

## **Beloved Archangel Michael Sunday Service Children's Story**

**Time:** Approximately 10 minutes depending upon delivery and children's responses.

Good morning and welcome and we welcome all the families who have joined us on the broadcast. Our story today is about Archangel Michael. On September 29 people around the world celebrate Michaelmas and honor Archangel Michael by giving his prayers and decrees.

Here is a picture of Archangel Michael. ***(Show picture.)***

We know that Archangel Michael is a mighty Archangel. He is the Prince of the Archangels and of the Angelic Hosts and 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. How many of you have a sword? ***(Allow children to answer.)*** Would you like to have one that is made of pure light? ***(Show picture.)***

Our story today is based on true story about a family who moved from Oregon to Alaska. Let's hear our story now.

## *An Angel the Size of Alaska\**

Just after midnight the phone rang waking my husband, Michael, and me. Michael spoke to someone a few seconds, hung up and turned to me with a sleepy smile. "It's one of the guys at work," he said. "He says we should go out and look at the northern lights."

We had been living in Alaska for over a year and still hadn't seen the famous aurora borealis. The folks at the Forest Service didn't want us to sleep through it this time.

Michael and I tiptoed past our thirteen-year old daughter's room. Kristi had been having difficulty sleeping since moving to Alaska, so we thought it best not to wake her. We stepped out on the deck. High above us a sky full of light green curtains flashed and shimmered, changing shape like quicksilver. "Oh, my!" I whispered, overwhelmed by the sight. ***(Show picture of aurora borealis.)***

"This was definitely worth getting up for," Michael said, taking my hand.

"We should wake Kristi," I said. Michael agreed.

Kristi's room was chilly when we opened the door. Her window was open. I shook Kristi gently under her quilt. "Kristi, honey? You need to come out and see..." I pulled the covers back and found just more blankets arranged to look like my sleeping daughter. "She's gone!"

In trying to adjust to living in Alaska, Kristi would often go for walks alone, but she had never gone out at night before. Maybe she too had been attracted by the northern lights dancing in the bright sky.

Michael and I ran back outside, searching the area and calling her name. No answer.

“Do you think she went into the woods?” I asked.

“Maybe she was looking at the night sky from the truck and fell asleep there,” Michael said.

But, Kristi wasn't there. We yelled into the pines and got no answer except echoes. We walked to the nearby train tracks and saw no one. We shone flashlights on the ragged lakeshore but found nothing.

“Let's drive out to that old airstrip,” I said. “She likes to walk there.”

We checked the airstrip, then the small dock where Kristi liked to sit, but still no Kristi.

“Let's go home,” Michael said. “She might have come back by now.”

The house was empty as ever when we got there. We called the state police. They drove out and asked us about where Kristi might have gone. “We'll check all over,” a policeman assured us.

Michael walked the lakeshore again while I sat by the phone. “Please, God,” I prayed, staring at it. “We need your protection. Kristi's all alone. I'm all alone.”

By 3:00 a.m. Michael and I were numb. The police had found no leads. Michael looked exhausted.

“Why don't you stay here and listen for the phone. I'm going to take the truck up to the highway. She has to come home from that direction,” I said.

I grabbed the keys to the truck and left Michael on the couch. I felt so small and helpless in this huge, empty country. How could I expect to watch over my young daughter out here in the wilds of nature?

I took the car to the entrance of the highway and scanned in all directions, not wanting to miss a single car or the sight of a girl on foot. The radio was my only company. Far above me the northern lights shimmered. Would they guide me to Kristi?

That's when my eye fell on one straight, sword-like streak in the sky, just outside the truck window. A thin, pointed band that began at the horizon and went...how far up? I twisted my neck around to look through the windshield, but I still couldn't see the end of it.

I got out of the truck. Frost crunched under my feet as I walked around to the front, resting my hand on the fender. The streak went all the way across the sky, end to end across the heavens.

As I looked at it, it changed before my eyes.

Far above my head an angel was suspended. He looked like some kind of warrior. His wings spread from one side of the horizon to the other. Every feather in his wings was perfect, crystalline light. His chiseled features were confident and sharp. ***(Show picture of Archangel Michael.)***

I didn't know whether to laugh in delight or fall to my knees at this tremendous being taking up the entire sky. Even the great state of Alaska shrank in size beneath his magnificent wings.

For the first time since I'd found Kristi's bed empty I no longer felt helpless or afraid. How could anyone be afraid with this magnificent being keeping watch? I could almost feel his strong arms around me and hear the crunch of his mighty feet on the snowy ground in the distance.

Crunch! I did hear the sound of crunch. The sound came again—it was footsteps! And they were getting louder. They came from over by the train tracks.

“Kristi!” I ran forward to meet her as she came out of the woods, shivering in her hooded sweatshirt and bedroom slippers. Her tear-stained face was cold under my hands.

“I’m sorry I scared you guys,” she said. “I just needed to walk, but I kept looking up at the sky and lost my way.”

I wrapped my arms around her and led her back to the car. I put the truck in gear and looked up to thank my warrior protector. But he was already gone, replaced by the dancing curtain of lights. I could just make out what had been the tips of his wings disintegrating into a smoky green haze.

I thought about my warrior a lot over the next two years as Michael and I and Kristi worked to make Alaska our home. It wasn’t always easy. But when I doubted I had the strength to go on, I remembered an angel the size of Alaska was watching over all of us.

We would never truly be lost again.

## **CONCLUSION:**

Who do you think Kristi’s mom saw? (*Allow children to answer.*) Yes, Archangel Michael. We know that if we give our protection calls to him, he has promised that he and his blue-lightning angels will protect us.

Let’s stand now and end our story by calling to Archangel Michael. We’ll draw the sword from our heart and say, “Charge, charge, charge

and let victory be proclaimed!" ***(Demonstrate taking sword from heart and then putting it back after fiat. Say together 3x.)***

Now let's say together three times, "Archangel Michael, help me, help me, help me." ***(Say 3x.)***

Remember to say your calls each day, so that Archangel Michael will be with you.

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

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