly begin to appreciate how stagnate everything has become. As quickly as your mind began to recognize this stagnation a new reality sets it.

'How long has it been sense I've changed and fertilized this dirt?' you wonder, as one patch of dirt has become so shallow the roots and bulb are sitting above ground. Looking closer and around you, it becomes apparent. While this magical African Violet through your care and love has managed to grow bigger and bigger over the years. The dirt and soil have been ignored. Elements of Mother Nature we take for granted have been walled away by a numbing invisible ignorance. The sacred space in your soul has lost sync with the rhythm of the Goddess. In place of her nurturing tides an unsettling winter has overstayed its welcome, making even the spring in your heart a beautiful but blinding blizzard as the person you aspire to be sleeps and deeply slumbers in a numb but comforting hibernation.

When the first spring blizzard hit Colorado this year all I remember was the strange comforting sound of howling wind outside my window. Powerful winds have always had an element of Magick to me. This invisible force and source of life can easily be overlooked. Underappreciated until it asserts itself upon the rest of your senses. Snatching your breath away as a sudden gust violates your lungs. Stirring a sudden scent of damp Evergreen, as goosebumps race across your skin. In an instant the spirit of the wind invigorates you to the point of childish frenzy. On occasion Air makes itself known with furious unprejudiced glory. The strange thing about me and blizzards though? I think blizzards reflect a certain eccentricity I harbor in my heart.

A couple of years ago I fell into an old relationship hard and fast. The first girl to ever mutually return a romantic interest in me reappeared in my life as suddenly as a trick candle I distinctly remember trying to blow out repeatedly. Our time apart had planted seeds for many feelings, like regret and guilt. These feelings were weeds destined to strangle any meaningful potential in our fast-fiery fling. This flower named confusion was a beautiful specimen, but far from a flower called love. Our unhealthy relationship confusion strangled my common sense, leaving it timid but not unheard. No matter how much my emotions told me I liked her or liked her loving me. No matter how much chemistry I dare not deny was there. My definition of love, my desire to be intimately understood by someone, and to grow to a point that I could bloom into a man worthy of being a father if the time ever came to pass. This was not the woman that could

nurture that kind of maturity despite her deep lust to do so. I was not the kind of man that could flourish at the time, in that space.

Instead she inflamed a bitter shadow of myself. She reflected all the stunted aspects of my being. While I enjoy a fair bit of ego and pride in myself, being with her felt like looking in a mirror with only candles for lighting. I could see myself just fine, but it took an absurd number of candles and fire to get a reasonable look at myself. Before I could reflect on what stared back at me in the glass, a nagging sense of paranoia would distract me, keeping exhausting watch over whether one of the countless candles was about to go out. Inevitably the dim view of myself in the mirror would grow too dark to see at all. All the candles would burn out along with my passion and healthy self-agency.

I couldn't blame either of us completely. The word confused just seemed to capture the nature of our pairing all too well. While candle lit reflections are beautiful and enticing, it takes a return to bright florescent truth (no matter how unflattering) to realize the inaccuracy of my former emotion fueled perceptions. This is what I'd eventually come to recognize as love mania. A desperate but passionate desire to be loved and stay loved despite common sense. To be so fully absorbed by another person's energy and your long-awaited fantasies of what you could be together that you become an imposter in your own soul. A fragment-self comprised of raw emotion undaunted by logic. Enamored by the dream of a long-desired goal despite a growing depression from the division between selves. None of these selves able to truly reflect who you are rather than the being at war with itself and the self-born mania.

When I managed to walk far enough away from it all, I knew I'd grown up a little, but it didn't really make me feel any better. My chronic loneliness and self-image as a tragic romantic had evolved. As an empath deeply vulnerable to my vivid emotions, I've managed to rescue my agency from the clutches of mania, but I can still feel the scars of the impact she had on me.

There's a lot to be said about the way I felt about Colorado's recent spring blizzard. It's a fact I feel a little selfish for relishing in the peacefulness and awe I had for the storm. Considering in hindsight that many people had to struggle with power outages among many other common and uncommon problems of flash blizzards. It reminds me of how I've always had the kind of life that feels privileged and fortunate. At least fortunate enough that to feel depressed and listless often seems ungrateful. This conflict of feeling indulgent and ungrateful is the type of thinking that plagues people whose confidence is riddled with holes. Your inflated emotional-self overpowers rational thinking. The timid voice that learned from countless reputable experiences that the things we feel are truth are but at the same time not the absolute truth. Too often have my more impulsive feelings felt set in stone rather than be more like guide buoys in a sea of life's experiences.

Love is one of the primordial forces of reality. No one exists without some form of a relationship with love. Unfortunately, I've often seen and thought of myself as a hopeless romantic, plagued by unrequited love which leads to the fever of loneliness, making today's mystical lesson a cautionary tale about the consequences of chronic loneliness and a few thoughts on the healing process after escaping an obsessive relationship. "It is better to have lived a life of a thousand unrequited loves than to become ensnared by the beast that is known as mania."

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

---

## 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](http://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 are just enough pictures to hold their attention while being read to before they eventually read the books on their own prior to tackling chapter books. Turtle Monkey and Mama Monkey are the only green monkeys in the village. Turtle Monkey has lots of gas. She received Fuzztastic, her cat, as a Yule gift. Fuzztastic also has lots of gas – but he's afraid of it! Turtle Monkey spends most of her time outside when she isn't in school. Join us as Turtle Monkey learns about the world and how to cope with challenges.

---

Now available at Amazon: APPROACHING DARKNESS. This is an anthology of twelve short stories. Some are horror, some are bizarre, and some are unnerving. These stories will make you look under the bed and keep your feet from dangling over the edge at night. Read as a child fends off a horror from beyond the grave with just a nightlight, listen in as Gods debate the future of humankind, or root for twins who battle a lady made of plants. Written by Jo Fontana under A. J. Hallows, one of her many pen names.

Print book available on Amazon at: [https://www.amazon.com/Approaching-Darkness-J-Hallows/dp/197915001X/ref=sr\\_1\\_4?ie=UTF8&qid=1516143137&sr=8-4&keywords=Approaching+Darkness](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](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)

---

## **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.

---

## **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.*

**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](#)

---

# **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.**

<https://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)

---

## **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!

---

## **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!

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](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.

---

## **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.

## **STANDARD DISCLAIMER and COPYRIGHT INFORMATION**

*Please note that information and opinions contained in the articles in this newsletter are the responsibility of the authors only. No endorsement by Hearthstone Community Church, Inc. is implied.*

*All writings are copyright to their respective authors. Please obtain permission before reprinting anything here, with the exception of the Open Full Moon Dates. Those may be copied and transmitted as needed.*

### **Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates**

May 17, 2019

June 14, 2019

July 12, 2019

August 9, 2019

September 13, 2019

October 11, 2019

November 8, 2019

December 6, 2019