



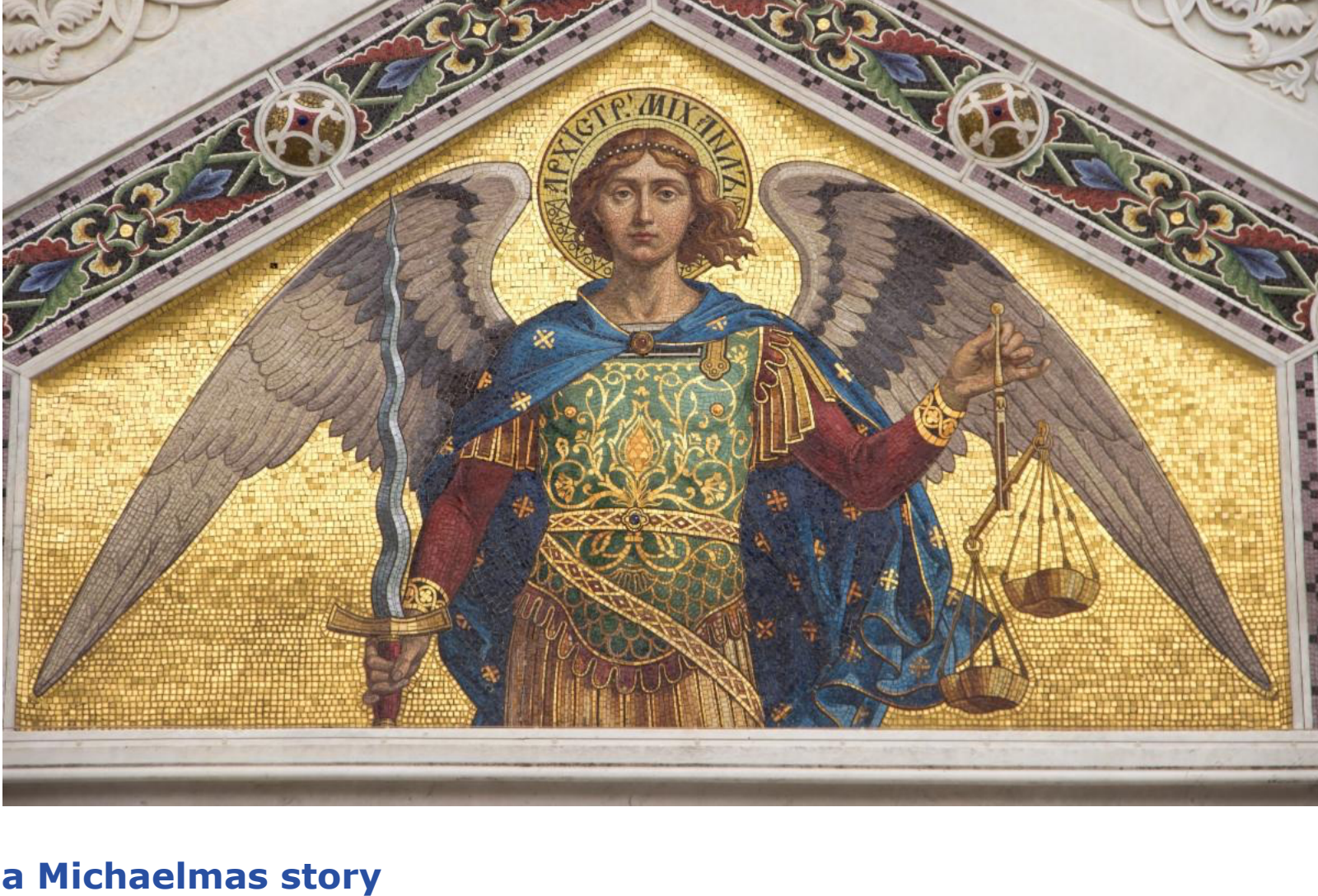
Dear friends,

Here is a version of the Parable of the Wedding Feast from the Gospel of Matthew which I have made into a story. This in turn is based loosely on a version by a priest of the Christian Community ([church inspired by the work of Steiner](#)), Irene Johansson. It is suitable for children aged 7 and up.

Please share this newsletter (and story) with whomever you think might benefit from it!

If you would like to learn more about Michaelmas and about how the deeds of Michael can speak to all people of all religions, you can read

- [Michaelmas thoughts](#)
- [On Michaelmas](#)



a Michaelmas story

Once upon a time there was a King who lived in a splendid castle. There was no other castle like it—it had no end and no beginning and shone with a soft glowing light. Soft music could be heard, the sweet singing of birds filled its rooms and a gentle breeze blew through the windows.

The castle had a high tower with a long, long flight of stairs. The King spent much time in the tower, looking out over his Kingdom. Only he could climb the steps up to the top of the tower and only he could look out the window.

He spent much time at the window. He admired the mountains and deep rivers; the endless meadows of grass and flowers; the tall trees; the vast oceans. He loved the butterflies and bees and all the insects that spent their lives amongst the plants. He loved the birds that soared and glided through the skies and the songbirds in the trees. He loved the four-footed animals: the wolves and the sheep; mice, rabbits, dogs, lions and monkeys—all the animals.

But most of all he loved the human beings. He would watch them as they slept and he would watch them as they went about their daily lives. He watched the babies and the children and the adults and the old people. He loved them all.

One day the King announced to all the servants of the castle that his son was getting married. There was to be a great feast and festival and everyone could attend. He sent his servants out to call the people: some people turned their backs on the servants; some ran away, not understanding what the servants were asking. Others pretended to listen but did not and would not come to the wedding feast.

But other people were glad to be called and came eagerly to the castle to be a part of the wedding feast.

Once in the castle, the people filled the vast hall—and yet it was clear that there was room for many more.

The King returned from having gone down into the cellar beneath the castle. There, he met with his faithful companion, the Guardian of the Kingdom. He told the Guardian that all the people in the hall would come and see him and that he should give each a gleaming white wedding garment. He returned to the hall where he turned to the people and, smiling, told them to go down the stairs to the cellar to receive something special from the Guardian. They quietly walked out of the room, went down, down, down the long flight of stairs and filed into the cellar.

The walls of the cellar were covered with rack upon rack of gleaming white garments—not quite dresses, not quite cloaks. The Guardian gave each person a garment and it fit each of them perfectly. The people returned to the hall and sat at the great long tables arranged around the room.

While the people were with the Guardian, getting their wedding garments, another person entered the hall. He was very late—but that was not the problem. The problem was that he was not ready to sit at the wedding feast—he was not ready to get his wedding garment. He had not taken the time to prepare himself for the wedding: his hair was a mess and his face and hands were dirty. He walked over to the staircase which led down, down, down to the cellar and peered at it. He shook his head: it was too much work to walk down that long staircase. He returned to the hall and sat back down.

All the people were now assembled, waiting for the wedding to begin. The King smiled and looked at each of them. But then his gaze fell upon the one who was not ready, who was not dressed in a gleaming white wedding garment.

‘Friend’, the King said to the one who was not ready. ‘Why are you here?’

The man was speechless. He had no words. He was ashamed—he had not made himself ready, he had not prepared himself and he had no wedding garment.

‘You must leave this place and go to the place of Darkness. You cannot be here for the wedding. Some day, when you are ready and have prepared yourself properly, you will receive your wedding garment. You may return on that day but not before,’ said the King. The man left the hall.

The King turned back to the other people: ‘You are all my son’s friends as you have celebrated the wedding feast with him. He will remain your friend always, wherever you go, and for all time. Before you leave here and return to your homes, the Guardian will show you how you can continue to serve this Kingdom and my son.’

The King called out in a voice that reverberated throughout the hall, throughout the Kingdom:

‘Guardian, come. Take these faithful people and show them what they may see now that they are friends of my son.’

The Guardian led them up, up, up the stairs into the tower where no one, except the King, had gone before. Now everyone who was a friend of the King’s son could enter the tower.

‘Behold. May those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, behold,’ said the Guardian solemnly.

He reached forward and pulled back a veil which hung on a wall of the tower. Behind the veil the people could now see a woman. The woman was holding a baby in her arms. On her head shone twelve golden stars. Around her shoulders was a cloak made from the Sun. Her feet rested on the crescent moon.

The people looked in silence at this wonderful woman with her baby. Her wisdom and goodness shone from her gentle smile and the baby was unlike any baby they had seen before.

Then a red dragon appeared and the people gasped. It was a horrible red dragon with seven heads and ten horns. It was the king of dragons and it hissed and growled as it moved toward the woman. The people could see that the dragon intended to devour the woman and her child—but she and her baby disappeared before this could happen. The dragon raged and roared his frustration at not being able to devour the woman and her baby.

The Guardian pulled the veil back into place and turned to the people, watching him in silence. He turned and led the way out of the tower, down, down, down the stairs and into the hall. The people stood, quietly thinking about what they had seen.

They had seen a woman carrying a baby. She had twelve golden stars shining about her head. Around her shoulders was a cloak made from the Sun. Her feet rested on the crescent moon. A fierce dragon had appeared and tried to devour her and her baby.

One of the people turned to the Guardian and asked ‘Where is the dragon now? Where has he gone? Are the woman and the child safe?’

The Guardian said, ‘I fight the dragon and I fling him to earth. That is where he is now. On earth he continues his cruel and wicked ways. He must be overcome now on earth. For that I need your help.’

The people murmured together. Some were frightened by what the Guardian said. Some looked unsure. Others breathed deeply and stood firmly, ready to hear what came next.

‘What must we do to help you overcome the dragon?’ asked one who was brave.

The Guardian said: ‘Return to your homes, to where you were before the King called you to his son’s wedding feast. You are friends of the King’s son and he is far more powerful than the dragon. But he also needs your help. He needs you to fight—but not with swords or weapons. You must become like the woman you saw. When you become like her, the dragon loses his power.’

‘How do we become like the woman?’ asked several of the people.

The Guardian stood in silence for a moment and then, his voice ringing out, said:

‘Everyone who serves the Truth gains a crown of twelve golden stars.

Everyone who is kind to others is clothed in the Sun.

Everyone who does what is Right, stands on the crescent moon.

What you have seen and heard in Heaven you must do also on the earth.’

The people thanked the Guardian and left the hall. They returned to their homes and to the lives they had before they came to the King’s son’s wedding feast.

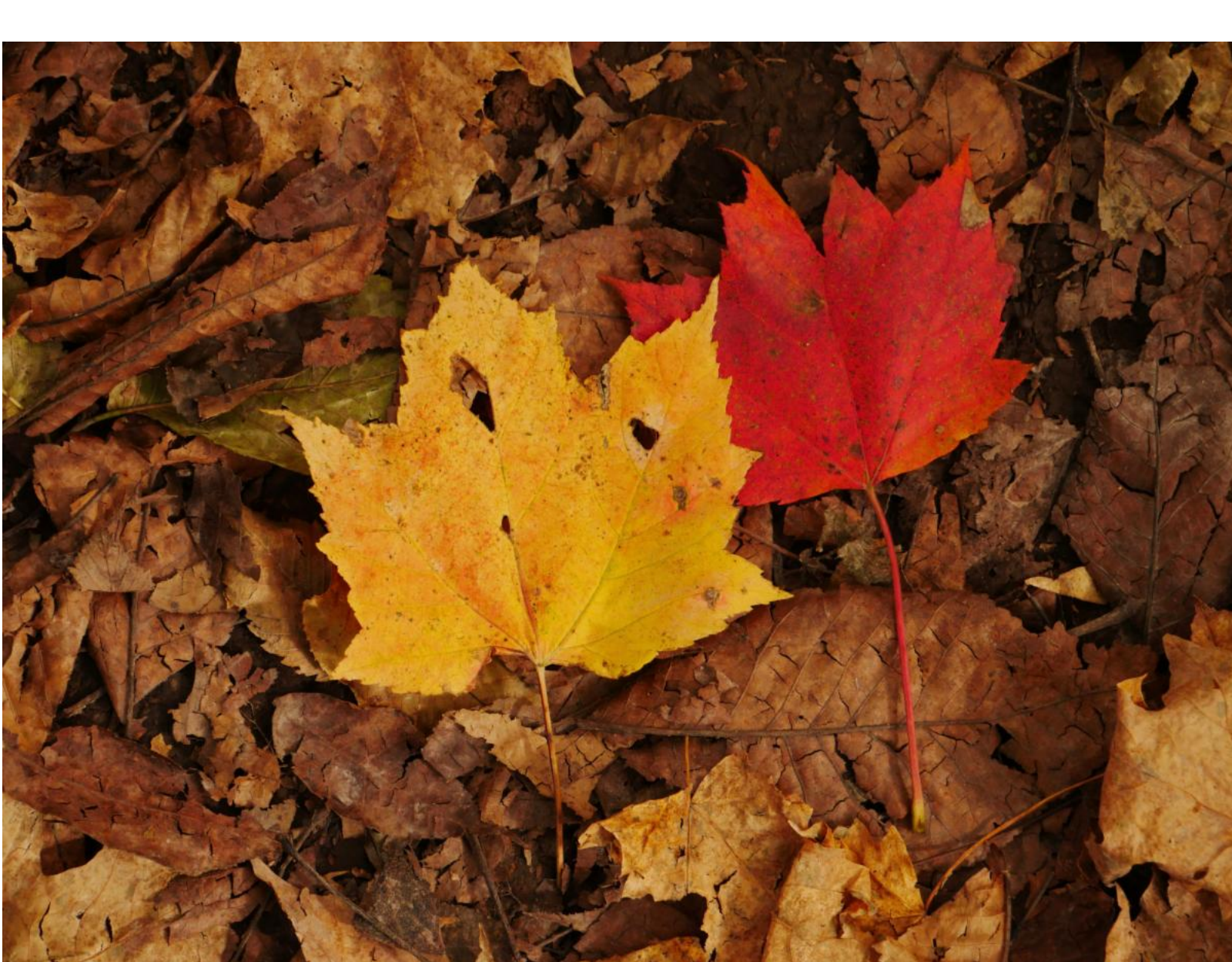
Some quickly forgot what they had seen and heard and it was as if they had never seen the woman or the Guardian or even the King’s son.

Others remembered the woman and the dragon when they were asleep—but forgot as soon as they awoke.

But others remembered in their hearts and in their souls what they had seen and heard—the roar of the dragon, the words of the King and the words of the Guardian.

And most of all, they remembered the woman, the woman with twelve golden stars on her head, a cloak made from the Sun around her shoulders and at her feet, the crescent moon.

And each time they told only the Truth, a crown of twelve golden stars began to form on their heads. Every time they were kind to another, the Sun wrapped itself like a cloak around their shoulders. And every time they did what was Right, they stood upon the crescent moon. In that way they helped the King and the Guardian and remained friends of the King’s son forever.



Being a Vendor

To be blunt, Christopherus’ sales are far from buoyant. We have thought carefully about why this might be—for sure, it does in part have to do with the fact that we simply are not part of social media. The fact that we refuse to offer any resources on screen for children is another reason. And the fact that the homeschooling landscape has changed radically since we began 20 years ago is another: there are new ways that states fund homeschooling and we have been missing out on being a part of this trend.

In many states here in the US, a homeschooling parent can apply via a company that coordinates the sale of various homeschool resources with the parents. One has to apply to become a vendor and we are now looking into this. As long as we don’t have to compromise any of our key foundations, then we are happy to get involved!

At the moment, we are looking at possibilities in Missouri, Iowa and Idaho. If you use or know of any such programs in your state, please help Christopherus remain sustainable by letting us know. Telling the administrators of similar programs in your state about us is also enormously helpful.

Please help us let more people who wish for non-screen, nurturing and creative education based on the reality of child development know about us! Thank you!

Webinars

We have a nice line-up of webinars for you all this fall. The first three are focused on discipline (early years—age 8; 9—13; the teen years). Then we tackle the tricky subject of sex education; then the webinar on rhythm that was meant to take place in the spring; and finish with a special webinar on Advent and Christmas.

[Click here to read more about each webinar and to sign up!](#)

And don’t forget, most of the webinars from last year are [available here to purchase](#). Topics range from festivals at home to an introduction to anthroposophy; from ‘parental sanity’ to child development.

Til October!
Blessings on your homeschool journey,
Donna