



# Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

## "The Full Moon Folk"



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## JUNE 14, 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, June 14, 2019.**

Please join Hawk Shadow for a celebration of Litha and an exploration of those most magickal of creatures – trees.

The circle will be created in traditional Wiccan fashion, and the rite will include a meditation in which you will explore or discover for the first time your own relationship with the trees around us.

---*Catherine*

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## GREETINGS

We've had a rainy May and June. This is a magical time of year. With the end of the school year, children and young adults are progressing to the next stage of their education. Nature is getting ready for the first of the summer harvests – some have already begun.

Many years ago, at this time of year, I would have been frantically getting ready for the beginning of the local renaissance festival. I worked there every summer for many years. During the first week of June, I would be checking out my camping gear and making sure my renaissance-period clothes were clean and any tears had been mended. I checked the harp to make sure there were no broken strings. I also made sure I had a full set of replacement strings. Harp stool? Check.

CD's? Check. In later years, I also had to check the mic and small amplifier. The cart I used to carry my performance gear had to be loaded onto the top of the car. In other words, this would have been a busy, exhausting week. Then, on Friday night, I had to go to the grocery store and head down to the festival.

The first weekend of the festival was almost always cold. Summer heat during the day did not carry over to the night until later in June. To be honest, the days would be chilly during the day during that first weekend. Later in the season, it would be just as hot as it was cold at first.

It has been years since I worked at the renaissance festival. Hauling a harp around rough, hilly ground, while dressed in cotton and wool from head to toe got to be too much. I finally decided that I simply couldn't do two highly physical 10-hour days, while working a 40-hour week in an office. That kind of schedule is for the young.

Despite the hard work and the long hours, I remember those days fondly. I still sing and play music. Those were the days of my youth – although that youth lasted into my 40s. I had good times and made wonderful friends. I still have those wonderful friends and still have the music. Just not the seven-day weeks.

*–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 Tips our Hat to Circle of Light and Shadow (COLS) for their creative Open Full Moon ritual in May, when we were transported to Hogwarts School of Magic and Wizardry. COLS members portrayed the various Hogwarts professors exceedingly well through costumes, language, manners of speech, gait, and movement. The ghost of each House was invoked to aid us in honestly facing our Boggart and the secret we are most afraid of. Each willing participant spun the wheel of fortune and was thus assigned to a professor for a short private consultation to reveal our Boggart and our challenge. After time to contemplate, we each invoked our Patronus (Expecto Patronus!) to protect us and help us heal our secret and overcome our challenge. We chanted as a group and circled around a flaming cauldron, wands raised, raising energy for our success. After, we celebrated with lots of chocolate and butterbeer!

Thank you, Coven of Light and Shadow, for all the effort you put into effectively creating the magical realm of Hogwarts within our Library Room at Althea Center. May we each go forth stronger and clearer than before! Blessed Be.

*---Arynne*

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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. 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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## THE COLORS OF THE STORY

A good storyteller paints the scene around you, and so the most important tales stay with us, etched in memory, century after century.

The Ulster Cycle of Irish literature is composed of more than four dozen separate parts, primarily recorded across three different medieval manuscripts: the ancient oral tradition painstakingly captured by the dutiful inscriptions of monks. These tales introduce us to some of the most significant figures of Irish mythological history, and Irish polytheism, like Queen Maeve, the hero Cú Chulainn, the manipulative hospitaller, Bricriu, the Goddess Morrígan.

These tales have endured because of the gift of the Irish *filí*, the poets, to capture the most important stories with shocking, moving, engaging clarity.

When one of the women gathered with Emer first saw the hero Cú Chulainn, she described him breathlessly, "A dark, sad man in the chariot, the fairest of the men of Erin. A beautiful purple five-folded tunic around him, a brooch of inlaid gold on his white breast at its opening, against which it heaves, full strokes beating."

And when Bricriu set a feast for King Conchobar he set up a royal couch high above those of the whole house. "It was set with carbuncles and other precious stones which shone with a luster of gold and silver, radiant with every hew, making night like day."

When Queen Medb mustered the armies for the Cattle Raid of Cooley, she reviewed the bands as they came, dismissing the first two and noting that the third was the band of Cormac, son of Conchobar, "Then came the third band. They wore purple cloaks and hooded red-embroidered tunics reaching to their feet. Their trimmed hair fell down to their shoulders. They bore curved shields with scalloped rims, and each man carried a spear as great as the pillar of a palace in his hand. 'This is Cormac now,' said Medb."

When the Morrígan came to destroy Cú Chulainn in the midst of battle, we can see the complex, magical fight before us, in heart-stopping detail, "Then the Morrígan appeared in the form of a slippery, black eel swimming downstream, and went into the pool and coiled herself around Cú Chulainn's legs. While Cú Chulainn was disentangling himself from her, Lóch dealt him a wound crosswise through his chest. Then the Morrígan came in the guise of a shaggy, russet-coloured she-

wolf. While Cú Chulainn was warding her off, Lóch wounded him. Thereupon Cú Chulainn was filled with rage and wounded Lóch with the ga bulga and pierced his heart in his breast.”

This is the honor given by the poets to the great tales, the power of vision, the power to etch a story on human consciousness so that the Gods might still live, and we might know them for who They are.

The Irish tales are differently complicated from other traditions; and receiving their power and their beauty is directly tied to learning the very different context in which they arose, and then finding a way to bring that to life in this place and time. For me, it has been worth the investment and it is the purpose of the work that I have done in the DCWC to make that context more available. Coming up in July, Kellene will be bringing the Full Moon celebration to Hearthstone, and demonstrating, out of her five years of work and study, what it means to bring the complexity, beauty, and power of this tradition into our own sacred space. It has been a pleasure to work with her, learn with her, and travel with her and I know you’ll enjoy what she has put together to share with you.

May your life be filled with the stories that move you.

Peace of the Mountains to you,

*Paulie Rainbow*

*founder: Denver Celtic Women’s Circle.*

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## **A Man Among Trees**

(Part 6)

*Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley*

A somber feeling came over the man as he pulled up to an old run-down, mustard yellow house. It had two gravel driveways, with many patches of grass grown in them. When he was a child, the man remembered thinking the driveways had the same spots as his pet cat. He pulled into the left one that stopped in front of one car garage. The door was broken and noticeable, but it had been that way longer than he could remember. He never understood why it never got fixed, instead defaulting into a storage shed that was filled with junk. Staring briefly, he walked around the car and over to the four solid concrete steps. They still had fake grass, glued to the top of them, and the screen door was still slightly skewed, therefore, not allowing it the ability to close completely. He looked up and saw there was still a twenty-five-foot radio tower attached to the right side of the house. His grandfather, Pop, had put it up there when the man was six years old. He remembered his Pop making him promise to never climb it. A promise he never broke, though he never thought to ask his grandfather why he was not allowed to climb it.

The man walked up the steps, lifted the door by its handle, and pulled the door open. He paused for a moment, realizing that it may be his last time going through that motion. Stepping inside, the man looked around and saw the last stack of boxed up memories that he needed to grab. He had spent many years with his grandparents as a child, and in few days, he was able to pack everything up. He closed his eyes for a few moments as a tear managed to escape, rolling down his cheek. “This is for the best,” he spoke to himself as he unfolded a cardboard box. He and his wife had been married just over four years, and now they had begun talking about having a family. While this was always a home for him, and he could replace some of the things needed for the house, its foundation was not one of them. It had been built almost a hundred years ago;

between the years of settling, along with enduring nature, the house was not a safe place for a family to live. The best option was to demolish the house.

Setting the box on the floor, he decided to walk around and make sure he did not overlook anything. As he walked out of the former living room, he passed an open archway, entering his old bedroom. He took a quick glance around the room. Seeing nothing, he moved on toward the next archway that led to the kitchen. This had been his favorite room of the house, both for the food and the games that were played. As he looked around, he saw a wooden board on one of the shelves. It had been tucked in the back corner of the center shelf. The man did not know how he had missed it: after all, this shelf was one of the first shelves he packed. He pulled the board from the shelf and realized it was a game board his grandfather made. It was a square board with several holes bored through into a T shaped cross. Pop had painted each end of the cross red, green, blue, and yellow. Though they were now faded, they were meant to identify the start and home points of all four players. The man remembered playing this game as a kid and it was clear it had been played a lot over the years. After finding nothing else on the shelves, the man left out the opposite end of the former kitchen. As he left the kitchen, the hallway split into two directions. The first direction led straight and to his grandparents' bedroom, and the second was a hallway leading to the garage. Wanting to avoid his grandparents' room for a few minutes longer, the man turned right. The man's first few steps sounded hollow: he was stepping on the door to the basement. It had been covered to look like shag carpet, but now it was worn down by decades of walking over. He passed over the basement door and briefly followed the hallway to an open room between the main house and garage. His grandmother had used it as a laundry room longer than he could remember and it still carried the smell of detergent. He closed his eyes for a moment and took in a deep breath, never thinking he would miss that smell so much. When the man opened his eyes again, he saw a sudden movement out the corner of his right eye. Instinctively, the man turned and looked out of the window that displayed the back yard, but saw nothing. Knowing he was not in a rush for time, he decided to check out the backyard. The man walked through the former laundry room into the garage. He gave it a quick, courtesy glance before stepping into the back yard.

The man had always loved his grandparents' back yard. His eyes followed the waist-high, chain-link fence that started at the corner of the garage. Though he could not see where it ended, he knew it wrapped around the entire back yard before connecting to a double gate large enough to drive a vehicle through on the other side of the house. The man saw a second garage set in the back corner of the yard. His grandfather had made it into his workshop, leaving the rest of the back yard open for nature to grow. As he walked toward the center of the yard, he took notice of the two large trees that had always provided an abundant amount of shade. The first stood in the center of the yard and carried many scars from being hit by lightning over the years. The man was amazed as he looked up at the scars, despite the various lightning strikes it had endured over the decades, it still stood taller than most trees in the neighborhood. In fact, its only equal seemed to be the second tree in the yard, which also showed its own series of scars.

"Greetings young one," the man heard a deep, robust voice that broke his attention. Looking over toward the back garage the man saw a barrel-chested old man leaning over the fence. He sported a large salt and pepper beard, with matching long frizzy hair. "What be that in your hand young one?" the old man spoke again, while pointing at the wooden game board. The man looked down at the game board, forgetting he was still holding it when he walked outside. "It's just an old game board, my grandfather had made many years ago," he responded. "Care to play me, young one," the old man grinned wide, "Your grandfather and I played quite a bit and I

must say I am something of a king at it.” The man wanted to explain that he did not have any game pieces, but stopped when he saw the old man holding up a glass container. “Don't worry about the pieces young one. I have enough for the both of us here,” he said, shaking the container. The man walked over to the fence and sat the board on a tree stump his grandfather had carved into a table. “I know you,” the man stated as the old man walked around the fence and through the double gate. “I would expect you do, young one. Your grandfather and I have been friends longer than your father has been alive.” The old man sat down at the table, opposite of the man. “My name is Duir,” the old man paused for a moment, “I was saddened by your grandfather's passing, but I hope in time you and I can become better acquainted. After all, I see so much of him in you and if you are anything like him, we will get along wonderfully.” The man wanted to tell Duir that this might be his last trip to the house. He wanted to also tell the old man that he did not have time to play a silly game. As he opened his mouth to speak the old man held up his hand, “Now, enough with the talking. Let's play a game in memory of your grandfather, and if you're really lucky, maybe you can beat me.” The old man's smile was wide again as he rolled the dice.

Time passed and when the game was over, the old man smiled, “Well looks like I beat you this time. I told you I was the king.” The man smiled thinking about how many times his grandfather has also beat him as this game. “Well, time for me to go young one, but don't worry I'll see you again soon.” The old man stored the game pieces and handed it all to the man, “Now, there is much for you to do and less time for you do it in.” The old man got up and walked back out the double gate. The man watched him go past the gate then gathered up the game board and pieces before heading back to the house. Walking through the garage door, he paused for a moment and looked back. He was going to miss the house, but he did not have to miss living here. No, he decided, he would start his family here by building a new house. He smiled one last time, looking down at the game board, “Soon, I'll be the king.”

(Part Seven continued next month)

--*Thunderbunny Riley*

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## **Turtle Monkey children's book series**

For information on any of our books please visit: [www.jofontana.com](http://www.jofontana.com)

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About Turtle Monkey: Turtle Monkey is a read to me book series. 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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**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)

## **COMING SOON:**

**Gods of the Bay**

**Comfort Food for All Seasons**

**The Demon Swarm (Book 2 of the Demon Coast Series)**

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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.**

<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)

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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!

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**

June 14, 2019

July 12, 2019

August 9, 2019

September 13, 2019

October 11, 2019

November 8, 2019

December 6, 2019