

Michaelmas

Waldorf Journal Project #15



Compiled and
edited by
DAVID MITCHELL

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The free spiritual expansions of the individual is of course developed by education, not in the limited sense of what happens during our years at school, but continuous self-education. From where are we to get the energy to master the kind of thinking which is normally today reserved for works of art, and so begin to create from within the new spiritual kernel with its own flexible economic rind? If we can answer this question, we can make a tiny contribution to thinking in the future.

– Rudolf Steiner

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Foreword

The Waldorf Journal Project, sponsored by the Waldorf Curriculum Fund, brings translations of essays, magazine articles, and specialized studies from around the world to English-speaking audiences. This fifteenth edition has two sections, one of which draws from new translations from Rudolf Steiner about the being of the Archangel Michael and the festival of Michaelmas for adult study. The second is a worldwide collection of stories about Michael that can be shared with the children.

All teacher preparation begins with self-study followed by the study of the children in our care. From this emerges the correct content for their evolving souls. We hope that this *Journal* will help in this process and that you will be inspired by these presentations.

For those not interested in downloading the material, spiral bound copies are available from:

Waldorf Publications
38 Main Street
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by phone at: 518/634-2222
or by e-mail at: robin@waldorf-research.org

The editor, David Mitchell, was interested in receiving your comments on the material for this publication during his lifetime. We at Waldorf Publications are interested, in the spirit of his limitless interest in research from the field and in the news, in hearing from you. We would also be interested in hearing what areas you would like to see represented in future *Journal* projects. If you know of specific articles that you would like to see translated, please contact Waldorf Publications.

– The Editorial Staff
Waldorf Journal Projects

Michaelmas and the Soul-Forces of the Human Being¹

by Rudolf Steiner

When anthroposophy is discussed in certain circles today, one of the many misstatements made about it is that it is intellectualistic, that it appeals too predominantly to the scientific mind, and that it does not sufficiently consider the needs of the human soul (*Gemüt*).

The human *Gemüt* has indeed been wholly excluded from the domain of cognition by the intellectualistic development of civilization in the last three or four centuries. It is true that today one never tires of insisting that man cannot stop short at what the dry, matter-of-fact intellect can comprehend. Nevertheless, when it is a case of acquiring knowledge, people depend exclusively upon this intellect. On the other hand, it is constantly being emphasized that the human *Gemüt* ought to come into its own again—yet it is not given the chance to do so. It is denied the opportunity of making any contact whatever with the cosmic enigmas, and its sphere of action is limited to the most intimate concerns of men, to matters that are decided only in the most personal way.

Today we shall discuss first, in what I might call a sort of historical retrospect, about how, in earlier periods of human evolution, this *Gemüt* was granted a voice in the search for knowledge, when it was permitted to conjure up grandiose and mighty images before the human soul, intended to illuminate man's efforts of realizing his incorporation into the body of world events, into the cosmos, and his participation in the changing times. In those days when the human *Gemüt* was still allowed to contribute its share in the matter of world views, these images really constituted the most important element of them. They represented the vast, comprehensive cosmic connections and assigned man his position in them.

1. Formerly: *Anthroposophy and the Human Gemüt* by Rudolf Steiner, September 1923, Vienna.

In order to create a basis for further study of the human *Gemüt* from the viewpoint of anthroposophy, I should like to present to you today one of those grandiose, majestic images that formerly were intended to function as I have indicated. It is at the same time one of those images especially fitted, at present, to be brought before men's souls in a new manner, with which we shall also deal. I should like to talk to you about that image with which you are all familiar, but whose significance for human consciousness has gradually partly faded, partly suffered through misconception: I refer to the image of the conflict, the battle, of Michael with the Dragon. Many people are still deeply affected by it, but its more profound content is either dim or misunderstood. At best it makes no such close contact with the human *Gemüt* as was once the case, even as late as the 18th century. People of today have no conception of the changes that have taken place in this respect, of how great a proportion of what so-called clever people call fantastic visions constituted the most serious elements of the ancient world views. This has been preeminently the case with the image of Michael's combat with the Dragon.

Nowadays, when a man reflects upon his development on the earth, a materialist world view inclines him to trace his relatively more perfect human form back to less perfect ones, farther and farther back to physical-animal forebears. In this way one really moves away from present-day man who is able to experience his own being in an inner, psycho-spiritual way, and arrives at far more material creatures from whom man is supposed to have descended—creatures that stood much closer to material existence. People assume that matter has gradually developed upward to the point where it experiences spirit. That was not the view in comparatively recent times: It was really the exact opposite.

Even as late as the 18th century, when those who had not been infected by the materialistic viewpoint and frame of mind—there were not yet many who were so infected—cast their inner gaze back to prehistoric mankind, they looked upon their ancestors not as beings less human than themselves but as beings more spiritual. They beheld beings in whom spirituality was so inherent that they did not assume physical bodies in the sense that people on earth do today. Incidentally, the earth did not even exist then. They beheld beings living in a higher, more spiritual way and having—to express it crudely—a body of much finer, more spiritual substance. To that sphere one did not assign beings like present-day men but more exalted ones—beings having at most an etheric

body, not a physical one. Such, approximately, were our ancestors as people then conceived them.

People used to look back at a time when there were not so-called higher animals either, when at most there were animals whose descendants of the jelly-fish kind live in the oceans of today. On what was the ancestor of our earth, they represented, so to speak, the animal kingdom, the plane below that of man; and above the latter was the kingdom embracing only beings with at most an etheric body. What I enumerated in my *Occult Science, an Outline*, as beings of the higher hierarchies would still be today, though in a different form, what was then considered in a certain sense the ancestry of man.

These beings—Angeloi, Archangeloi, and Archai—in the stage of their evolution of that time, were not destined to be free beings in the sense in which today we speak of freedom in connection with the human being. The will of these beings was not experienced by them in such a way as to give them that singular feeling we express by the phrase: to desire something arbitrarily. These beings desired nothing arbitrarily; they willed what flowed into their being as divine will; they completely identified their will with the divine will. The divine beings ranking above them and signifying, in their interrelationships, the divine guidance of the world—these beings willed, in a sense, through the lower spirits—archangels and angels, so that the latter willed absolutely according to the purpose and in the sense of superior, divine-spiritual will.

The world of ideas of this older mankind was as follows: In that ancient epoch the time had not yet arrived in which beings could develop who would be conscious of the feeling of freedom. The divine-spiritual world-order had postponed that moment to a later epoch, when a number of those spirits, identified with the divine will, were, in a sense, to receive a free will of their own. That was to occur when the right time came in world evolution.—It is not my purpose to corroborate today from the anthroposophical viewpoint what I have been characterizing; that will be done in the next lectures. Today I am merely describing the conceptions occupying the most enlightened spirits even as late as the 18th century. I shall present them historically, for only by this method shall we arrive at a new view of the problem of reviving these conceptions in a different form.

As these people saw it, among these spirits, whose real cosmic destiny was to remain identified with the will of the divine spirits, there arose a number of beings that wanted to disassociate their will, as it were, to emancipate it, from the divine will. In superhuman pride, certain beings revolted because they desired freedom of will before the time had come for their freedom to mature; and the most important one of these beings, their leader, was conceived of as the being taking shape in the Dragon that Michael combats—Michael, who remained above in the realm of those spirits that wanted to continue molding their will to the divine-spiritual will above them.

By thus remaining steadfast within the divine-spiritual will, Michael received the impulse to deal adequately with the spirit that grasped at freedom prematurely, if I may put it that way. For the forms possessed by the beings of the hierarchy of the Angeloi, Archangeloi, and Archai were simply not adapted to a being destined to have a free will, emancipated from divine will, as described. Not until later in world evolution were such forms to come into being, namely, the human form.—But all this is conceived as happening in a period in which cosmic development of the human form was not yet possible; nor were the higher animal forms possible—only the low ones I mentioned.

Thus a form had to come into being that might be called cosmically contradictory, and the refractory spirit had to be poured into this mold, so to speak. It could not take an animal form like those destined to appear only later, nor could it take the form of an animal of that time, of the then prevalent softer matter, so to say. It could only take an animal form differing from any that would be possible in the physical world, yet resembling an animal by reason of representing a cosmic contradiction. And the only form that could be evolved out of what was possible at that time was the form of the Dragon. Naturally it was interpreted in various ways when painted or otherwise represented—more or less suitably, according to the inner imaginative cognition of the artist concerning what was possible at that time in a being that had developed a refractory will.

In any case, this form is not to be found among those that became possible in the animal scale up to man in the physical world; it had to remain a supersensible being. And as such, it could not exist in the realm inhabited by the beings of the higher hierarchies—angels, archangels, and so forth. It had to be placed among the beings that could evolve in the course of physical development. And that

is the story of “The Fall of the Dragon from Heaven to Earth.” It was Michael’s deed, this bestowing of a form that is supra-animalistic—supersensible, but intolerable in the supersensible realm—for although it is supersensible, it is incompatible with the realm of the supersensible where it existed before it rebelled.

Thus this form was transferred to the physical world, but as a superphysical, supersensible form. It lived thereafter in the realm where the minerals, plants, and animals live, in what became the earth. But it did not live there in such a way that a human eye could perceive it as it does an ordinary animal. When the soul’s eye is raised to those worlds for which provision was made, so to speak, in the plan of higher worlds, it beholds in its imaginations the beings of the higher hierarchies. When the human physical eye observes the physical world, it sees simply what has come into being in the various kingdoms of nature, up to the form of the physical-sensible human being. But when the soul’s eye is directed to what physical nature embraces, it beholds this inherently contradictory form of the Adversary, of him who is like an animal and yet not like an animal, who dwells in the visible world, yet is himself invisible; it beholds the form of the Dragon. And in the whole genesis of the Dragon, men of old saw the act of Michael, who remained in the realm of spirit in the form suitable to that realm.

Now the earth came into being, and with it, man; and it was intended that man should become, in a sense, a twofold being. With one part of his being, with his psycho-spiritual part, he was to reach up into what is called the heavenly, the supersensible world, and with the other, with the physical-etheric part, he was to belong to that nature which came into being as earth-nature, as a new cosmic body—the cosmic body to which the apostate spirit, the Adversary, was relegated. This is where man had to come into being. He was the being who, according to the primordial decree that underlies all, belongs in this world. Man belonged on the earth. The Dragon did not belong on the earth, but he had been transferred thither.

And now consider what man encountered on the earth, as he came into existence with the earth. He encountered what had developed as external nature out of previous nature kingdoms, tending toward and culminating in our present mineral, plant, and animal kingdoms, up to his own physical form. That is what he encountered—in other words, what we are accustomed to call extra-human

nature. What was this? It was, and still is today, the perpetuation of what was intended by the highest creative powers in the continuous plan for the world's evolution. That is why the human being, in experiencing it in his *Gemüt*, can look out upon external nature, upon the minerals and all that is connected with the mineral world, upon the wondrous crystal formations—also upon the mountains, the clouds, and all the other forms—and he beholds this outer nature in its condition of death, as it were, of not being alive. But he sees all this that is not alive as something that an earlier divine world discarded—just as the human corpse, though in a different significance, is discarded by the living man at death.

Although the aspect of the human corpse as it appears to us is not primarily anything that can impress us positively, yet, in a certain sense, that which is also a divine corpse (though on a higher plane, and which originated in the mineral kingdom) may be regarded as the factor whose form and shape reflect the originally formless-living divinity. What then comes into being as the higher kingdoms of nature can be regarded as a further reflection of what originally existed as the formless divine. So man can gaze upon the whole of nature and may feel that this extra-human nature is a mirror of the divine in the world. And after all, that is what nature is intended to give to the human *Gemüt*. Naïvely, and not through speculation, man must be able to feel joy and accord at the sight of this or that manifestation of nature, feel inner jubilation and enthusiasm when he experiences creative nature in its sprouting and blossoming.

His very unawareness of the cause of this elation, this enthusiasm, this overflowing joy in nature—that is what should evoke deep down in his heart the feeling that his *Gemüt* is so intimately related to this nature that he can say to himself—though in dim consciousness: All this the gods have taken out of themselves and established in the world as their mirror—the same gods from whom my *Gemüt* derived, from whom I myself sprang by a different way.—So all our inner elation and joy in nature, all that rises in us as a feeling of release when we participate vividly in the freshness of nature, all this should be attuned to the feeling of relationship between our human *Gemüt* and what lives out there in nature as a mirror of Divinity.

As you know, man's position in his evolution is such that he takes nature into himself—takes it in through nourishment, through breathing, and, in a

spiritual way, through perceiving it with his senses. In these three ways external nature enters into the human being, and it is this that makes him a twofold being. Through his psycho-spiritual being he is related to the beings of the higher hierarchies, but a part of his being he must form out of what he finds in nature. That he takes into himself; and by being received in him as nourishment, as the stimulus of breathing, and even in the more delicate etheric process of perception, it extends in him the processes of outer nature. This appears in him as instinct, passion and animal lust—as everything animalistic that rises out of the depths of his nature. Let us note that carefully. Out there we see wondrously formed crystals, mineral masses that tower into gigantic mountains, fresh mineral forms that flow as water over the earth in the most manifold ways. On a higher plane of formative force, we have before us the burgeoning substance and nature of plants, the endless variety of animal forms, and finally the human physical form itself.

All that, living in outer nature, is a mirror of the Godhead. It stands there in its marvelous naïve innocence before the human *Gemüt*, just because it mirrors the Godhead and is at bottom nothing but a pure reflection. Yet one must understand this reflection. It is not to be comprehended by the intellect, but only, as we shall hear in the next lectures, precisely by the *Gemüt*. But if man does understand it with his *Gemüt*—and, in the olden times of which I spoke, men did—he sees it as a mirror of the Godhead—and then he turns to what lives in nature—in the salts, in plants, and in the parts of animals that enter his own body. And he observes what it is that sprouts in the innocent green of the plants and what is even still present in a naïve way in the animal body. All this he now perceives when he looks into himself: He sees it arising in him as passions, as bestial lusts, animal instincts; and he perceives what nature becomes in him.

That was the feeling still cherished by many of the most enlightened men even in the 18th century. They felt vividly the difference between outer nature and what nature becomes after man has devoured, breathed, and perceived it. They felt intensely the difference between the naïve outer nature, perceptible to the senses, on the one hand, and the human, inwardly surging sensuality, on the other. This difference was livingly clear to many 18th century men who experienced nature and man and described them to their pupils, described how nature and man are involved in the conflict between Michael and the Dragon.

In considering that this radical contrast still occupied the souls of men in the 18th century—outer nature in its essential innocence, nature within man in its corruption—we must now recall the Dragon that Michael relegated to this world of nature because he found him unworthy to remain in the world of spirituality. Out there in the world of minerals, plants, even of animals, that Dragon, whose form is incompatible with nature, assumed none of the forms of nature beings.

He assumed that dragon form which today must seem fantastic to many of us—a form that must inevitably remain supersensible. It cannot enter a mineral, a plant, or an animal, nor can it enter a physical human body. But it can enter that which outer, innocent nature becomes, in the form of guilt in the welling-up of a life of instincts in the physical human body. Thus many people as late as the 18th century said: All the Dragon, the Old Serpent, was cast out of heaven down to the earth, where he had no home; but then he erected his bulwark in the being of man, and now he is entrenched in human nature.

In this way that mighty image of Michael and the Dragon still constituted for those times an integral part of human cognition. An anthroposophy appropriate to that period would have explained that by taking outer nature into himself through nourishment, breathing, and perception, man creates within himself a sphere of action for the Dragon. The Dragon lives in human nature; and this conception dwelt so definitely in the *Gemüt* of 18th century men that one could imagine that if some clairvoyant being on another planet drew a picture of the earth, he would have shown everything existing in the minerals, plants and animals—in short, in the extra-human—as bearing no trace of the Dragon, but he would have drawn the Dragon as coiling through the animality in man, thereby representing an earth-being.

Thus, from that out of which it all had grown in pre-human times, the situation changed for people of the 18th century. For pre-humanity the conflict between Michael and the Dragon was located in outer objectivity, so to speak; but now the Dragon was outwardly nowhere to be found. Where was he? Where would one have to look for him? Anywhere wherever there were men on earth, that's where he was. If Michael wanted to carry on his mission, which in pre-human times lay in objective nature, when his task was to conquer the Dragon, the world-monster, externally, now he must continue the struggle within human nature.—This occurred in the remote past and persisted into the 18th century.

But those who held this view knew that they had transferred to the inner man an event that had formerly been a cosmic one. And they said, in effect: Look back to olden times when you must imagine Michael to have cast the Dragon out of heaven down to earth—an event taking place in extra-human worlds. And behold the later time: Man comes to earth, he takes into himself outer nature, transforms it, thus enabling the Dragon to take possession of it, and the conflict between Michael and the Dragon must henceforth be carried out on the earth.

Such thought trends were not as abstract as people of the present would like thoughts to be. Today people like to have thoughts be as obvious as possible. They put it this way: Well, formerly an event like the conflict between Michael and the Dragon was simply thought of as external. But during the course of evolution, mankind has turned inward; hence such an event is now perceived only inwardly.—Truly, those who are content to stop at such abstractions are not to be envied, and in any case they fail to envision the course of the world history of human thought. For it happened as I have just presented it; the outer cosmic conflict of Michael and the Dragon was transferred to the inner human being, because only in human nature could the Dragon now find his sphere of action.

But precisely this infused into the Michael problem the germinating of human freedom. For if the conflict had continued within man in the same way it had formerly occurred without, the human being would positively have become an automaton. By reason of being transferred to the inner being, the struggle became in a sense—expressed by an outer abstraction—a battle of the higher nature in man against the lower. But the only form it could assume for human consciousness was that of Michael in the supersensible worlds, to which men were led to lift their gaze. And as a matter of fact, in the 18th century there still existed numerous guides, instructions, all providing ways by which men could reach the sphere of Michael, so that with the help of his strength they might fight the Dragon dwelling in their own animal nature.

Such a man, able to see into the deeper spiritual life of the 18th century would have to be represented pictorially somewhat as follows: outwardly the human form; in the lower, animalistic portion the Dragon writhing—even coiling about the heart; but then—behind the man, as it were, for we see the higher things with the back of our head—the outer cosmic figure of Michael, towering, radiant, retaining his cosmic nature but reflecting it in the higher

human nature, so that the man's own etheric body reflects etherically the cosmic figure of Michael. Then there would be visible in this human head—but working down into the heart—the power of Michael, crushing the Dragon and causing his blood to flow down from the man's heart to the limbs.

That is the picture of the inner-human struggle of Michael with the dragon still harbored by many people of the 18th century. It is also the picture which suggested at that time to many people that it was their duty to conquer the “lower” with the help of the “higher,” as they expressed it: that man needed the Michael power for his own life.

The intellect sees the Kant-Laplace theory; it sees the Kant-Laplace primal vapor—perhaps a spiral vapor. Out of this, planets evolve, leaving the sun in the middle. On one of the planets gradually arise the kingdoms of nature; man comes into being. And looking into the future, all this is seen to pass over again into the great graveyard of natural existence.—The intellect cannot help imagining the matter in this way; and because more and more the intellect has become the only recognized autocrat of human cognition, the world view has gradually become what it is for mankind in general. But in all those earlier people of whom I have spoken today, the eye of the *Gemüt*, as I might call it, was active. In his intellect a man can isolate himself from the world, for everyone has his own head and in that head his own thoughts. In his *Gemüt* he cannot do that, for the *Gemüt* is not dependent upon the head but upon the rhythmic organism of man. The air I have within me at the present moment, I did not have within me a moment ago; it was the general air. And in another moment when I exhale it, it will again be the general air. It is only the head that isolates man, makes of him a hermit on the earth. Even in respect of the physical organization of his *Gemüt*, man is not isolated in this way. In that respect he belongs to the cosmos, is merely a figure in the cosmos.

But gradually the *Gemüt* lost its power of vision, and the head alone became seeing. The head alone, however, develops only intellectuality—it isolates man. When men still saw with their *Gemüt*, they did not project abstract thoughts into the cosmos with the object of interpreting it, of explaining it: They still read grandiose images into it [Translator's note: “saw into it” is Rudolf Steiner's expression], like that of Michael's Fight with the Dragon. Such a man saw what lived in his own nature and being, something that had evolved out of the world,

out of the cosmos, as I described it today. He saw the inner Michael struggle come to life in the human being, in the *anthropos*, and take the place of the external Michael battle in the cosmos. He saw anthroposophy develop out of cosmosophy. And whenever we look back to an older world view from the abstract thoughts that affect us as cold and matter-of-fact, whose intellectuality makes us shiver, we are guided to images, one of the most grandiose of which is this of Michael at war with the Dragon; Michael, who first cast the Dragon to earth where, I might say, the Dragon could occupy his human fortress; Michael, who then became the fighter of the Dragon in man.

In this picture that I have evoked for you, Michael stands cosmically behind the human being, while within man there is an etheric image of Michael that wages the real battle through which man can gradually become free. For it is not Michael himself who wages the battle, but human devotion and the resulting image of Michael. In the cosmic Michael there still lives that being to whom men can look up and who engaged in the original cosmic struggle with the Dragon. Truly, not upon earth alone do events take place—in fact, earth events remain incomprehensible for us unless we are able to see them as images of events in the supersensible world and to find their causes there. In this sense a Michael deed was performed in the supersensible realm shortly before our time, a deed I should like to characterize in the following way. In doing so I must speak in a manner that is nowadays discredited as anthropomorphic; but how could I relate it otherwise than by using human words to describe what occurs in the supersensible world?

The epoch during which Michael cast the Dragon down to earth was thought of as lying far back in the pre-human times. But then, man appeared upon the earth and there occurred what I have described: the war between Michael and the Dragon became ever more an inner struggle. It was at the end of the 19th century that Michael could say: The image in man is now sufficiently condensed for him to be aware of it within himself. He can now feel in his *Gemüt* the Conqueror of the Dragon—at least, the image means something to him.—In the evolution of mankind, the last third of the 19th century stands for something extraordinarily important.

In earlier times there was in man only a tenuous image of Michael; but it coalesced more and more, and in the last third of the 19th century here is what happened: In earlier times the invisible, supersensible Dragon was predominant,

active in the passions and instincts, in the desires and in the animal lusts. For ordinary consciousness that Dragon remains supersensible; he dwells in man's animal nature. But there he lives in all that tends to drag man down, goading him into becoming gradually sub-human. The condition was such that Michael always intervened in human nature, in order that humanity should not fall too low.

But in the last third of the 19th century, the Michael image became so strong in man that the matter of directing his feelings upward and rising to the Michael image came to depend upon his goodwill, so to speak, so that on the one hand, in unenlightened experience of the feelings, he may glimpse the image of the Dragon, and on the other hand, the radiant figure of Michael may stand before the soul's eye—radiant in spiritual vision, yet within the reach of ordinary consciousness. So the content of the human *Gemüt* can be this: The power of the Dragon is working within me, trying to drag me down. I do not see it—I feel it as something that would drag me down below myself. But in the spirit I see the luminous Angel whose cosmic task has always been the vanquishing of the Dragon. I concentrate my *Gemüt* upon this glowing figure, I let its light stream into my *Gemüt*, and thus my illumined and warmed *Gemüt* will bear within it the strength of Michael. And out of a free resolution I shall be able, through my alliance with Michael, to conquer the Dragon's might in my own lower nature.

If the requisite goodwill were forthcoming in extensive circles to raise such a conception to a religious force and to inscribe it in every *Gemüt*, we would not have all the vague and important ideas such as prevail in every quarter today—plans for reforms, and the like. Rather, we would have something that once again could seize hold on the whole inner man, because that is what can be inscribed in the living *Gemüt*—that living *Gemüt* which enters into a living relationship with the whole cosmos the moment it really comes to life.

Then those glowing Michael thoughts would be the first harbingers of our ability to penetrate once more into the supersensible world. The striving for enlightenment would become inwardly and deeply religious. And thereby men would be prepared for the festivals of the year, the understanding of which only glimmers faintly across the ages—but at least it glimmers—and they would celebrate in full consciousness the festival the calendar sets at the end of September, at the beginning of autumn: the Michael Festival. This will regain its significance only when we are able to experience in our soul such a living

vision. And when we are able to feel it in a living way and to make it into an instinctive social impulse of the present, then this Michael Festival—because the impulses spring directly from the spiritual world—could be regarded as the crowning impulse—even the initial impulse we need to find our way out of the present disaster: to add something real to all the talk about ideals, something not originating in human heads or hearts but in the cosmos.

And then, when the trees shed their leaves and blossoms ripen into fruit, when nature sends us her first frost and prepares to sink into her winter death, we would be able to feel the burgeoning of spirit, with which we should unite ourselves—just as we feel the Easter Festival with the sprouting, budding spring. Then, as citizens of the cosmos, we would be able to carry impulses into our lives which, not being abstract, would not remain ineffectual but would manifest their power immediately. Life will not have a soul content again until we can develop cosmic impulses in our *Gemüt*.

From the second lecture in the series

At the moment we will go on to say that in the human being there dwells the force I have described as the force of the Dragon whom Michael encounters, against whom he does battle. I indicated that this Dragon has an animal-like form, yet is really a supersensible being; that on account of his insubordination as a supersensible being he was expelled into the sense world, where he now has his being; and I indicated further that he exists only in man, because outer nature cannot harbor him. Outer nature, image of divine spirituality, has in its innocence nothing whatever to do with Dragon: He is established in the being of men, as I have set forth. But by reason of being such a creature—a supersensible being in the sense of world—he instantly attracts the supersensible elemental forces that stream toward man out of nature and unites with them, with the result that man, instead of releasing the plant elementals from their spell through his soul and *Gemüt*, unites them with the Dragon, and allows them to perish with the Dragon in his lower nature.

For everything in the world moves in an evolutionary stream, taking many different directions to this end; and the elemental beings dwelling in minerals, plants, and animals must rise to a higher existence than is offered by their present abodes. This they can accomplish only by passing through man. The establishment of an external civilization is surely not man's sole purpose on

earth. He has a cosmic aim within the entire world evolution; and this cosmic aim is linked with such matters as I have just described—with the further development of those elemental beings that in earthly existence are at a low state, but destined for a higher one. When the human being enters into a certain relationship with them, and when everything runs as it should, they can attain to this higher stage of evolution.

In the old days of instinctive human evolution, when in the *Gemüt* the forces of soul and spirit shone forth and when these were as much a matter of course to him as were the forces of nature, world evolution actually progressed in such a way that the stream of existence passed through the human being in a normal, orderly way, as it were. But precisely during the epoch that must now come to a close, that must advance to a higher form of spirituality, untold elemental substance within man has been delivered over to the Dragon. For it is his very nature to hunger and thirst for these elemental beings, to creep about, frightening plants and minerals in order to gorge himself with the elemental beings of nature. For he wants to unite with them, and to permeate his own being with them. In extrahuman nature he cannot do this, but only in the inner nature of man, for only there is existence possible for him. And if this were to continue, the earth would be doomed, for the Dragon would inevitably be victorious in earthly existence.

He would be victorious for a very definite reason: By virtue of his saturating himself, as it were, with elemental beings in human nature, something happens physically, psychically, and spiritually. *Spiritually*: No human being would ever arrive at the silly belief in a purely material outer world, as assumed by nature research today. Were not the Dragon in him to absorb the elemental beings from without, he would never come to accept dead atoms and the like; he would never assume the existence of such reactionary laws as that of the conservation of force and energy, or of the permanence of matter. When these come to be in man, in the body of the Dragon, human observation is distracted from what things contain of spirit; man no longer sees spirit in things, which in the meantime has entered into him; he sees nothing but dead matter.

Psychically: Everything a man has ever expressed in the way of what I must call cowardice of soul results from the Dragon's having absorbed the elemental powers within him. Oh, how widespread is this cowardice of the soul! We know quite well that we should do this or that, that such and such is the right thing

to do in a given situation; but we cannot bring our self to do it—a certain dead weight acts in our soul: the elemental beings in the Dragon's body are at work in us.

Physically: Man would never be tormented by what are called disease germs had his body not been prepared—through the spiritual effects I have just described—as a soil for the germs. These things penetrate even into the physical organization; and we can say that if we perceive man rightly in his spirit, soul, and body as he is constituted today, we find him cut off from the spirit realm in three dimensions—for a good purpose, to be sure: the attainment of freedom. He no longer has in him the spiritual powers he might have; and thus you see that through this threefold debilitation of his life, through what the glutton Dragon has become in him, he is prevented from experiencing the potency of the spirit within himself.

There are two ways of experiencing anthroposophy—many variations lie between, but I am mentioning only the two extremes—and one of them is this: A man sits down in a chair, takes a book, reads it, and finds it quite interesting as well as comforting to learn that there is such a thing as spirit, as immortality. It just suits him to know that with regard to the soul as well, man is not dead when his body dies. He derives greater satisfaction from such a cosmogony than from a materialistic one. He takes it up as one might take up abstract reflections on geography, except that anthroposophy provides more of comfort. Yes, that is one way. The man gets up from his chair really no different from what he was when he sat down, except for having derived a certain satisfaction from what he read—or heard, if it was a lecture instead of a book.

But there is another way of receiving what anthroposophy has to give. It is to absorb something like the idea of Michael's Conflict with the Dragon in such a way as really to become inwardly transformed, to feel it as an important, incisive experience, and to rise from your chair fundamentally quite a different being after reading something of that sort.

But man must not die: He must not let himself be overpowered. He can live united with burgeoning, blossoming nature, and in doing so he can develop his nature-consciousness; but when he experiences the dying in nature the experience is a challenge to oppose this dying with the creative forces of his own inner being. Then the spirit-soul principle, his true self-consciousness, will come

to life within him; and by sharing in nature's dying during the fall and winter, he will become in the highest degree the awakener of his own self-consciousness. In this way the human being evolves: He transforms himself in the course of the seasons by experiencing this alternation of nature-consciousness and self-consciousness. When he takes part in nature's dying, that is the time when his inner life force must awake; when nature draws her elemental beings into herself, the inner human force must become the awakening of self-consciousness.





The Activity of Michael and the Future of Humanity

by Rudolf Steiner

How does the human stand today in his present stage of evolution with respect to Michael and his hosts?

Man is surrounded today by a world which was once of a wholly divine-spiritual nature, divine-spiritual being of which he also was a member. Thus at that time the world belonging to man was a world of divine-spiritual being. But this was no longer so in a later stage of evolution. The world became a cosmic manifestation of the Divine Spiritual; the Divine Being hovered behind the manifestation. Nevertheless, the Divine-Spiritual lived and moved in all that was thus manifested. A world of stars was already there, in the light and movement of which the Divine-Spiritual lived and moved and manifested itself. One may say that at that time, in the position or movement of a star, the activity of the Divine and Spiritual was directly evident.

And in all this—in the working of the Divine Spirit in the Cosmos, and in the life of man resulting from this divine activity—Michael was as yet in his own element—unhindered, unresisted. The adjustment of the relation between the Divine and the Human was in his hands.

But other ages dawned. The world of the stars ceased to be a direct and present manifestation of Divine-Spiritual activity. The constellations lived and moved, maintaining what the Divine activity had been in them in the past. The Divine-Spiritual dwelt in the Cosmos in manifestation no longer, but in the manner of its working only. There was now a certain distinct separation between the Divine Spiritual and the cosmic World. Michael, by virtue of his own nature, adhered to the Divine-Spiritual and endeavored to keep mankind as closely as possible in touch with it. This he continued to do, more and more. His will

was to preserve man from living too intensely in a world which represents only the Working of the Divine and Spiritual—which is not the real Being, nor its Manifestation.

It is a deep source of satisfaction to Michael that, through the human being, he has succeeded in keeping the world of the stars in direct union with the Divine and Spiritual. For when man, having fulfilled his life between death and a new birth, enters on the way to a new Earth-life, in his descent he seeks to establish a harmony between the course of the stars and his coming life on Earth. In olden times this harmony existed as a matter of course, because the Divine-Spiritual was active in the stars, where human life too had its source. But today, when the course of the stars is only a continuing of the manner in which the Divine-Spiritual worked in the past, this harmony could not exist unless man sought it. Man brings his divine-spiritual portion—which he has preserved from the past—into relation with the stars, which now only bear their divine-spiritual nature within them as an after-working from an earlier time.

In this way there comes into man's relation to the world something of the Divine, which corresponds to former ages and yet appears in these later times. That this is so is the deed of Michael. And this deed gives him such deep satisfaction that in it he finds a portion of his very life, a portion of his sun-like, living energy.

But at the present time, when Michael directs his spiritual eyes to the Earth, he sees another fact as well—very different from the above. During his physical life between birth and death, the human being has a world around him in which even the Working of the Divine-Spiritual no longer appears directly, but only something which has remained over as its result;—we may describe it by saying it is only the accomplished Work of the Divine-Spiritual. This accomplished Work, in all its forms, is essentially of a Divine and Spiritual kind. To human vision the Divine is manifested in the forms and in the processes of Nature; but it is no longer indwelling as a living principle. Nature is this divinely accomplished work of God; Nature everywhere around us is an image of the Divine Working.

In this world of sun-like Divine glory, but no longer livingly Divine, the human being dwells. Yet as a result of Michael's working upon him, man has maintained his connection with the essential Being of the Divine and Spiritual. He lives as a being permeated by God in a world that is no longer permeated by

God. Into this world that has become empty of God, the human being will carry what is in him—what his being has become in this present age.

Humanity will evolve into a new world-evolution. The Divine and Spiritual from which man originates can become the cosmically expanding Human Being, radiating with a new light through the Cosmos which now exists only as an image of the Divine and Spiritual.

The Divine Being which will thus shine forth through Humanity will no longer be the same Divine Being which was once the Cosmos. In its passage through Humanity the Divine-Spiritual will come to a realization of Being which it could not manifest before.

The Ahrimanic Powers try to prevent evolution from taking the course here described. It is not their will that the original Divine-Spiritual Powers should illumine the Universe in its further course. They want the cosmic intellectuality which they themselves have absorbed to radiate through the whole of the new Cosmos, and they want man to live on in this intellectualized and Ahrimanized Cosmos.

Were he to live such a life, man would lose Christ. For Christ came into the world with an Intellectuality that is still of the very same essence as once lived in the Divine Spiritual, when the Divine-Spiritual in its own Being still informed the Cosmos. But if at the present time we speak in such a manner that our thoughts can also be the thoughts of Christ, we set over against the Ahrimanic Powers something which can save us from succumbing to them.

To understand the meaning of Michael's mission in the Cosmos is to be able to speak in this way. In the present time we must be able to speak of Nature in the way demanded by the evolutionary stage of the Consciousness Soul or Spiritual Soul. We must be able to receive into ourselves the purely natural-scientific way of thinking. But we ought also to learn to feel and speak about Nature in a way that is according to Christ. We ought to learn the Christ-Language—not only about redemption from Nature, about the soul and things Divine—but about the things of the Cosmos.

When with inward, heartfelt feeling we realize the mission and the deeds of Michael and those belonging to him, when we enter into all that they are in our midst, then we shall be able to maintain our human connection with the Divine

and Spiritual origin, and understand how to cultivate the Christ Language about the Cosmos. For to understand Michael is to find the way in our time to the Logos, as lived by Christ here on Earth and among men.

Anthroposophy truly values what the natural-scientific way of thinking has learned to say about the world during the last four or five centuries. But in addition to this language, it speaks another—about the nature of the human being, about his evolution and that of the Cosmos; for it would fain speak the language of Christ and Michael.

If both these languages are spoken, it will not be possible for evolution to be broken off or to pass over to Ahriman before the original Divine-Spiritual is found. To speak only in the natural-scientific way corresponds to the separation of intellectuality from the original Divine and Spiritual. This can indeed lead over into the Ahrimanic realm if Michael's mission remains unobserved. But it will not do so if, through the power of Michael's example, the intellect which has become free finds itself again in the original cosmic intellectuality, which has separated from man and become objective to him. For that cosmic intellectuality lies in the original source of man, and it appeared in Christ in full reality of being within the sphere of humanity, after it had left man for a time so that he might unfold his freedom.

From *Letters to Members, Anthroposophical Leading Thoughts*, written by Rudolf Steiner in 1924 and 1925. Here are Leading Thoughts 112–114 and 115–117.

The Michael-Christ-Experience of Humankind

by Rudolf Steiner

When with deep and earnest feeling a human being takes the inner vision of Michael's being and his deeds into his outlook on life, there will dawn upon him the true understanding of the way in which this world is to be taken by man—this world which is neither the Divine Being, nor the Manifestation, nor Active Working, but the Accomplished Work of the Gods. To look with knowledge into this world is to have before us forms and formations which speak aloud of the Divine, in which, however—if we are under no illusion about it—independent, living, Divine Being cannot be found. Nor must we consider merely our knowledge of the world. It is true that with respect to knowledge this configuration of the world, as it surrounds man at the present day, is revealed most strikingly. But more essential for everyday life is our feeling, our willing and work in a world which—though in its formation we may well feel it to be Divine—cannot really be experienced as actively imbued with Divine life. In order to bring real moral life into such a world, the ethical impulses I have described in my book *Philosophy of Freedom* are necessary.

For the man who feels truly, Michael's Being and his present world of deeds can shine forth in this world of the Divine-accomplished work. Michael does not enter into the physical world as a phenomenal appearance. He keeps himself with all his activity within a supersensible region—albeit one which borders directly upon the physical world of the present phase of world evolution. Thus it can never happen that men's view of Nature will be led away into the fantastic through the impressions they receive from the Being of Michael. Nor will they be inclined thereby to shape their ethical and practical life in this world—Divine as it is in its form, but void of Divine life—as if impulses could be there in it which did not require to be sustained, ethically and spiritually, by man himself. If

we transplant ourselves into the Spiritual, be it in thinking or in willing, we shall always be obliged to approach Michael.

We shall thereby live spiritually in the following way. We shall accept both our knowledge and our life in the manner in which we are obliged to accept them since the 15th century. But we shall hold fast to Michael's revelation. We shall let this revelation shine like a light into the thoughts we receive from Nature. We shall carry it as warmth in our hearts when we have to live in accordance with a world which is the accomplished work of the Divine. We shall then place before us not only the observation and experience of the present world, but also that which Michael makes possible for us, namely a past condition of the world—one which Michael, through his Being and his deeds, brings into the present.

If it were otherwise—if Michael were to work in such a manner that he carried his deeds into the world which at the present time man must know and experience as the physical—man would now learn of the world, not that which in reality is in it but that which was in it. This illusory conception of the world, when it takes place, leads the human soul away from the reality that is suited to it and into another—into a Luciferic one.

The manner in which Michael brings the past into activity in present human life is the one which is in accordance with the true spiritual progress of the world and contains nothing Luciferic. It is important that in the human mind there should be a correct idea of the way in which, in Michael's mission, everything Luciferic is avoided. To have this attitude towards the light of Michael which is dawning in human history means at the same time to be able to find the right way to Christ. Michael will point out the right road with respect to the world which lies about man, for him to know and be active in it. The way to Christ will have to be found within. It is quite comprehensible that, during the period in which the knowledge of Nature has the form given to it by the last five centuries, the knowledge of the supersensible world should also have become such as humanity now experiences.

Nature has to be known and experienced in such a manner that the gods are nowhere in it. In consequence of this, man in this form of his relation to the world experiences himself no longer. Inasmuch as he is a supersensible being, the position of his Self with respect to Nature which is in accordance with

this age yields him nothing at all regarding his own being. Nor, if he has only this position in view, can he live ethically in a manner in keeping with his true humanity.

Naturally, this causes people to prevent the modern way of knowledge and of life from entering into anything that relates to the supersensible nature of man, nay to the supersensible world at all. They separate this latter realm from anything accessible to human knowledge. A sphere of Revelation by Faith, apart from science or above it, is set up in contradistinction to the sphere of what is knowable.

But over against this there stands the purely spiritual activity of Christ, who since the Mystery of Golgotha can be reached by the human soul. The soul's relation to Christ need not remain indefinite or dimly mystical in feeling; it can become one that is quite concrete, humanly deep and clearly experienced.

Then, from the life together with Christ, there flows into the human soul what it ought to know regarding its own supersensible being. The religious revelation will be felt in such a manner that the living experience of Christ continually streams into it. It will become possible for life to be filled with Christ, through Christ being perceived as the Being who gives to the human soul the knowledge of its own supersensible nature.

Thus the Michael experience and the Christ experience will in the future be able to stand side by side. Through Michael the human being will find the path into the supersensible world in the right way with respect to the outer world of Nature. Our view of Nature, without being falsified in itself, will then be able to stand by the side of a spiritual view of the world and of the human being inasmuch as he is a cosmic being.

Through his true attitude to Christ, man will be able to experience, in the active intercourse of his soul with Christ, what he could otherwise receive only as a traditional revelation by faith. He will be able to experience the inner world of the soul's life as one that is shone through by the Spirit, and he will also experience the outer world of Nature as one that is upborne by the Spirit.

If the human being were to gain information about his own supersensible nature without his life in union with Christ, this would lead him out of his own

reality and into that of Ahriman. Christ bears within Himself, in a manner true to the whole Cosmos, the impulses for the future of humanity. To unite with Christ signifies for the human soul to receive into itself, in a manner true to the Cosmos, its own seeds for the future. Other beings, who already at the present time manifest forms which will be cosmically right for man only in the future, belong to the Ahrimanic sphere. To unite ourselves with Christ in the right way is also to preserve ourselves in the right way from the Ahrimanic.

Those who strictly demand that the revelations of religious faith shall be preserved from the invasions of human knowledge are unconsciously afraid that by such ways as this man might come under Ahrimanic influences. This fact must be appreciated. But it should also be appreciated that it is to the honor and true recognition of Christ when that gift of grace, which is the inflowing of the Spiritual into the human soul, is ascribed to the living experience with Him.

Thus in the future the Michael experience and the Christ experience can stand side by side. Man will thereby find his right path of freedom between the Luciferic deviation into illusions in thought and life and the Ahrimanic allurement into forms of the future which may satisfy his pride but cannot as yet be his present forms.

To fall into Luciferic illusions means not to become fully Man—not to wish to progress to the stage of spiritual freedom but to wish to halt, as God-Man, at a premature stage of evolution. To succumb to Ahrimanic temptations means not to be willing to wait until at a certain stage of human development the right cosmic moment will have come, but to wish to forestall this stage. Michael-Christ will stand in future as the guiding word at the entrance to the path upon which man may arrive at his world-goal, in a way that is cosmically right, between the Luciferic and the Ahrimanic powers.

The Work of Michael

by Ita Wegman

Why is it that the hearts of those who have a sense for spiritual things beat more quickly whenever the name of Michael is uttered? Such people feel in the depths of their hearts that Michael is a Being who has performed a deed without the fulfillment of which humanity must have proceeded further and further along a path leading to the edge of an abyss. Just as Christ performed a deed through which He gained the victory over death, so Michael, by another deed, has made it possible for man to save himself from complete hardening in material existence. When we find old pictures representing Michael warring with the dragon, we must recognize in this dragon that influence which seeks to drive man into earthly hardness and rigidity. It is this influence with which Michael does battle. In him, therefore, there is no element of hardness, only goodness, beneficence and infinite mobility.

This hardening process, which is to be observed in the course of evolution, and from which Michael seeks to guard humanity, is due to the fact that the world to which man belongs is less and less permeated with the forces of the gods. They, the divine-spiritual Beings, have now withdrawn from the visible world of sense. For this reason the world has come to be described as it is by modern physics. Because man believes this 'god-forsaken' world to be the only one, he falls victim to that hardening process of which mention has been made.

Michael is the Being who will not forsake man and leave him to go his way in this hardened, materialized world. Whereas the other divine Powers have withdrawn from man, Michael has followed him as a faithful companion, regarding it as his task to free man from the entanglement of matter and to guide his capacity for knowledge in such a way that it becomes once more a knowledge of the Spirit. Just as Christ, the sublime Sun-Being, united Himself with the earth at the moment of the Mystery of Golgotha in order that He might give to

the earth the possibility of a future, spiritualized existence, so it is the mission of Michael to illumine the forces of knowledge in man. Michael brings to human knowledge that illumination which makes it possible to understand truly the deed of Christ. For this reason Michael is the Servant of Christ and the Guardian of the Mystery Schools throughout the ages.

By means of his spiritual investigations, Rudolf Steiner was able to trace the development of these Mysteries back to a time preceding the so-called Ice Age, in a region, which from earliest antiquity has been known as Atlantis. In his *Occult Science*, Steiner describes the Sun-Oracle in Atlantis as being the chief center for the teaching of the Mystery wisdom, and from this point there radiated outwards the forces for all the cultural development of later times. To this Sun-Oracle the Planetary Oracles were attached, the Inspirers of which were Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and the other gods still described in Greek mythology.

When in the course of long periods of time the continent which once stretched over the region we now know as the Atlantic Ocean was gradually submerged—a fact recognized today by geology—a great part of humanity wandered towards the East under the guidance of the Leader of the Atlantean Sun-Oracle. While this migration was taking place, the terrestrial globe was undergoing a hardening process and gradually assumed that configuration which today forms the face of the earth. A hardening process also took place in the organization of man and was carried so far that from this time onwards, bony remains of the human form could be preserved throughout the ages. The fact that no bones belonging to the human skeleton and dating back to still earlier times are to be discovered, but that only animal skeletons have remained, is a proof that the animals were involved in this hardening process earlier than man.

In the course of his wanderings towards the East, man developed, in conjunction with the Indo-Germanic language, the first rudiments of thought. At the same time there arose the beginnings of sense-perception; man began to turn his attention to the visible world of sense. Traces of paintings dating from the Ice Age which are to be found on the walls of caves in France and Spain are wonderful documents bearing witness to the education of humanity for sense-perception, an education undertaken by great Teachers of humanity who were able to lead the way by anticipating in themselves the normal progress of evolution.

At this point it may be well to say something on the subject of the development of human thought. In his book *Die Rätsel der Philosophie* [*Riddles of Philosophy*], Steiner depicts the gradual development of modern thinking from a picture-consciousness such as is expressed in the mythologies of antiquity. This picture consciousness was at its height in Atlantean times, and by its means it was possible for man to have direct intercourse with divine-spiritual Beings. Through the entire period of oriental culture, right up to the time of Homer, the gods themselves appeared among the priests as they offered their sacrifices or were absorbed in prayer. The gods gave to man all the heavenly gifts which were theirs to bestow. It was possible at that time to enter into real connection with the Sun and Moon, with Saturn and the other planets, and the religious ceremonies were arranged in such a way as to be in harmony with the planets as they revolved in their different orbits. The ceremonies varied according to the seasons of the year and according to the places at which they were performed.

Very different were the experiences of man on the mountaintop to his experiences in the depths of the earth; different again his experiences by the seashore or far inland, away from the sound of the sea. In those times people knew: It is the Gods who bring to man the gift of thought. The peoples who developed in the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges experienced their connection with the Divine differently from those people who were exposed to the ruder climate of the Iranian plateau. Protected by mighty, heavenward-towering mountain ranges, and surrounded by a rich and fertile countryside, it was possible in India for a people to develop who were filled with love for every living creature and who turned their gaze inwards, just as, somewhat later, the Persian people directed not only their gaze but also their deeds outwards into the world.

We have in an Indian document the earthly reflection, the mirrored picture of that great battle in Heaven which Michael fought with his adversaries. This document is the Bhagavad-Gita, and it forms the subject of two lecture-courses delivered by Steiner. This battle in Heaven is the mythological representation of an event which actually took place. Steiner explains the existence of those starry fragments known to modern astronomy as the planetoids revolving within the sphere of Mars by saying that they are the cosmic witnesses of this mighty combat. They are in very truth connected with that battle between the heavenly hosts which was known to the ancients by the most diverse names, and

the medieval designations of which are bound up with a tradition attributed to Dionysus the Areopagite.

Throughout the ages humanity has strived to portray in mighty images this battle between the higher and the lower Powers. One finds these images in the story of Michael fighting with the dragon and again in that of Mithras vanquishing the bull. All these images represent the overcoming of a lower by a higher power.

Michael works as this higher power; in the lower power we have to do, not only with the dragon, but also with a being who offers himself as a willing sacrifice and who follows the path of evil without himself being evil. This being who chooses the lower path as a sacrifice is the Preparer of the Way, one who made ready the way for Christ as He descended, stage by stage, into earthly existence. He is the angel whom Christ sent out before Him and who later bore the name of Elias. Michael is the archangel who overshadows this angel. All that takes place on earth through the activity of personalities inspired by Elias contains within it also the ruling force of Michael. There are, therefore, two Michael streams: The first is directly connected with Michael, the Sun-Spirit, himself; the second is guided by Elias. The relation between the two is such that they may be thought of as being, in a sense, the Sun-stream and the Moon-stream; yet both are under the influence of Michael.

The Indian and the Persian civilizations bear much the same relation to one another. The Zoroastrian culture of Persia is directly connected with the Sun. The Sun God Ormuzd (also called Ahura Mazda) conquers the dark Ahriman. Preceding and preparing the way for this Sun-stream, we have the civilization of India with its more lunar characteristics, and its cult of Soma (the Moon).

During the Indian epoch, man's life of thought was such that the thoughts themselves were perceived by him as being permeated with soul and spirit, having a real existence in that region in which man lived with his ego. This region is the etheric world, which can also be spoken of as the collective weaving and working of the planets within the Moon sphere. In the epoch of Persian civilization, man experienced a change in his relationship to the world of thought. Thought, in its essential nature, was for him still ensouled and filled with life; and yet he felt that this concrete spiritual essence was gradually being

withdrawn from him. Out of experiences such as these arose his picture of the world—a picture wherein the primeval gods seemed to be engaged in battle.

Michael experienced this change in the thought-life of mankind as his own destiny. In ancient India he experienced the transference of his Sun-Kingdom, with its tributary planets, from the realm of space into the course of time. The culture of the seven Rishis consisted in the gradual unfolding in time of all that had been revealed by the Planetary Oracles of Atlantis as they existed side by side in space, of all that had come about through the spatial, geographical distribution of humanity over the face of the earth. Thus India became, as it were, the birthplace of time, for it was in India that the different epochs of culture first became sequential, preceding and following one another in time. India was the cradle of all the later civilizations. That Being who throughout the ages has been able to bestow strong and powerful life-forces upon man, was perceived by the Indian consciousness in the figure of Indra, an earlier form of Michael. Indra became Michael when illuminated by the light of Christ. The preparation for this illumination, however, went out from Persia. Ormuzd, surrounded by his servants, is a glorious prefigurement of Christ with His Apostles. Michael works through the teaching of Zarathustra as a herald, proclaiming what in later times became the knowledge and understanding of Christ. Nevertheless Michael does not appear in Persia as a god revered and worshipped in any particular cult. He sends out the radiance of his light, concealing himself the while behind its glory.

In pre-Christian times Michael appeared as a divine figure in definite form only to the night-consciousness of man; and so the day peoples, such as the Persians, whose consciousness was directed more to the world of the senses, knew something of the clear radiance of Michael's wisdom-filled kingdom, but felt no urge to worship the divine figure of Michael himself in any special cult.

It is true that in very early Indo-Germanic times Mithras was known as the God of Light among the other gods; but it was only much later that the Mithras Mysteries were joined to the Persian, occupying the central place among the other cults. The Mithras Mysteries really belong to that stage of religious culture in which the worship of the bull originated. In the figure of Mithras, the later Persian people beheld a prophetic picture of a future stage of evolution. In the Mithras Mysteries there was represented, as an impulse towards the future, the picture of man raising himself out of the entanglement of matter and thus becoming Mithras, the vanquisher of the bull, a true Michael.

The souls of those who belonged to the Babylonian civilization entered into all that reveals itself to man when, during his sleeping life, he is united with the spiritual world. The activity of Michael, who was then worshipped under the name of Marduk, was portrayed by Babylonian culture in a great and wonderful picture. Steiner has given us a concrete idea of what was felt and experienced by the humanity of that epoch: When, during sleep, man passed into the realm which we today experience as darkness, he felt himself united with a living being to whom he gave the name of Tiamat. He felt himself to be more intimately connected with this being Tiamat than with the world of mineral, plant and animal. This world, the world of waking consciousness, he called Apsu. Evolution had at that time reached a point when man had to gradually tear himself away from this living-together with the demonic influences of the night and to experience the wisdom in clear, waking consciousness.

At this point of evolution, Marduk/Michael came as a mighty helper to the side of man. He, the Son of Wisdom, wrestled with the dragon of sleep, cleft him asunder. And out of the demons of Tiamat, out of the warp and woof of their skin, there arose the Above and the Below, the sparkling world of the stars and, from out of the dark depths, the budding life of the earth. Through this deed of Michael, which was known in the Mystery Schools of Chaldea, and of which man experienced the reflection when in meditation he exerted the strongest forces of his soul, humanity gradually attained to full waking-day consciousness. Michael is thus the Leader of man, guiding him on from one stage of consciousness to another.

Two streams of evolution go out from Chaldea. The one leads into the history of the Jewish people, who, under Abraham, from Ur in Chaldea, set out on their wanderings. The history of the Jewish people is the history of the preparation of the earthly body of Christ through the successive generations and is intimately connected with the impulse of the 'I am' which worked in the blood from generation to generation. Michael, as the 'Countenance of Jehovah,' appears in this stream of evolution. The second stream that went out from Chaldea is more obscure, because it developed along purely spiritual paths. It leads from Chaldea to Greece. What was experienced in Chaldea as cosmic wisdom revealed in the courses of the stars, appears again in Greece in the experience of the earthly mirror-image of the stars, in the realization of the budding, sprouting life of the earth. For the Greek was wholly given up to the world of the living. It is

true that, for him, thoughts were no longer permeated with soul as they once had been, but they were still imbued with life. The Seven Liberal Arts—as they were designated in the Middle Ages—those Arts which man still felt to be connected with planetary activity, have their origin in the living thinking which spread over into Greece from Asia Minor.

Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectic, Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, Astronomy—these appear in the Middle Ages as servants of the goddess Natura, who, as Steiner has taught us, is the same being who was worshipped in the Greek Mysteries as Persephone. The daughter of Demeter, she who was ravished by Pluto is the representative of the soul of man which has been seized by earthly forces, but which, though imprisoned in the kingdom of death, has yet remained alive. All that developed later as logic, as learning, is the spiritual picture of the soul-activity of Persephone.

What lived on and later developed into the myth of Persephone, forming the content of the Mysteries of Eleusis, was still a concrete reality in Ephesus in the age preceding that of Plato. In Ephesus, what had formed itself into the upper and the lower worlds through the deed of Marduk lived on in the souls of those who taught and those who were instructed. What later on became an abstract experience of Natura was in Ephesus still imbued with life and being. Those who in the Mysteries gave themselves up to the study of what we today should call natural science, approached this knowledge along two different paths. Those who followed the one path experienced all that rose up from the underworld into the innermost part of man, laying hold of the Spiritual, as, borne onwards by the forces of love, the soul of man strives to lay hold of the Spirit. On the other path, men experienced the forces which streamed down from the starry spaces, seeking with calm wisdom to transform all that flamed upwards from the underworld.

And so, through this intimate interchange of soul-forces, there arose a knowledge of nature enriched by the mutual experiences of individuals with one another. Natura/Persephoneia became one single being, representing both the human soul and nature. The souls of pupils, who, although afire with love for the Spirit were still seeking with the forces of the underworld, were lifted by the calm wisdom of their Initiate-Teachers to a realm where they could gaze upon those forces in the upper world whereby forms are created from all eternity.

This wonderfully intimate and sensitive knowledge, which was at the same time a knowledge of nature and a living experience of the forces of the soul, was transformed in the philosophy of Aristotle into the two concepts of Form and Matter. And so the wonderful life of the Mysteries faded away into the dead form of philosophy but only to be carried over into and preserved in another epoch when man was destined to renounce supersensible experience in order to travel for awhile along a purely earthly path. As a Guardian at the door of these Mystery-experiences, Aristotle preserved in the sphere of human thought as much of the wisdom as was needed by man for his spiritual sustenance.

While this was taking place in the life of human thought, and the instrument thus being prepared for an understanding of the Word made flesh, the body which was to be the vessel for the descending Godhead was being prepared by the Jewish people. They renounced what was developed in such full and perfect measure by the Greeks. The Hebrews produced neither sculpture nor architecture. All their formative forces were concentrated on the shaping of the body which had been the work of generations.

Michael, the Countenance of Jehovah, brought about a complete change in the consciousness of the Hebrew people. After much preparation this change was finally accomplished through the instrumentality of Moses. The story that is told of the Angel of the Lord appearing to Moses in the burning bush on Mount Horeb indicates that Moses, in a vision, and inspired by the angel of the Lord, entered into a state of consciousness in which he was able to experience the Divine. This was the way in which, up to this time, man experienced his ego, embedded in the group-consciousness of his people and permeated with divinity. In this angel there worked the being Elias, the one manifestation of the power of Michael. The other revealed itself on Sinai in thunder and lightning. Moses experienced clairvoyantly in the lightning the entrance into the human head of that wisdom which stands under the direction of Michael. For Moses this was indeed a clairvoyant experience; nevertheless the seed was sown which was later to grow away from clairvoyance and to develop into the forces of pure intellect. By means of this intellectual development, man was to find himself as an ego in the sphere of reflective thought. Michael was therefore known as the Countenance of Jehovah, through whom the impulse of the 'I am' enters into evolution. And so, under the influence of the leadership of Michael, man became

more and more intellectual, more firmly established in his experience of earthly personality.

From about the 6th century BC until the time of Aristotle and Alexander the Great, Michael's activity was still greater. For during this period of time, humanity was under his direct leadership, without the mediation of any one of the other archangels. Here we have to do with a Michael Age. What had been fostered in certain centers as an intensive spiritual life now spread abroad over a large portion of the earth. Ephesus was one of the most powerful of these spiritual centers and the source of a wisdom which streamed out in all directions. There is, for instance, a definite connection between the Mysteries of Ephesus and Johannine Christianity. The Temple of Ephesus was destroyed by fire in 356 BC, and this was a sign that the wisdom which had once been concentrated there would from now onwards live only in the souls of those who had received it, and who, working creatively on their spiritual treasure, were to carry it to whatever part of the earth they were led by destiny.

Cratylus was a pupil of Heraclitus and an Initiate of the Ephesian Mystery-wisdom. The principal source of information with regard to him is to be found in the *Dialogue of Plato* which bears his name. In addition to this there are brief references to Cratylus in the works of Aristotle. Heraclitus spoke of the flux of things in contrast to the world of the eternal. Cratylus made this teaching more profound; for he saw in the eternal nothing static, nothing quiescent, but rather the infinite mobility of the spiritual prototypes of things.

Whereas Heraclitus was angered by Homer because the latter described the transitory world, Cratylus was an admirer of Homer. He loved Homer because he found in him an understanding of the contrast between the Eternal Names of things given by the gods and the arbitrary names given by man. The gods give to things and beings the names which truly belong to them, and the sounds of which express their essential nature. Herein lies the germ of Plato's philosophy. Plato was a pupil of Cratylus, and he perceived the fundamental Idea lying at the back of things in just the same way as Cratylus perceived their Eternal Names—the names which express their real nature. We therefore see an unbroken spiritual stream flowing from Ephesus through Cratylus to Plato and Aristotle. All these individuals were inspired with the purpose of making the earthly, transient world into an image of the Eternal. In the separate and in the minute

they felt the pulse-beat of cosmic space. This is the sign of an age dominated by the influence of Michael.

Aristotle, who knew the secrets of the old Mysteries, gave out much of the Mystery-teaching in his writings, but in such a way that he expressed in the form of thought what in earlier times had been direct vision. He was therefore the first Western thinker. Aristotle was led to make this change—which gradually became the criterion of the whole of Western culture—by a spiritual vision which came to him on the island of Samothrace, a wild, isolated spot rising out of the sea and surrounded by the fury of the storm. Samothrace was a center of the Mysteries.

During the time he was the teacher of Alexander the Great, Aristotle once went to stay on the island, and there came a moment when he turned his spiritual gaze towards the coast of Asia Minor. He then saw in a mighty vision all that had taken place at the time of the burning of Ephesus many years before. The wisdom which had been preserved within the Ephesian Mysteries was then lost to man as earthly knowledge. It was, however, still inscribed in the cosmic ether, and it was from out of the ether that Aristotle was able to read it. From this moment onwards he knew that the cosmic hour had struck when the ancient Mysteries must decay, when the living intercourse between gods and men must come to an end, when nothing was to remain to man of all that divine splendor, except what was able to flow as a spiritual force into earthly existence from the realms of the gods. From now on, the splendor of direct spiritual vision was to fade away, and Nature with her multiplicity of forces was to become the field of human activity. Aristotle realized this. He knew that henceforward human beings must live in separation from the divine Hierarchies; and, inspired by the mighty revelation which had come to him, he founded a cosmic script in which can be read the secrets of the cosmos and of man.

In this way Steiner explained to us what are known as the ten *Categories* of Aristotle. These ten categories have never been fully understood or appreciated, for they are more than bare, intellectual concepts. Treated in a living way they lead to a spiritual knowledge of man and his relation to the universe.

In order fully to appreciate the complete change which took place in human consciousness—a change which Aristotle realized when putting forward his *Categories*—reference must be made here to the teaching given by Steiner with

regard to the development of the Mysteries. There are four kinds of Mysteries which have succeeded one another in the course of time.

The first of these, the so-called Ancient Mysteries, were centers in which the initiated human being, the priest, held direct communion with the gods. Gods and men stood face to face with one another. So it was in the Oracles of Atlantis; so it was still in that place which in the great Babylonian epic is described as a center of the Atlantean Mysteries, Xisuthros, whither Gilgamesh directed his steps. Later on, these Mysteries were replaced by Mysteries of another kind, less ancient, lying midway, as it were, between those of an earlier and those of a later epoch.

In Homer we find the transition leading over into this second epoch of the Mysteries. In Homer's epics gods and men are closely connected with one another, but the gods no longer reveal themselves to men in their divine, etheric form. Rather do they take on human form, entering into human beings, out of whom they speak. In Homer's works we continually find man faced with this problem: Is he, who now speaks with me as a counselor, a god or a man? The gods made themselves known through the medium of human beings. This was the second stage of the mysteries. An assumption of personality, a revelation through the mouth of man—this was what now took place on the part of the gods. And so it went on from the time of Homer until that of Aristotle. The Ephesian Mysteries were still of this character. The Goddess Diana who was worshipped in Ephesus revealed herself through the instrumentality of a human being and, speaking through this human being, made known the wisdom-teachings of the gods.

As a result of his experience on the island of Samothrace, Aristotle knew that this form of the Mysteries had come to an end. The Samothracian Mysteries were Mysteries of the third kind, belonging to the newer Mysteries while still retaining something of the old. In these Mysteries the gods revealed themselves in what took place by means of magic and alchemy. They revealed themselves in nature processes also, processes which were of such a kind that, in them, Nature herself, without the aid of man, worked magically as an alchemist. Steiner has described what came to pass in the Samothracian Mysteries. The sacred vessels dedicated to the Kabiri contained a substance which was lighted by the priest; and as the sacrificial smoke rose, the priest spoke into it certain mantric words,

thereby giving it form. In that which arose from the combined power of the word and the work of the hands which prepared the burning substance, fleeting forms of the gods were revealed. The priest came into touch with the gods by means of speech. Here, Steiner tells us, is the origin of Greek plastic art. Before the sculptor gave shape to marble, the priest created plastic forms from out of the sacrificial smoke by means of the spoken word. The Delphic Oracle was in many respects based on similar principles, but here the working of nature-forces outside the sphere of man came into play. Nature herself prepared the vapor which rose up out of the clefts of the rocks and swept like a Plutonic dragon through the valley. Apollo shot this dragon with his golden arrow. Pythia, enthroned on a lofty tripod high above the sulphurous vapor, in a state of dream clairvoyance, spoke certain words into the smoke which the priest of Apollo translated into wonderful verse.

And so these later Mysteries were concerned with the vanquishing of a dragon by means of the harmonizing power of Apollo. They were, however, fraught with a certain danger, for they were more liable to decadence than the earlier Mysteries. Only where Apollo really conquered, where the Plutonic dragon was actually transformed by the power of the Sun-Word, only in such centers did the Mysteries retain their purity and their cosmic justification. To shape them thus was one of the deeds of Michael, and with this deed Aristotle was connected.

In his *Categories* Aristotle created the form which was to preserve throughout this third epoch of the Mysteries what the divine Hierarchies had bestowed upon humanity as a gift. But because the Hierarchies now began to withdraw more and more from a world which, as their creation, displayed an ever-increasing dearth of Spirit, Aristotle no longer gave a living picture of spiritual Beings and the revelation of these Beings, but he used a working terminology which conceals profound esoteric knowledge.

Throughout the Middle Ages and right on into modern times, only dead concepts were formed with regard to the Categories. Steiner has filled these concepts with life. Aristotle speaks of 'Relation.' Steiner describes quite concretely, out of his spiritual experience, how spiritual Beings are active in the universe and how they enter into relation with one another. He also describes how, in the events of the present day, impulses which arose in far-off times are

working themselves out. The relations between events in the present, past and future are thus revealed, and a wonderful picture arises of all that is included in the Category 'Relation.' Another of the Aristotelian Categories is 'Quantity,' which embraces everything connected with measure, number and weight. The man whose soul forces are perfectly harmonized has realized in his own being what measure, number and weight can give to his thinking, feeling and willing. He has discovered his own particular tone in the Music of the Spheres. What is characterized as 'Quality' appears in Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophy—in its application to the human being—in such a way that the latter reveals the existence not only of physical, but also of supersensible forces which stream into him from the planets, the fixed stars or the farthest limits of universal space, and which are called by Steiner the etheric, astral and Ego forces.

'Space' is the placing, the position of things in the cosmos. In an all-embracing cosmology, Steiner also describes everything by nature spatial in its gradual process of 'becoming.' The anthroposophical picture of the world includes the concept 'Time,' the sequence of one thing after another, the cosmological conditions of successive periods of earthly evolution with their corresponding geological changes and cultural epochs. Time shows itself to be discontinuous, that is to say, interrupted, whenever the world-process withdraws from the sphere of outward appearance into its pure spiritual essence, a state of being which belongs to the sphere of eternal duration. This passing of the world process through different regions is what is comprised by the Category 'Position.'

'Position' is not meant here in a spatial sense alone, but the word describes on which of the cosmic planes, that is to say, in which terrestrial or celestial spheres anything takes place. What Steiner calls the etheric world, or spirit land, belongs to this Category. 'Doing' is everything which reveals the working of the Spirit and consequently includes the whole progress of evolution. 'Suffering' is everything which hinders this evolution. All that can be characterized as Luciferic or Ahrimanic activity comes under the Category of 'Suffering.' Destiny (Karma) is also connected with this Doing and Suffering.

'Substance' is that which has independent existence; it is the definitely concrete, for instance, the individualized human being. 'Substance' is therefore not merely matter, such as silver or gold or their transmutations, but a definite, cosmologically conditioned state of matter such as is present here and now. And

yet the Category 'Substance' includes the soul-and-spirit of man after death, with all the varying stages of transformation. Force and matter are not separate in the higher worlds, so that one can use the word 'force' for 'substance' and 'substance' for 'force.'

'Behavior' is that manifestation of a being through which he reveals his aura, his soul-raiment; he manifests his soul-nature outwardly, without deviating either to the side of Lucifer or to the side of Ahriman. It is the manifestation of the soul in a state of perfect balance, and therefore includes everything connected with the Christ. What has been said in no way claims to be a comprehensive survey of the teaching of the Categories, for this teaching is so rich, so inexhaustible, that if we live with it, we begin to recognize that all the wisdom of the world is contained within it potentially and can be drawn upon by those who are able to master it.

When the Mystery of Golgotha took place, Michael and his hosts were in the sphere of the Sun. Not all human beings are incarnated on the earth at the same time, and we know from Steiner that precisely those souls who had lived on earth during the preceding Michael Age were not then in incarnation. The souls belonging to the other Michael stream were on the earth. Their leader, as has already been observed, was the Being Elias, the angel whom the Lord sends out before Him. This being was reincarnated as John the Baptist.

In the spiritual heights, Michael was the Guardian of the Mysteries. In the life of Christ on earth, there was manifested openly before the eyes of all men the content of what in olden times had taken place in the inmost sanctuary of the Mysteries. What hitherto had been a purely mystical truth was now revealed as an historical event. And this mystical truth, that is to say, the content of earlier spiritual vision, became an outer, historical fact. This opening up of the Mysteries brought about a decisive change in the destiny of Michael. Hitherto Michael was a Being who revealed himself during the experiences of this night-consciousness. It was only to this night-consciousness that he manifested his full power and strength. Now the Mysteries were made public. The curtain which concealed the holiest sanctuary of Jehovah was rent. Up to this time Michael had been the 'Countenance of Jehovah.' Now he became the 'Servant of Christ.'

Before the coming of Christ, the Divine Prophetic Principle spoke to man during the experiences of the night. Now man had to tread a different

path of knowledge. He had to learn to live with the Divine in his waking-day consciousness, not in the dreams of the night. It was Michael who helped to make this change possible. But from now onwards he himself required a greater strength. Before the Mystery of Golgotha, he was the leading Spirit of the Hebrew people. Through the Mystery of Golgotha, he became a Spirit whose task lies outside the limitation of a definite community or race.

This is shown in the tendency which immediately made its appearance in Christianity, the tendency to turn to the Greeks and the heathen and to take them into consideration equally with the Jews. The work of St. Paul shows this very strongly. A cosmopolitan impulse appeared in the place of the old dependence on Jehovah. The forces of the Sun became active and permeated the darkness. Although this was no Michael Age—Oriphiel, the Spirit of dark Saturn, having then the leadership—the descent of the Sun-Spirit to the earth had such an effect that all peoples, albeit under the dominion of Oriphiel, unfolded a cosmopolitan activity associated with the influence of Michael. Thus it was possible for Christianity to be spread abroad in the most wonderful way, although this happened largely below the surface, and the significance of what took place was for the most part unnoticed by the humanity of that time. The Moon Age of Jehovah passed over into the Sun Age of Christ.

Whenever a transition takes place from the Moon activity to a condition in which the forces of the Sun are working most strongly, Raphael, the Spirit of Mercury, makes his appearance. His influence is clearly to be seen at the time of the Mystery of Golgotha. The ancients endowed him with a staff, around which were coiled white and black snakes, symbols of the constantly interchanging ebb and flow of nightly experiences with waking-day consciousness. Thus Raphael plays his part in the tremendous change which took place in the consciousness of the different peoples who, living in an epoch ruled by Oriphiel, sought to free themselves from the darkness of night and to turn to the spiritual Sun.

This is why the history of the three centuries after the Mystery of Golgotha so often depicts Michael as a healer. Raphael is the Guardian of the Art of Healing; and just as Christ worked as a Healer, so also did Michael. A shrine was dedicated to him as a Healer in the neighborhood of Ephesus: Chonai. Legend tells us that this shrine was built by a man from Laodicea whose daughter was cured there by the waters of a spring possessed of miraculous properties. This

spring had its source at the very spot at which, some little time earlier, John and Philip had proclaimed to the people that Michael would make himself manifest. Joseph of Arimathea also, who is traditionally represented with the chalice and the knotted staff, appears as a metamorphosis of the pre-Christian Asclepius.

The Greek God of Healing carried in one hand the snake-entwined staff and in the other a chalice. Through the event of Golgotha the snake was changed into the dove which hovers over the chalice. And this chalice, overshadowed by the wings of the dove and filled with the blood of Christ, is closely bound up with the legend of the Holy Grail, which originated at a time when Raphael was the leading Spirit of the age. Thus Raphael appears united with Michael's new activity. The Rosicrucians of the Middle Ages were aware of this Raphael-Mystery. Hence one finds Rosicrucian works of art which represent Mercury as a chalice into which Sun and Moon pour their gold and silver light.

Because the mighty Event of Golgotha became part of human history, something took place which every human soul must learn to understand: Christ passed through the Mystery of Golgotha for the sake of all men. Not every human soul, however, experienced the Mystery of Golgotha while physically incarnated on the earth. There were many who at the time of Christ were living in the spiritual world between their last death and the new birth awaiting them in the future. According to the spiritual investigation of Steiner, there were among these souls those who in their previous life on earth had been the contemporaries of Aristotle, and who had accepted his teaching. These human beings had therefore to wait for a following incarnation before they could learn to understand Christianity in its earthly form. During the 9th century AD, very many of those souls who had lived at the time of Aristotle descended to earth once more.

In the meantime, evolution on the earth had developed along certain lines. The cultural life of this epoch was concentrated chiefly in the southern part of Europe and in certain regions of Northern Africa. The people who lived in these regions, and who were more or less influenced by the after-effects of Greek philosophy, still experienced thought as something received by man either as tradition or as direct revelation from a spiritual world. The experience of thought as the creation of man himself made its appearance later, and was not present in the peoples of these southern regions until about the 4th century AD. It was only

at the time of the migration of the Northern peoples, when the Germanic people forced their way southwards, that certain human beings appeared who bore in their souls a predisposition which was to lead to the experiencing of thought as the product of individual effort. And even then, this manner of experiencing thought slumbered beneath the surface, covered over by Greco-Roman civilization, until in the 11th century it forged a path for itself. Here again we have to do with a change in human consciousness. Passive receptivity of thought gave way to an active thinking. A passive experience of thought is an echo of the passive, dreamy mood of soul which belonged to pre-Christian times. Activity of thought is an awakening to all that Michael has strived to gain for humanity since the Mystery of Golgotha.

When in the course of the 9th century the contemporaries of Aristotle descended once again to earthly life, they met with an attitude of soul which rendered it possible for certain individuals here and there still to experience thought as a gift of the gods. In this incarnation during the 9th century it was possible for a soul, who in the previous earthly life had been completely absorbed in the pursuit of wisdom, to progress by renouncing wisdom during that earthly life, and leading instead a life of piety and devotion. We must picture to ourselves a human being of this type, one who had previously given himself up entirely to philosophic thought, and who now transmutes this same power of thought into inwardness and with this attitude of soul experiences and contemplates the world around him. It was as though wisdom, born again in the individualized human soul, underwent a transformation and became love. These souls became Christians.

All this took place in regions where the Northern peoples encountered those from the South who still bore within themselves the culture of olden times. Here, in the midst of wide stretches of forest which at that time still covered the Western part of Europe, Irish Christianity proclaimed its own special message. This took place, not in the large settlements, but in the solitude of natural surroundings, in woods and in caves.

Thus the wisdom of antiquity—permeated with love and with the devotion to nature that is born of an open-hearted Christianity—was transformed as the years went on into the wonderful flower of Scholasticism. What thus took place in human souls as an intimate transformation of the life of thought is the result

of the activity of Michael. He led human beings away from the ancient wisdom towards freedom, to the free activity of individual thought, in order that in the future, out of their own strength, they might once again find their way back to the Divine. The legends which arose between the 4th and 7th centuries depict Michael as the Guardian of this will-activity in thinking, as the Being who wrought an immense change in the life of human thought. For crystal clarity and perfection of form, the quality of thought revealed by the Scholastics of the 13th century has never been surpassed.

The complete change which the Scholasticism of the 13th century called forth in humanity was far-reaching in its effects. Just as a tremendous geological upheaval entirely alters the face of the earth—so that where there was previously land there is now water, and where there was once a vast stretch of ocean there now arises a new continent—so with an indescribable force, Scholasticism took hold of the spiritual makeup of humanity, completely changing its contours. Hitherto, myths and allegories had conserved the concepts of philosophy in vivid, pictorial form. These now disappeared and in their stead there gradually developed a finely chiselled, more plastic language, well fitted for the expression of pure thought. The seat of all learning was in the monasteries.

Aristotelian philosophy was used for the interpretation of Nature and Christianity, and the more pictorial language of Platonism and Neo-Platonism receded into the background. A world of poetry passed away and gave place to a world of crystal-clear, sharply outlined thought, the transparent, delicate forms of which mirrored in many colors the light of the Spirit. Thus the instrument for the acquisition of spiritual and intellectual knowledge was fashioned and elaborated, until, some centuries later, it was once more completely changed, manifesting itself in the form of the Scientific Thought of modern times.

During these centuries a certain part of humanity, withdrawn into the seclusion of monastic cells, worked at the perfecting of this instrument of knowledge. It is as though these human beings passed through part of the after-death existence before their own death, while they were still living on the earth, and by so doing wrested from the other side certain death-forces which were needed by modern humanity and which by this means could be carried over into human life. In the Religious Orders of the Middle Ages, the soul-forces inherent in every human being were fostered and developed. The Dominicans

concentrated especially on the development of clear, rational thinking, while the impulse behind the Cistercians, the impulse felt by the Cistercians to be the living pulse of their Order, was the training of the will.

The Franciscans, on the other hand, aimed above all to develop their life of feeling. Each of these Orders, in its own specialized sphere, fostered and encouraged a life of complete retirement and seclusion. In the case of Thomas Aquinas the miraculous happened; for he, towering far above all his contemporaries, bore in his soul as a living force that lost world of poesy which had been transformed into the magnificent architecture of thought. All this he carried within him, experiencing it fully in the depths of his own spirit, so that, for the sake of human progress, he might be able to give it out again in a new form, a form that was to become the accepted standard of knowledge in future centuries. Joachim of Flore was right when he spoke of this epoch as a time ripe for the revelation of a new and immortal Gospel, a Gospel which had to arise in due course, when the epochs of the Father in pre-Christian times and of the Son in Christian times had both passed away. Humanity had now to enter into the third phase, the epoch of the Spirit.

In the meantime, Michael, the Ruler of Intelligence, was making ready all that in future times was to be gathered into one mighty whole. Just as in the 'I am' the forces of thinking, feeling and willing are contained in 'I think, I feel, I will,' so in the future everything that was unfolded and developed separately in the Religious Orders must be unified and brought together.

It was not, however, the task of the 'I am' to plunge down into the forces of the soul in the way in which this was brought about by the fall of Lucifer. On the contrary, something had now to take place which was in complete opposition to the Luciferic temptation. In the spiritual worlds, what had been differentiated on earth had to be welded together. And this happened while the differentiation of forces on earth continued for a time.

This persistent differentiation is shown not only in the esoteric life of the Religious Orders, but reveals itself also in external history. The cleft between England and France grew wider and wider. This was merely the outward symbol of the gradual development of a new intellectual consciousness, one which, based on self-conscious action and making use of the forces of thought and observation, was to create a new conception of the universe. The Maid

of Orleans is closely concerned in all that took place in this connection. Her mission was to help Michael in his task of building a civilization based on the Consciousness Soul, a form of consciousness which has to cultivate a thinking freed from the element of sense and an observation devoted to the perception of phenomena as such. For this purpose it was necessary that the Roman and Anglo-Saxon peoples should be separated. Thus we see Michael working for unity in the spiritual heights, for differentiation on earth, and in this twofold activity ushering in the modern age. In the development of a view of the world suited to this modern age, we see a world-picture arising which places the Sun—the abode of Michael—in the center of the whole scheme.

The cosmopolitan impulse lying behind the voyages of discovery undertaken at this time is a kind of reflection upon earth of what was taking place in the spiritual worlds. The explorers were filled with a courage inspired by Michael while yet belonging to a Mars epoch of evolution. Samael, the Spirit of Mars, worked in their lower impulses and instincts, but in their cosmopolitan and religious striving they were led by Michael. The search for the mysterious Priest-King John, a search which inspired many a voyage of discovery, is a reflection of the fact that human beings at that time were dimly and subconsciously aware of the working of Michael in the spiritual heights. Michael is the Spirit who carries into later epochs of human evolution the knowledge of the Mysteries of the past, in order that at the present day and in times to come, humanity may be inspired by experiencing anew the divine glory which illuminated those long past ages. Michael is responsible for the urge which stirred the hearts of men at the beginning of the modern age, sending them forth on voyages of discovery and thus uniting them spiritually with the past.

The kingdom of the Priest-King John, whose letters had so far-reaching an effect on world affairs, must be sought for in the supersensible worlds. In the spiritual world alone is to be found that center which revealed itself on earth by inspiring human beings to cosmopolitan deeds.

History shows how the dark, opposing forces of the enemy worked into the sun-illuminated kingdom of Michael, for greed of gold and self-interest sullied the first pure impulse of the discoverers. Thus our modern age was born at a time when war was being waged between Michael and his adversaries. The invention of the printing press is an example of this, for thereby an impulse was given to

humanity capable of furthering spiritual life in a cosmopolitan sense, but capable also of destroying the life of the spirit. Ahriman entered into human culture, and the question was: How would humanity respond to his influence?

Thus in the course of the 15th century, that tremendous change took place out of which our own age was gradually born. A materialistic conception of the world became general, and the cultivation of a spiritual way of life was limited, for the most part to very simple people who, in the seclusion of Rosicrucian retreats, preserved in their hearts the continuity of spiritual development. Such works as the *Chymical Marriage* by Valentin Andraea, the significance of which has been pointed out by Steiner, give some indication of what was then practiced in secret. This Rosicrucian method of developing the forces of soul and spirit, while originating in very early Christian times, had nevertheless developed with developing humanity, and from the beginning of the 13th century onwards existed in that particular form which was known, somewhat later, as Rosicrucianism.

Through the age when men were falling into the clutches of doubt on account of the ever-increasing subtlety of thought driven to the point of sophistry—a development to which not only philosophical writings but the records of many a Council bear witness—Rosicrucianism preserved a wonderful faith and inner belief in the reality of a spiritual world behind all physical things. These spiritual experiences arose from forces of inwardness and devotion whereby the soul was still able to acquire knowledge, whereas the rest of the world in the age of the dawning Consciousness Soul was busy demanding intellectual proof. Although there were only a few who in concealment, maybe, cultivated this union with the supersensible world in heart and soul, they were the channels for an unbroken stream of spiritual life on earth. Unobserved by the eyes of men, the Rosicrucians were able on the one hand to devote themselves to the Spirit and on the other to shut themselves off from their spiritual activities and work in practical life, just as other men, as the needs of the new age demanded. The leaders of Rosicrucianism consciously strove to bring about the harmonious interaction of these two aspects of the life of soul which were, to begin with, separate and apart.

Michael stood at the side of those who still experienced a spiritual world in living Imaginations and also of those in whom what had once been Imagination

lived more in the form of ideas. He lost access to those souls alone who through doubt and the mania for intellectual proof were being cut off from the spiritual world. The marriage of true spiritual experience with a life of pure thought and ideas—such is the great ideal of the epoch of the Consciousness Soul. For life in the world of pure thought is of the very nature of the Consciousness Soul and Imagination is one of its higher faculties. In this way Michael works alike in man's life of supersensible experience and in his life of thought and ideation.

In the period from the 15th to the 19th centuries, it is clearly evident when looking back at first to the Renaissance and Reformation, that under the influence of Michael, mankind was unfolding a strong consciousness of the present. Personality came powerfully to the fore. And finally men began to realize an oncoming phase of development brought about by their own activity and bearing within it the seeds of the future. This striving for a new ordering of all conditions of human life is revealed in the French Revolution, which was kindled by the inpouring through England into France of the impulse of the Consciousness Soul. But the French Revolution did not achieve all that ought to have been achieved in line with the real purpose of progress. In those times the peoples opened themselves to one another. One people poured its life of soul into another. Anglo-American ideas of freedom flowed into France; French culture flowed into Germany; the East greedily drank in what was working in Germany. A stream of soul-and-spiritual life was thus flowing from West to East, containing within it the impulse which should have passed over the earth as a true ordering of the life of the peoples one with another.

A final mighty effort to guide the course of events aright was made through the instrumentality of the Comte de St. Germain, who tried to awaken the French people to the realization of how they should act in the sense of their great Dead, listening to the voices of those who had crossed the threshold to the spiritual world. His purpose was to create a new social order out of a religious impulse, but his will could not prevail. He played a far more important part in the events of that time than is ascribed to him by historians.

And so it came to pass that the mighty spiritual impulse could find for itself no social body. Napoleon appeared on the scenes and with him a stream of ancient Egyptian Pharaoh-dom poured into European humanity. Impulses arising from the blood began to determine the destinies of nations. Through

Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, Europe learned to know the mummies and the Egyptian treasures of art, and soon afterwards—following the discoveries of Champollion—to read Egyptian hieroglyphics. A purely external culture, devoid of soul, tyrannized Europe.

And then, as a protest, there arose Johann Gottlieb Fichte, in whose philosophy of the ego—Christianized and lifted away from old impulses of blood—Jehovah Michael spoke to man in the language of the soul. Michael was working in Fichte's courageous speeches which, as Steiner said, made a nation of the German people who had hitherto been split up in manifold families and branches of stock. Through Fichte and many a poet of genius, the enthusiasm of youth was awakened and Napoleon's 'mummy-state' shattered to fragments.

The fruit of Fichte's Michael-like courage was destroyed by the barren panic-politics of Metternich. Central Europe could not fulfill her rightful task and mission which was, by serving the Spirit, to be an example for a true alliance of peoples based on the nobility of manhood. In his speeches to the German Nation, Fichte had said that there must now come about that for which the unborn were pleading. The prayers of the unborn had worked as a mighty inspiration already in the French Revolution, as a Michael impulse.

Steiner has told us that Goethe's fairy tale of *The Green Snake and the Beautiful Lily* is a picture in miniature of the happenings in the spiritual world at that time. The story describes the descent of souls, the crossing of the river of passion at incarnation. It describes the longing in the heart of man who must realize during incarnation that the spiritual world lies on the yonder shore of this river and that only along the path to the life before birth can the seeking human soul be united with the Spirit who gave it birth.

But what Goethe bequeathed to mankind in so splendid a form remains mere literature and now, after the Great War, a task is still awaiting fulfillment: the seeking and treading of the path to the spiritual world and the forming of humanity into a true and worthy social body over the whole earth. Michael's aim is to bring about that true knowledge and understanding of Christ which, living itself out in moral action, leads the individual to freedom and the world in its totality to harmony.



Why Do We Celebrate Michaelmas in Waldorf Schools?

by David Mitchell

Summer's haze vanishes when the clear skies and crisp air of September arrive. This is the time we establish our rhythms for the year; in many respects it is more of a New Year than January 1. It is a time of separation and individualization. The cool, pristine air wakes us from our summer daze and our thinking becomes more precise. With the beginning of school, we send our young ones off with memories of our own education etched indelibly into our own personalities. It is a time when we naturally think back upon our own lives.

The autumn is a rare time. In many parts of North America, the trees are ablaze with splendid color—the scarlet maples of New England, the twittering yellow aspens of the Rocky Mountains, and the orange sumac of the South are but a few examples. The evening skies come alive as meteor showers streak across the dark canopy like blazing arrows. The remnant of this cosmic metallic presence is unknowingly absorbed into our blood from the very air we breathe, invigorating our blood with its homeopathic qualities of iron. Darkness starts to wrap around us and we are moved inside to the comfort of our homes. Our thought life also goes inward. The dreamy mood of summer is replaced by a new vigor that seems to aid us in our tasks. Beyond external observation, what does all of this mean?

An ancient intuitive wisdom placed a festival at each of the four turning points of the solar year. In the autumn this festival was named after a mythological figure, the archangel Michael, the heavenly warrior. The name Michael is Hebrew, and its meaning is a question: “Who is like God?” Legend tells that Michael, along with Gabriel, Uriel and Raphael, was sent out into the cosmos by God to seek a name for man. With sublime spirit-power, Michael, as the messenger of God, proclaimed man's earthly name: “Adam.”

There are many other legends of Michael, the most notable being of his confrontation in heaven with the rebellious angels, led by Lucifer, who sought to overthrow God. The forces of Michael cast them out of heaven and held them in control in their earthly form as dragons. Michael did not slay the leading dragon, but through his inner forces was able to hold it within his control, at the tip of his spear.

If we examine this story, we can begin to find the meaning of Michaelmas and the task of Michael. The dragon is not an external reality, but rather lives within all humankind, represented by cold, dead, rationalistic and pragmatic thinking. It is alive within every mortal as a potentially evil force. Michael's message to humanity is not to try to slay the dragon within ourselves, for we would not live in freedom if we did, but rather to overcome it with consciousness. It is the consciousness in our thinking which calls for exactitude and selflessness, as well as the strength of will needed to follow a moral path in life. Michaelmas is a festival of inner strength and initiative. It is a time when our higher being can conquer anxiety and fear, for it is the task of Michael to awaken mankind to the eternal within.

The backdrop for the drama of history is the struggle between the powers that strive for the forces of Goodness against those that struggle for the purpose of Evil. It is within each individual on earth that this drama is enacted. Mythology can be thought of as a psychological healer for mankind; it gives one courage through its images of Good conquering Evil. What does this old picture have to do with us in our comfortable, modern communities?

We live in an age of individuality and personal freedom. Our society offers us a multitude of choices. This often puts great stress on the young as they seek to find a direction in their lives. The prevalent "Me" generation often sees only the first roughshod steps toward becoming free individuals, without recognizing the more evolved counterparts of responsibility and love.

What is the picture of society that stands behind our drive toward free individuality? We are struggling amidst the unsettling realities of the crumbling forms of social order—our justice system, government, marriage, schools, churches—all once rocks of stability to mankind now shift treacherously under the feet like slippery sand. We must fend for ourselves. No longer can we be sure

what we hear is truthful. Out of our own initiative and strength we must give direction to our lives.

The “new forms” we create and the discernment of what is really “true” both in the present and in the past, lie fully on our own individual shoulders. In the creation of “new festivals” there exists a powerful mystery involving the unfolding of community-building and spirit-focussing.

In the legend of Michael we find he offers four gifts: strength, courage, the will to do deeds, and love, to those who are willing to undertake self-transformation and look towards that which is divine in every human being. Both the transformation and the battle with the dragon are uniquely individual; they reside within our powers of thought, and we are the only ones to have access to them.

At Waldorf schools circling the earth, the children hear stories and legends of Michael. Then, on or around September 29, the teachers in many of our schools lead their students out onto the fields, where they see an enactment of Michael’s battle with the dragon. Then each and every child participates in feats of skill and courage and a pageant unfolds. This event is often followed by a large picnic with all families invited. This “new festival” is involved with the awakening of the “will” for rightful deeds.

Working with the Festivals through the Twelve Senses

by David Mitchell

How can we create new festivals that give lifelong strength to the children we teach? Today's children require tactile experiences. Those incarnating today have strong social awareness and they long to "touch" the world with their full beings. Considering the twelve senses allows us to facilitate this need.

The festivals help us to mark time. They give us reference points both to look forward to and to look back upon. They help us to breathe from a cosmic perspective of contraction and expansion, and all this helps us to psychologically put things in order.

From the perspective of a teacher, my colleagues and I and our students journey through the three major seasons of nature: autumn, winter, and spring. Wise people in the past ascribed festivals to these nodal points and called them, amongst other names Michaelmas/Yom Kippur, Hanukkah/Christmas, and Passover/Easter. These seasons within the year present us with the opportunity to bring a living meeting with ninefold man through the activities we create. They also afford us the possibility to specifically educate the twelve senses of the children we teach.

So, if each festival is a season and is part of a threefold whole then:

- Michaelmas/Yom Kippur is the festival of our *will*.
- Christmas/Hanukkah is the festival of our *feelings*.
- Easter/Passover is the festival of our *thinking*.

The nine-folding occurs because aspects of the other two are present as well. At Michaelmas/Yom Kippur we feel a resurgence in our will-life as the meteoric iron streams through space. The cool air in the northern hemisphere pulls us

<i>Michaelmas</i>	<i>Christmas</i>	<i>Easter</i>
Willing	Thinking	Feeling
Feeling	Willing	Thinking
Thinking	Feeling	Willing

more inside into our thinking; we are set free from the dreaminess of summer. Our feelings are sparked by the changing of the leaves and the metamorphosis of the dying plant kingdom. We are being contracted within ourselves in this cosmic breathing of the year.

At Christmas/Hanukkah we meet the darkest time of the year. Our feelings are quickened by the overshadowing darkness. We may concern ourselves with altruistic caring of others; our will can be engaged toward this same purpose. The cosmic year is at its deepest in-breath. We are at one with our thinking. Now we can ponder how the frost holds the etheric world of nature under its heavy stamp. We are now most alive in an inward sense.

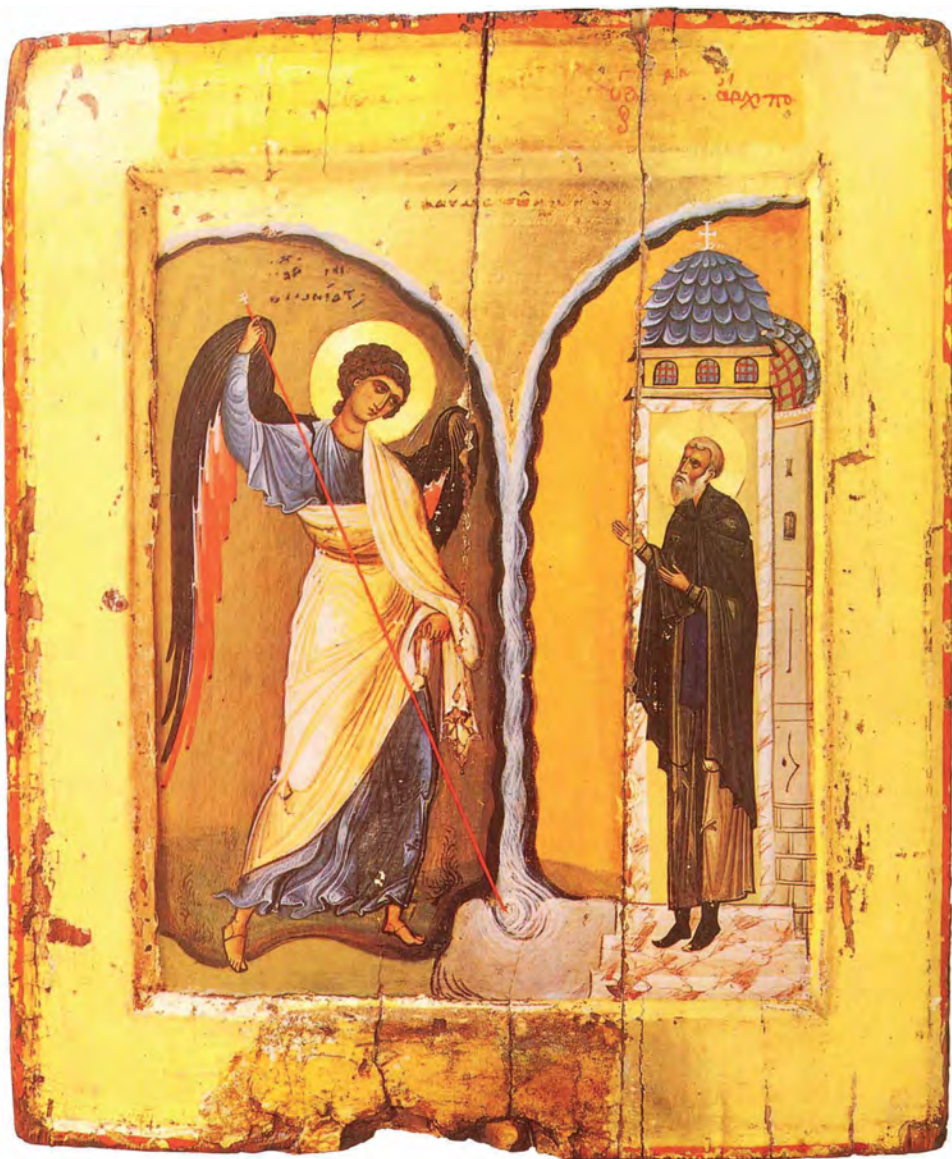
At Easter/Passover we are at the time of nature’s rebirth. Our thinking has been exercising itself actively and has reached a peak with regard to the support it receives from the outer world. Our feelings are being stirred by the movements of the natural world and the soft breezes of springtime.

How can we bring these experiences to our children? The answer lies in the activation of their senses. On the next two pages is a sketch of how this could be contemplated.

The weave that connects this wonderful tapestry is music and eurythmy. This list barely scratches the surface of possibilities. There are many more activities that can be added. If we can activate and educate the children’s senses, then we are truly preparing them in a holistic manner while at the same time we are creating a “new” festival through our own wakeful consciousness.

	Willing	Feeling	Thinking
The 12 Senses	<i>Michaelmas</i>	<i>Christmas</i>	<i>Easter</i>
Sense of Touch (where we materially relate to the external world)	sand, grass, ropes in games	drama and pageants with costumes	amnesty international letters written, deeds done for the disadvantaged
Sense of Life (where we sense our wellness or sickness)	running, jumping, (being in the breath)	singing, eurythmy, sledding	experience a sunrise followed by neighborhood breakfast
Sense of Movement (where we perceive movements of our limbs relative to each other)	throw a javelin, lance a moving ring on the run	eurythmy, choral singing at the homes of friends or nursing homes	long hike with spaces for quiet reflection
Sense of Equilibrium (where we find our relation to above, down, left & right)	juggling, tug-of-war, balance beams	rollerskating, skiing, ice skating, jumping rope	contra dancing, folk dancing, Maypole dancing
Sense of Smell (we merely perceive through this sense to the outside world)	baking pies and bread in ovens made by the third grade	steamed cider, peppermint and tea, baking cookies	bread-baking, discuss smells that interest you
Sense of Taste (where we bring the outer world within ourselves)	taste savory items	taste sweet items	taste salty items
Sense of Sight (where the world enters us as a picture)	have banners and pennants at your games	illuminate party with lots of candles	decorations with purple and yellow; discuss meaning of colors

	Willing	Feeling	Thinking
The 12 Senses	<i>Michaelmas</i>	<i>Christmas</i>	<i>Easter</i>
Sense of Warmth (where we have an intimate relationship with the outer world & experience a quality of an object as cold or hot)	have children run through water sprinkler as part of games	create snowball domes with candles in the inside to illuminate pathway	early morning walks in the brisk air; afternoon talks in the warm sun
Sense of Hearing (where we experience the inner texture of external things)	have brass and drums play at games	have violin and cello at assemblies or class supper	make music together with all instruments
Sense of Word (where sounds become imbued with meaning)	recite strong poetry	read poetry, e.g., Dylan Thomas' "Christmas in Wales," etc.	read naturalists' writings of rebirth in nature
Sense of Thought (where we develop a living connection with the word)	tell biographies of courage and daring	tell biographies of kindness and compassion	tell biographies of sorrow and its transcendence
Sense of Ego (where we gain a true perception of another person)	have children do physical tasks in pairs	have children choose a secret person to do good deeds for every day during Advent	share three deep questions in small groups with each person responding. "What three personalities most influence you and why?"



The Deeds of Michael: A Collection of Tales and Legends from around the World

The Feast of Saint Michael

from The Golden Legend

There followeth the feast of Saint Michael the archangel, and first the exposition of his name.

Michael is expounded sometimes as God. And oft-times, as Saint Gregory saith, when a thing of marvellous virtue is done, Michael is sent forth, so that he, by the deed and the name, be given to understand that none may do that God may do, and therefore be attributed to him many things of marvellous virtue. For like as Daniel witnesseth, he shall arise and address in the time of Antichrist against him, and shall stand as a defender and keeper for them that be chosen.

He also fought with the dragon and his angels and, casting them out of heaven, had a great victory. He also had a great plea and altercation with the devil for the body of Moses, because he would not show it; for the children of Israel should have adored and worshipped it. He received the souls of saints and brought them into the paradise of exultation and joy. He was prince of the synagogue of the Jews, but now he is established of our Lord, prince of the church of Jesu Christ. And as it is said, he made the plagues of Egypt, he departed and divided the Red Sea, he led the people of Israel by the desert and set them in the land of promission, he is had among the company of holy angels as bannerer, and, bearing the sign of our Lord, he shall slay by the commandment of God, right puissantly, Antichrist that shall be in the Mount of Olivet. And dead men shall arise at the voice of this same archangel. And he shall show at the day of judgment the cross, the spear, the nails and the crown of thorns of Jesu Christ.

Michael Legends

from a Speech by Pico Della Mirandola

If we be permitted to speak in dark and veiled words, of the Mysteries—insofar as permitted by the weakness of man whose head has been sheathed in darkness since the Fall and whose glance is obscured through passion and death—I exhort you to call unto Raphael, the heavenly physician. He will bestow Health upon you by means of his dialectics, which affect us like a salubrious herb. And then will the Archangel Gabriel endow us with Divine Force, guiding us through the wonders of nature and showing how God's omnipotence is at work within them. After this pilgrimage through the sphere of philosophy, he hands us to Michael, the highest priest, whose grace will give unto us the priesthood of Theology, like unto a crown fashioned of precious stones.

Gothic Hymn unto the Archangel Michael

from the Greek

Michael! Exalted, powerful Prince of the Heavens!
Who carriest aloft one golden shimmer
Of Christ, the King,
Holy is thy name, O Michael,
Who art like unto God.

As companion of the Thrones
Thou art the foundation stone
Of the Heavenly Firmament.
Thou standest in the castle of the Kyriotetes
And risest high amongst the Dynameis.

Amidst the Exusiai and Archai
As a radiant light thou appearest.
Into the Cherubim's sacred chorus
The cleansing fire thou carriest.
By thy holy spear supported,
Over the Seraphim thou rulest.
Thou, as the eldest, art the rightful leader
Of all the hosts of Heaven.

Thou appearest gleaming, in the course of the ages,
In the fourfold row of the Elders.
In the fourth globe, thou art the Priest
Of the guiding spirits
Whose number is twice times four.
Thou abidest close to the Creator's Throne,
Where thou rightfully dwellest.

Thou art the countenance
Of the ninefold ordered
Ranks of the angels,
And of the noble structure
Of the myriad heavenly hosts,
Ever sounding the praise
Of the thrice holy Trinity.
Eternally thou coverest
The Highest Deity's countenance and feet
And ever inclinest thyself
Before Its three aspects.

Thou art the Companion
Of Uriel and Gabriel and Raphael,
Who cover with six blazing flames
The Deity since the World's beginnings.
Mayest thou remain to the end of time
United with that which is needful.
As the Creator's creature
Thou servest Him faithfully.
Lifted up to the heights,
The lower heaven thou dost not forsake,
While the rebel who fled
In the abyss of hell is chastised.

Thus thou dost harbor the highest of virtues,
And gloriously gleameth thy strength.
Thou rulest the dark hosts of the demons
And shalt be the judge
Of Satan and his angels.
Thou wast sent from Heaven
To save and purify the Hebrew people,
And hast fulfilled in splendor
The exalted Daniel's prophecies:
That thou wouldst fight
At the side of the faithful.

Therefore we pray thee, Exalted warrior
And glorious victor:
Do unto us who have been reborn through baptism
What thou hast once bestowed
On the Mystery Schools:

Ward thou off the arrows
And the demons' pernicious ire.
Destroy the sores, drive out the plague,
From disaster protect us.
Place in every soul
Salvation, peace, and glowing faith.
For behold! After one year's passing
Until we shall be
To sing Halleluja in praise of thy dignity.

Michael, thou most radiant helper
Of the threefold Sun-Deity!
Thou proven leader!
With the Host of the angels on high
Full of exultation thou singest:
Holy art Thou, O Father,
Holy, thou sacred Logos
Who wast there from the beginning,
And holy the Spirit
In Its might and Its glory,
In Its Divine Being and strength.

Michael, Prince of angels,
Of fire is fashioned thy form,
And wondrous thy beauty.
Without bodily sheaths
Through the expanse of the world thou wanderest
To fulfill the All-Creator's commands.
In thy strength thou showest thyself mighty,
And erectest in thy Temple a source of healing,

Which is honored in the Name of thy Glory.
O Lord! Who, as it is written,
Makest Thy angels to winds
And Thy servants to flames of fire:
Thou hast appointed as foremost leader
Amidst Thy hosts
The Archangel Michael.
He follows Thy beckoning, O Logos,
And sounds in reverence
The threefold holy song of praise
Exulting the revelation of Thy glory.

Michael

Greek Hymn from the Middle Ages

Thou art the leader
Of the non-embodied Angels
And beholdest as the bearer of rites
And as Initiate
The divine, gleaming radiance.
Help us, Michael,
Our leader!
Forever and ever we pay homage to thee
And worship the Holy Trinity.

Michael in the Ancient Orient

Michael as Indra

from the Rigveda

He Who, at once after birth, was gifted with power of thinking; He Who, in His spirit-might, protected the Gods; He Who, in breathing, shakes the Universe through the power of His manhood: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who slew the dragon and let the seven rivers stream on; He Who freed the cows from the dungeon of Vala; He Who, as the invincible warrior, created fire between the stones: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who made fast the swaying earth; He Who calmed the restless mountains; He Who expanded the sphere of the air; He Who hurled down the Heavens: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who performed these heroic deeds; He Who subdued the primeval savages; He Who, like unto a winning player, acquires the enemy's riches: This, ye people, is Indra.

He about Whom they ask: Where is He, the mighty One? He of Whom it is said: He destroys the enemy's riches like unto the winner in a dice game; He in Whom ye believe: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who invigorates the poor and miserable; He Who hearkens to the singer and prayerful one; He Who helps to press out the Soma juice; He Who joins together the stones of the Soma press: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Whose beckoning makes horses and oxen, warriors and chariots serve Him; He Who created the Sun and the Dawn; He Who lets stream the waters: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who by the gathering armies is called on; He Who is asked for help by the enemies in opposing camps; He Who is called upon by both the chariot-driver and the warrior: This, ye people, is Indra.

He without Whom there is no victory; He Whom all the warriors implore for help; He Who can master all things; He Who can move the immovable: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who slays the wicked when they least expect it; He Who forgiveth not the haughtiness of the haughty; He Who slays the demon: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who, after forty years, found the Sambara (an evil magician and robber) dwelling in the mountains; He Who slew the dragon swollen with power; He Who subdued the demon lying before Him: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who, in the shape of a bull using seven rains, let the seven rivers stream on; He Who hurled, with His thunderbolt, the heaven-storming Rauhina into the abyss: This, ye people, is Indra.

Heaven and earth bow down before Him; the mountains tremble before His impetuous will; the renowned Soma drinker, Who, with the thunderbolt under His arm, carries the thunderbolt in His hand: This, ye people, is Indra.

He Who helps the one pressing out the Soma; He Who helps the one who brings sacrifices and sings songs of praise; He Who is invigorated by the Brahman (the strength of piety, of prayer, of the Sacred Word), by the Soma and by the sacrifices of humans: This, ye people, is Indra.

Thou Who procurest, if need be with force, great riches for the one pressing out the Soma: Thou art the truthful One. We desire, Oh Indra, to be ever Thy friends and, as righteous men, speak words of Wisdom.

The Bhagavad-Gita as Reflection of Michael's Battle in Heaven

The Bhagavad-Gita describes the battle between two armies. Arjuna talks with his chariot-driver, through whose form Krishna is revealed. Arjuna says: "I cannot fight against those who are related to me through their blood."

Thereupon answers Krishna: "Do not look at that which appears in time. Look at the eternal, which is immortal and remains untouched by death and birth. All mortals must die. That which has been born must also die. Thus, by slaying the mortal, you aid the eternal world order. Ere you slay your relatives, they have already been slain by Me, Who am Eternity. You but perform the outer deed."

Then Krishna reveals Himself to Arjuna as the eternal Being Who is as One in manifold men. This story mirrors the battle in Heaven. For, as Rudolf Steiner has told us, this battle originated in the higher Hierarchies, in the Hierarchy of the Cherubim, for the reason that a part of these Beings wanted to remain in the realm of eternal duration, while another part of these Beings descended into the stream of becoming. This is mirrored in the talk between Krishna and Arjuna. Lucifer's fall was the consequence of the descent of a part of the highest Hierarchies.

The traditions pointing to Michael as the one who brought about Lucifer's fall prove that Michael transforms the evil connected with this fall into good. He does so by transforming, in the head of man, the light of Lucifer into the wisdom-light through which men—and with them all other creatures and beings—can find again the path to eternity.

Michael as Mithras

from the Avesta

Ahura Mazda spake to Zarathustra: "When I created Mithras, who possesses wide fields, I created him to be as venerable, as praiseworthy as Myself: Ahura Mazda.

"Him, the powerful Yazata, the mighty Mithras towering above all creatures, I shall worship Him Who owns wide fields, Who knows the right sayings, Who is eloquent, Who has a thousand ears, Who is fair, Who has ten thousand eyes, Who stands on a broad rampart, Who is mighty and sleepless and vigilant.

"Mithras we worship: Him Who owns wide fields, the vigilant one, Whose dwelling is as wide as the earth. It is built within matter. It is spacious, exposed to no needs, radiant, and offering shelter all around. Eight helpers of Mithras are dwelling as his spies on all the mountains, on all the ramparts. ...

"Mithras, the owner of wide fields, drives around raising His arms for the sake of safety. He guides His fair chariot, able to withstand all dangers and encrested with golden ornaments, to the radiant House of Praise. The chariot is drawn by four white steeds which are immortal and enjoy the nourishment of the spirit. Their front hoofs are fashioned of gold, their hind ones of silver." ...

Then are enumerated the hosts accompanying Mithras at the right and left as he descends. The story goes on: In the chariot of Mithras, who owns wide fields, there are a thousand bows. ... Moving through the air, they fly on the head of the Devas. In the chariot of Mithras, who owns wide fields, there are a thousand arrows, golden-pointed, furnished with vulture feathers, set with barbs, beautifully fashioned. ... Moving through the air, they fly on the heads of the Devas. [The same is said of spears, axes, daggers, clubs, and clubs with a hundred studs.]

Sorely afraid is the evil-doing Anra Mainyav [Ahriman]. [The same is said of other evil beings.]

Let us in no wise expose ourselves to the blows of Mithras, who owns wide fields, waxing furious. Mayest thou not, O Mithras, wax furious and send blows against us, thou, who art the most valiant of the Yazata and ownest wide fields. ...

Mithras, Revealing the Sacred Names

from a Mithras Liturgy

Mayest thou bestow grace upon me, providence and destiny, when I am writing down the first transmitted Mysteries. I am writing them down for my child, Immortality, the Mystic worthy of this our might, which the great God Helios Mithras has given to me at the hands of his Archangel, so that I, an eagle, may enter Heaven and envisage all.

[Then it is said of Mithras:] O Lord, Who hast closed with the spirit-breath the fiery keys of Heaven, thou two-bodied One, reigning over the fire, the light's creator and guardian, breathing fire, invigorated by fire, spirit-radiant, fire-rejoicing, radiantly beauteous, light-dweller, flame-whirler, light-creating, fire-planting, fire-enraged, lightning-swept, light-glorified, light-expanded, light-supporting, star-conqueror: Reveal to me ... the names that have not been known to mortal nature; the names never pronounced by a human tongue in lucid language, never pronounced by a human sound, or a human voice. Reveal to me the eternally living and revered names.

Michael as Marduk

after the Babylonian "Song of World Creation"
as given by Friedrich Delitzsch

When Heaven on high had not yet been named,
And the depth of the earth was known by no name—
When Apsu, who made them, and Tiamat Mummu
Still into oneness their waters were merging—
When no field was there and no reed was rustling,
When no name was sounded, and no fate fulfilled,
Then arose from the depth the gods and their rule.
The unending spans of the ages were dwindling
And from the lower the upper broke loose.
Then Anu and Inlil were joined in threefoldness
With Ea as third.
Then Marduk the glorious, the shaper of fate,
Of Ea and Damkina was he born.
His gleaming body rays into the depth,
To the grief of the darkness, the enemy of light.

Then is it told how Apsu and Tiamat are grief-stricken and how their son Mummu wants to destroy the light and replace it with darkness. Talking to and fro concerning this venture, Tiamat's helpers mass against the upper gods. Tiamat, the mother of Hight, arms her warriors with eleven kinds of monsters. Kingu, the fire-god, becomes Tiamat's spouse and, worshipped by all, is enthroned as leader, the tablets of destiny on his breast.

Now Amschar tells the upper gods what has happened. He sends out Anu, his son, that he might calm Tiamat. But when Amu beholds Tiamat's countenance, he returns despondently. Also a second god cannot stand up before Tiamat. Then appears Marduk:

The father's speech by Marduk was heard.
With pounding heart he said unto the father:
Ye gods! What is to become of ye all?
The rebels against you I will try to subdue.

If Tiamat I slay, thus saving your life,
 Then destiny's course will I ever ordain,
 And with the gods will I share the repast.
 May ye joyfully dwell in destiny's halls,
 Where my mouth will decree the runes of fate.
 And never may be revoked what I say,
 For ever abides the word of my mouth.

Then Amshar asks the gods to accept Marduk's offer. He sends the messenger Gaga to Lachmu and Lachamu, telling them to bestow the leadership on Marduk. The gods hear it. First they grieve at Tiamat's fate. But then, coming to the repast of bread and wine, they install Marduk as leader.

And there was he given the throne of his fathers,
 His was the decision above all the others
 The highest art thou amongst the great gods,
 Thy lot is supreme and Amu thy name.
 Marduk art thou, the greatest of gods,
 Thy lot is supreme and Amu thy name.

From this hour on, thy word shall prevail.
 To reward or to chastise falls only to thee.
 The word of thy mouth may not be gainsaid:
 For thy might supersedes that of all other gods.

Now the destiny of all other gods is given over to Marduk. He shall decide over all their destinies. Whoever confides in Marduk shall be forgiven. Whoever plots evil shall be "of life bereft."

Now the "Creative Word" is transmitted to Marduk. Becoming and dying take place at his command. Then he is appointed with the crown, the scepter, and the ring. He receives an invincible weapon. Protected by this armor, he shall fight against Tiamat.

The lightning flares up in front of his path.
 He immerses himself in the glowing blaze.

Marduk has a gigantic net, which he throws over Tiamat. He places four world guardians in the North and South and East and West, so that no part of Tiamat may escape. He calls unto the four winds to carry Tiamat's blood into the hidden places.

He created the tempest, the storm of the South,
The four winds and the seven, a whirling disaster.
And he lets them loose, the forces of seven,
To beguile and to frighten Tiamat's heart.
He wards her off, if she venture to follow.
Thus he as the Lord took the storm as his weapon,
The chariot he mounts, whose course begets fear.
Four foaming steeds to the chariot are harnessed.
He drives them relentless, courageous, and fast.

Thus Marduk drives on amidst the tempest, his head illuminated by the strokes of the lightning. He attacks Tiamat, while all the gods look on full of suspense. His blazing eye penetrates Tiamat's darkness. He beholds the fearful countenance of her spouse. When the latter wavers, Tiamat opens her jaws. Marduk sends the winds and the storm into her gorge. He throws his net over her.

He flings at her the weapon, the whirling,
He divides her body, that she bursts into two.
And so he defeats her and Tiamat slays.
He steps on the body lying there prone.

Then he captures Tiamat's helpers with his net. Their howling resounds in the four corners of the world. He subdues the eleven kinds of monsters. Then he defeats Kingu and wrests from him the tablets of destiny which he has usurped. He sets his seal upon them and fastens them to his breast. But he crushes Tiamat's body and crushes her head. He severs her veins and lets the wind carry away her blood. Thus did Marduk divide Tiamat into two parts. Out of the one he made the earth, out of the other the sky.

Michael According to Conceptions of the Hebrew People

The Creation of Adam

Russian Legend

Out of eight parts did God fashion man. From the earth did He take the bones; from the ocean the blood; from the sun beauty; from the clouds the thoughts; from the wind the breath; from the stone mercy and strength; from love humility; from the spirit wisdom.

And when God had created man,
there was for him no name.
The Heavens' expanse is the Father,
The round of the earth is the Son,
The ocean's depth is the Holy Spirit.

But God's creature had as yet no name. And God called unto the four Angels: Michael - Gabriel - Uriel - Raphael. And God said unto the angels: "Go ye out and find a name for man."

Michael went Eastward and met the Star whose name is Anathos and took from it the 'A' and brought it unto God. And Gabriel went Westward and saw the Star whose name is Disis and took from it the 'D' and brought it unto God. And Uriel wended his way towards Midnight and saw the star whose name is Aratus and took from it the 'A' and brought it unto God. And Raphael wended his way towards the Meridian and saw the star whose name was Mebrie and took the 'M' and brought it unto God.

And God commanded unto Michael to pronounce the word that was the name of man.

And Michael spake: ADAM.

And Adam was the first man on earth.

Michael as Guardian of the Word

Hebrew Legend

Thus the Two of them went forth and found Abel,
Him who had been slain by his brother Cain.
And God spake unto the Archangel Michael:
“Tell this unto Adam:
Reveal thou not unto thy son Cain
The secret that thou knowest.
For Cain is the son of wrath.
Be not aggrieved!
In place of Cain
Another son unto thee will I give
Who will reveal to thee
All that thou shouldst do unto him.
But thou mayest reveal nought to him!”
Thus the Archangel spake unto Adam.
And Adam sheltered the word in his heart,
Together with Eva
Who was grieving for Abel, her son.

Michael Tests Moses' Willingness to Sacrifice

Hebrew Legend

One day a dove flew hastily to Moses, the great prophet, and implored him thus: "Mercy, thou prophet of God! I am threatened by a savage beast! Save me from its clutches!" Moses granted an asylum to the frightened bird by hiding it under his garment.

But now a hawk came flying after the dove and said to the prophet: "Oh, Moses! I am tortured by hunger. I and my brood are crying for nourishment. By depriving us of our food, thou hast done a grievous wrong unto us."

Moses answered: "Oh, hawk! Doest thou demand of me this dove or any kind of food? In the first case, I must tell thee that this innocent creature has sought out my protection and that under no circumstances will I let it perish. In the second case, however, I must endeavor to provide thee with food, lest thou return empty-handed."

When the hawk answered that it would be satisfied with any kind of food, Moses cut off as much flesh from his holy limbs as equalled the weight of a dove. As he was handing it to the hawk, the bird of prey said unto him: "Oh, prophet of God! I am Michael and what thou didst believe to be a dove was Gabriel. We came unto thee in such shape to test thy generosity and thy nobility of heart."

And with these words, both vanished.

Michael as the Savior of Isaac

Hebrew Legend

God desired to test Abraham. A potter testing his vessels does not choose the least solid which crumbles up when being struck. He chooses the best which will not break, be it struck ever so hard. Thus the Lord does not test the godless, but only the righteous, as it says in the Scriptures: “The Lord will test the righteous man.”

Abraham bethought himself concerning his own being and said: “I felt myself full of joy and made the others rejoice. But unto the Lord I have sacrificed not even a bull or a ram.”

Then spake the Lord: “Should I command thee to sacrifice thy son unto Me, thou shalt not tarry.” And the Lord spake unto Abraham: “Take thy only son and betake thyself to the land of Moriah and sacrifice him on one of the mounts that I will show unto thee.” And wherefore did not the Lord show unto him the place of the sacrifice? So that he would cherish it more and he might receive his reward for every word that had been spoken.

Abraham spake unto the Lord: “Almighty Lord! May there be a sacrifice without a priest?”

Then spake the Lord: “I have ordered that thou shalt be the priest.”

Abraham took the wood for the burnt offering and carried it like unto a man carrying a cross on his shoulder. And when they were come unto the place whereof the Lord had spoken, Abraham began to build the altar and bound Isaac, his son. He stretched out his hand to grasp the knife and the tears of compassion streaming out of his eyes fell into Isaac’s eyes. And withal Abraham’s heart rejoiced for fulfilling the will of the Creator. And the serving angels gathered around them, crying: “Desolate are the paths.”

Thereupon said the Lord unto Michael: “Wherefore standest thou there? See to it that Abraham may not do it.”

Then Michael began to call unto Abraham, as a man cries out in fear: “What art thou doing?” And Abraham turned his countenance towards Michael who spake: “Take thy hand off the lad!”

In other books, the story is told in this fashion: In this hour, Abraham raised his eyes unto heaven and spake: “Lord of Lords! If ever my children should stand before Thee in tribulation, mayest Thou think of this hour in which I stand before Thee.”



Moses' Death

Hebrew Legend

The evil angel Semaël, the foremost of all accusers, could not wait for Moses to die and spake incessantly: "When will come his end? When will come the moment when he will have to die and I can dive down and fetch his soul?" It is Semaël whom David meant when he said: "The godless is on the watch for the righteous and tries to strangle him." There is no greater evil-doer than Semaël and none more righteous than Moses, who has stood before God's Countenance. Semaël was longing for Moses' death like unto a man who has been bidden to a wedding and awaits the feast full of impatience. And Semaël spake: "When will Michael shed tears and my mouth be full of laughter?"

Thereupon said Michael unto him: "Thou godless one rejoicest while I must weep? Mayest thou not rejoice, oh mine enemy, that I languish on the ground. I shall arise anew. Even though I am sitting in darkness, the Lord is my light. Even though I have been hurled down through Moses' death, I shall arise anew through Joshua's might, who is going to slay thirty and one kings. Even though I shall sit in darkness at the time when the first and second Temples will be destroyed, the Lord shall be my light in the days of the Messiah."

And Moses spake unto the Lord: "Oh Ruler of the Universe! Even though Thou hast decreed that I may not come into the land of Israel, let me remain in the world and live."

Thereupon spake the Lord: "If I do not let thee die on earth, how should I resurrect thee in the Beyond? Doest thou want to turn into falsehood the word I have said: There is none who shall be saved from My hand!?"

And Moses went on, saying: "Oh Lord of Lords! If Thou wantest not that I should come into the land, let me abide like unto the savage beasts which feed on grass and drink water and live on in the world."

The Lord spake: "Let Me be!"

Moses said: "Then let me abide like unto a bird which flies in the air, searches for his food during the day, and finds peace in its nest at night."

But the Lord answered: "Enough of all this!"

And when Moses saw that he could not escape death, he said these words: "He is like unto a rock. All that He does is blameless."

When the hour of Moses' death was come, the Lord spake unto Gabriel: "Go down and fetch Me the soul of Moses."

The archangel said: "Oh Lord of Lords! Shall I look on at the death of one whose worth equals ten thousand others?"

Then said the Lord unto Michael: "Go down and fetch Moses' soul."

Michael answered: "Oh Lord! I was his teacher and he was my pupil. I cannot be witness to his death."

Thereupon said the Lord to Semaël, the evil-doer: "Fly down and grasp Moses' soul." And the fearful one girded himself with his sword, covered himself with grimness and cruelty, and came unto Moses. But Moses sat there, writing the Holy Name into his scroll and his countenance gleamed like unto that of the sun, and he seemed withal like unto an angel.

Thereupon Semaël was beset by fear and said unto himself: "Never can the angels catch the soul of this man."

Moses knew that Semaël was approaching ere the evil-doer had come nigh unto him. The evil one was grasped by fear and shuddering like unto a woman about to give birth to a child. He ventured not to accost Moses. But Moses said unto him: "The godless, sayeth the Lord, know not peace. What art thou seeking here?"

Semaël answered: "I am come to fetch thy soul."

Said Moses: "Who has sent thee?"

The angel of death answered: "I am the messenger of Him Who has created all that liveth in the world."

Yet Moses refused to deliver his soul unto Semaël and said: "My might is greater than that of all other creatures." When Semaël asked of what this might consisted, Moses answered: "I am the son of Amram and have come

into the world from my mother's womb without foreskin. It was not needful to circumcise my flesh. On the day that I was born, I opened my mouth and spake. I walked upright on my feet. And I was no nursling sucking milk. When I was three months old, I prophesied that I would receive the Thora out of the fire. And then I invaded the palace of a king, took the crown from his head, and placed it upon mine. When I grew up, I performed miracles in Egypt. I led a people numbering six hundred thousand out of the land of the Egyptians. I tore the ocean into twelve parts. I sweetened the bitter water and dug footpaths in the ocean. I interfered in the battles between the angels. I dwelled underneath the throne of God. And my roof was the pillar of fire. I talked with God from countenance to countenance.

"I defeated the heavenly hosts and revealed their secrets to mankind. I wrought warfare against Sihon and Og, the two giants, whose ankles are washed by the waters of the great flood. I commanded the sun and the moon to stand still and, while they did so, slew the enemies. Who among the living has done likewise? Get thee hence, thou evil-doer! Demand not my soul, for thou shalt not get it." Thus departed Semaël and told the Almighty what Moses had said.

But the Lord said unto Semaël: "Thou must catch Moses' soul." Thereupon Semaël unsheathed a sword and rushed up to Moses. But Moses grasped his staff on which was inscribed the Ineffable Name and struck the evil-doer with all his might. When Semaël fled, Moses pursued him after taking the rayed horn placed between his eyes into his hand. With this horn he pierced the nefarious one's eyes and blinded him. Moses succeeded in doing such deeds.

Then resounded a voice, saying: "Thy life is concluded. Death is come!" Moses spake unto the Lord: "Ruler of the earth! Think of the day on which Thou didst appear to me in the burning bush and didst say to me: Go hence! I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that he may let the people of Israel depart from Egypt. Think of the time when I dwelled on Mount Sinai. Think of the forty days and forty nights. Grant my prayer and do not deliver me unto death."

And the Lord answered: "Fear not! I Myself will provide for thy death and thy burial."

Then arose Moses and became pure like unto a Seraphim. But the Lord came down from heaven to take Moses' soul to Himself. Three serving angels

accompanied Him: Michael, Gabriel and Zagzagael. Michael set down a bier for Moses. Gabriel spread a byssos cloth thereon, and Zagzagael stood at the head of the bier. Then spake the Lord unto His servant: "Oh Moses! Look with one of thine eyes across the other." Moses did so. Then spake God: "Place thy hand on thy breast." Moses followed the command. Then the Lord went on: "Put one of thy feet on top of the other." This too was done. Then the Lord called unto Moses' soul, which was still in the body, and said: "My daughter! I gave thee a hundred and twenty years to dwell in the body of Moses. Now is come the hour when thou shalt forsake it. Come forth and tarry not."

But the soul answered: "Lord of Lords! I know that Thou art the God of all the spirits and all the souls. The souls of the living and the dead are in Thy hand. Thou didst create me and hast let me dwell in Moses' body for a hundred and twenty years. But is there a body purer than his? A body not pestered with a bad smell? A body that will not be devoured by worms and maggots? Therefore I love him and will not forsake his body."

But the Lord spake: "Thou soul of Moses! Go forth from the body. No longer dwell therein. I will lift thee up to the highest of all the Heavens and will let thee dwell, underneath the Throne of My Glory, together with the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the other heavenly hosts."

But the soul went on: "Lord of Lords! Once upon a time two of Thine angels, Aza and Azael, came down from heaven to earth. They desired the daughters of men and ruined their path on earth. And for this Thou didst let them be suspended between heaven and earth. But this son of Amram has not known his wife since Thou didst appear to him in the burning bush. I implore thee: Let me abide in his body." In this hour, the Lord pressed a kiss on Moses' lips and took away his soul with the kiss of His Mouth.

And God wept and said: "Who will help me against the godless and stand by My Side against the evil-doers?"

The Holy Spirit cried: "No prophet like unto Moses has arisen."

The Heavens wept and said: "No more pious men are in the land."

Joshuah looked for his teacher and found him not. Thereupon he wept, saying: "The Saints have dwindled and there are but few of the faithful among men."

The hosts said: "He has done justice."

And Israel said: "He has protected the rights of Israel."

And the ones and others said: "Those who walk before Thee in righteousness, they will attain peace and rest on their couches."

The memory of the righteous is a blessing and to their souls life eternal will be granted.



The Four Winds

Hebrew Legend

Four winds are wafted all the days. From the world's four corners they come. The East wind blows from morning to noon, bringing with it three thousand and seventy-five winds salubrious to the world. They spring forth from a treasure house lying high up in the Eastern gates and called the treasure house of joy. By whatever sufferings and diseases someone may be beset, he never will falter during the morning.

But the messenger commanding, from morning to noon, over this wind of the East is called Michael. It is the same Michael of whom it is said: Behold, my messenger goes before thee. When the morning wind arises and goes out into the world, it will bless the one going in the same direction. Such a one will receive all the blessings and he will rejoice the whole day long.

The West wind blows from noon to evening, bringing with it four hundred and sixty-five winds, which cause the flowering of all the grasses, the trees, and the plants. The angel commanding, from noon to evening, over this wind is called Raphael.

The South wind blows from the beginning of evening to midnight, bringing with it from the treasure house of joy two hundred and seventy-five winds, which give firmness to the earth and allay the cold. The angel commanding over this wind is called Uriel. This wind lies heavy on the ailing, who feel its pressure. But it brings benefit to the world.

The North wind blows from midnight to morning, together with three hundred thousand other winds. It is the most frigid of all, but helps those whose body is ailing.

The Rainbow

Hebrew Legend

We read the Book of Illumination: Abraham raised his eyes and, behold, three men stood before him. These were three angels who had been sent unto him. They had veiled themselves in air, and came down to the world, and appeared in human shape.

Just as the rainbow above rises in three colors, so the three messengers appeared in the colors white, red, and green. Of white color was Michael, who stands at the right of God's Majesty; of red color was Gabriel, who stands at the left of God's Majesty; of green color was Raphael. Therefore it is said: The Lord appeared unto him. For the glory of God was revealed in these three colors.

All the three messengers had to come. One came to heal Abraham after having been circumcised. This was Raphael, who commands over all the remedies. The second came to announce unto Sarah that she would give birth to a child. This was Michael, who stands at the right of God's glory. All the good and all the blessings come from the right side. The third angel came to make Sodom renounce its wickedness. This was Gabriel, who stands at the left of God's glory. He is the highest of all the judges, who all come from the left side.

The Bowl of the World

Hebrew Legend

And so the angel took me and brought me into the fifth heaven. And the gate was closed. And I said: "Oh Lord! Will not this gate be opened, so that we may enter?"

And the angel said unto me: "We may not enter therein, ere Michael, who guards the keys of heaven, will come nigh. But wait awhile, and thou wilt behold the glory of God." And there arose a fearful roaring like unto thunder.

And I said: "Oh Lord! What roaring is this?"

And He spake unto me: "Now descends Michael, the prince of the angels, to accept the prayers of men."

And, behold, a voice was heard: "The gates shall be opened." And as they were opened, there arose a roaring like unto thunder. And there came Michael.

And the angel who was attending me advanced towards Michael and knelt down before him, saying: "Hail to thee, my archangel and leader of us all."

And Michael, prince of the angels, said: "Thou too mayest rejoice, O my brother, who interpretest the revelation to those whose life is well spent."

And after greeting one another, they stood still. And I beheld how Michael, prince of the angels, held a gigantic bowl, whose depth equaled the distance between heaven and earth. And its width was as broad as the distance between North and South. And I said: "O Lord! What is the archangel Michael holding?"

And He said unto me: "Into this bowl are placed all the virtues of the righteous and all the good works that they do. And these are brought unto the Lord of the Heavens."

And while I thus talked unto Him, behold, there came angels carrying baskets with flowers. And they presented them unto Michael. And I asked the angel: "O Lord! Who are these and what are they bringing hither?"

And he answered: "These are the angels that abide with the righteous." And the archangel took the baskets and threw them in the bowl.

And the angel said unto me: "These flowers are the virtues of the righteous." And I beheld how other angels carried empty baskets not filled with flowers And they seemed sorrowful and ventured not to come nigh. For they lacked the reward of the struggle.

But Michael cried out and said: "Draw nigh, ye angels! Show me what ye have brought." And Michael too was most sorrowful and so was the angel nigh to me, because they had not filled the bowl.

And then came likewise other angels, weeping and sorrowing and timidly asking: "Behold, how deeply we are grieving, O Lord, because we have been directed towards evil men. And therefore we want to withdraw from them."

And Michael spake: "Ye may in no wise withdraw from them, lest the enemy gain ascendance. But tell me, what ye are pleading for?"

And they said: "We pray thee, O Michael, our prince of angels, remove us from them. For we can no longer endure to be with evil and imprudent men, where nothing good can be found and naught but injustice and greed. For we never see them go to church nor to the priestly fathers, nor to perform a good deed. But wherever a murder is committed, they are in the midst of it; and wherever there are quarrels, jealousy, adultery, theft, calumny, perjury, envy, drunkenness, grumbling, slander, idolatry, sooth-saying and similar things, there they are in the thick of it all. They perpetrate these vices and even worse things. Therefore we pray thee that thou wouldst permit us to withdraw from such men."

And Michael said unto the angels: "Tarry awhile, so that I may hear from the Lord what is to be done." And Michael went away at this very hour and the gates were closed.

And there was a roaring like unto thunder. And I asked the angel: "What is this roaring?"

And he answered: "Michael is presenting the virtues of men unto God."

And at this very hour, Michael descended and the gates were opened. And he carried oil, with which he filled those baskets that had been filled with flowers, saying: "Carry them hence. Reward a hundredfold our friends and those who have toiled to do good deeds. For those sowing the good will reap the good."

And he said unto those who had brought the half-filled baskets: "Come nigh and receive the reward befitting that which ye have brought and deliver it unto the children of men." And then he spake thus unto the angels with the full baskets and those with the half-filled ones: "Go forth and bless our friends and say unto them: Thus says the Lord: 'Ye are faithful in little things and therefore will I entrust you with great things.' Enter into the Joy of the Lord."

And then, turning around, he said unto those who had brought empty baskets: "Thus says the Lord: 'Be not mournful and weep not. Neither shall ye withdraw from the children of men. But since they have angered Me with their deeds, ye shall go forth and make them jealous and angry and bitter against an ignorant people. Furthermore, send against them caterpillars and locusts and mildew and hailstones together with the fury of lightning. And cut them in two with the sword and slay them with the plague and let their children be killed by demons. For they have not hearkened unto My Voice nor have they fulfilled My Commandments. But they have despised My Commandments and abused the priests proclaiming to them My Words.'"

The Book of the Seventy-Two Signs

Hebrew Legend

The sacred book with seventy-two signs was given unto Michael, the highest prince, who is ruler over the seven princes serving the King of Kings. And Michael gave out of this book to Adam, the first man, the foundation of knowledge. And Adam became wise and knew how to give names to all the beasts and also to all the birds, all the fish, and all the worms. He plunged down into the book, and his wisdom became greater than that of all other creatures, which the Lord had created in the six days.

And from the hour when Adam first read the book and pronounced the sacred writing, he learned to reverence it with all his might and all his holiness and practiced purity and chastity and humility. And thus he penetrated into the spirit of wisdom and understood the book's golden words and inflamed them twice with fire and wrote, in holiness and purity, the signs of the books into the fire. And then he concealed the book in a chasm to the East of the Garden of Eden, for the earth was in no wise able to carry the weight of the book. And whenever Adam took out the book and read therefrom, the earth trembled and shook like unto a ship riding the waves. If he read from the book in front of a mountain, the mountain melted like unto wax. Did he read therefrom at the shore of the ocean, then the ocean flooded the shore, as if a bowl full of water were overflowing.

When he read out of the book in front of a fire, the fire sank down into ashes. And when he read out of the book in front of savage beasts like lions, panthers, and bears, they stood still and became silent. Did he read out of the book in front of serpents and poisonous vermin, he could play with them as though they were birds. Did he read out of the book in front of the heavens and pronounced, in front of sun, moon, Orion, and all the stars, the sacred name in all its signs and all its holiness, he became their ruler, just as the righteous man rules because of his piety.

And Adam also had power over the spirits, the demons, the adversaries, and Satan himself. He separated them into male and female, pronounced before them the sacred name, and they did according to his will and desire. Did he read out

of the book in front of a high tower or the walls of a fortress, the walls collapsed. Did he read out of the book in war, the enemies fled. Did he read out of the book in front of a tree, the tree yielded its fruit prematurely. All things were known to Adam and he understood all by means of the book's Holy Spirit. He knew life and death, good and evil. He knew the secret of the hours, the moments, and the times, as well as the number of all days. He grasped the teachings concerning the divisions of time and all the jubilee years until the end of the world.



Michael as Guardian of Paradise

Medieval Tale

In the course of his adventures, Emperor Alexander comes to the river Physon. Its waters are mixed of gold and precious stones and flow, in purity and beauty, across sand out of the garden of Paradise. The Emperor follows the water until he comes to a city enclosed by a sky-high wall fashioned out of a single stone. He and his knights ride along this stone wall. Finally they behold a wonderful gate, above which an angel with fiery sword is sitting. Alexander kneels down before him asking if he were a god. But the angel says that he is Michael, the Lord's servant and messenger. He bids the Emperor turn back. For here was Paradise and all the fighting were useless.

They ride along the wall so high,
A beauteous gate at last they find.
An angel sits above it high
And in his hand a sword he holds
Which mightily in fire glows.
And when the Emperor draweth nigh,
He kneels down on the ground and says:
"Tell me, my Lord, art thou a god?
By what name dost thou call this spot?"

And then the angel spake and said:
"My name is that of Michael.
No god am I, but one who serves
The highest Lord of all the gods.
At all times do I serve the One
Who hath created heaven and earth."
And then the angel speaketh thus:
"O Alexander, hear my words.
Turn back at once upon thy path.
For warfare here availeth not."

And then says the angel: “I will give thee a sign to prove that thou hast been in this place.” He breaks a small stone from the wall and bid the Emperor to weigh it: All that he might possess would not equal the stone’s weight. And it was the same with the might of God. All the works of Alexander could not be compared with God’s most insignificant deed. Alexander departs and tries to weigh the stone. But, with all his force, he cannot lift it from the ground.

Now an old master approaches, covers the stone with earth, and lifts it up as if it were as light as a feather. “The stone, O Alexander,” says the old master, “means the following: As long as thou livest, none may equal thee. But after thy death, the least of men living after thee will be better off than thou.”



Michael and the Mystery of Golgotha

Golgotha

Russian Legend

On the field of Golgotha, nailed to the Cross, spreading out the arms, the hands full of blood and wounds, there hung the Christ on the Holy Cross in the earth's center, Christ raising up by Himself the work of His Divine Hands: This world of four measurements—consisting of length, of breadth, of height, of depth. The angels ascended and descended between heaven and earth. They gathered into a single community. The forces of Heaven bow down before His voluntary suffering.

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

The heavenly powers in their ninefold order—Angels, Archangels, Archai, Dynameis, Kyriotetes, Principalities, Thrones, Cherubim, Seraphim—stood before Him, before the Throne of Glory, descending and ascending in their given order. And the dead rose from the graves, came nigh to the Cross, forsaking their death-beds, bowed down before His suffering that heals the world.

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

There died the two thieves nailed to the Cross. Saphet and Themech died under the torture of the Cross, died in the din faintness of death. Their thoughts died, their shattered and guilt-laden minds faded away; darkness blinded the eyes.

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

The eyes of the senses and darkness blinded the eyes of the spirit. Their hearts went out in prayer: O Lord, have mercy upon us the fallen. Raising crosswise her arms to the Son Who hangs on the Cross with outspread arms, the Holy Mother of God sinks down at the Holy Cross. The sword of sorrow has pierced her heart. Her heart is baptized with the baptismal of tears. Torn is her heart, torn to its depth. All her tears have been shed, and dry are her eyes.

O Heavenly King, My Son!

Three stars like unto the candles of God radiate out of the darkness. They ray out of the Virgin Mother, who did give the inconceivable, wondrous, inscrutable birth to the world's Light and Savior.

At the rising of the sun there open up twelve gates, twelve others in the West, twelve on the ocean. From all the paths from the upper and lower abodes of Heaven there come the heavenly powers gathering in front of the Cross. Two angels brought in an old man, supporting him under the arms, venerable, frail Adam, the First-Born, and led him before the Countenance of the Lord.

Christ hangs on the Cross. His head has sunk down. Worshipped is He by all the nations, illuminating and forgiving the sins of those who by their faith have ascended to Heaven. Bitter gall was He given to drink, the One and Primeval He Who is the Eternal without beginning nor end.

And there sounded a Voice from the Cross: "For thy sake and thy children's sake, am I come down to earth, have I descended from Heaven to the Cross, have been nailed to the Cross. On this day I fulfill the Covenant and forgive thy trespasses!" And Adam sighed: "Thus it has been Thy Will. Thus it has been Thy Will, O Lord, my God!"

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

The angels, the heavenly hosts were rejoicing, praising before Adam the Christ Who redeems through his blood the sin of the first-born. Past are the dark nights, vanished is the grief, and from the Cross ascended the angels, in fear and joy, upward to the Heaven of Heavens, to the Throne of Glory, praising the Christ before the Heavenly Father!

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

The heavenly hosts, all the nine rank—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Principalities, Kyriotetes, Dynameis, Archai, Archangels, Angels—ascended to the Throne of God praising the Divine Suffering. And one of the angels in the holy circle, he who beheld more than the others of wondrous countenance, stood before the Cross, immovable, looking silently at the Christ. How could it be?

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

The Son of God, the beloved Son, the Brother, the Creator of earth and heaven is sold for thirty pieces of silver and hangs on the Cross! He is suffering, covered with blood from head to foot. No one is helping. Forsaken is He. No one protects Him, innocent does he hang on the Cross! The angel saw naught but the Christ; only at Christ did the angel gaze. Endure it he could not. Tortured, he presses together his fingers. Smoke, like unto blue rings of incense is wafted upward between his pointed wrists. White shimmers the spear in his hand, shimmers above the smoldering shaft. And the tempestuous wings, blue like the lightning, rustle angrily like an eagle's wings. Immovable, silent, he cannot and will not behold the Christ on the Cross.

All the heavenly hosts looked at one another full of wonder. They ask the angel to ascend to the Throne of Glory to praise the Son before the Father! His heart was glowing. A single thought was flaming up out of his burning heart. He alone can and will and must rise up to protect the Christ. He can castigate the cities and villages, the fields the hills and forests. He will destroy the whole world, extinguish the crown of the sun to expiate for the Cross and the torment.

Praised be Thy Patience, O Lord!

Alone, immovable, unshaken, silent there flamed before the Cross the grim avenger, the loftiest angel, the victor over the enemies, the Archangel Michael. In the snow-white, boiling whirlpool, there ascended the heavenly hosts from the Cross to the throne above the garland of stars, chanting songs of praise. And the Christ commanded the angel to ascend to heaven to relinquish the Cross.

Fulfill the Law!

But the angel stood faithfully before the Cross and would not leave it: Thou seest, O Lord, that I cannot endure Thy crucifixion! And God commanded the angel anew to leave the Cross.

Fulfill the Law!

But the angel moved not; unshaken, firm, inflexible, faithful did he stand before the Cross: How can I go, O Lord? And for the third time there came a voice from the Cross, commanding the angel to ascend to Heaven.

Fulfill the Law!

And shadows, hearkening to the spirit, were quivering above the pallid head. Trembling, the angel took one step away from the Cross. There he stood and turned around. Dark shadows whirled across the white forehead, the tempestuous wings were beating like unto those of an eagle, and the eyes were blue and deep like unto an abyss in the forest: To see this torment, to have power for alleviating it and not be permitted to do so! Demand it not, O Lord, demand it not! Thou seest my flaming heart, Thou knowest my love, it has no boundaries, it follows no command. Wherefore do I have power if thou forbiddest me to end Thy torment? Thy Law, Thy Word, Thy Will I cannot resist—but my love I cannot quench!

And so great was the fire of love, so bitter was the torment, so immeasurable the suffering all the thoughts, all the paths of the heart were blazing. The angel could not surrender, could not fulfill God's Commandment. He opened his hand. Softly the flame glided out of it and the flame was blue hot vivid. And the fire scorched and burned. Gray turned the darkness. The seven circles of Heaven drew themselves together, and the circles of earth were trembling.

In the roaring of the fourfold divided, fearful trombones of mourning, there arose the four winds from the four corners of the copper-hued sky. Rustling they came from East and West, from North to South. Who shows the way unto them? Where to do they blow? They cannot rest. In frenzy, they churn up the sea, which billows up and threatens to drown the whole earth. And the pillars of hell are trembling.

But in the thunder's roaring and moaning, the suffering becomes ever sharper. The ire finds no outlet, and the angel hurls the spear into the darkness

of earth where fear is hiding, where there dwells slander and persecution, where the loss is mourned, where the tortured heart beats in vain where the useless compassion is dissolving, where the sheath of protection is decaying. The spear, tearing asunder the darkness like lightning, strikes the Temple, severs the cupola, shatters the forecourt, breaks up the walls into two parts, rents in two the curtain of the Temple. Thus does the angel testify before mankind, so that it should know and see the torment and the Cross.

And at the same hour the Christ called out, praising the Father God and God's inborn son gave up the spirit. And the great angel of light, the Word of God, overcame death in dying.

Praised be Thy Patience
Praised be Thy Torment
Praised be Thy Power,
O Lord God!

Michael and the Risen One

from the Rejentime Easter Play, 15th century

Michael: Rise up, Oh Lord, the Child of God,
To Whom so humbly we submit.
Rise up, Thou Comforter Divine,
Who cleanseest us from every guilt.
Now will be perfect every thing
Since Thy new body was prepared
In place of that which was Thy sheath,
Since Light of Heaven round Thee flows.
Rise up, Oh Lord, we pray of Thee
Who want to serve Thee at all times,
Rise up, Oh Lord, and leave the grave,
Thou Who to all men bringeth joy!
Show Thee in all Thy holiness
That filleth Thy entire grave!
Rise up, Who art both Man and God,
Henceforth Thou wilt be ever spared
All torment, suffering, and all grief.
Rise up from wounds and pain
And shed Thy light on all thy chosen ones.

Jesus: Now have been fulfilled all things
That were eternally prepared:
That I should die a bitter death
To give to mankind back the Grace.
And thus have I arisen now
And will redeem Adam and Eve
And all the ones beloved by Me,
That to the Joy they will be born
Which they through Lucifer have lost.

Michael According to Manichean Conceptions

The Manicheans taught that the really good was nothing but the transformed evil. This conception appears in the following legend. Michael succeeds Satanael as leader of the Heavenly Hosts. He obtains his full power by taking one syllable from Satanael's name and adding it to his own name. Thus Satanael becomes Satan, while Michael is invested with his mission.

Michael and Evil

Ancient Bulgarian Legend

And Satanael saw that the Lord God was worshipped and praised by all the angels. He became envious and decided to be equal to God. He bethought himself in his pride: I will place my throne on the clouds High up in Heaven and be equal to the Almighty. The Lord God, Who guessed Satanael's thoughts, wanted to hurl him and his evil hosts down from Heaven. And God sent the Archangel Michael unto Satanael. Michael went unto him. But Satanael singed the Archangel Michael with his fire.

Michael went unto the Lord, saying: "I did as Thou hast commanded. But Satanael has singed me with his flames." Then the Lord God raised Michael's rank. Michael, who heretofore had been called Michel, was now called Michael; while Satanael was henceforth called Satan. And the Lord God commanded the Archangel Michael to strike Satan's shoulder with the scepter of the Lord and hurl him, together with his evil hosts, down from Heaven.

Then the Lord God sent Michael anew to Satan, but Michael succeeded not to come near his throne. Again he was singed by the flames. Yet Michael, gathering up all his strength, struck Satan with the scepter and hurled him into

the depth together with his hosts. These, like unto raindrops, flew for three whole days and three nights through the air. On the third day, all the angels came together in Heaven and Michael was chosen by God as Leader of the Heavenly Hosts. And the gates of Heaven were closed. But the fallen angels remained outside. Some were suspended on the mountains; some fell into abysses; some remained in the air; some came down to earth where they became the tempters of man. And here they have remained ever since.

Michael and the Doubter

German Legend

A hermit, who had been assailed by doubts concerning the justice of God, went forth in search of this justice. Leaving his hut and the quiet forest, he wandered towards the next road. Here a youth joined him and followed him on his pilgrimage. At night they came to a castle, where both were courteously received. When they wandered on the next morning, the youth brought forth a cup which he had stolen in the castle.

The second night they spent with a miser, to whom the youth presented the stolen cup. They passed through a village. Here the uncanny youth entered a miserable house and asked for a drink. No sooner had they left the village when the house went up in flames and burned down. Then they hastened towards the mountains. Lamenting and wailing came out of a lonely hut. They found parents bewailing their child's illness. The youth prepared a potion and gave it to the child, which died at once after drinking it.

The hermit became frightened and he hesitated to follow his suspicious companion, who had engaged the child's father as guide. But the hermit was overcome by wrath, when his fearful companion threw the guide from the nearest bridge into an abyss. But the companion soared upward, transforming himself into the Archangel Michael. "Thou hast," spake Michael, "been on the search for the justice of God. Now thou hast seen a part of it. The cup that I took away from the good people was poisoned. The miser, to whom I gave it, will receive the reward for his sins. The poor people, whose house I burned down, will build it anew and find a treasure in the rubbish. The child whose death I

caused would have become a criminal and sinner, for his father, whom I hurled into the abyss, was a robber and murderer. Thus things that may seem unjust to men are just in the eyes of God." Thereupon the hermit returned to his cell and was healed from all doubts.



Legends Concerning Michael's Workings in Places Consecrated to Him

If we follow the activity of Michael during the first post-Christian centuries, the local traditions show us that Michael's activity proceeds from East to West and at the same time from South to North. The most important places to be mentioned are Chonae in Asia Minor, Monte Gargano in Italy, Mont Saint-Michel in Normandy, and Michael's Mount in Cornwall. From the wealth of legends, we have chosen those connected with Chonae, Monte Gargano and Mont Saint-Michel.

Michael's Sanctuary in Chonae

from the Greek

The Holy Apostles Philippus and John the Theologian were the first to proclaim the healings, gifts, and deeds of mercy granted to us by God and performed through the Grace of Michael, our supreme leader. For after St. John had driven the impure Artemis out of Ephesus, he betook himself to St. Philippus, who dwelled in Hieropolis. Here Philippus was fighting against a serpent.

The two greeted each other and St. Philippus said: "What shall we do, my brother John? I cannot drive this impure, foul serpent out of this city." This foul, pernicious serpent was the highest of its horrible brood. Its whole body was entwined by other serpents: One encircled its head, another its throat. It lay on two other serpents and round it writhed the whole impure brood, among which it stood like a queen. The Greeks, who considered her as a powerful goddess, worshipped her and brought her many sacrifices. And often, when St. Philippus

was about to preach, the whole brood of snakes turned against the Saint and threatened to kill him.

And the serpent spake unto Philippus: "Go forth from this city, ere I slay thee." But St. Philippus proclaimed the word of truth and faith. And both Apostles, through their prayers, drove out the serpent from Hieropolis.

Then the holy proclaimers of truth went on and stopped at a place called Chairetopa [Place of Joy]. Here were to be announced the mercy, the gifts, and the miracles of the holy and glorious supreme leader Michael. The two said a prayer and revealed to the people that the supreme leader of the might of the Lord would come hither and perform marvelous miracles. Then the Apostles went on and taught in another city. And where they had preached, a health-giving spring came forth from the ground.

But after the death of the holy Apostles, the Greeks began anew to rage against the Christians. Many years had passed since the holy spring had first been found. Then something unheard-of happened in the world. Whoever fled to this place was healed, no matter what sickness had befallen him. And many Greeks came and saw the healings and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and took the baptism.

But there was a man in the City of Laodicaea, who was godless and a worshipper of idols. He had one daughter who was dumb since birth. The father was told to betake himself to the place where that holy water sprang forth, for many of the Greeks went there and were healed of their sickness and came to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. One night the man had a vision of the supreme leader Michael coming to him and saying: "Go forth with thy child to the place where the holy water comes forth. And I tell thee in My Name: If thou hast faith, thou wilt return without lament."

And the man arose and went forth with his child. He beheld the mercy of God and believed and asked those who had been healed: "Unto whom do ye call when pouring the water on your body?"

And they answered: "We call unto the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and the supreme leader Michael."

Then the man raised his eyes and hands to Heaven and said: "Oh Divinity of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, through the intercession of Michael, may ye

help me, who am a sinner.” And he took water and poured it into his daughter’s mouth.

And she began to speak and said: “Oh Divinity of the Christians! Truly great is thy might, Oh Leader Michael!” And the man himself was baptized, and with him his whole family. And in honor of Michael, he built a small temple to protect the holy spring. Then he departed from the place together with his daughter and henceforth believed in God. But the Greeks still raged against the Christians and against the holy water, which they tried to extinguish.

Ninety years after the sanctuary had been built at the spring, a ten-year-old boy by the name of Archippus came there from Hieropolis. He was the son of pious Christians and appointed as the sanctuary’s guardian. His way of life was the following: During the sixty years which he served in the sanctuary, he partook of no bread nor meat nor wine. Neither did he take a bath. He nourished himself by cooking herbs and eating them without salt. This the holy man did once a week. But his precious soul he fructified thrice daily with the third of an ounce of water. This he did to refresh his body. His garment consisted of two coarse sacks. Alternately he wore one or the other sack. His bed was made of sharp stones, over which he had spread a coarse blanket, for he did not want his visitors to see the stones. Under his noble head he placed a sack full of thorns. Thus he rested when it was time to sleep. Every night he lay down on the stones and the thorns. And thus this servant of God spent bitter nights without sleep. But never did he fall ill. For he exercised his body and, with the help of the supreme leader Michael, preserved the soul from falling prey to error and snares.

For he walked on the narrow path, saying: “Oh Lord! Preserve me, the sinner, from rejoicing in this world. May the goods of this world never tempt my eyes! May my eyes cling not for a single day to the follies of this life! But I pray Thee, Oh Lord, to fill my eyes with tears and illuminate my heart, so that I may recognize Thy wishes. And present me with a gift that I may present anew to those who are, since eternity, pleasant in Thy sight. For of what avail is my body made of dust, unless its filth and its adornment serve to develop the immortal soul? The soul’s garment is faith in God; it is the slighting of the flesh: hunger, thirst, the asceticism of the angels, a hard bed, sleeplessness, sighing and penitence, loneliness and the giving of alms. All this pleases God and such is the adornment in which the soul rejoices. For what does the soul seek in the body? No thing but justice and a quiet mind. But what the body is seeking is gluttony,

debauchery, greed, impurities of all kinds, malice, evil desires, and all that fails to please God. These are the desires in which the body rejoices and which imprison the ailing soul. What shall I, the harassed sinner, do? Help me, Oh Lord God! Make my body like unto a mustard seed. Nourish my heart, so that I may not be despised by Thee. For I am like unto grass, which flowers in the morning, but is withered when night falls. And yet will I not cease to extinguish all my evil thoughts and desires.”

Thus lamented Archippus, the servant of God. Every day he performed an angel's asceticism and glorified God, Who gave him such endurance. But Christians as well as Greeks flocked to this place. And all, calling unto the Trinity full of fear and faith, said: “Oh Divinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit! Have Ye mercy upon us through the intercession of Michael, the leader of the Heavenly Hosts.” Then they poured the holy water on their ailments and were healed.

But the unbelievers and the enemies of truth did not want to behold the glory of God. They raged like lions, desiring to destroy the water and, at the same time, kill the servant of God. And the godless men often came to Archippus and scourged him. Others again robbed the Crosses of the Sanctuary and seized the Saint's head. Others again dragged him around by his hair. Others tore out his beard and threw the hair away. Some of the godless ran to the Holy Spring and tried to extinguish it. But suddenly it seemed as if their hands were paralyzed. Others saw how a flame blazed up from the water and singed their face. Thus the godless had to turn away in shame. And one said to the other: “If we do not destroy this water and kill its guardian, then our gods will be despised by all who have been healed here.” Thus they went on harassing God's servant every day. The Saint had to endure untold terrors at the hands of the Greek idolaters. But he was steadfast and glorified God by day and by night.

And at that place, a river called Chryses flowed down at the left side of the spring. In flowing down, it touched what had been God's sacrificial abode since the beginning of the world. Often the enemies of truth attempted to merge the river with the Holy Spring. But they failed to do so, although attempting it ever so often. For the river's water flowed away from the spring and separated into two arms. And the arm that had separated turned away and streamed down at the right side of the Sanctuary. And thus it is still flowing today.

At that time, two other rivers coming from the East flowed so close to the Holy Spring that they were separated from it by only three miles. One of the rivers was called Lykokaper, and the other Kuphus. After uniting at the foot of a high mountain, they turned to the right and streamed down into Lykia. But the impure Devil, who has planted evil thoughts into the hearts of men since primeval times—God’s enemy who hates the angels, slays the Saints, and persecutes the God-fearing Churches; the devil who vitiates all remedies, tempts the weak, deceives the world, hates heaven as well as earth, and desires eternal darkness; the devil who works against those seeking salvation; the devil who hates beautiful things and has been hurled, as the Anti-Christ, into the darkness of the abyss—this devil did not cease to instigate the idolaters desiring to destroy God’s sanctuary. And thus he whispered to them that they should deflect the course of the rivers, so that the sanctuary would be flooded.

About five thousand of the godless men gathered and this army of the unjust came to Laocidia. Here they plotted deeds against Michael, the non-embodied leader of the Heavenly Hosts. The leader of the godless said to his men: “This place can be easily washed away, for the rivers fall down from enormous heights. Therefore let us deflect the course of the rivers. Archippus uses magic against our gods and despises their divine might. And this will go on as long as someone is healed at the spring. And even if we cannot slay Archippus and end his evil designs, yet the power of the rivers and the floods of water, with the help of the gods, may well destroy this place.”

Very close to the Holy Sanctuary was a hard rock of mighty breadth and expansion. Its depth could not be fathomed. This rock rose abruptly upward at a distance of about seventy yards. Now the godless enemies of truth began to dig up a trench for the water reaching from the foot of the rock to the foot of the high mountain where the rivers Kuphus and Lykokaper were flowing by. Thus they planned to deflect the rivers and destroy the Sanctuary of God. And it was Satan, the tempter of men, who instigated them to such a deed. They dug up the trench for the water and, within ten days, prepared everything for having the Holy Place washed away by the powerful floods. And, behold, the rivers were full of water and super-abundant floods were streaming down from the mountains.

But Archippus, the guardian and servant of God, knew of Satan’s wiles and the wicked designs of the idolaters. And he fell down on the ground as if he were dead, imploring God and Michael, the leader of the Heavenly Hosts, that they

might preserve the Holy Place in this danger. This he did for ten days without eating and drinking or rising from the ground. He praised God and said: "God be praised! I shall not forsake this house and try to escape, but perish in the flood. For I trust in my God, Who will save me from faint-heartedness and from the disaster. It will come to pass through the intercession of Michael, the non-embodied leader of the Heavenly Hosts, that this Holy Place and this abode will verily not be forsaken in all eternity."

And when the ten days had passed, the godless proceeded to move the rivers against the leader of the Heavenly Hosts. And they said to one another: "Let us unleash the rivers and step aside, and witness the collapse of this place." After deciding on this course, they unleashed the rivers at nightfall and fled, so that they themselves would not be engulfed by the waters. As had been planned, they went to the left side to look at the floods, gazed towards the South, and pointed out to each other the water plunging down from the height of the mountain. And suddenly they became frightened.

Archippus, the guardian and servant of God, lay in the Temple on his countenance and moistened the ground with his tears. Incessantly he called upon God. And, suddenly, he was raised up by the Holy Spirit. And he began to sing this psalm:

Oh Lord! The floods of the water are rising,
The floods of the water are roaring,
The floods of the water raise up the waves.
The ocean's waves are mighty and fearful;
But the Lord on up high is greater.
May His Signs be mightily praised.
To Thy House, Oh Lord, is Holiness given in all eternity.
– Psalm 93

When he had ended the psalm, a clap of thunder roared out and the Holy Leader of the Heavenly Hosts himself appeared on the summit of the hard rock. And in a powerful voice, he said to the servant of God: "Servant, go forth from the Sanctuary, ere the waters swallow thee up." The blessed man did as he was bidden. But when he beheld the fearful radiance of the Divinity, he fell down as if he were dead. And again, for the second time, called Michael, the leader of the Heavenly Hosts: "Rise, thou just soul, and come to me!"

Then answered the trembling Archippus, the servant of God: "Sir! I am not worthy to approach thee. See how I tremble before thy divinity."

The mighty leader of the Heavenly Hosts said unto him: "Fear not and forget your fright and rise up from the ground." Then awoke the blessed man. But he fled back into the Temple and crept tremblingly under the altar and wanted to save his soul. But Michael, the Holy Leader of the Heavenly Hosts, spake: "Take courage and come to me, lest the floods surge up against thee."

And Archippus, the servant of God, answered: "I believe, Sir, that the power of the Lord and of Michael, His highest leader, be so great that they will not let this Holy Place be destroyed in all eternity."

Then the leader of the Heavenly Hosts went forth from the Sanctuary, saying: "If thou believest, Oh Saintly man, that God is able to save this place from the water, come hither and behold His might." Then the servant of God went forth from the Temple and walked to the left. And he heard Michael's voice and beheld the might of his glory, rising up from earth towards heaven like unto a pillar of fire. And Michael, the leader of the Heavenly Hosts, spake: "Dost thou know who I am, since thou tremblest before my divinity?"

Then answered Archippus: "Sir, I do not know thee."

And the mighty leader said: "I am Michael, leading the Lord's Heavenly Hosts. I am the one standing before God's Countenance, the one who may barely behold the fearful, inscrutable radiance revealing the Godhead and the unbearable, blazing flames of His immeasurable might. And thou canst not endure even my divine radiance, but tremblest before the figure and might of God's servant. How should the mortals behold God, before Whom I stand only amidst fear and trembling?" And again the leader of the Heavenly Hosts said unto Archippus: "Dost thou see the water plunge down from the heights of the mountain?"

And Archippus answered: "No, Sir! But my ears can hear the water's fearful roaring."

Then spake the leader of the Heavenly Hosts: "Fear not, but remain standing." And, behold, the water plunging down from the heights came close to Michael's and Archippus' countenance. Then raised the leader of the Heavenly Hosts his voice and spake to the rivers: "Against whom are ye raging, Kuphus and Lykokaper? Who has tempted you to leave your beds and come hither?"

And after these words, he made a sign towards the water's countenance and said: "Stand still at this place." And the rivers stood still at once; and the water rose to the height of ten fathoms. Then said the leader of the Heavenly Hosts unto Archippus, the servant of God: "Dost thou, Oh Saint, behold the might of God?" And Archippus answered: "Verily, I see it, Sir."

And the leader of the Hosts said: "Fear not the threat of the water." And like unto Moses, who stretched forth his hand in the Red Sea and divided the ocean with his staff, so the mighty leader Michael stretched forth his right hand, as if he were holding a staff and struck with it the summit of the hard rock. And the hard rock burst at once from its summit to its foot. The roaring of the bursting rock was like unto thunder. And the whole earth near that place trembled. And the leader of the Hosts said unto the servant of God: "Oh, Saint! Dost thou behold the might of God?"

Archippus said: "Sir, I behold the miracle and might of God, Who is working with thee."

And Michael again stretched forth his hand and made a sign over the abyss and blessed it, saying: "Within this abode shall be abolished every illness and every evil, every kind of poison, every kind of magic incantation, and every work of the adversary. Here men shall be liberated from their chains and those healed who are possessed by impure spirits. Whoever comes hither and, in reverence and faith, calls unto the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit and the leader Michael, shall not depart in sorrow. And God's mercy and my might shall overshadow this abode and sanctify it in the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. But our enemies, who stand there gazing at us, shall be turned into stone until the time when the rivers will wash away my Sanctuary and carry it to the ocean." And then Michael said unto Archippus, the servant of God: "Oh, Saint! Go forth to my right side." Archippus did as he was bidden.

Then the leader of the Hosts raised his voice, saying: "Oh, ye rivers! Throw yourselves into this abyss and unite therein for all eternity, instead of turning against me anew." And thus the renown of this Holy Place will last eternally through the might of Jesus Christ, our Lord, Whom it is meet to glorify and worship from eternity to eternity. Amen!

The Sanctuary of Michael on Mount Gargano

Latin Legend

There was a city in Italy which was called Sepaus. And in it lived a rich man whose name was Garganus. And there was a mountain near the city, which had received the name of Mount Garganus after the rich man. Now the rich man had lost a heifer and looked for it everywhere. Finally he found the heifer in front of a hollow and said: "I will repay thee for running away." And he shot off an arrow and wanted to slay the heifer. But the arrow turned back and entered into the rich man. So he went home and told the Bishop what had happened.

Then said the Bishop: "Thou must know that God turned the arrow back. Therefore we must ask Him to tell us His purpose." And the Bishop commanded the people to fast and pray for three days, so that God might reveal unto them why the rich man had been wounded.

And after three days St. Michael came to the Bishop, saying: "I am St. Michael, the angel of God. And I stand always before God and have my abode on the Mountain. Then came Garganus and wanted to desecrate the city. That I did not want to permit him. For I want to guard the city, so that no sacrilege may be committed." And then the angel vanished. In the morning the Bishop sent for the priests and all of them went piously up on the mountain. But no one was allowed to enter the cavern. And they prayed to God full of devotion.

In those days, many pagans came to the land of the Bishop. He was sorely beset and called unto God that He might save the people from the might of the pagans. Then came St. Michael to the Bishop, saying: "I shall intercede in the fighting, and help the Christians, and bring great tribulations on the heathen, so that many of them shall die. And ye shall begin the battle at noon." Then vanished St. Michael.

And the Bishop told unto the Christians what the angel had said. And they rejoiced and prepared for the struggle. And at noon a terrifying tempest arose and many stones fell on the heathen. And many heathen were sorely hurt and died. Thus the Christians vanquished the heathen with the help of God and beloved St. Michael. And they rejoiced exceedingly and brought sacrifices in honor of St. Michael and went to the cavern. And there they saw the footprints

made by St. Michael in the stone. And they knew forthwith that the place belonged to St. Michael and they thanked him for his merciful help. But they were not allowed to enter the cavern. Therefore they built a church nearby in honor of St. Michael.

Then the Bishop journeyed to Rome and told unto the Pope what had happened, saying: "I know not whether or not I should consecrate the cavern."

Then spake the Pope: "Let us ask God." And he commanded that the people should fast for three days.

Then came St. Michael to the Bishop in his sleep, saying: "I myself have consecrated the cavern. Thou shalt see it tomorrow and say Mass therein. And thou shalt see that I myself will be there to console you."

Early in the morning, the Bishop came to the mountain. And a multitude of people was with him. There they found a chapel that was sunk halfway into a hard, hollow rock. And a path led therein. And when the people entered, they saw the altar was clothed with rich purple stuff. And a radiant light shone out of the chapel. And the Bishop performed the services full of devotion. Then the people went home. And the Bishop consecrated priests to perform the services in the church. When night fell, the door of the chapel was locked by itself and no one was allowed to enter therein all night long. And there was a stone in the church wherefrom flowed a miraculous water healing the sick.

Once on a time, Emperor Henry came to the city and went into the chapel of St. Michael and prayed to God. And now the time was come when the hosts of the angels were to appear and say Mass. And the people were driven out of the cavern. Then the Emperor asked that he might be permitted to stay therein. And his demand was granted. And he remained alone through the might of the Almighty and called unto God full of devotion. And God opened the Emperor's eyes so that he beheld the hosts of angels coming to the mountain. And above all, there were two angels who gleamed like the red of the morning and were exceeding fair and prepared the altar most beautifully. Then came a multitude of angels leading St. Michael. And he radiated more luminously than the sun. Then came our Lord Jesus Christ, a mighty God. And He was surrounded by a multitude of angels and clothed in such beauty as befitted His splendor. And He performed the services full of piety and dignity. And one of the angels took the

book and carried it for our Lord Jesus Christ and bowed down before Him. And our Lord Jesus Christ kissed the book and beckoned with His hand to the angel and pointed to Emperor Henry who was lying there and praying. And the angel with the book stood before the Emperor. But the Emperor was sore afraid and said that he was not worthy to kiss the book. Then the angel took hold of his hip, saying: "Emperor, rise up and accept the Grace that God has bestowed on thee." Then rose the Emperor and kissed the book that the angel held out to him. And thus the Emperor lost his hip. But through the Will of God, he suffered it gladly.

Mont Saint-Michel

French Legend

Once on a time Aubert, a pious Bishop beloved by God, had fallen asleep. Then appeared an angel unto him and commanded him to build a church, in honor of the Archangel Michael, on Mount Tumba. Thus St. Michael's name would be consecrated not only on Mount Gargano, but also in the midst of the sea. And while the Bishop pondered the words of the Apostle: "Test the spirits, whether they are sent by God" (John 4,1), the angel came anew and commanded the Bishop to do what had been ordered. The Bishop, who was still doubtful, implored our Lord Jesus Christ and the Holy Archangel Michael to reveal their will unto him.

At that time it happened that a man had hidden a bull on the summit of the mountain. He had stolen the bull and hoped to reap profit from this theft, as soon as the animal's owner would have forgotten his loss. Meanwhile the venerable Bishop was admonished for the third time most urgently to give up his disobedience and hurry to the place and leave it not ere the work had been concluded. When the Bishop asked which site was the best for the building, this answer came out of the angel's mouth: "There where he would find a bull tied to a stake." And when the Bishop asked how large should be the site, the angel answered: "As large as the place uprooted by the bull." The angel also said that the bull should be returned to its rightful owner.

Now the venerable Bishop went forth to the place, singing sacred songs and praising God. For now he was certain that it was God's messenger who had come to him. Gathering a multitude of peasants, he let them clean up the site and level the ground. But in the middle of the site there arose two mighty rocks, which could not be moved even by the strongest men. By this they were delayed for a long time and no one knew what to do. In the following night, a peasant from the village of Itius, by the name of Bain, had a vision. He was commanded in his dream to join the laborers. Immediately he and his twelve sons went forth to the place that had been designated. After arriving thereat, he accomplished with Michael's help what no mortal man could have done: In a miraculous way, Bain pushed the rock aside. It seemed that, in spite of its size, the rock had no weight.

All of them praised God and the Archangel Michael who had given them courage to begin the work anew. And when the Bishop pondered how large the Church should be, dew fell on the mountain's summit in the middle of the night, just as it had fallen down in the time of Gideon as a sign of victory. But there, where the walls should be erected, the ground remained dry. And the Bishop heard a voice, saying: "Go forth and place the stones as it has been shown unto thee." And the Bishop arose, praised the Almighty, and joyously went to work blessed by St. Michael, whose help he had implored.

Mont Saint-Michel

Chronicle of the City of Speyer

In the middle of the 15th century, especially round the year 1457, pilgrims from the East and West, including many children from Germany, wandered to Mont Saint-Michel. And old chronicles give the following account of these pilgrimages:

"Here it is written what large companies of men and boys gathered in Italy and Germany to make pilgrimages to St. Michael. Thus in the year 1457 after the birth of Christ, there gathered a great company of men, boys, and children in the German and Italian countries. And a hundred, a hundred-fifty, or two hundred, as the case may be, fashioned a banner. And on one side they put the sign of the

cities they came from. On the other side, they put a picture of St. Michael. And when they walked through cities or villages, the banner was borne before them. And they walked in pairs of two, the youngest at the head. And each had a staff in his hand and sang:

In the Name of God walk we,
To St. Michael go we.

“Thus, around Christmas time, thirteen banners passed through the City of Speyer. Each company numbered about three hundred, most of whom were country folk and young boys. And it was the coldest winter that had plagued the country for the last twenty years. When the pilgrims were asked whereto they were wandering, they answered: ‘To St. Michael!’

“The same year, many other companies came, all wandering to Brittany to St. Michael’s sanctuary. This is an abbey lying on the shore of the ocean. And the ocean ebbs every day, so that the ground becomes dry. And so the people could walk dry-shod to the church, each company with its banner. And they stuck their banners in the ground and went into the church and got their indulgences. And here they were shown St. Michael’s sword, which has barely the length of an arm, and his shield, which was also small and rusty and had five stars placed thereon.”

Michael as Healer

Christian Legends from Egypt

The Leper Jew

On the isle of Cyprus, people had toiled for a long time to build a church in honor of St. Michael. The people were assembled to see the Bishop consecrate the church. At this moment came a Jew who was stricken with leprosy to the gate and, leaning against a column, watched the consecration. After the Bishop had sprinkled the walls with Holy Water, the Jew took some and moistened his body therewith. Then he anointed himself with the oil of the lamp burning before the Archangel's picture and said: "Holy Archangel Michael! Heal my disease, and I will serve thee unto death!" The Jew spent the following night in the church and was healed the next morning. Full of joy he ran to the Bishop, told him what had happened and asked to be baptized. And he and his whole family served the Archangel faithfully unto death.

The Unfulfilled Vow

Among the Roman gentlefolk, there was a God-fearing couple. They had no children, although they had prayed unto God to give them some offspring. Once they went to church on the day of St. Michael. And when they saw so many parents with their children, the wife wept bitterly and said: "Oh Lord! Have mercy on me and give me a child, so that my eyes may rejoice at its sight. Holy Archangel Michael! Pray thou unto God that He may send unto me a boy or girl. I will consecrate the child to thy service, until death!"

After Mass had been said, the wife remained behind in her sorrow and spent the whole night in the church. And then appeared to her the Archangel Michael

in all his radiance, saying: "God has granted thy request. Thou wilt conceive and bear a boy. And thou shalt call him Michael!" And the wife was exceedingly happy and returned to her home and praised God in her heart.

After a time, the promise was fulfilled and she gave birth to a boy who was fair and called Michael. When the child grew up, his parents did not want to part from him and thus did not let him go to church. But suddenly the child fell grievously ill, so that no physician could help him. The terrified mother recognized that the unfulfilled vow was the cause of the illness. Hastily, she carried the child to the church, bathed him in the Holy Water, and anointed him with the oil of the lamp burning in front of St. Michael's picture, and prayed aloud: "Oh Holy Archangel Michael! Heal this child from his disease! Have mercy and redeem him. And he will serve thee throughout his life here in thy abode!"

She and the child spent the whole night in the church. On the following day, the boy was healed. And he served his patron St. Michael to the end of his life.

The Blind Man

A Christian became suddenly sorely ill and lost his eyesight. Once when he attended, in company with many people, a festival in honor of the Archangel Michael, he broke into tears and prayed: "Holy Michael, who intercedest with God to help us mortals, pray that I may recover my eyesight. I shall serve thee forever and ever!" In deepest grief, he spent the night in the church.

At midnight the archangel appeared, awakened the blind man from his sleep and said: "Do not forget thy vow!" And St. Michael touched the blind eyes with his pure hands and blessed them. And it was as if scales had fallen away from the man's eyes and he could see anew. Rejoicing exceedingly, he praised The Lord and fulfilled his promise to the Archangel Michael.

The Possessed

On a festival day, when the Bishop said the Mass before many people, a possessed man entered the church at the moment when the Gospel was proclaimed. And a terrifying voice howled and shrieked out of him: "Where should one turn and how flee from thee, oh Archangel Michael? Thou art the cause why we must shun Heaven and cannot find rest on the earth!"

And Michael appeared in all his radiance, in a king's garment. In his hand, he held a golden scepter with the Holy Cross. He seized Satan and hung him up in the middle of the church.

Then cried the evil one: "In the Name of Him Who has given thee all this glory, I implore thee, St. Michael, to liberate me. Henceforth I shall not dare to enter an abode where thy name is sanctified."

Then the archangel liberated the devil from his uncomfortable position and the evil one, full of shame, fled from the church. But the possessed man was healed and served Michael unto his death.

Worship of Michael

from the Time of Charlemagne to the 10th Century

Sequence on St. Michael

Latin Hymn from the Middle Ages

Dedicated to Emperor Charlemagne

Michael!

Archangel of the Highest King!

Hearken, we pray thee, to our call.

For this we confess:

Thou art the leader of the Heavenly Hosts.

Thou hast asked God to let thee lead the angels

To the salvation of mankind.

May the enemies, even though ever so desirous

To violate weary souls,

Not vanquish us with their wiles.

Thou, Oh Michael, ever holdest

The fullness of might in eternal paradise.

Ever do the holy angels praise thee.

Thou hast been beheld

While holding in thy hands in the Temple of God

The golden cup full of incense.

From it was wafted marvelous fragrance

And rose to God's Countenance.

Thou, with a hero's hand,

Hast slain the fearful dragon.

Out of its jaws

Thou hast torn most of the souls.
Thus there arose profound stillness in heaven
And thousands and thousands of voices proclaimed:
“Hail to Thee, the King, the Lord.”

Hear us, Oh Michael,
Highest of all angels.
Descend a few steps
From the heavenly throne.
Bring us help from God,
Grant us mercy to ease our burden.

Gabriel, mayest thou
Fell to the ground our enemies.
Raphael, mayest thou
Heal the sick,
Stop the pestilence,
Ease the suffering.
Let us partake
Of blessed rejoicing!
This chant is sung for thee
By the wise Emperor.

The Dragon of Ireland

French Legend

In the middle of the 10th century, when King Elgar ruled in Ireland, and Ivor, the Archbishop from Norway, had his episcopal See in Armagh, the country was threatened by great disaster. A dragon, who had assuredly been spewn out by the jaws of hell, ravaged the whole island. The animal was dreadful to see. Its body was stronger than the most towering oak in the ancient forest of Limerick. Its scales forming an impenetrable armor shimmered uncannily either in emerald green or fiery red. Underneath the sharp horns on its head, bloodthirsty eyes were gleaming. The terrifying jaws, which were studded with a threefold row of fangs, incessantly spewed out poison.

Nothing could stop the monster: not the Basaltic mountains with their steep inclines, and not even the bay of the ocean with its violently surging waves. Wherever the monster came, it left behind nothing but ruins. The fields over which its heavy body rolled remained barren for all time. When the monster moved across wide meadows to attack grazing horses and cattle, it seemed as if blazing flames scorched the grass. The water of the rivers from which the dragon used to drink emitted a pestilential odor. The same odor poisoning the countryside came out of the forests in which the dragon was wont to sleep.

At first the dragon contented itself with killing animals. But now it began, when dusk set in, to rove around towns and lie in ambush waiting for men who were late getting home. Women who went to the shore with their washing and children returning home were slain by the hundreds. No one ventured any more to leave his house. In wealthy towns as well as in poor villages, the terrified inhabitants gave their souls into God's keeping.

Finally, after the King had held a counsel with the Archbishop, it was decided to declare war on the monster. Ivor, the Bishop, commanded that everyone should fast for three days. Then, after the most valiant soldiers of Armagh had been assembled, the attack was set for the feast day of St. Patrick. The beast was one mile away from the town in a barren heath without trees. This was favorable for the struggle and it was decided to surround it from all sides. The fighters advanced early in the morning, armed with spears, swords, and poisoned arrows.

Before them, amidst the undulating crosses and banners, the relics of Irish Saints were carried. But, despite their faith and valor, all trembled as if going to their execution. Here was the monster! How the souls of the fighters were split! Should they dare to attack the dragon, or would it be better to flee? But soon their faith in God reasserted itself.

Amidst fearful shouting, they hurled their spears and lances against the monster. It lay there without moving, as if asleep. Or was it already dead? The most valiant men advanced towards the beast to pierce it with their swords. But—what a miracle—it was dead. Out of a small wound, which could not have been caused by the weapons of the Irish, a black blood stream was welling forth. Thereupon the whole multitude, shouting imprecations, rushed up to the corpse and tore it to pieces. Then they fetched fagots and dry grass, made a fire, and burned the monster so that nothing remained behind but a pile of ashes.

Suddenly the Archbishop discovered amidst the ashes a sword and shield different from those used by warriors. The weapons looked like a child's toys. A round shield with strong leather girths and golden clasps had many small crosses on the surface, which was overlaid with a profusion of amethysts and topazes. Then there was a sword of finest steel, whose point was still stained with the monster's blood. The Archbishop knelt down before these weapons, raised them up, and had them carried ceremoniously into the Cathedral of Armagh, where the people intoned the *Te Deum*.

One thing was certain: God had performed a miracle to save the holy island. But who could have been the heavenly messenger who had hurled, with such dainty weapons, the deadly thrust against the dragon?

When the Archbishop, after praying ardently, had fallen asleep, the Archangel Michael appeared unto him and commanded that the weapons, with which he had defeated the monster, should be brought at once to the place holding Michael's favorite sanctuary on earth. But before the Archbishop could ask the leader of the Heavenly Hosts after the name of this place, Michael vanished.

Then did the Archbishop appoint two priests who were to go forth with the weapons and, God willing, try to find the place favored by St. Michael. The priests sailed across the sea to England. Then, after crossing another sea

and landing in France, they directed their steps to Italy. For they believed that Mount Gargano, where Michael was worshipped, was bound to be the goal of their journey. Thus they wandered onward and believed to be going toward the South. But finally they noticed that, against their will, they went continuously Westward. Whichever path they chose, the sun was ever setting before their eyes. Then they saw clearly that Mount Gargano was not the place that had been in Michael's mind. And they prayed unto St. Michael that he might take pity on them. For they did not know where to turn and their feet were sore. Once, when they were dead tired and completely despondent, fearing the anger of the Irish and the reproaches of the Bishop, they implored God most fervently to help them. Then appeared Michael unto them, saying: "Direct your steps to Mount Tumble; there is my real abode."

A pious hermit gave them shelter during the night and showed them the way. And thirty days later, they arrived at the mountain around which the waves were surging. Their heart was stirred as they knocked at the monastery's gate. The Abbot himself opened the gate with these words: "I have awaited your coming, dear brethren! Last night the cause of your pilgrimage was revealed to me in a dream. I know whence ye come after such long wandering. Hand to me the glorious weapons and then let us praise God!"

From that day on, the weapons reposed in the monastery's treasure house, where they were worshipped by pious pilgrims during five centuries. But, in the year 1850, Arthur de Cosé, the Bishop of Contames, who was not kept back from robbery by his priestly vestments, took the treasure away from Mont Saint-Michel. And since then the precious trophies have been lost by Ireland.

Michael's Transition from Legend to the History of the Fading Middle Ages

It is a striking fact that, from the 10th century on, Michael Legends become rarer and rarer. Their place is taken by stories telling us how Michael has interfered here or there in the course of history. Inside the German-speaking territory, very few legends exist. Instead, Michael appears on the Imperial Banner and is seen in visions as a leader of armies.

Michael as Friend of Mankind

Icelandic Legend

At the end of the 10th century after the birth of Christ, the German Tangbrand sailed at the behest of King Olaf Trygvessoens from Norway to Iceland, so that he might preach the Gospel of Christ. He was received by Sidu Hall, who was well known in Iceland and lived on the Fjord of Aalpta. And the following is told in the great Olaf Trygvessoens saga: It was in the autumn, the day before Michaelmas, when Tangbrand and his companions celebrated the holy eve of the festival. Sidu Hall came and asked why they had stopped working so early. Tangbrand answered: "The morrow is sacred to us as the day dedicated to Michael, the Archangel of God."

Hall said: "Who was Michael and what is told concerning him?"

Tangbrand answered: "Michael is no mortal, but a spirit created by the Almighty and placed as Prince above all the other angels, and whom God has appointed to fight with the devil and his evil henchmen and to protect all righteous Christians from the blind weapons of impure spirits. And God has

given unto the Archangel Michael the special mission to receive the souls of Christians when they leave the earthly world and guide them to the realm of the great peace.”

And the Njaals saga continues in this wise: Thus spake Tangbrand to Hall: “Michael will weigh all that thou doest, the good as well as the evil. But he has so much affection for mankind that he weighs the good rather than the evil.”

Then said Hall: “Him I would like to have as friend.” And soon afterwards he was baptized in the brook flowing near his homestead. And Hall made a vow that henceforth Michael should be the angel he would follow.

Michael Leads the Army of Barbarossa

German Legend

During the Crusade undertaken by the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa, the opposing armies met after the holy festival of Pentecost. The Crusaders defeated the enemy. The victorious outcome of this great battle, during which four renowned generals of the Turks were slain and even the son of the Sultan unhorsed, was attributed to a memorable event. For, on this day, the knight Ludwig of Helfenstein saw St. George* ride in front of the Crusaders. This was publicly affirmed, in the presence of the Emperor and the army, by Ludwig of Helfenstein who swore on his vow as a Crusader that he was speaking the truth. And the Turks themselves said that some of them had seen a number of warriors clothed in white garments and riding on white steeds.

*St. George represents in the legends the Michaelic force within the human soul.

To St. Michael

Latin Hymn of the Middle Ages, 11th century

Since we possess thee
As mighty protector, Oh Michael,
Of our companions in Heaven,
We pray thee—
Since we endeavor to serve God—
To let us take part
In these companions' indescribable bliss
Which, as we firmly believe,
Is granted to them
By the vision of God.
For this alone
Is the Saints' true and eternal bliss.
But we know:
This will be granted to us only
If we strive to do good deeds.
Therefore we implore thee
To pray to God
That He may teach us
The ways of the Saints,
So that we may enter into the forecourt
Where only those are admitted
Who live without blemish.
Thou, who hast forever
Held fast the Love of God
And remained immortal for all time:
Ask that we may be given
After death eternal peace.

How Henry II Beheld Michael on Monte Gargano and How He was Touched and Lamed by Him

German Legend

Anyone desirous to know how the renowned Emperor Henry II was lamed—although at first possessing a sound body—should now be told the cause. For when he had come to Apulia to order affairs of state, he climbed up on Monte Gargano, on whose summit lies a settlement. In a vaulted cave at the side of the mountain is a Cathedral, neither built nor consecrated by men. For it was miraculously built through divine help and overflowing virtue. And it was reverently consecrated through divine blessing. The patron saint of this Cathedral is the Archangel Michael. And it is said that the angel appears in this church, which is opened once a week, to all those calling unto him in a worthy manner.

And so the pious Emperor, together with other faithful Christians, entered the Cathedral to say his prayers. And after they had sung hymns in praise of the divine and, full of reverence, made their vows to God, the time was come when the Heavenly Hosts were wont to enter the sacred Temple, so that the divine ritual might be worthily concluded. When all the people had left and those who were loitering urged to leave the Cathedral, the holy Emperor asked whether it would be possible for him to remain inside. And when all were gone, he resolved to remain inside and trust in the mercy of God. Saying one prayer after the other, he bent his knee to the ground. Now he dedicated himself, amidst many tears, to God's mildness; then he endeavored to confide his soul into the keeping of the blessed Archangel Michael.

When the pure prayer of the pious Emperor arose to God like unto incense, he was granted a vision by the God of Israel, Who works miracles amidst the Saints. For he saw the numerous host of angels, who gleamed like the sun, entering the Temple. Two of them solemnly adorned the altar. Then he beheld innumerable hosts of divine beings. They were radiant like palpitating lightning and revealed their leader in all the brilliance of his splendor. This was doubtless the Archangel carrying the banner of the Heavenly Hosts. At last the Emperor could see the One who is the master, the King of Angels, coming with greatest

might and force. The countless Heavenly Host, in all its indescribable radiance, obeys Michael whose beckoning guides all that happens in Heaven and on earth. Then the Chorus assembled in the holy Cathedral praised the New Jerusalem and celebrated the services in the most exalted fashion. When these had been concluded, one of the angels handed, most reverently, the text of the Holy Gospel to the divine personage who kissed the Gospel and commanded the angel to pass it on to the Emperor, who lay in a corner, so that he too might kiss it.

But the Emperor, the disciple of Christ, was beset by fear in his spirit upon beholding this vision of such extraordinary majesty and glory. And all his limbs trembled, as the prophet has said: "My heart is shattered within me and my limbs are trembling." (Jerem. 23,9) When the angel saw this, he lightly touched the Emperor's side, saying: "Fear not, thou man elected by God! Rise quickly and joyously accept the sign of divine peace that is given to thee." And at once his thigh slackened and he became lame henceforth. A similar event is told of the holy patriarch Jacob, whose side was lamed by the angel with whom he struggled.

Prayer

from old Norway, circa 1300

Almighty God,
Mayest Thou redeem me
And redeem my spirit from hell.
Almighty God,
Mayest Thou watch over my spirit
And protect it from darkness.
In Thee, Christ Jesus, is founded my faith.
I am the work of Thy hands,
So do not forsake me.
To thee, holy Archangel Michael, in love I pray.
Thou hast the power to receive the souls.
So mayest thou worthily accept and protect my soul
When it will be taken away from my body.
Save it from the violence of my enemies
Who want it to cross the threshold of hell
And walk the paths of darkness.
May not the lion halt my soul
Nor the dragon wont to send the spirit to hell
And deliver it to eternal torment.
I pray Thee, Almighty God,
Send to my help the holy Angel.
Help me through his sweet mildness,
Ere the jaws of hell will stifle me.

The Death of St. Elizabeth of Thuringa

German Legend

In pangs of death and torment lay
The Lady pure for one whole day
And one whole night; this was the time
That first to her had been announced.
And though the Lord had granted her
Much mercy in her earthly life,
And though her life was good and pure,
She did not want to proffer it
To the great splendor of her God.
For worthy she not deemed herself
To let her life flow back to God.
And thus in doubt and care she lay,
Beset by her unworthiness,
Till help and mercy came from God
And ended all her misery.
Soft music of the heavenly spheres,
The sound of jubilating harps,
Was wafted to her tenderly
And brought her gentle quietness.
Upwards arose her soul so pure
So that her God she could espouse,
And slowly downward sank her head
When softly she gave up the ghost.
And then St. Michael came nigh
Amidst the Hosts of Heaven high.
There followed choirs of the Saints
And all the great angelic hosts.
To her St. Michael had come
That her sweet soul he might receive.
And now in triumph she was led
To stand before God's radiant eyes

And to receive her full reward:
Eternally to wear the crown
And glorify Almighty God
And multiply all His Renown.

Lucifer's Crown

from the "Singers' Contest on the Wartburg," 13th century

Now hear about the splendid crown:
Designed it was by sixty thousand angels
Who wanted to eject the Lord from Heaven.
And thus thine it became, oh Lucifer!
Wherever wise and worthy master priests are found,
They know full well that I the truth do speak.

St. Michael saw God's wrath anent Lucifer's boasts:
His sword to pieces broke the crown
And hurled it from the head of Lucifer.
One of the precious stones fell out of it.
And this on earth was handed unto Parzival.

The Vision of Jeanne d'Arc

Account of Jeanne d'Arc's deposition

In the summer of 1425, at the age of thirteen, Jeanne had her first vision. The day before had been a festival. Around noon, standing in her father's garden, she heard a voice that came from the church which lay at her right side. Thence a bright radiance was wafted to her eyes. Jeanne felt great fear and great doubt, although the voice seemed to her good and worthy. Only after she had heard the voice thrice did she recognize it as an angel's voice. This angel was St. Michael. He was not alone, but surrounded by many angelic beings.

Jeanne understood what the voice said. Michael told her to be a good girl, lead a good life, and go to church diligently. God would help her. Then he spoke of the great misfortune that had befallen France and revealed to her that she should go to Paris and help the King. Finally Michael announced that St. Catherine and St. Margaret would come to her and guide her. Jeanne was to follow their counsels and have faith in their words, for Catherine and Margaret were benevolent spirits who had been commanded to help her and tell her what to do. This was God's Order.

Jeanne believed as firmly in the words and deeds of Michael as she believed that Jesus Christ had suffered and died for us. What moved her to such faith was His good counsel, His wise teaching, and the help that He bestowed on her. If the devil had clothed himself in the garment of a good angel, Jeanne would easily have recognized that it was not St. Michael but a being that aped him.

Michael, the Angel, Speaketh

from Hans Sachs: *Tragedy of the Creation, Fall and
Eviction from Paradise*

God in His Likeness man created,
To share in everlasting life.
And therefore God did not in vain
Create him out of crumbling dust,
So that his body, weak and frail,
Would know how weak his being was
And thus withstand all haughtiness.
Man can do nothing, is not fit
To practice virtue, bring forth art;
But weak and earth-bound was he made
So that in freedom he might know
That the Creator all alone
Man's highest good doth represent.

Michael in the European East

St. Michael on the Crescent Moon

after a Polish Legend

Hast thou seen gleam up, in clear and exalted autumn nights, the sparkling stars on the sky? They rise like hope in a human soul; they dive down in radiant force, like a human heart's resolve. Then they are called falling stars by men. But whoever loves his angel—and from childhood on, knows no fear—recognizes their true being. He sees in the clear autumn nights amidst the stars the great warrior who is called St. George on earth, but St. Michael in the Heavens. And he sees his countenance shining in golden Wisdom which, unconscious of itself, reflects the heart of the highest Godhead. And he sees his arm with the shimmering weapon which, strong and pure, seems to be hardened by Divine Justice.

And with his valiant hand, St. Michael strikes the sword, which will destroy the crawling, the desirous, the wallowing, the corroding impurity. And when St. Michael strikes his sword, the stars tremble and diamantine sparks fly through the air.

Hast thou seen glide, in dark winter nights, the delicate moon crescent above the gossamer white clouds? There is around them something like a rustling of distant grass growing on the wide and fair meadows of Heaven. The hearts of men looking at the crescent in wintry nights are seized by a longing to be far, far away. But whoever loves his angel—and, from childhood on, has harbored purity in his heart—sees something else. He sees the Heavenly Virgin Maria standing on the narrow silver crescent. And he knows that she is a Queen. For she smiles at those who are longing and hungering on earth. And she bestows on them heavenly wheat-corns which fall down from her rosy hands and bring blessings to earth. She prays that the depths may become filled and may become good and

may become penetrated with the miracle harbored in the heights. She bestows blessings with hands that are folded in prayer.

And one day it will happen that the birch tree, when its leaves are falling in autumn, will not weep because of its bereavement. Then the leaves will joyously fall down to earth. And one day a stairway, whose steps resemble milk-white stone, will appear above the moon. And Maria, waving her hands in a promise of redemption, will walk up the white steps unto the golden table spread in Heaven with the thanksgiving of men on whom the harvest has been bestowed. And it seems as if her foot is treading on fluttering doves' wings.

Henceforth the moon's crescent will not be forsaken. A song will resound from it, such as has never been heard in Heaven and on earth. St. Michael will stand on the crescent. As a heavenly smith, he has forged his sword into the frame of a lyre whose strings are fashioned from men's valiant thoughts. The dragon-slayer will play and sing. He will perform his office as heavenly lutist. Strength is alive in his song. He will sing of consolation and fulfillment of old promises. He will sing of the outflowing of the highest light encompassing the smile of Maria.

And the birch tree will tremble down to its very pith in its joyfulness whenever this song is sounded. And autumn will be the same to it as spring.

Many a man will not see it; many a man not hear it. But whoever loves his angel and harbors faithfulness in his heart: Such a one knows the song full well and will want to be better.

Of Michael, the Archangel

from the Russian

And now come forth, oh man, climb up the Mount of Zion,
Gaze at the Mother Earth, moistened by gushing springs.
What makes the earth so rich and fair?
What fills the earth so splendidly?
What covers it so radiantly?
The earth is adorned with the Temples of God,
The earth is filled with the Mercy of God.

And the earth is covered with precious stones,
And a stream that is blazing in fire.
There rides the ferryman: Michael the Prince,
Who leads the souls of all that are pure
Through the fiery stream to the portal of light,
To the heavenly forecourt illumined by the sun,
To the throne of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob
And to Christ, the eternal Guardian of Heaven.
And there the voices of angels resound
And there the Cherubims' songs come forth.
But the sinners' souls are left behind,
And the sinful souls, they weep and pray:
"Mayest thou, Oh Michael, Prince of Peace,
Lead us also on through the fire-stream
Through the fire-stream to the portal of light,
To the heavenly forecourt illumined by the sun,
To the throne of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!"
And in answer says Michael these brazen words:
"Oh all ye could! Ye sinful ones!
How did ye live in the world of God?
Ye never loved the goodly deed,
Ye spent Good Friday in empty chatter,
Ye never greeted the Holy Sunday,
Ye were no guests in the Temple of God,
Ye took the Communion without hunger of heart,
Ye gave to the beggar neither drink nor bread,
Ye did not clothe the naked wanderer,
Ye never helped him who fell down on the way,
Ye never prayed for those who have died.
And so go alone to the fiery stream!"
And the souls went alone through the fire-stream,
And their bodies glowed in the fire-sea,
And the hair on their heads was writhing like flames.
And, moaning, they fell on the bosom of earth:
"Oh father, oh mother! Why did ye beget us?
Had we but died at the mother's breast!"

Michael According to the Conceptions of Simple Folk

The following stories show that also simple people like peasants and miners thought about Michael.

Why the Sole of Man's Foot Is Not Even

When the devils had rebelled against God and fled to earth, they also took the sun with them. The Emperor of the devils had stuck it on a lance, which he carried on his shoulder. But the earth complained that it was being burned up by the sun. Then God sent the Holy Archangel Michael to take the sun away from the devil in some way. The Holy Archangel came down to earth and became a friend of the Emperor of the devils. But the Emperor knew that something was in the wind and was on his guard. Once on a time, when both were strolling around on earth, they came to the ocean. Here they proceeded to take a bath, and the devil thrust the lance with the sun in the ground. After they had bathed for a while, the Holy Archangel said: "Now let us dive and see who goes down deeper."

The devil answered: "Well and good!" Thereupon St. Michael dove down and, between his teeth, brought up sand from the bottom. Now it was the devil's turn. But he was afraid that, while he was gone, the Archangel might steal the sun. He spit on the ground, and out of his spittle a magpie was formed, which was to guard the sun until the devil had brought up sand from the bottom of the ocean. As soon as the devil disappeared in the water, St. Michael made the sign of the Cross with his hand. And immediately the ocean was covered with ice that was nine ells thick. Then he seized the sun and fled up to Heaven. But the magpie croaked as loud as she could. When the devil heard the magpie's voice, he felt that something was wrong and returned as quickly as possible.

But, when he came to the surface, the ocean was frozen and he could not get out. Hurriedly, he returned to the bottom, picked up a stone, broke the ice therewith, and pursued the astute Archangel. Michael had already one foot in Heaven, when the devil grasped his other foot and, with his claws, tore out a large piece of flesh from the sole. Wounded, St. Michael appeared before the Lord and handed Him the sun. Weeping and lamenting he said: "See, Oh Lord, how disfigured I am!"

Then spake the Lord: "Do not grieve! Henceforth all men shall have an uneven sole!" And thus has it remained.

Miner's Song

from Bohemia

When I come to my place
St. Michael is standing there.
He doth teach me and show
Where I should use
Mallet and bar.

The Devil's Scythe

French Legend

In olden times, the people of Hédé mowed the grass with scissors and thus took a long time for their work. Only the devil, who came sometimes to this place to fetch big stones from the building erected on Mont Saint-Michel, owned a tool with which grass could be mowed in a very short time, but he used this tool only at night and refused to lend it to anybody. This tool was undoubtedly magic. It cut the grass in swaths. And as soon as the grass was dry, it could be stacked up in piles.

One day Satan promised one of his friends, who was a good-for-nothing, to mow his grass during the night. St. Michael heard of this and put iron harrow-teeth in the meadow. Then he hid in a hollow oak-tree and awaited the night. His whole body stuck in the tree and only his head was above the leaves.

Around midnight, St. Michael heard someone whistling behind a hedge and saw the devil approaching the meadow. When Satan arrived at its edge, he sharpened his tool with a hammer and then placed it on top of a long stick. Now he began to mow with regular movements of his arms. The grass fell down in long swaths.

When the tool struck the first harrow-tooth, it cracked. Satan cursed like a genuine devil, but continued to work. When striking the second tooth, the tool broke, and the devil said to himself: "Well, my scythe is broken. I must take it to a smith." Still cursing, he betook himself to the village of Dingé.

The next morning, St. Michael went to the smith of Dingé and asked whether someone had left a tool to be mended. "Yes," answered the smith. "It was a tool the likes of which I've never seen."

"Quite right," said St. Michael. "I want thee to make a similar tool. I'll explain to thee later what to do with it."

"All right," answered the smith, and began to hammer out a tool like that left by the devil. And then St. Michael explained to him how a scythe could be used. But, unlike the devil, he loaned the scythe to others and taught everyone how to use it. And so this tool has become generally known.

When Satan noticed scythes in the hands of all the people, he saw at once that his secret had been discovered. And he also guessed that St. Michael had spied on him. Therefore, waxing furious and exceedingly angry, he challenged Michael to a duel. "Why not?" said the Archangel. "But only under one condition. The duel must take place in a baking oven."

Satan agreed, and both betook themselves to the next village. On the way, St. Michael found a small wooden peg, such as the peasant women use to break their hemp and flax before combing it. He picked up the peg, put it under his arm, and walked on.

Upon arriving at the oven, the devil grasped the shovel at one end and slipped inside. St. Michael followed him. And while the devil pulled up the pole that was much too long to fit in the oven, St. Michael hammered on Satan's head as hard as he could.

"Mercy, mercy!" howled Satan. "Thou wilt kill me."

"I will spare thee," said Michael "under the condition that thou wilt leave the country and return nevermore." The bargain was agreed on and henceforth the devil has never been seen again in the province of Hédé.

What the Peasants of Normandy Tell about Michael

Legend from Normandy

St. Michael and the Devil lived close to one another. While they sat together one evening in winter, they began to quarrel. Satan said that his power had no limits. But Michael said that God alone was almighty.

“Well, call to God for help and build a castle,” said the Devil. “I’ll build one too and we shall see which is the better.” St. Michael agreed. Soon afterwards Satan sent out a multitude of small devils. These were to fetch huge granite blocks from all the corners of the earth. Then the work was begun. An enormous castle arose on an island that was surrounded by surging waves and visited by tempests. The small devils dragged more and more blocks to this spot, so that a whole granite mountain rose out of the ocean. The Devil was proud of this work. St. Michael took less pains. He erected on the shore, out of ice crystals, transparent walls and dauntless towers adorned with delicate columns. This sparkling castle shining in diamantine splendor outshone the somber granite masses.

The proud devil had to admit that he had been defeated and withdrew. But envy prevented him from sleeping. When he could stand it no longer, he asked St. Michael whether he would be willing to exchange castles. Michael agreed. But when summer came, the Devil’s castle melted under the hot sun, while Michael’s castle is still standing. It is the Mont Saint-Michel.

Now the Devil was forced to live in a simple hut near the shore. But he owned fertile fields and well-watered meadows, hills that were planted with high trees, and green valleys. But Michael owned nothing but sand dunes and would have starved without praying. After spending a few years in this poverty-stricken condition, St. Michael got tired of it. He went to the Devil, saying: “Let me have thy land. I will cultivate it in the best possible way and then divide the harvest with thee.” The Devil agreed to this offer and Michael went on: “I do not want thee to complain about the bargain later on. Choose what thou wantest: what grows above the earth or what grows underneath it.”

The Devil cried: "What grows above!"

"All right," said Michael. Six months later nothing was planted on the Devil's enormous domains except turnips, carrots, and onions. Satan harvested nothing and wanted to abolish the agreement. But St. Michael, who had begun to enjoy this kind of work, would not hear of it. He said: "To make up for thy loss, I will give thee this year all that grows underneath the earth."

Now the Devil rejoiced very much. But in the following spring all the fields were covered with corn, oats, barley, and cabbage. And so the Devil, for the second time, harvested nothing. Anger made him look as red as a lobster. Just as he set out to strike St. Michael, the Archangel kicked him so violently in the rump that Satan was hurled through space like a ball. Even today, traces of his horns and claws can be seen on the rocks of Mortain, where he fell down on earth. Bruised and flayed for all time, he arose limping and looked at the fateful mountain. There dwelled a being who was stronger than he. And so, giving over all his fields, meadows, and forests to St. Michael, the devil established his domain in another sphere.

Michael's Cosmic Activity

The Twelfth Chapter of the Revelation of St. John

And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: A woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. And she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.

And there appeared a second wonder in heaven: Behold, a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them upon the earth. And the dragon stood before the woman which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born. And she brought forth a man-child, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron.

And her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.

And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon. And the dragon fought, and his angels, and prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world. He was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him.

And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven: Now is come salvation and strength and the Kingdom of our God and the Power of Christ. For the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night. They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony. And they loved not their lives unto the death.

Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea. For the Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.

And when the Dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man-child. And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away by the flood. But the earth helped the woman, and opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon cast out of his mouth.

And the Dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.

And when I saw this, I stood upon the sand on the shore of the sea.

Concerning the Iron in the Kalewala and the Spiritual Forge in the North

Herbert Hahn

There exists one fact that will ever fill with admiration anyone who contemplates history. If he looks at historical events or conditions taking place within a narrow space or a limited duration, something like sadness will grasp him. He sees turmoil and obscurity. Many a knot seems to be insoluble for all time. But if he can rise in his contemplations to a height from which his eyes can survey wide realms and long spans of time, his breath will suddenly be liberated. What he sees can encourage him and fill him with enthusiasm. For he can recognize in the utmost clarity what gives meaning to man's single life as well as to history: the spiritual guidance of mankind.

Then he will also learn to perceive and admire the grandiose technique of this spiritual guidance. We see, for instance, what a seemingly almost unbearable burden is laid on a certain earthly space through the crude and cruel elementary forces of history. But only a short time before, a man has been born in the same earthly space with the mission of grasping this burden, lifting it up, and making it bearable. And since this necessitates the working together of many persons, something like a rejuvenating stroke of lightning injects formative forces into stagnating life. Human hands, through the mercy of divine forces, begin to move. A new impulse is given to history. What seemed at first like a misfortune becomes a source of fresh, inexhaustible blessing.

How unbearable seemed the historical burden laid abruptly on the Finnish people in the beginning of the 19th century, when it became separated from Sweden, isolated from Scandinavia, and pushed into the shadow of the Russian giant! Dependence on the Czar residing in St. Petersburg brought it into a field of forces sucking out its independence. Finnish national self-consciousness that had barely been born was threatened with extinction.

But only a few years before this misfortune had arisen, Elias Lönnrot had been born, the man chosen by the spiritual world to illuminate, through a single deed, his people's entire spiritual horizon. What Lönnrot was chosen to do could be called a spiritual forging. A hard apprenticeship enabled him

to discover, in the loneliness of the Karelian forests, a great poem that was to fructify the whole world. Listening to the song of the bards, he found the fragments of the heroic poem “Kalewala” which, inspired by divine creative forces, he forged into a whole.

And now something akin to a historical miracle happened. At a time when it was felt that the stanzas of the “Edda,” the songs of the Homeric epical poems were, despite their aesthetic beauty, only after-sounds of dried-up springs, the Finnish people discovered only now that it possessed an almost untouched spring of its own. Perhaps the publication of the Kalewala was nothing but a literary event for the greatest part of the Occident. It was more for Finland. The people, in experiencing these runes, were awakened to a new self-consciousness. And something even more amazing happened. This awakening consciousness became creative, in unbelievable measure, and crystallized a rich indigenous culture round the core of the Kalewala. This epical poem does not speak of dim, prehistoric ages. In the limelight of the intellectualized 19th century, the myth became immediate reality. A national epic poem awakened and formed a people. A whole round of forces was called upon, forces that were strong enough to resist all the foreign impulses trying to suck in the national culture and perhaps even destined to perform future deeds only forefelt at present.

The name Kalewala could be translated as “Place of the Forge.” And it can be said that this name has been justified by its historical effect. Yet this “Place of the Forge” has another, less easily grasped significance.

Rudolf Steiner spoke of this in his Helsinki lectures, which have become fundamental for the spiritual interpretation of the Kalewala. He pointed to a vigorous center of formative forces existing in the North and sending out impulses for the fundamental forms of continental culture. He brought these forces into connection with the mysterious Sampo, which is mentioned in lays of the Kalewala. Loennrot called these lays “runes,” and this designation, differing from the conventional meaning of *rune*, should be maintained. In this sense, several of the runes speak unmistakably of the “Forge in the North,” as I have called it.

Wherever there is a forge, a smithy, there will also be a smith as well as iron. Actually both appear in the Kalewala, playing not only a secondary but a decisive role. The whole events of the Kalewala are borne by three super-human, heroic,

half-divine figures: by a divine Bard called Vainamoinen; a divine adventurer and wooer called Lemmenkainen; and the divine smith Ilmarinen. This smith is especially significant for the happenings because he forges the Sampo, round which a whole whirlpool of dramatic forces is gathered. Yet not only the smith Ilmarinen, but also Vainamoinen and Lemmenkainen have been connected by destiny with iron. The first decisive things told us concerning iron are connected just as much with Vainamoinen's as with Ilmarinen's experiences.

The eighth rune describes how the divine Bard woos a fair virgin from the North. She will give him her heart if he is able to make a boat from the splinters of her spindle.

Vainamoinen, who is "practiced in magic," should pay attention when being told of a spindle. In all ancient legends and tales, the spindle appears in connection with evil and aggressive forces. It seems to be like the sting of a scorpion. But Vainamoinen is not awake. He is entranced by the gleaming outer side of some higher magic. And so he begins a piece of work that can never be carried out. The punishment is swift. He wounds himself sorely with his ax and the blood streaming out of his knee in powerful waves at first cannot be stilled.

The ninth rune tells us how an ancient magician possesses the power to still the blood and heal Vainamoinen's wound. But first, strange to say, he wants to hear from Vainamoinen himself how iron was created. Here we have to do with a significant episode whose subtlety should be observed. What has happened? Vainamoinen has succumbed to a dimming of consciousness called forth by his desires. In this state, he has misused and desecrated the ax of steel, and he is called upon to begin the healing process by means of his own activity.

In explaining the "Biography of Iron," he illuminates his own consciousness. And something else: By explaining the cosmic origin of iron, he confronts the desecrating deed with a consecrating thought. For, as spiritual science tells us, things were consecrated and sacrificed in ancient times in the right way, by going back to their cosmic origin. This happened mostly by means of a cultic act symbolizing the deeds of the higher powers. In the tale of Vainamoinen we do not find the cultic act, but the myth.

And there spake Vainamoinen
Words of such a kind and meaning:

"Know full well whence iron came,
 Also know how steel was made.
 Air is eldest of the Mothers,
 Water eldest of the brethren,
 Iron youngest of the brethren,
 Fire liveth in the middle.
 Ukko, He, the first creator,
 He Himself, the God of Air,
 Did divide from air the water,
 Formed from it the solid earth.
 Iron was as yet unborn,
 Was unborn and uncreated.

"Ukko, God of air divine,
 Rubbed His hands, the right and left,
 And He laid the two together
 On the pan of his left knee.
 Forthwith came to be three virgins,
 The most beauteous of all maidens.
 They, the rusty iron's mothers,
 Did create its bluish mouth.
 To the edge of lofty clouds
 They began to move and walk
 With the breasts so full and swelling,
 With the bosom firm and solid.
 And the milk, it dripped to earth
 From the breasts so full and swelling,
 Dripped to earth and in the swamps,
 In the waters still and peaceful.
 And the eldest of the virgins
 Gives us milk of blackest hue.
 And the second, who is younger,
 Pours out milk of whitest hue.
 But the youngest of the virgins
 Red milk doeth she shed around.
 Where the black milk had flowed out,

Came to be the supple iron.
 Where the white milk had flowed out,
 Came to be the steel so hard,
 Where the red milk had streamed out,
 Was the brittle kind created."

Thus our glance is directed at first to iron that has not yet become congealed in material form. We are lifted to the sphere in which, as Rudolph Steiner once expressed it, iron is active in its "Highest Might." There it streams out of the Cosmos in the three above-mentioned components; it has not become congealed. It is active in a dynamic form that we call nowadays the "processual."

Yet, at the end of the quoted stanza, there is a certain transition into the earthly. We hear of supple and brittle iron and, strange to say, also of steel. Thus is given the first variation of the origin of steel: its creation from forces working from above.

Then it is told how the iron wants to find its elder brother, the fire. According to its innermost nature, the fire begins to blaze up more and more when seeing the iron. The rune says that the fire begins to rage in its desire to grasp and change the iron. But the iron feels only that it is going to be "burned." Full of fear, it flees and seeks rescue in different place, mostly in the swamps and also in gushing springs.

What does this mean? The iron, if grasped and shaped by fire, would be obliged to serve earthly purposes. Tools and other useful objects would be made out of it. It removes itself from a state where it would be subjected to a purpose or, as we would express it today, become pragmatic. The iron flees into a deeper, but not wholly pure sphere. The swamps, which are mentioned, signify relative impurity. On the other hand, they have a liquid and thus watery component. It would seem as if the iron, when fleeing into the swamps, made a retrogressive movement, from the liquid back to its original state.

Then we hear that wolves and bears, by running across the swamps and marshes, lift up the iron from its hiding places and thrust it into daylight. Wolf and bear are beasts representing especially vigorous instincts: the wolf the hardening forces manifesting themselves in aggressiveness, the bear a dimly brooding sensuousness married with a groping and slinking cruelty. If we

interpreted the terms “wolf” and “bear” in too earth-bound a way, we would not do justice to the myth. As seen from one side, they express the forces of the fixed stars working into the configurations of definite earthly phases and thus finally producing the more distinct contours of the metals. In other words, we have before us—if reading between the lines—the passing of various evolutionary stages undergone by the iron itself as a biographical process.

If, however, as has been described here, the iron is brought to the light by the footsteps of wolf and bear, something else is undoubtedly indicated. We witness a second birth of the iron: this time, a birth from the depth. And if wolf and bear bring about this birth through their smell, we are told that this birth does not take place in a completely pure manner. It lies under the shadow of an aggressive and of a broodingly bestial element. We forefeel the dramatic developments whose germ is shown at this point.

This dramatic development begins when Ilmarinen, the smith, pulls the iron out of the swamp and leads it, despite its fear and resistance, to the creative fire. From the very beginning, Ilmarinen succeeds to produce some useful objects and even a few weapons. But, on the whole, the mass produced in the melting process is too supple. It could be compared to wheat-porridge. Ilmarinen understands that iron, in order to fulfill its mission, must be united with a “hardening juice.” The smith tries to mix the iron with some dissolved ashes, but sees that this is to no avail. While he is pondering the matter, a bee flies up from the grass. Now the smith has an inspiration. If the bee will gather the right substances, these will give to the iron all that is needful. And so Ilmarinen turns to the bee:

Little bee, thou swiftest insect,
Fetch me honey on thy wings,
Sweetest fluid on thy tongue,
From the chalice of six blossoms,
From the seven points of herbs,
That the steel may be created
And the iron worked upon.

But the words said by Ilmarinen to the little bee are heard by the evil hornet lurking under the bark of the birch tree. How much does this correspond with man’s primeval conceptions to see the evil come out of a hiding place! And

how significant is it that the evil hides under the bark of a birch tree, a tree whose bright, gleaming trunk is almost more radiant than the light of the white Northern nights. The hornet is immediately recognized as the creature of Hiisis, the god of evil.

Thou, oh hornet, bird of Hiisis,
Lurkest here with squinting glance,
Gazest from the lower roof
Of the birch-tree's gleaming bark
At the iron that is made,
At the steel that is produced.

And the hornet flapped its wings
And amassed all Hiisis' terrors:
Mixed the foam of serpents' tongues
With the poison of the viper,
Mixed corroding juice of ants
With the toads' concealed poison,
Adding all this to the water
That was hardening steel and iron.

He, the smith called Ilmarinen,
He, the master of the forge,
Now believed and was convinced
That the little bee had come
And had brought the sweetest honey,
Sweetest juices on its tongue.
And he spake and said these words:
"Honey added to the water
That is hardening steel and iron
Is exactly what I need."

In the mixture was the steel placed,
Was immersed the wretched iron,
Which he took now from the fire,
Which he from the forge released.

But the steel, it now waxed furious,
 And the iron started raging,
 Broke the vows that it had sworn,
 Ate its oaths in dog-like manner,
 Cut its brother without pity,
 Raged against its friends and kin,
 Made the blood stream out of wounds,
 Made it drip onto the earth.

“Every tool can become a weapon.” This sentence describes the whole tragedy of iron, such as it has been expressed in the above stanzas in a sober, direct, and even pitiless way. The iron, while being forged into useful tools, wrests itself away from the hands of the smith, becoming the implement of independent, impenetrable, and demonic powers.

It might be asked how such a distortion, such a terrifying aberration could have taken place. This grandiose Kalewala says it in a few words. Let us quote them again:

He, the smith called Ilmarinen,
 He, the master of the forge,
 Now believed and was convinced
 That the little bee had come. ...

What do these simple words mean? The evil, destructive element, or, to put it in modern terms, the antisocial has interfered with the production of iron because, at the outset, the smith had undergone a dimming of his consciousness. A mere belief, a mere conviction—these are half dreamlike functions, creeping in at a point where wakefulness, clear thinking, and sharp differentiation were needed. This lack enabled the hornet to mix the evil, poisonous, corroding juices with the iron mass.

To summarize the story: Only in this way could the work of the hornet have been substituted for the work of the bee and lead the making of iron into paths quite alien from the original possibilities.

Has not mankind—and especially occidental mankind—suffered during the last two centuries the consequences of this disastrous mixture? From what was originally the “making of iron” has been born the machine age in the classical

sense, modern technology in its widest aspects. It became the greatest seduction for all subsequent inventors to weave a delicate, ever thickening net around the earthly space that had been found and conquered by the earlier discoverers, so that this space might be opened up and utilized. But the occidental world lacked self-control when devoting itself to a process that needed a schooling of spirit and soul as well as the development of morality. Technology intoxicated the world. The age of naïve technology began. Naïve because technology was allowed to storm on blindly without looking, in wakefulness, at the effect it had on man, on the earth, and even on the Cosmos. And while this epidemic dimming of consciousness took place, the great tool of technology slipped out of its discoverers' hands. It became independent, developing destructive and demonic possibilities. Such as it has become, it might possibly be guided by the human intellect. But we no longer know the moral forces guaranteeing its salubrious use.

We can expect every moment—to speak in the words of the Kalewala—that all vows will be eaten in dog-like manner; that brother will be cut into without pity; that blood is made to flow. It seems as if the iron's lofty power has been dissipated. The “hornet” has had its say.

Yet one great and weighty question has been left unanswered. If we weigh every word that is said in this rune—and this must be done with the words of the Kalewala—we are left in uncertainty about the further deeds of the bee. It could be asked whether the little bee returned nevermore. Is that which was gathered by the bee from the herbs and the chalices of blossoms lost for all time? May the honey never come to the iron?

Rudolf Steiner has answered, by means of two significant indications, the questions that were left undecided. The first indication concerns the great educational effect that modern scientific thinking exercised on the men of the Occident. The exactitude and transparency, which had to be considered as the implicit premises of this thinking, have educated man to be objective as well as selfless. And selflessness, as Steiner said at a different occasion, will become more and more the innermost principle of an important sector of life closely connected with technology: the principle of economy, of world economy. Essentially, the age of nationally limited, egotistical economies has passed. Every economy, which wants to maintain itself within a narrow horizon, will

become unprofitable and decay. A healthy economy will be possible only on a worldwide scale.

The problem posed here in connection with the rune of the Kalewala was still more clearly answered when a question prompted by the deepest concern was asked of Rudolf Steiner while he was speaking of the elementary and even demonic forces of destruction which could be unleashed by technological development. A fearful threat to mankind penetrating into man's innermost being had been mentioned. The question arose: Will these destructions come to mankind like a predestined fatality or can they be opposed? Rudolf Steiner answered that a powerful protection exists. Something exists which could heal the disease of our time: Fraternity within the economic system. It was a simple answer.

It was not only simple but also encompassing. Is not the selflessness unfolding and maturing in the form of fraternity a living expression of the pure and completely human power of love? Love is the genius giving its gift to counteract the hundreds of demands which embitter and fatigue us day in, day out. Love is the Christmas element sought by our age and working on throughout the year: the Honey.

The hornet's poison merged with the iron through a lack of wakefulness, through the element of original sin to which our forefathers were subject. From the heights where Michael's spirit-sword is gleaming, iron was thrust into slavery and now begins to rebel. By leading technology into wider horizons and penetrating it with an objective—which means spiritualized—fraternity, we unite the iron with lofty forces of a new kind. These lofty forces come out of man. They can be found only in highest wakefulness without depending on "believing and being convinced." They point to a deed emerging from knowledge. Thus they complete, in Michaelic form, the making of iron left behind as a fragment by Ilmarinen.

If we recapitulate the grandiose simplicity and dramatic power of this rune concerning the forging of iron, we begin to understand what Rudolf Steiner said about the whole Kalewala poem: The images of the Kalewala runes are less concerned with echoes of the past than with youthful imaginations. These images, if grasped with the activity of spiritual organs, could tell us things of immeasurable importance for the present and the future. And what a span of

time does Rudolf Steiner concede to this marvelous work of art! He said that the Kalewala would be as important for the future as the Homeric epic poems have been for the past.

Such an utterance must make us modest. We recognize that, at first, only a few pearls can be lifted out of the vast ocean sheltering such infinite treasures. Anyone studying the whole of the Kalewala, valiantly and patiently, will discover that it is thoroughly penetrated with forces of spiritual iron. For now we must content ourselves with pointing to two other runes in which the themes of iron and forging are treated in a way especially appealing to modern man.

It is told in the fourteenth rune how Lemmenkainen, the “divine adventurer,” is confronted with seemingly insoluble tasks by the Hostess of the North, whose daughter he woos. One of these tasks is the taming of Hiisis’ fire-flashing steed. Lemmenkainen proceeds in search of the fiery bayard. With him he takes a “golden rein” and a “silver harness.” For two days he searches in vain. Only on the third day, after mounting a high summit and looking Eastward does he see the horse. But Lemmenkainen immediately realizes that he cannot tame it through his own forces. He prays to the heavenly powers:

Ukko, highest God in Heaven,
 Ukko, Ruler of the clouds,
 Who dost guide the fleecy clouds:
 Open wide the vault of heaven
 And the air open like windows,
 Let fall down hailstones of iron,
 And let mighty clumps of ice
 On the horse’s mane rain down,
 On its forehead and its croup.

Ukko hears this prayer. The iron hailstones crackling down tame the fiery steed on which then Lemmenkainen lays the reins of gold and the silver harness.

The symbolism of this tale can be recognized by two facts. Among the Kalewala’s heroic figures, Lemmenkainen is the one most intensely connected, on the one side, with the passions whirling in the bloodstream. On the other side, he advances further than all the others towards the waking consciousness of modern man. The horse, as in all legends and myths, is a symbol of the intellect.

The fiery-hued, fire-flashing steed speaks of intellectual forces which are not purified and of a thinking able to swallow up the glowing power of instincts.

This image places before us the psychological truth connected with modern thinking: The more abstract it becomes, the more it whips up the passions dwelling in the depths. Here we have a symptom of far-reaching significance. Rudolf Steiner drew our attention to this decisive and shattering phenomenon, and modern psychology has confirmed his sayings.

We must recognize the following: This fiery-hued steed—animalized intellect—cannot be tamed unless the Michaelic-Cosmic forces of iron come down from above. The iron hailstones indicating meteoric iron are the symbol of these higher forces.

What Lemmenkainen experiences as a single person becomes a dramatic soul-spiritual experience of a stage in mankind's evolution. Also the "golden rein" and "silver harness" are not mentioned by accident. In a macrocosmic sense, they point to sun and moon forces; in a microcosmic sense, to a youthfully renewed thinking and feeling that work in unison with one another. We cannot enter more thoroughly into these connections. But how much would be gained if we learn, in the spirit of the Kalewala, to guide the red steed with the golden rein! Then the intellect would be restrained and guided by the heart and sun forces of a feeling through which the spirit is pulsating.

The end of the Kalewala tells us, in a most impressive way, of these sun and moon forces that must be newly attained, that is, of a youthful feeling and thinking. We allude to the three runes preceding the last, the Marjatta rune. Here it is told how dark forces have stolen sun and moon and how no more fire is to be found in Kalewala's halls, that is, in the spiritual forge in the Finnish North. Profound darkness is ruling. Ukko, the god of airy space, strikes fire "out of the sword's fiery steel." The fiery spark, after hastening with lightning-like speed across nine heavens, falls into a lake. Here it is swallowed by a fish, the blue salmon. But the fish suffers terrible torment through the fire burning inside of it.

Restlessly, it swims to and fro in search of a remedy. Finally it meets an orange trout which, in its turn, swallows the salmon. But the trout is also plagued by the fire, which burns with undiminished strength through both the walls. The spark is so unbearable that the trout swims restlessly up and down in the vast

waters. At last it is swallowed by a huge pike which, in its turn, is delivered to the scorching torment.

Let us impress the details of this image on our mind. The spark fallen down from heaven, which is to bring new light to the world, is now surrounded by three sheaths.

Finally Vainamoinen and Ilmarinen catch the pike with a linen net, liberating the thrice-enfolded fire-spark. But at first they have no power over it. The spark escapes with elementary force, burning the smith Ilmarinen most sorely. Then the spark sets fire to the forest and begins to spread.

But at last the spark is caught. Ilmarinen, whose burns have been healed, is able to forge a new sun and a new moon out of this fire. At first they do not radiate brightly enough. They are imprisoned by the evil Louhi, the hostess of the North and enemy of light. But when Louhi hears that the indefatigable Ilmarinen goes on forging—that he wants to make new implements for freeing the sun and moon—she liberates her prisoners. These, arising victoriously, bestow their blessing on all.

Hail thee, Moon, in new-found radiance,
Show anew thy countenance.
Golden Sun, we hail thy rising,
Ever higher in the sky.

Let us ask in concluding: What signifies this fiery spark enclosed within a threefold sheath, out of which a new sun and a new moon are to be forged? As Rudolf Steiner's spiritual science has shown us, the innermost core of the human soul is surrounded by three sheaths. As it were, the fiery bud of the human Ego lies hidden beneath the layers of three elements: one surging to and fro in the sentient sphere; one streaming in the sphere of formative forces; one becoming solidified in space. Unless something extraordinary happens, this fiery Ego germ today sends flames, restlessness, and discord into each of the three sheaths.

The spark wants to be lifted, in new spiritual activity, from the belly of the fish, indicating, in the language of mythical symbolism, super-sensible vision. This points to the new, exact clairvoyance to be born in the Michaelic Age. Out of this new clairvoyance is to be hammered and forged the image of the new man desiring to arise from everyday man.

The forces of personality, such as they were preserved from old times, have been consumed and used up. Our whole Occidental culture is marked by a rapidly spreading crisis concerned with the loss of these old forces. This, in its turn, causes the decay of those moral forces which have been borne aloft by a tradition lasting thousands of years. The old morality has decayed before a new one is born. Now we must nurture the future of the new fiery spark described in the Kalewala Runes. We have only one choice: We can either let it escape from our scorched hands and inflame the whole world, or we can follow the smith Ilmarinen by learning how to forge it. Then a wealth of youthful forces struggling to be born will begin to stir. There will be hope to see the golden sun arising new.

If we think of all the spiritually potent indications presented so richly by the Kalewala, we are reminded again of the fact that the spiritual world offers the remedies that are needed by a diseased and ailing age. The Kalewala came just in time to inject iron forces into a spiritual Finland, when the physical Finland was undergoing a historical crisis. But we could ask: Was this was the only mission of the Kalewala?

Has not this gift from the spiritual world been bestowed on all of mankind in order to show us at a time when civilization dazzles us with its attainments, but culture is obscured, how new paths can be opened up, which will lead us to think of the “Honey-Forces” of the iron and a new spiritual work of forging? If this be true, the “Spiritual Forge in the North” will have an historical significance that cannot be fully estimated at present.

Spanish Michael Legend from the Philippines

According to some legends, St. Michael the patron saint was summoned by the Spaniards for the city of Ozamis, while for Iligan City, it was supposedly dedicated to the Virgin Mary. (Iligan is a city north of the province of Lanao del Norte in the Philippines.) Several times the Spanish had tried to get St. Michael to come to Ozamis, but there was always an interference. Sometimes a great storm came, disturbing the calmness of the sea that separates the Iligan city from Ozamis city, and the boat carrying the patron saint could not sail.

When they had summoned St. Rosario to Ozamis, there were no hindrances encountered. With this phenomenon the authorities decided that St. Michael would stay at the side of Iliganons, thinking that he was meant only for them.

At that moment, the Moros were invading Iligan and St. Michael saved Iligan by creating a great miracle. The whole vicinity of Iligan was covered with water so that the Spaniards could not see the place and could not invade the city. This incident made the Moros believers in the power of the patron saint, and they testified on behalf of the miracles performed by the patron when they were about to invade and attack the city. The patron saint also defended the Iliganons on the day of battle and acted as a safeguard against the wickedness and snares of the devil.

Through these phenomena, St. Michael was held in high esteem in Iligan. Other stories about his miracles, stated under oath, had him protecting the main center of the city against fire; another had him riding a horse into a group of invaders and routing them; and still another had St. Michael causing a daytime blackout of the city in World War II just as a Japanese plane was ready to drop its bomb load. Laying aside these facts and other reported events, there is no doubting the special powers of St. Michael in the minds of Iliganons.

Iliganons traditionally celebrate his feast day during the 29th of September, making some activities during this day to honor him and making the celebration the most colorful event in the city. This celebration caused the Iliganons to empower and unite in the name their great faith.

Legend of Mont Saint-Michel

Guy de Maupassant

I had first seen it from Cancale, this fairy castle in the sea. I got an indistinct impression of it as of a gray shadow outlined against the misty sky. I saw it again from Avranches at sunset. The immense stretch of sand was red, the horizon was red, the whole boundless bay was red. The rocky castle rising out there in the distance like a weird, seignorial residence, like a dream palace, strange and beautiful—this alone remained black in the crimson light of the dying day.

The following morning at dawn I went toward it across the sands, my eyes fastened on this, a gigantic jewel, as big as a mountain, cut like a cameo, and as dainty as lace. The nearer I approached, the greater my admiration, for nothing in the world could be more wonderful or more perfect.

As surprised as if I had discovered the habitation of a god, I wandered through those halls supported by frail or massive columns, raising my eyes in wonder to those spires which looked like rockets starting for the sky, and to that marvelous assemblage of towers, of gargoyles, of slender and charming ornaments, a regular fireworks of stone, granite lace, a masterpiece of colossal and delicate architecture.

As I was looking up in ecstasy, a Lower Normandy peasant came up to me and told me the story of the great quarrel between Saint Michael and the devil.

A skeptical genius has said: "God made man in his image and man has returned the compliment." This saying is an eternal truth, and it would be very curious to write the history of the local divinity of every continent as well as the history of the patron saints in each one of our provinces. The negro has his ferocious man-eating idols; the polygamous Mahometan fills his paradise with women; the Greeks, like a practical people, deified all the passions.

Every village in France is under the influence of some protecting saint, modeled according to the characteristics of the inhabitants. Saint Michael watches over Lower Normandy, Saint Michael, the radiant and victorious angel, the sword-carrier, the hero of Heaven, the victorious, the conqueror of Satan. But this is how the Lower Normandy peasant, cunning, deceitful and tricky, understands and tells of the struggle between the great saint and the devil:

To escape from the malice of his neighbor, the devil, Saint Michael built himself, in the open ocean, this habitation worthy of an archangel; and only such a saint could build a residence of such magnificence. But as he still feared the approaches of the wicked one, he surrounded his domains with quicksand, more treacherous even than the sea.

The devil lived in a humble cottage on the hill, but he owned all the salt marshes, the rich lands where grow the finest crops, the wooded valleys and all the fertile hills of the country, while the saint ruled only over the sands. Therefore Satan was rich, whereas Saint Michael was as poor as a church mouse.

After a few years of fasting, the saint grew tired of this state of affairs and began to think of some compromise with the devil, but the matter was by no means easy, as Satan kept a good hold on his crops. He thought the thing over for about six months; then one morning he walked across to the shore. The demon was eating his soup in front of his door when he saw the saint. He immediately rushed toward him, kissed the hem of his sleeve, invited him in and offered him refreshments.

Saint Michael drank a bowl of milk and then began: "I have come here to propose to you a good bargain."

The devil, candid and trustful, answered: "That will suit me."

"Here it is. Give me all your lands."

Satan, growing alarmed, wished to speak "But—"

The saint continued: "Listen first. Give me all your lands. I will take care of all the work, the ploughing, the sowing, the fertilizing, everything, and we will share the crops equally. How does that suit you?"

The devil, who was naturally lazy, accepted. He only demanded in addition a few of those delicious gray mullet which are caught around the solitary mount. Saint Michael promised the fish.

They grasped hands and spat on the ground to show that it was a bargain, and the saint continued: "See here, so that you will have nothing to complain of, choose that part of the crops which you prefer: the part that grows above ground or the part that stays in the ground."

Satan cried out: "I will take all that will be above ground."

"It's a bargain!" said the saint. And he went away.

Six months later, all over the immense domain of the devil, one could see nothing but carrots, turnips, onions, all the plants whose juicy roots are good and savory and whose useless leaves are good for nothing but for feeding animals.

Satan wished to break the contract, calling Saint Michael a swindler. But the saint, who had developed quite a taste for agriculture, went back to see the devil and said: "Really, I hadn't thought of that at all. It was just an accident, no fault of mine. And to make things fair with you, this year I'll let you take everything that is under the ground."

"Very well," answered Satan.

The following spring all the evil spirit's lands were covered with golden wheat, oats as big as beans, flax, magnificent colza, red clover, peas, cabbage, artichokes, everything that develops into grains or fruit in the sunlight.

Once more Satan received nothing, and this time he completely lost his temper. He took back his fields and remained deaf to all the fresh propositions of his neighbor.

A whole year rolled by. From the top of his lonely manor, Saint Michael looked at the distant and fertile lands and watched the devil direct the work, take in his crops and thresh the wheat. And he grew angry, exasperated at his powerlessness.

As he was no longer able to deceive Satan, he decided to wreak vengeance on him, and he went out to invite him to dinner for the following Monday. "You have been very unfortunate in your dealings with me," he said. "I know it, but I don't want any ill feeling between us, and I expect you to dine with me. I'll give you some good things to eat."

Satan, who was as greedy as he was lazy, accepted eagerly. On the day appointed he donned his finest clothes and set out for the castle.

Saint Michael sat him down to a magnificent meal. First there was a vol-au-vent, full of cocks' crests and kidneys, with meatballs; then two big, gray mullet

with cream sauce; a turkey stuffed with chestnuts soaked in wine; some salt-marsh lamb as tender as cake; vegetables which melted in the mouth; and a nice, fat pancake which was brought out, piping hot and spreading a delicious odor of butter.

They drank new, sweet, sparkling cider and heady red wine, and after each course they whetted their appetites with some old apple brandy. The devil drank and ate to his heart's content; in fact he took so much that he was very uncomfortable, and began to retch.

Then Saint Michael arose in anger and cried in a voice like thunder: "What! Before me, rascal! You dare—before me—"

Satan, terrified, ran away, and the saint, seizing a stick, pursued him. They ran through the halls, turning round the pillars, running up the staircases, galloping along the cornices, jumping from gargoyle to gargoyle. The poor devil, who was woefully ill, was running about madly and trying hard to escape. At last he found himself at the top of the last terrace, right at the top, from which could be seen the immense bay, with its distant towns, sands and pastures. He could no longer escape, and the saint came up behind him and gave him a furious kick, which shot him through space like a cannonball.

He shot through the air like a javelin and fell heavily before the town of Mortain. His horns and claws stuck deep into the rock, which keeps through eternity the traces of this fall of Satan. He stood up again, limping, crippled until the end of time, and as he looked at this fatal castle in the distance, standing out against the setting sun, he understood well that he would always be vanquished in this unequal struggle, and he went away limping, heading for distant countries, leaving to his enemy his fields, his hills, his valleys and his marshes.

And this is how Saint Michael, the patron saint of Normandy, vanquished the devil.



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