

Archangel Michael Sunday Children's Story

Materials:

- Online video clip, "Archangel Michael"
- Picture or statue of Archangel Michael
- **OPTIONAL:** This story was written for the Feast of St. Michael on September 29. It can be used anytime; just remove part of story about Michaelmas.

Good morning and welcome. Our story today is about Archangel Michael. Yesterday we celebrated Michaelmas, which is the feast of Archangel Michael. People around the world honored Archangel Michael by giving his prayers and decrees.

Here is a statue of Archangel Michael and here's a picture of him.

(Hold up focuses.)

We know that Archangel Michael is a mighty Archangel. He is the Prince of the Archangels and of the Angelic Hosts and he serves on the first ray of God's will, protection and faith. His divine complement is the Archeia faith.

We call to Archangel Michael for protection. Archangel Michael has a sword of blue flame that has been made from pure light substance. Let's watch a short video clip of our beloved Guru Ma teaching us about Archangel Michael and how we can call to him for protection. ***(Play online video clip.)***

Today I'm going to share a true story of a Marine wounded in Korea in 1950. That was 62 years ago. The Marine writing the letter to his mother was a young man. He told her of a fascinating story of something he experienced in the war. Later, after the letter had been

written, a navy chaplain who spoke to the young Marine and his mother as well as to the outfit commander confirmed that this story was true.

Here is the Marine's letter to his mom.

Dear Mom,

I am writing to you from a hospital bed. Don't worry, Mom, I am okay. I was wounded, but the doctor says that I will be up in no time. Mom, something happened to me that I don't dare tell anyone else for fear they won't believe me. But I have to tell you, the one person I can confide in, although even you may find it hard to believe.

You remember the prayer to Saint Michael that you taught me to pray when I was little, Michael, Michael of the Morning:

Michael, Michael of the morning,

Fresh chord of Heaven adorning,

Keep me safe today,

And in time of temptation

Drive the devil away.

Amen

Before I left home for Korea, you urged me to remember this prayer before any battles with the enemy. *(How many of your moms remind you to say your daily prayers to Archangel Michael. After you hear this story, you will see why it's important to listen to them.)*

But you really didn't have to remind me, Mom. I have always prayed it, and when I got to Korea, I sometimes said it a couple of times a day while marching or resting.

Well, one day, we were told to move forward to scout for the

enemy. It was a really cold day. As I was walking along, I noticed another fellow walking beside me, and I looked to see who it was.

He was a big fellow, a Marine about 6'4". Funny, but I didn't know him, and I thought I knew everyone in my unit. I was glad to have the company and broke the silence between us.

"Chilly today, isn't it?" Then I chuckled because suddenly it seemed absurd to talk about the weather when we were advancing to meet the enemy.

He chuckled too, softly.

"I thought I knew everyone in my outfit," I continued, "but I have never seen you before."

"No," he agreed, "I have just joined. The name is Michael."

"Really?! That's mine, too."

"I know," the Marine said, "Michael, Michael of the morning...."

Mom, I was really surprised that he knew about my prayer, but I had taught this prayer to many of the other guys. So I just thought that this newcomer must have picked it up from someone else.

Then, out of the blue, Michael said, "There's going to be trouble ahead."

I wondered how he could know that. I was breathing hard from the march, and my breath hit the cold air like dense clouds of fog. Michael seemed to be in top shape because I couldn't see his breath at all. Just then, it started to snow heavily, and soon the snow was so dense I could no longer hear or see the rest of the men in my outfit. I got a little scared and yelled, "Michael!"

Then I felt his strong hand on my shoulder and heard his voice in

my ear, "It's going to clear up soon."

It did clear up, suddenly. And then, just a short distance ahead of us, like so many dreadful realities, were seven enemy soldiers. Their guns were steady and pointed straight in our direction.

"Down, Michael!!" I yelled as I dove for cover. Even as I was hitting the ground, I looked up and saw Michael still standing, as if paralyzed by fear, or so I thought at the time. Bullets were spurting all over the place, and Mom, there was no way the enemy could have missed at that short distance. I jumped up to pull him down, and then I was hit. The pain was like a hot fire in my chest, and as I fell, my head swooned and I remember thinking, "I must be dying..."

Then I sensed that someone with strong arms was holding me and laying me gently on the snow. I slightly opened my eyes, and the sun seemed to blaze in my eyes. Michael was standing still, and there was a terrible splendor in his face. Suddenly, he seemed to grow, like the sun, the splendor increasing intensely around him like the wings of an angel. As I slipped into unconsciousness, I saw that Michael held a sword in his hand, and it flashed like a million lights.

Later on, when I woke up, the rest of the guys came to see me with the sergeant.

"How did you do it, son?" the sergeant asked me.

"Where's Michael?" I asked in reply.

"Michael who?" The sergeant seemed puzzled.

"Michael, the big Marine walking with me, right up to the last moment. I saw him there as I fell."

"Son," the sergeant said gravely, "you're the only Michael in my

unit. And son, you weren't walking with anyone. I was watching you because you were too far off from us, and I was worried. Now tell me, son," he repeated, "how did you do it?"

It was the second time he had asked me that, and I found it irritating. "How did I do what?"

"How did you kill those seven enemy soldiers? There wasn't a single bullet fired from your rifle."

And that, Mom, is the end of my story. It may have been the pain, or the blazing sun, or the chilling cold. I don't know, Mom, but there is one thing I am sure about, it happened.

Love your son,

Michael

CONCLUSION:

Who do you think was with the Marine? *(Allow children to answer.)* Yes, Archangel Michael. We may not see Archangel Michael, but we do know that if we give our protection calls to him, he and his blue-lightning angels will protect us.

Remember to say your calls each day, just like the young Marine in the story did.

Thank you for participating in the story. Have a wonderful day.