

Seattle University

ScholarWorks @ SeattleU

Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin
Mortimer Standing

Series II: Literary Productions, ca. 1919-1979;
n.d.

July 2022

Box 07, Folder 28 - "Feast of St. Michael and all the Angels" (E.M.S.)

Edwin Mortimer Standing

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/standing-manuscripts>

Recommended Citation

Standing, Edwin Mortimer, "Box 07, Folder 28 - "Feast of St. Michael and all the Angels" (E.M.S.)" (2022).
Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin Mortimer Standing. 21.
<https://scholarworks.seattleu.edu/standing-manuscripts/21>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Series II: Literary Productions, ca. 1919-1979; n.d. at ScholarWorks @ SeattleU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Manuscripts, ca. 1921-ca.1966; n.d., Edwin Mortimer Standing by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks @ SeattleU.

FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL
THE ANGELS

(This article becomes topical on Sept. 29.)

by

E. Mortimer Standing (B.Sc.)

Author of
Maria Montessori
Her Life and Work

Mount St. Vincent
4831 - 35th Ave. S.W.
Seattle 6, Washington
Phone We 7 - 3700

SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL THE ANGELS

Autumn is now upon us, and in almost every garden Michaelmas daisies are making a brave show. One wonders how many of the thousands of people, who pluck bunches of these beautiful little flowers to adorn their houses, ever give even a thought to that great being in whose honour they are named. For to-day is the Feast of St. Michael and All the Angels.

It must be confessed that angels are very much out of fashion in these modern times, their places having been largely taken by aeroplanes! The latter have a great advantage over the former, in the matter of general recognition, owing to the fact that they are easily visible, whereas the angels -- being pure spirits -- occupy no space at all (any more than our thoughts do) and therefore they cannot be observed, not even with the aid of telescope or microscope!

In the Middle Ages, and right down to Shakespeare's time, angels were much more in vogue than they are with us. When the ghost appears to Hamlet the frightened Prince quite naturally and spontaneously exclaims, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us," and of course, as everyone knows, Milton's great poem, "Paradise Lost," is all about the revolt of those angels "who fell, like Lucifer, never to rise again."

Just because these celestial beings are, by their very nature, pure spirits (i.e., have no bodies), their mental processes are not encumbered with matter: they are not in any way dependent on brain cells. Therefore their manner of thinking, reasoning and willing is instantaneous and perfect. That is why an Angel's decision once made is final; it can never be reconsidered. When

the fallen angels rebelled against God they put their whole beings into a swift act of decision so completely that there was nothing left over. That is why the prophet Ezekiel, in describing his vision spoke of those mysterious creatures that came and went in the force of their spirit like living flashes of light; just as we read in the Gospel that Christ said, "I saw Satan fall like-lightening from Heaven."

But happily, as Shakespeare tells us, "angels are bright still though the brightest fell"; and without a doubt those who banish these radiant beings from their scheme of things live in an impoverished universe. Especially is this true of the world in which children live, "whose angels" (as Christ said) "do always behold the face of your Father in Heaven." The sense of security, as is well known, means a great deal to small children, and that is why they experience particular joy and satisfaction in being told about their guardian angel.

You can meet many people in the world to-day who would say: But why teach children about their guardian angels when we know that the whole idea of angels are only a medieval superstition. Are they? Francis Thompson is much nearer the truth when he says: -

"The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone and start a wing;
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing."