



J.M.J.

# The Catholic Colonies: Part 1



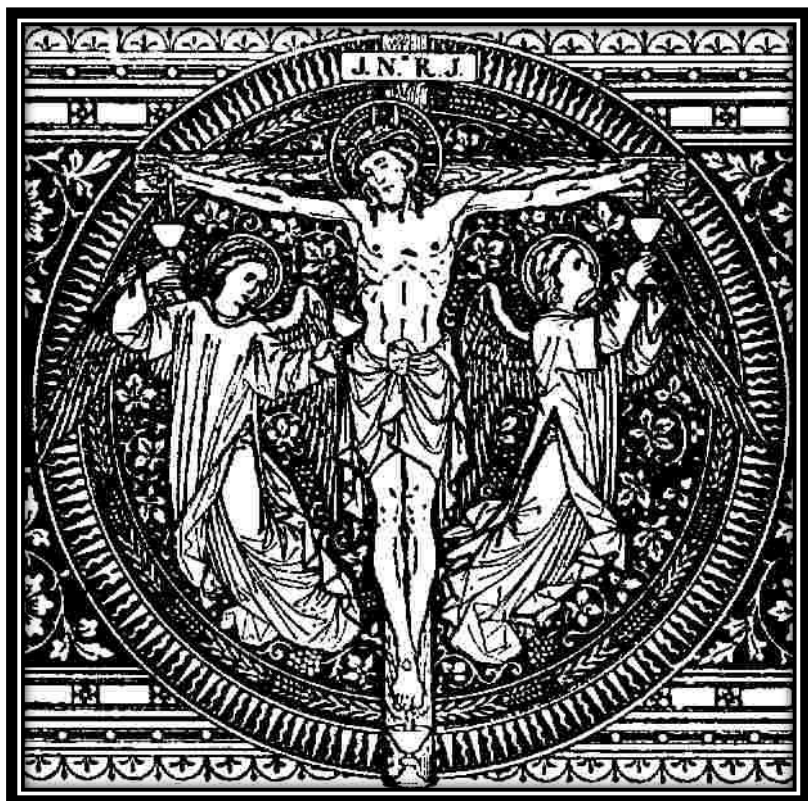
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## Glory to the Blood of Jesus!

*“Blood of Jesus, Precious Blood,  
Praise to Thee for all Thou art;  
Fount of grace, the Godhead’s shrine,  
Source of glory, Blood Divine. . .  
Blood that angel hosts adore,  
Would that men would love Thee more,  
Blood of Jesus, Sacred Heart,  
Praise and thanks for all Thou art,  
Home where all find peace and rest,  
Be Thou known and loved and blest!”*

—Fr. Faber



↖CHRISTLAND

N  
W + E  
S

↖*sea*



↖*north coast*

**The Sanguis Christi Isles**  
~ aka "The Catholic Colonies"

*sea*

↖CAPITAL

*The Northeast* ↗

*coast*

*Droplets*

SEMINARY

↖*The Northwest*

*Droplets*

MONASTERY

*sea*  
*coast*

*mountains*



*mountains*

**THE WILDS**



*forest*

↖*Pretium*

*wilderness*



*The Misericordiae*

*River*

**Cruce**

*coast*  
*Cordium*

*sea*

*coast*

**Purgatory**  
OUR LADY OF MERCY  
CHILDREN'S HOME



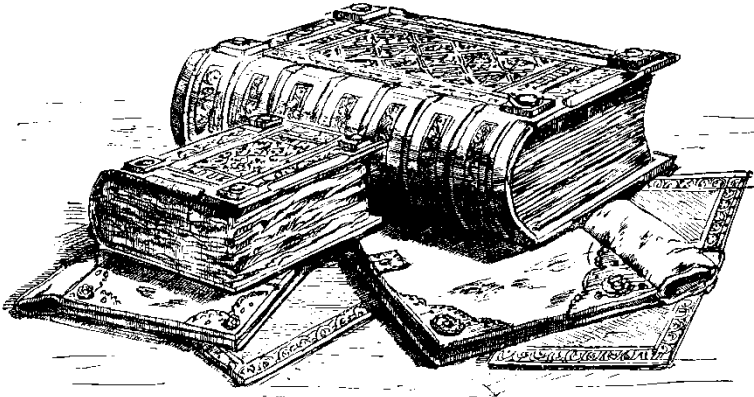
A.M.D.G.

B.V.M.H.

All to the  
Greater Glory of God  
and in Honor of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary







## Prologue: Pages of History...

“TELL US,” requested the convalescent child, resting among soft red clover, shaded by boughs, “the story of these Isles. . .the tale of our motherland. . .”

“What don’t you know?” the older boy, thus addressed, inquired.

“Oh—please tell us the whole story, as though we knew it not,” she answered.

“Though there is much that I, myself, as yet, know not, I will do as you ask,” came his kind reply, accompanied by a gentle smile.

And the boy began the story.



“...My family has long been good friends with the Chrétien, sharing both their sorrows and joys. . .of which there have been many in the past three decades. These events, pertaining to our own days, began before my time. *Mon père* was still unwed, and His Majesty was but recently married to a most noble, beautiful, and virtuous lady,



## Chapter 1: A Providential Meeting

“GOOD MORNING, MERTEN!”

The young farmhand, who went by the name of Merten Meinhardt [*mine-heart*], and was the same age as the reigning king of Christland, looked up at the merry call, a smile breaking across his face at first sight of the boy and girl hailing him from astride their mounts. He had been so intent on his work that he had not heard the hoof beats thudding on the thick grassy fields.

Merten was kneeling in the southwest corner of a fenced pasture. It was early morning, April twenty-ninth, the feast of St. Peter Martyr, and he had just finished burying the last of the blessed palms which were to be placed in the four corners of one's property, so as to obtain heaven's special protection.

“Hello,” he said, standing up and taking a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, leaning his forearms over the top fence railing, and wiping the wet dirt from his fingers.



## Chapter 2: Becoming Acquainted

“**W**HAT’S the *word*, Merten!?”  
“Good morning to you *too*, Monald,” the farmhand grinningly returned, while hefting a saddle and slinging it over the corral rail.

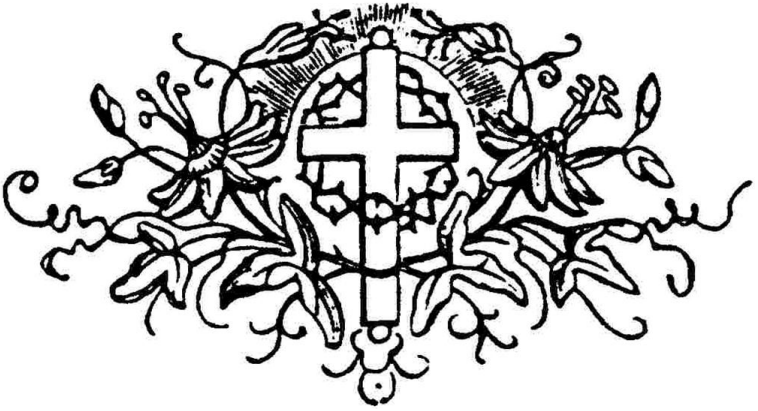


### Chapter 3: When Night Fell...

**E**DWIN NOLAND lay in the guestroom bed, tired after that Thursday's long ramble but unable to rest. Looking back on it, it had been a fun, full day of recreation, something that the orphan could not recall enjoying for many years past. The companionable time spent with Lewis and Meriol Marsden and their cousin Monald had hearkened back to his earliest childhood memories. . .those innocent, carefree days of old before. . .



## Chapter 4: *The Finding of Noland*



Chapter 5: "Take up thy Cross"

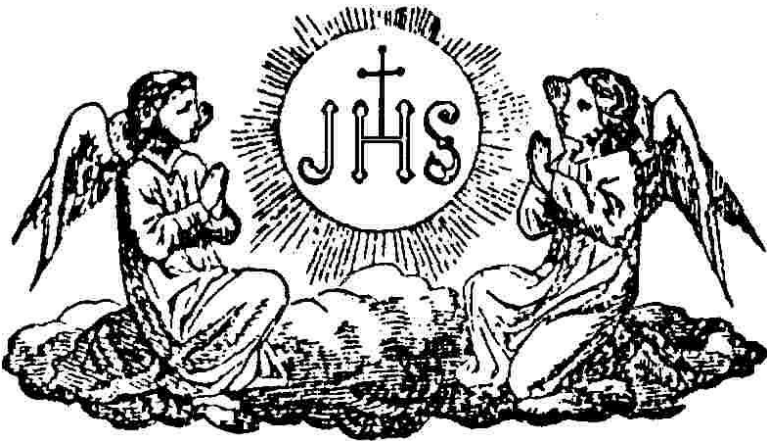


## Chapter 6: Newsflash

**B**EFORE the young amateur detective could more actively pursue his “official” private investigation, a series of devastating, damaging events hit the small town of Cruce which temporarily diverted Monald’s attention and served also to distract the constable, as the situation rapidly worsened.



Chapter 7: Sunday Jaunt



### Chapter 8: *The Feast of Corpus Christi*

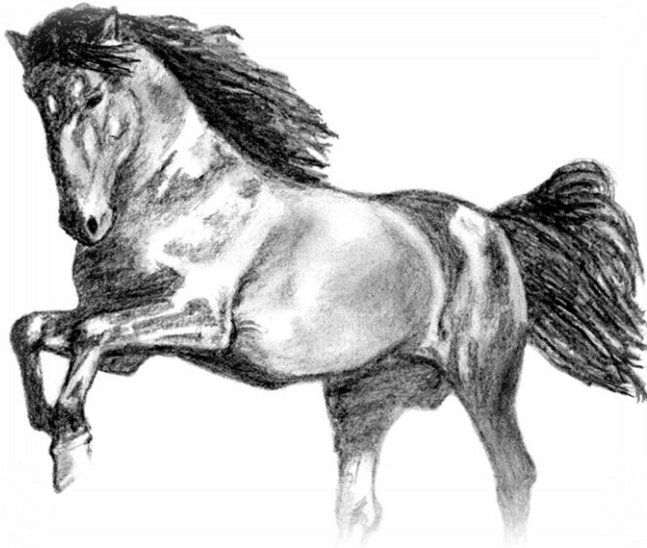
CRUCE RECEIVED the blessing of a missionary priest's arrival the very afternoon preceding the joyous Church festival solemnly celebrating the Holy Eucharist. The cleric came to hear confessions for as long as was necessary, to baptize a few newborns, and to bless sacramentals, among other priestly duties. As the weather promised to be most fair, he would offer High Mass outdoors the next morning before leaving immediately afterwards for another town.



## Chapter 9: Plans

“MERCY,” groaned the Architect. “Not another design. I tell you, Meaney, I won’t look at it. Tell your ‘well-meaning’ wife to go *pester* someone *else* about it for a change. Not ME. Better yet, tell her to send her drawings out of town to some other needful parish. Maybe *they* would accept them. I won’t, now or ever. And that’s flat,” he emphatically cut the air with his hand, stating, “Absolute and final answer,” before crossing his arms and slumping back in his chair, looking decidedly “out of sorts.”

It was the first-of-the-month committee meeting.



## Chapter 10: Red Diamond. . .Red Diamond!

“RED DIAMOND!” cried a suave young man on the fair grounds, midmorning of June thirteenth, the feast of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus. “Who wants to wager that the apparent crowd favorite will be beat by that black beauty over there? Anyone? . . .”

“Who’s he betting on against Red, Merten?” Lewis asked, striding past the man, keeping step with Dr. Alden’s farmhand who was leading their stallion to the corrals.

To be continued in...  
The Catholic Colonies: Part 2



## Afterword:

Many of my stories are written in a time reminiscent of the Middle Ages, although also resembling the Victorian era. Please keep in mind that they are not to be regarded as historically accurate of a certain time period. I mention this mainly in regards to the prayers and saints which I include. The prayers from the Holy Mass follow the 1962 Roman Missal, and thus the Liturgical Calendar of that time (which features many saints of a later time period than I picture my characters living).

Please excuse this early century/recent century fictional setting. I hope that you enjoy the stories all the same; I know that I have thoroughly enjoyed writing them!

## Author's Note:

Images depicting people and places by name are not *exactly* how the author imagines the places, and especially the people, in The Catholic Colonies Series as looking like. Some semblance is there, but they really provide only a glimmering of the actual characters and scenes; as well as the enjoyment of perusing a "picture-book" section of some beautiful old-time images.



**Disclaimer:** *All errors contained in the story are mine;  
anything good in it is the work of God's grace!*





Meriol



*The Misericordiae River*



*Red Diamond*



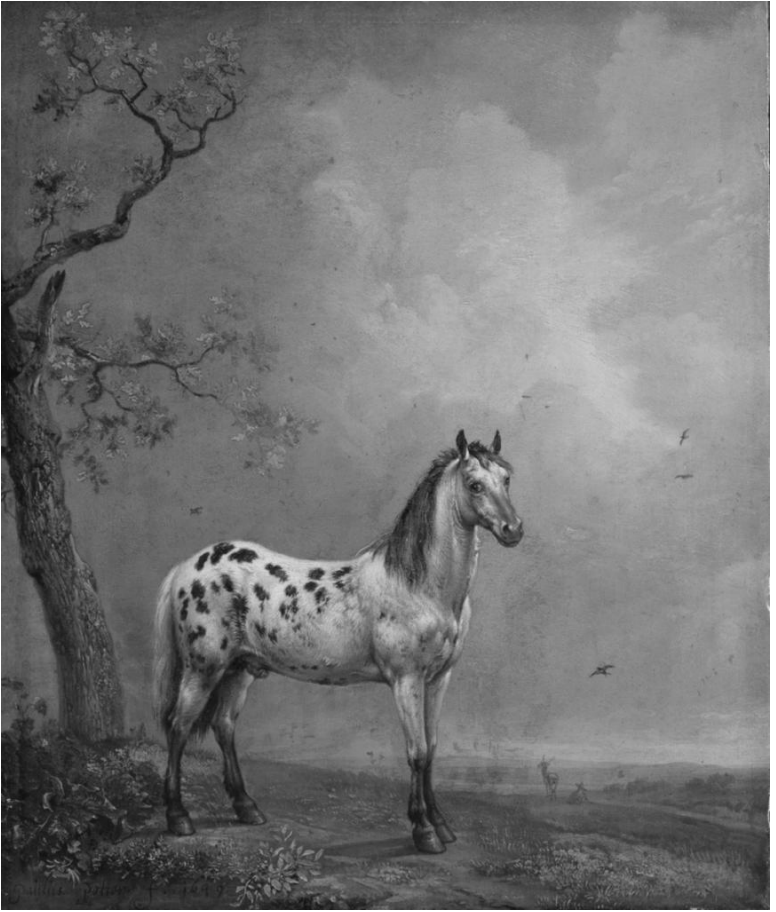


*The Mouser*





Kelpie



Otis