# KEGINA MARTYRUM SOCIETAS MARCH-APRIL 2022



Welcome to the first issue of Regina Martyrum Societas Post. Here you will find what we have been working on this month. Our website is finished and ready-to-go: rms.dashjr.org!

#### What's happening March-April?

We'll continue working on publishing Sixteen Years and the Anti-Commie Irregular Series. Meanwhile we'll try to wrap up The Girl in the Raincoat, Dans le Grenier, and Trooper A1.

This summer, we'll be sending out a weekly, historical-geared periodical: Sound the Advance! to those who are interested. If you'd like to suscribe, you can do so on the main webpage. It'll be sent out on Wednesdays, starting on June 1, and going on till August 31. Its main feature is a chapter per week of The Girl in the Raincoat, a historical fiction novel. Also included are weekly recipes, trivias, fun facts, research suggestions, and more!

To all of our readers: Have a great (penitential) Lent, and an even better Easter! Enjoy reading!



# CATALOGUE





## Pizzelle Cannoli \$10 per dozen

Whipped cream, ricotta cheese, sugar, chocolate, flour, butter, vanilla extract, baking powder, salt, eggs.



## Candied Pecans \$2 per small bag

Egg whites, water, sugar, salt, cinnamon, pecans.





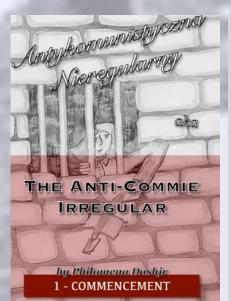
### Chocscotch Cookies \$6 per dozen

Flour, baking powder, butter, brown sugar, sugar, vanilla extract, egg, chocolate, butterscotch.



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Antykomunistyczna Nieregularny aka The Anti-Commie Irregular: Book 1 - Commencement

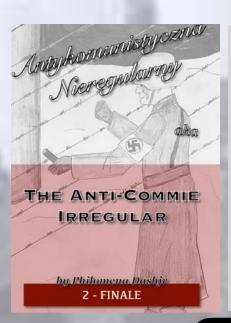
by Philomena Dashjr

\$15.00 USD paperback; \$1.50 eBook

289 pages

This is an imaginary story of one person's combat against Communism. Chrześcijańska Mary Krzyżowiecówna, a young Polish girl at the start of the book, is the 'Anti-Commie Irregular'. To win against the Communism she faces, it will take stamina, trust, courage, friendship, hope, Faith-and speed-all of which she has. Her story is a sad one at times, but she will never lose her optimism. There are mysteries she must solve...Nazis she must face....strangers she must ally...decisions she must make...a path she must choose.

Order online at:



Antykomunistyczna Nieregularny aka The Anti-Commie Irregular: Book 2 - Finale

by Philomena Dashir

\$15.00 USD; \$1.50 eBook

312 pages

As a recap, Jańska, Mon, and Anieia have been reunited with their families, and, having made it safely to Switzerland with them-and Zieja!-have moved to Spain. In 1942, however, the four girls have graduated...and we close there, now traveling ahead in time to St. Joseph, Missouri, twenty years later...

Order online at:



Here are just a few things available in the RMS shop! If you're interested, visit the shop on our website for more details!

# -\$2.00 USD DISCOUNT IF ORDERED BEFORE EASTER!

#### PRICES SHOWN ARE THE ORIGINAL PRICES.



#### Sash

Doubles as a scarf!

\$6-8 USD



#### French-style Beret

Sorry, doesn't come with an accent!

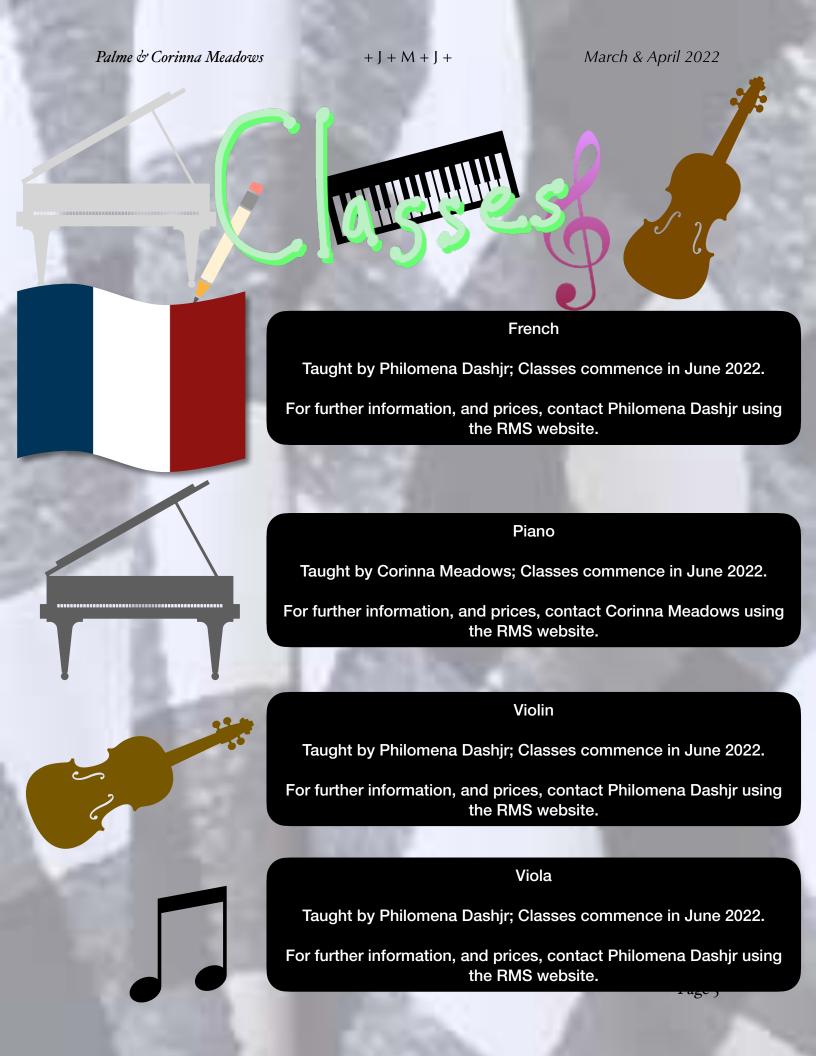
\$10-12 USD



#### Potholder

Ideal for protecting non-heat-proof surfaces from hot pots and pans.

\$2-4 USD



#### **Story Excerpt**

#### An Ave Maria: A story of Bl. Magdalene Kiota

A note from the author: Bl. Magdalene Kiota, as well as the missionaries mentioned, really lived and really were martyred. I have added the other characters. However, this story is true in that Magdalene Kiota, princess of Japan, watched her parents' martyrdom; became an Augustinian tertiary; fled to the hills; and was martyred because she gave herself up to the authorities, for the purpose of encouraging the other Catholics to die for their Faith. Being a princess, she may have had a maid and companion. Christians in Japan in the 1600's usually hired Christian servants. So there may have been someone like Mari Sonakawa. But we cannot know for certain.

#### Chapter One: A Cold Winter Morning in Japan

It was a bleak winter morning in Japan, 1620 AD, that would normally oblige any unfortunate passer-by to rub his fingers, shake his head vigorously, declare it was stinging weather, and hurry indoors as soon as possible. But then, while they were rushing along, regardless of the freezing temperatures, they would pause for a brief instant to note the presence of a young lady standing on the side of the street, who seemed somehow unaffected by the cold. She was a slender girl of sixteen, wearing a long, flowing silk kimono, as was customary for royal scion in Japan. The Princess of the Kiota Royal Family, Magdalene Kiota —for it was she—was descended from centuries of courageous, fearless, and mighty Japanese warriors, and she usually looked it.

But not today. Today was an exception. Magdalene had just been forced to witness her parents' execution, for no reason but that they were devout Catholics. Magdalene had not yielded, but she had been spared on account of her tender years. However, she had been cruelly made to watch the procedure, as a warning of what would happen if she continued in her Christian ways.

Her delicate, olive-toned face was almost entirely void of expression. She seemed to be in a state of shock. And her maid and companion, also a Christian, Mari Sonakawa, perceived it. She had not been nearly as affected by the tragedy as Magdalene, for the simple reason that it had not been her own parents that had been martyred. Mari was an orphan of about the same age as Magdalene. Now she stepped outside the kitchen door of the Kiota family's city house, and quickly darted across the street to where the learned royal princess was still standing, as rigid as a statue.

Magdalene made a deep bow, as is proper in etiquette for all normal Japanese. "My Lady," she started, "I know it is above me to say so, but truly I must protest. It is not healthy for any human to remain outdoors in weather like this. I implore you, my dear Lady..."

Magdalene was brought back to the present. Had she been a pagan ruler, she might have been offended at the liberty Mari had just taken; but, having been reared in Christian charity and humility, Magdalene tried never to be angry with those who wished her well. Indeed, her generous nature gave her no difficulty on that point. Now Magdalene took Mari's hand in a friendly manner, while tears streamed down her face.

"They are in heaven," she told Mari quietly, in a broken tone. "They are in heaven, I am sure of it, but I have been left here on this earth. Why?"

"My dear Lady and Princess!" Mari exclaimed. "You can only have been left here for a purpose. What that purpose is, I cannot say, but you must not feel discouraged. And your mother, the High Princess herself, would tell you to come inside—and, as always—"

"To say an Ave Maria," Magdalene giggled in spite of herself. Both girls knew the late High Princess's favorite remedy in any distressing situation: to say an Ave Maria. Magdalene managed to suppress her merriment a moment later, however, for it was most certainly not befitting a daughter of a martyr to be laughing ten minutes after her parents' martyrdom.

"Yes. Henceforth I beg you to come in," Mari continued, smiling.

"Then we shall, and we must not forget the Ave Maria," Magdalene agreed. To be continued...



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