

Michaelmastide - Victory And Eternity

Michaelmastide is the season celebrating the deeper things - the nature of God and what it means to be human, love and fear, hope and salvation, death and resurrection, the first and last days, heaven and hell, judgement and glory, time and eternity.

In mediaeval times it was not clearly separated from Advent, and some of its themes were traditionally preached on the four Sundays in Advent, but this tended to obscure the importance of Advent as preparation for Jesus' coming, so I have followed a different way.

Michaelmastide runs from Michaelmas on 29 September to Advent Eve. It therefore can contain eight or nine weeks or parts of weeks.

Sentence for Season

At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Creeds

I hear the noise of battle,
but louder is the song of triumph.
I see the swords clashing,
but also the swords cast away by the fleeing
I feel the ground shaking with marching armies,
but already the beat begins to fall silent
I smell the blood of the fallen,
but under the scent of healers' dressings
I taste the fear in my mouth,
but now victory is sweet on my tongue

As my sword judges my right arm, so you judge me
As my deeds judge my words, so you judge me

As the earth judges my plough, so you judge me
As the sickle judges my sowing, so you judge me
As the inn judges my journey, so you judge me
As the target judges my bow, so you judge me
As my rising judges my life, so you judge me

Little is a home, in the wideness of the world
Little is a heart, in the crowds of the nations
Little is a hope, in the unending noise of the guns

Short is a welcome, in the building of barriers
Short is a kiss, in the endless fight for status
Short is a prayer, in the cacophony of advertising

Tiny is a life, in the span of eternity
Tiny is a soul, in the flood from the Cross
Tiny is creation, in the palm of God's hand

Prayers for Weeks

Michaelmas

God of Hosts, whose army is greater than any human army, help us to fight in the great battle against darkness, hatred and evil, so that we may join in the unending celebration of victory in your city and realm, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who fights alongside us and whose arm is ever ready to guard us from defeat and to lift us when we fall. Amen.

First Sunday after Michaelmas

Lord God, whose messengers fly through time and space at your command, open our ears to the message they bring to us, that we too may proclaim your eternal and unbounded power, joy and love in all the earth. Amen.

Second Sunday after Michaelmas

Eternal One, who sits in glory high above all powers on earth or heaven or hell, give us the voices to share with all that ever was, is now, and shall yet come in the everlasting song before your throne, that that song may echo here on earth, bringing hope, music and light to those who walk in darkness, noise and despair. Amen

Third Sunday after Michaelmas

Almighty God, whose Son led us in the greatest battle and defeated the Enemy on the Cross, train us to fight with Him against the powers of evil that still confound us and our world in darkness. Amen

Fourth Sunday after Michaelmas

Lord of love, you created a world in love. Help us to see every sign of love in our world as a sign of your coming victory, so that we may lift up all those you love in triumph to you. We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Fifth Sunday after Michaelmas

Lord our God, Creator and Sustainer of your people, whose love is deeper than any soul can fall, we remember all those who have already been received into your grace above, praying that, as they shared your love with us, so we may share your love with those around us, in the name of your Son, Jesus Christ; Amen.

Sixth Sunday after Michaelmas

Eternal and All-powerful God, whose sword is drawn to defend the weak, whose power is deployed to defend the powerless, and whose armies fight alongside the oppressed, open our eyes to see those who need our sword and our power to defend them, and open our hearts to embrace both the oppressed and the oppressor. We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, who fought for us when we were weak, powerless and oppressed. Amen

Seventh Sunday after Michaelmas

Eternal Judge, whose love is the standard against which every action, every thought, every heart will be measured, teach us in this life to judge both others and ourselves with that love and against that standard, that in eternity we may share with you in judging time and space, angels and demons, worlds and hearts. Amen.

Eighth Sunday after Michaelmas

Stir up your church, Lord, to shine light in the dark, to feed the captives, and to bring joy to the oppressed, showing them that your cross has already freed them, your blood has already washed them, and your love has already accepted them in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen

Ninth Sunday after Michaelmas

Stir up our hearts, that our eyes may open, our hands reach out, and our spirits rejoice in your grace poured out to all your people, in every place, in every time, in every shape or condition; through Jesus Christ whose death on the Cross brought that grace even to our hearts. Amen

Days of the Week

Sunday

I believe in God

Father: Source, Purpose and King over all

Maker, Redeemer and Power

Son: Architect, Priest and Judge of all

Maker, Redeemer and Power

Spirit: Life, Advocate and Speaker to all

Maker, Redeemer and Power

One God; one in three and three in one

Maker, Redeemer and Power

As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be

through the ages of ages, world without end, evermore.

Monday

Lord, may I learn
That those I defeat can never be befriended
That those I conquer can never be convinced
That those I compel can never be persuaded
But may I learn
That defeated I can befriend
That conquered I can convince
That compelled I can persuade
Amen

Tuesday

O Lord our God and Father, we thank you that, when we had fallen into endless, hopeless failure through the sin we embraced, you did not leave us trapped in interminable life, but opened the door of death, that we might escape to the realm you appointed for us, and which we choose for ourselves. These thanks we offer you through your Son, Jesus Christ, who himself passed through that door and returned to us and to you. Amen

Wednesday

I would follow one path, O God of the thousand stars
I would trace one beauty, O God of the thousand flowers
I would wield one power, O God of the thousand flames
I would sing one joy, O God of the thousand waves
I would seek one end, O God of the thousand tales
I would trust one love, O God of the single cross

Thursday

You tell me that the Kingdom of God is near me. Open my eyes, that I may glimpse for myself the towers, the avenues, the squares, the alleys, the cafés, the shops, the bustle, the joy of the city of God, even from where I am now. And may I say with everything I do, next time in Jerusalem.

Friday

Power to the Lamb that was slain! Well he has wielded it in defeating Satan!

Wealth to the Lamb that was slain! No riches of earth or heaven match the riches of his grace!

Wisdom to the Lamb that was slain! To the sound of his laughter all that is made is made!

Strength to the Lamb that was slain! Whimpering sin cowered as the Lamb broke through Death!

Honour to the Lamb that was slain! Let every knee bow to Him who bowed his neck to the slaughterer!

Glory to the Lamb that was slain! He laid his glory aside as if we were of greater worth!

Praise to the Lamb that was slain! He has conquered where all others were defeated!

Power and Wealth and Wisdom and Strength, Honour and Glory and Praise to the Lamb that was slain

For evermore!

Saturday

And so, Lord Jesus, we are facing the final battle, I and my neighbour, with you holding the end of our battleline. May we fight as you fight, each guarding our neighbour with our shield as you guard our battleline with yours, knowing that we shall not be moved as long as we fight together, knowing that we shall have victory as long as we stand by each other under the enemy's attacks. And to you who is Faithful and True, and whose coat is already stained with your own blood shed in victory, be glory praise and worship, through the ages of ages. Amen

Close

Eternal God of Hosts, whose power can never be overcome by evil, whose light can never be overcome by darkness, and whose love can never be overcome by sin, grant us the power, the light and the love we need to overcome all that hides you from us and from the world; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory in heaven, on earth and under the earth. Amen.

Ending Sentence

The Spirit and the bride say, 'Come!' And let him who hears say, 'Come!'