



Hearthstone Community Church, Inc.

"The Full Moon Folk"



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DECEMBER 2019 OPEN FULL MOON

Hearthstone meets the Friday before or the Friday of the Full Moon in the Library Room at the **Althea Center for Engaged Spirituality, 1400 Williams St., Denver, CO**. There are two small parking lots: to the north (next to the building) and to the east of the building (across the alley), each with spaces for 20 cars. Enter through the Main Door at the corner of Williams St. and 14th Ave. **The door opens at 7:00 pm, and we must lock the door at 7:30 to secure the building.** Please be prompt as we don't want you to be locked out! This month's ritual is **Friday, Dec. 6, 2019**.

Our Dec. 6 Open Full Moon ritual has the theme "Healthy Boundaries for the Holidays". Please join Lady Nightshade, Lady Rowena, Lady Lumosulo, Lady Eala and Reika of the clan of The Golden Condors, Black Forest Tradition, for a journey of discovery where we will examine our boundaries with an exploration of the chakras. Enjoy your upcoming holiday time with family and friends with a little less stress on your plate.

HEARTHSTONE RITUALS

Remember, please, that Hearthstone doesn't expect everyone to enter in Perfect Love and Perfect Trust, as you may not know many of the other attendees, 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, Amy, Cynthia, and Deb) so that we may hopefully resolve and heal your concern.

Hearthstone is a safe and sober environment.

Please respect your fellow participants by not attending under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

THANKS AND A TIP OF THE HAT

For our November Open Full Moon, Hearthstone thanks Cynthia, Clyde, and Sarajane for leading a ritual inviting us -- actively challenging us -- to rest this winter. Participants were cleansed as we entered sacred space one by one. We each received a wet, dark, smooth stone to represent stillness and rest. Circle was cleansed, cast, and the Elements called, then Cynthia and Clyde invoked the hag goddess Cailleach and the god Arawn. Each participant was gifted a blindfold to use for the meditation. We were asked to consider how *not* resting exhausts and depletes us. Rest, stillness, and in particular meditation renew our energy, creativity, and intuition.

The lights were dimmed, and Sarajane led us on a long meditative "walk" downward and to the left until we came to a resting place, where we met with Cailleach and listened for messages from Her. Then we returned, "walking" gradually upward and to the right. Cookies, chocolate, dried fruit, and juice were blessed and shared before Circle was opened.

Thank you, Sarajane, Cynthia, and Clyde for emphasizing the importance of truly resting, and challenging us each to commit to giving ourselves this most necessary gift during the dark season ahead. Blessed Be!

---Arynnne

DONATIONS

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'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 for supporting the work and service of this church. We will keep Hearthstone running as long as possible, and we need your support to continue to serve the community.

A Year and a Day with Nervines Hops, *Humulus lupulus*

By Cynthia Killingbeck CH, CN, FEP

You can find her at www.vitalblossom.org or cynthia@vitalblossom.org



Humulus is an extremely bitter tonic, cold, dry, relaxant, and sedative. The bitter taste makes it difficult to drink in an infusion. With heavy use it can cause depression. Hops

are very hypnotic, meaning it can put you to sleep, so much so that we warn against operating machinery or driving while taking it. It is an anodyne, (pain relief) and antispasmodic and can help with painful arthritis in ointments. It has antibacterial and anti-fungal qualities as well.

According to Hatfield, a British Botanical Practitioner, of the 1880's, "*As an anodyne application, it is difficult to find anything more suitable for employment than Hop; it removes pain, and allays inflammation in so short a time, that for these purposes it forms an invaluable agent.*"

The principal uses are to be taken as an infusion or tincture for nervousness, anxiety, insomnia, minor spastic conditions of the genitourinary tract, dysmenorrhea, and hyperactive sexual desires; skin conditions (eruptions, swellings, tumors), anodyne for arthritis in ointments, compresses, poultices, and washes. Sleep may be induced aromatically through the use of a hop stuffed pillow.

We are entering a time of the year when greenery from outside is brought inside to remind us of the living green of nature. In the cold of winter, it is comforting and warming to have green plants inside to remind us of the coming future promise of the return of spring. As a decorative greenery in Britain's pubs and houses alike, it is dried and hung in windows and above the hearths for good luck and prosperity. I made a wreath for my house this year!

In the middle ages monks understood that large quantities of hops would inhibit sexual desire, they added them to the beer that was drunk everywhere instead of water due to the illnesses attributed to drinking water. This may be due to the depression that heavy use could cause or to the sedating effects or both. Even the Pope decreed that all beer would be made with hops to prevent the straying of the monastic flock.

Caution: Due to its strong sedative qualities it may cause depression; do not use if depression is already present, nor combine with any sedative medications or alcohol. Do not exceed doses, nor use for long term. Not recommended for driving or operating dangerous equipment.

Humulus was originally a Medieval word that was Latinized meaning to climb, while *lupulus* is Latin for small wolf, referring to the plant's tendency to strangle other plants, mainly willows, like a wolf strangles a sheep. Interestingly the stamen inside the flower looks a little like a wolf head when you look at it straight on. The Hop plant grows so fast you can almost see it happening, it seeks to wind itself up any support and will find a way even if it has to twine multiple vines together to reach a long distance. It has little spines on the stems and will scratch you and leave you itchy and sore for days. It doesn't sting like nettle, it is an actual scratch. The flowers keep their scent for only a couple of months, but it is a heady smell. It dies back to the earth and keeps the roots warm in the earth until spring. Be mindful of where you place it for it will spread with a determined vigor.

The Flower Essence of Hop is focused on wisdom, relaxed tenaciousness and the flow of growth. It enables you to find emotional strength, constancy and stability in supporting your inner self where you need it most. *Visualize your inner vines twining together to support you higher and higher as you gain support to grow...*

A Man Among Trees

(Part 12)

Riley Hosick, aka Thunderbunny Riley

The man had stepped on to this trail more than a thousand times, and always found it to be more beautiful with every visit. Today, he thought, something was different. Normally a renewed energy would surge through him, almost like encouragement. Today he only felt

exhausted at the trek he knew laid before him. It had been six months since he had been out here, and he felt disconnected. The man heaved a bag over his shoulder and gripped his always reliant walking stick before clenching his eyes closed. He took a few steady breaths as a tear broke free, rolling down his cheek and into his long, white, roughly kept beard before beginning his three-mile hike. About a half mile into his walk, the man finally allowed his mind to drift. His thoughts, as they normally did, went to his daughter. She had called him a few days ago asking to meet her here for a picnic. He had wanted to decline her offer, but she was flying in from her childhood home, the one he had rebuilt on his grandfather's land. It was also time to be social, and time to follow a new path. "I've been a hermit long enough" he thought as he gave a slight chuckle and let his mind wander again.

The man paused in front of the tree that had nearly fallen on him sixty-five years ago. It had begun to decay over the last few years, and now it looked as though time had caught up with it. Only the trunk was recognizable, the rest had been weathered away. He smiled as he saw the rabbit hole still under the trunk. He hoped they would show themselves, but he knew they would not. It was December and despite the warm day, they would be tucked away sleeping right now. Finally catching his breath, the man closed his eyes and focused on what was left of the tree. "I know your name" He thought as he whispered. "Beth." He opened his eyes and began to feel more relaxed by the world around him. The man walked past the once fallen tree and found himself slightly relieved that he did not have to step over it anymore. At eighty-six, he had found some things became more difficult to do, and stepping over things had become one of them.

Following his customary path, the man slowly made his way to the stumps he had used while he visited here. He thought about how little he had changed them over the years, and how little they had needed changing. They had allowed him to share so many memories with his family and he increased his pace. As he walked into view of the stumps, he saw a long, charcoal gray cloth draped over a hunched body sitting at one. He smiled and continued approaching until he was within a few feet of the closest one. "Greetings young one" a lady's voice spoke. It was crackled and strained, revealing signs of an aged person, but still inviting and comforting also. "Please, have a seat and rest your body. If it is anything like mine it's easier to sit" she continued, her voice carrying the sense of light warm-heartedness as she spoke. He slid his bag off his back and gingerly placed it on the ground next to stump he choose to sit upon. "Ruis" the man said, meaning for it to sound like a question, although it came out as more of a statement. "Are you a witch?" he asked, this time before considering what he said.

"Ah, I do so love the joys that age brings, do you not?" she responded then took a deep breath and continued. "There is a higher likelihood of directness from those that have the wisdom to use it well." She paused and lifted her hood from her head. Her long black hair was filled with wiry streaks of silver, gray and white, making it almost shimmer when it moved. "I am just a ripple in the water." She turned to face the man. Her face bore a multitude of wrinkles, but there was no way for him to guess her age. However, it did not take away from her beauty. Her eyes were dark green and piercing, showing the vitality of a young, confident woman. "Necessary for change, but not always welcome." Without revealing her teeth, she smiled at the man.

When he sat down, she asked "What have you brought with you today, young one." The man leaned over and with effort, lifted the bag and opened the top flap. Reaching his hand in, he pulled out an aged board game and two sets of tokens. "I thought I would bring a few things for my daughter to keep." He responded as he pulled out a few more items, a ladle, vine bracelet, and a wood ring that matched the one on his finger. He paused and looked at the ring he wore.

His mind drifted to his wife and how she had made him feel for over fifty years. He had never loved anyone like he had loved her. Tears formed in his eyes, but he refused to let them fall this time as he swallowed the lump in his throat. The man felt a hand on his shoulder. It was only then he realized that the old lady had stood up and was now at his side. "All of these things shall pass away" She said as they both looked at the items laid out before them. "But your soul shall remain." She paused for a few moments, letting her words sink into the man. "This will be either a terrifying or exhilarating experience, but either way your path is going to be coming to an end soon," she spoke as she removed her hand from his shoulder.

"I still feel her you know," the man finally spoke, breaking the few minutes of silence that hung in the air. He looked at his ring before sliding it off his finger and setting it next to the one his wife had worn throughout their entire marriage. "Do not worry about her anymore, young one; you will be with her again." The old lady smiled again. "After all, everything dies. The real trick is not to live forever young one, but to create something that will last beyond the life you have been given." The man wanted to respond, but just as times before, he did not know what to say. "Also young one, life and death are one, just as seas and rivers are paired. There is never a time they are not joined together." The old lady spoke in a calm yet happy tone, allowing the man to feel a sense of peace he had not felt since his wife had passed six months ago. "Goodbyes are not forever, young one. They just mean that you will miss them until you meet again." The man smiled at the lady as she continued speaking. "Now, I think it is time for us to go," she concluded as she held out her hand.

The man stood up and extended his hand in return and held hers as he walked toward the river side. "Are we going on a new path, Lady Ruis?" The man asked, though he already knew the answer she would give. She did not respond however, rather she motioned for him lie down near the area he had slept many times before. He felt no fear as he laid his head down, rather there was an overwhelming sense of peace and he closed his eyes. He smiled as the old lady stroked his hair. "Your time for walking paths is over." Her voice sounded like a lullaby as he smiled with his eyes closed. "Now it is time for you to help teach." The old lady looked down at the man and watched as his breath went faint and then stopped. The forest around them fell silent as the old lady looked back at the stumps they had sat upon. There she saw a large rabbit staring at her. "He is with you now" She responded to the large hare.

---Thunderbunny Riley

(Part Thirteen concludes below)

A Man Among Trees

The car door slammed shut at the man looked at an old worn path surrounded by the overgrowth of the mountain side. He took a deep and full breath, allowing the crisp, morning Colorado air fill his lungs, before letting it out in a slow but steady pace. This was the first time he had come here, the thought to himself as he grabbed an old, well-worn walking stick. He smiled as he gripped the fresh leather binding. He had replaced it but kept his grandfather's same wrapping style in place. The man knew it did not really matter to others, but he wanted to keep the walking stick close to his grandfather's original design. That also included the patterned dashes that had been cut out of the base. He looked down at the walking stick and markings that were engraved. His grandfather had never told him how they had happened. His grandfather had just told him that they were important to the magic of the staff. The man began walking along the path as he continued to think about the walking stick, and the stories his grandfather would

tell about its magic. As a kid he had loved when his grandfather told him of the friends that lived in the forest and had often dreamed of coming out here so he could meet his grandfather's friends. However, when he got a little older he had started losing interest in his grandfather's stories. By the time he had finished college, he remembered, he actively avoided any trips out here. Now, he could not figure out why he had not come here sooner as he approached two trees that stood out of place. They both bore white, smooth bark. Tiny rings of silver wrapped vertically up the trees. Their branches canopied together, but they did not appear to interweave. The man could feel his heart beating in his chest as his excitement increased.

As he continued to look at the doorway-like trees, he heard a faint voice saying, "Come to me". The man scanned the forest beyond the trees but could not seem to locate the direction of the voice. Without thinking, the man walked underneath the trees and toward the direction of the voice. The man's head instinctively twisted to his left when his eyes caught a glimpse of something moving. A very large rabbit stood in its hind legs. The man stood there, watching the rabbit for a few moments as he felt it was also looking at him. "Come to me" the man heard the voice call out again. This time he could tell it was a lady's voice. The man watched the rabbit jump back into its hole, then began walking toward the voice. As the man stepped to the edge of a clearing, his breath was taken away at what he saw. Tall trees seemed to hug this little clearing. There was a well-kept series of bushes that stood between the clearing, and what the man could hear was the stream. The same stream from his grandfather's stories, he thought, and smiled. All around his grandfather's stories came to life and he began to feel like a kid all over again. He felt as though he was stepping into the story himself. He saw the stumps that had been used by his grandfather. Walking toward the stumps the man could see they too were just as his grandfather had described them. He slid his bag off his back and placed it on top of the largest of the three stumps. "You were right, grandfather" the man spoke quietly to himself. He felt a tear begin to swell, but he took a deep, steady breath and allowed the moment to pass. "This place is special, and I can see why you came here." He continued, trying to remember that this was his grandfather's favorite place, and it was a happy place.

The man suddenly remembered the voice that had called him this far. Taking only his walking stick, he followed the trail his grandfather made that led to the stream. He knew he should be more cautious when walking in a forest he did not know, but he had never felt more at peace with a place in his life. Knowing he was safe here, the man followed the path until it opened to the stream he had heard from the clearing. His senses were yet again overwhelmed with a sense of peace and calmness. Immediately, his eyes were drawn to a group of deer on the opposite side, drinking from the stream. He counted seven. Three were clearly does, the man thought. The other three however, the man would not be able to tell until they were older. Then there was the buck, and the man's focus turned to counting the points on its antlers. "Seven," the man heard the voice of a woman say, breaking the silence. The man turned his head toward the voice and saw it belonged to a young, beautiful woman. Her hair was long, deep red and curly. It cascaded off of her porcelain-like shoulders and hugged her face perfectly. She sat on a rock, hugging her legs and looked out at the deer. He was momentarily awe struck by her beauty. "Seven," she said to him again, without looking over to him. "There are seven points on his antlers. He is the Stag of Seven Tines." She stopped talking, and turned to look at the man. "We are lucky today, it's not often he comes out in front of strangers," she continued. The man shook his head for a moment, coming out of the temporary trance she had put upon him. "I have never seen anything so beautiful," he responded before thinking. "I mean um... I mean the deer over there," he corrected himself, feeling his cheeks turn hot from the unintended phrasing. "Oh" she

responded with a sly, mischievous smile. “Do you not think I am beautiful? Would you rather I leave and let you have time with the stag?” She giggled as she saw the man blush.

“W-who are you?” He responded with a slightly higher tone in his voice. He was nervous; she was the most enchanting lady he had ever seen. “I am called Beth,” she answered. The man noticed how her name hummed from her lips and hung in the air. “What brings you out here?” She asked the man as he still looked at her. The man gripped his walking stick and walked closer toward the lady as she continued to sit on the rock. “My grandfather came out here most of his life.” The man began answering her before he could think to stop himself. “He passed away just over five years ago, and this was his favorite place.” The lady gave an engaging smile as he continued. “He would tell stories about this place.” The man stared at the water as he spoke. “I can’t believe how accurately he described this place.”

“What do you feel when you are here?” the lady asked suddenly. The man stared at her for a few moments. She asked such a simple question, but he did not know how to answer it truthfully. He felt at home here, but he did not understand why. He felt at peace in the presence of this lady sitting on the rocks also, as if he had known her for years. “You know,” she spoke before the man could answer her, “You should not answer that now. It would take too long and there is so much you could say.” She smiled at the man again. “How about for today, we get to know each other.” She looked to the path the man had exited from and then back at the man. The man watched as she slid off the rock and gracefully approached the man, taking his hand. “Let’s go sit for a while. There is much you are going to want to know.” The lady pulled on his arm and he followed her back toward the path he had come through. “Just remember to follow the path.”

Attention to the Readers: Thank you for your continued support. This was the first time I have ever let others read my work. I began writing this series of stories because I wanted to prove to myself, I could finish something of this level. And yes, I am proud I accomplished that task. However, I am so much happier for doing this because of those that chose to keep reading after the first story. I am so very grateful to those who enjoyed my work, and thankful to those that did not.... because you still read my work.

Authenticity in three strands

The brochure for the Denver Celtic Women’s Circle contains the idea that we as a circle, or I as the founder, are seeking an authentic practice. I get asked about this from time to time as “authentic” is a term ripe for misuse. It’s good that people ask.

According to Merriam Webster, authentic first means being worthy of acceptance or belief as being factual, or conforming to the essential features of an original, or being done or made in the same way as an original. The second meaning is not false, and the third is being true to one’s own spirit. These ideas are a good starting point.

Keeping in mind the literal meaning of the word ‘authentic,’ in my practice there are three strands of authenticity that I am guided by: antiquity, time, and location.

When I decided to focus on “Celtic” spirituality, it was a challenge to explore and uncover the real practices that sustained our Celtic ancestors. I turned aside from neoPagan generalism, and then turned aside from the idea of a Pan-European philosophy, and finally let go of the idea of a Pan-Celtic practice and settled on Irish Pagan spirituality. In this way I have followed the strand of authenticity connected to antiquity. I have visited Ireland, studied the language, read up on the

archaeology and the megaliths, dove into the mythology and the stories of the Gods and not-Gods. Along the way I have tried, to the best of my ability, to share what I have found out about the essential features of the original, and to provide links to reliable experts in the field, and I continue to learn. Having reached a plateau in my understanding, I have entered into a Master's degree program through the University College Cork, in order to gain even better clarity, to research and to continue to evolve and to teach.

As a part of my spiritual practice I hew to the idea that every day and every moment is new. That the only moment in which magic can be done is this moment. The only day that matters is today and that the people right in front of you are the ones that matter. Out of this I am driven in the spirit of service, which, in the circle, we call 'branching.' I have had the privilege of blessing both babies and houses, joining hands together in union, bringing people together to mourn. Not everyone believes or practices exactly as I believe or practice and so, different from more dogmatic practices and denominations, I have sought out what I judged was best for each occasion, each ritual. I find serving Pagan people in our Pagan community worthy of acceptance and conforming to the facts of modern life in front of me.

Similar to that, respecting our modern time, I wrestled with how I should present myself, and by extension, how I would want the women who follow me to present themselves as representatives of this practice. Luckily enough, I'm being followed rather closely by my friend Kellene who, while respecting my creative side, prevented us from veering off into the territory of Star Wars Handmaidens of Naboo. (If you google their green parade gowns you'll see where I was headed...) I'm as nerdy as any of us, but we needed to balance different practicalities. After being pulled back into reason, I settled on two outfits, basic hiking gear, including fleece vests with our logo, or magnetic badges with the same for when fleece is not appropriate, and simple cotton gowns with clasps that harken back to a part of our liturgy, with an Irish wool ruana or cloak. (I am indebted to Kellene for locating these pieces; she examined a lot of influences to bring us to them.) These choices reflected our Irish heritage, our outdoor practice, and the practical need to be properly identified in a group.

And, just like the decision that our official ritual gear needed to include hiking boots, I practice and teach about fire safety, park regulations, and what you need to have in your day pack. We talk about the spiritual challenges of racism and climate change. This is the time that we live in, and this is the place where we practice.

And that brings me to location. Our myths are grounded in place, and that place isn't here. As I dig deeper into understanding the Irish literature and manuscript tradition, it is not only to understand it there, but to understand how to transpose that here. They understood the landscape they lived in, the plants, the trees, the landforms, they drew their magic and their myths from that understanding, and so we teach native plant identification along with a little geography and geology. Like the *fian* bands of old, we get out into it.

People are rightly challenged by the fact that we are the incursion on this land, displacing the people before us. This is not outside of the original traditions we draw on and we have choices about how to be honest and honorable about that. Both the lore and the paleogenealogy show that the current population of Ireland massively displaced the earlier populations, took on their sacred sites and absorbed an unknown amount of their culture. We acknowledge the ancestors of the land we stand on, and we have opportunities to work with the spiritual challenges of this reality.

As American citizens, our ancestors include the enslaved men and women who built the foundations of our nation both literally and figuratively. We have the opportunity to address that spiritual debt, and the honor that is owed to those ancestors, and this takes place not only at a quiet

private altar, but in the fabric of our lives, our decisions, our actions. This is an authenticity based on location. This is not Ireland. This is America. We practice here.

I hope that provides some insight into how I view and pursue “authenticity” and what I mean by that. We seek out the truth from manuscripts, language, archaeology. We respond to the fact that we live in modern times and serve a modern community. We engage in a direct relationship with the land we practice in, and with the complex meaning of being American. All of this in the ongoing context of Irish polytheistic and animistic ritual practice. The examples I have provided are just selections from this great journey. There is so much more to learn and explore, so much more that we have already delved into and opened up. This is a living practice.

I hope that you are well, and happy.

Peace of the mountains to you.

Paulie Rainbow

founder: Denver Celtic Women's Circle.

Turtle Monkey children's book series

For information on any of our books please visit: www.jofontana.com

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.

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

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

COMING SOON:

Gods of the Bay

Comfort Food for All Seasons

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

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!

Dec 27, 2019

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

WHOM TO CONTACT

For Pagan or Wiccan clergy or for any other Hearthstone business, please contact Catherine by phone or email, or contact Arynne by email. Catherine's phone number is 303-886-7067, and her e-mail address is fionnula.harp@gmail.com. If you would like to officiate at a future Open Full Moon,

please contact Arynne at ArynneD@aol.com At this point we have ritual leaders scheduled for all of 2020! Thank you all for volunteering your talents!

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

GUEST COLUMNS?

If you have something to say, and are willing to let Catherine and Arynne edit it slightly, (generally for grammar and spelling; Catherine has been known to grammar-check television commercials) please feel free to submit your writing to fionnula.harp@gmail.com Content will not be edited. We can usually make room for more voices. **We appreciate our contributors!**

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

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Hearthstone Open Full Moon Dates

December 6, 2019
January 10, 2020
February 7, 2020
March 6, 2020
April 3, 2020
May 1, 2020
June 5, 2020
July 3, 2020
July 31, 2020
August 28, 2020
September 25, 2020
October 30, 2020
November 27, 2020