

What do you get when you mix a former Civil Rights activist with two white women and a career-seeking journalist? A telling tale of old secrets, romance, and a mighty encounter with God, that's for sure.

Written by Rosemarie Peltier Fogarty, *When the Purple Martins Come* shares the divine interaction of a journalist who is more tactless than sensitive and a couple of local women who've got history wrapped up like twine.

For James Byers, interviewing the locals at God's Bend means pushing past boundaries for the sake of a juicy secret. But as he investigates this small-town community in North Carolina, and builds connections with the people who have called it home, this bossy reporter starts learning what it means to really love something--and be loved in return.

With compelling plotlines, three-dimensional characters, and quintessential Southern-isms, Fogarty brings a Christian fiction novel to life. Her strong DNA of humor, too, adds a breath of fresh air to a thick storyline of drama and romance. And because the plotline reads effortlessly, God's Bend ends up feeling more like a town on a map than some city in a chapter.

Lovers of Harper Lee and Francine Rivers will find a kindred spirit in Fogarty's pen, and readers with an appetite for pure, but intriguing fiction will devour *When the Purple Martins Come*. Please enjoy this excerpt from its recent publication, and visit its homepage [here](#) for more information.

Rose's flight had been late arriving that night. When she finally reached her hotel room, she opened the door and haphazardly threw the newspaper that the bellman had given her on top of the nightstand. She was drained from her trip, so after unpacking her suitcase, she went straight to bed. Rose awoke the next morning filled with energy and positive purpose, until she picked up the newspaper off her nightstand and read it.

An article at the bottom of the front page jumped out at her. It was titled "Pioneer in the War Against Racism to Speak at U Miss Graduation." The byline read "James Byers, reporter for The Mississippi Sunrise." Rose quickly read the article. When she finished, she threw the paper on the floor. "I haven't been in town twenty-four hours and that Byers guy couldn't wait to start drama. The nerve of that man. I see he even weaseled his way into introducing me today at the graduation. He better hope that I don't kick him in the rear. He has no idea who he's dealing with." Unfortunately, Rose had enough time before the ceremonies to build up a head of steam; all morning she obsessed on the words that James Byers had penned.

"I just don't have time for this! That reporter's got no business sticking his nose in my life. I don't know what this boy thinks he's doing. He's all up in my world thinking he's Oprah or something. Violated! Yeah, I feel violated. I feel like someone's broken into my

bedroom and rummaged through my underwear drawer! Now, I have to go and be with him on that stage and keep my mouth shut.

“Oh Lord, I haven’t asked You to help me with my mouth in a long time. Please let me remember that my tongue is sharper than a two-edged sword. I can see it right now; me standing up there all fired up, chopping him up into little pieces with my mouth and leaving him lying there like roadkill all over the stage. There’ll be babies crying and old people falling out in the audience. It’ll be outright mayhem! Please, God, help me!”

Rose was used to talking to herself, but today, she was ranting and raving. She knew she had to get her temper in check. Remembering the calming words Cindy always said to her when she went off the deep end, she thought, “Breathe in, breathe out, chase out that devil.” As she slowly repeated these words, her respiration began to slow. Rose glanced again at the article. She couldn’t let it get to her. Today was too important.