



A Story of Michael

A Fairy Tale Brought to Argentina from Washington, USA

*The story was written by Bella
Schauman. Pictures by the social
projekt CultivArte.*

One day, at the end of the summer, a small boy went with his father to walk through the fields and orchards. The air was fresh and crystalline, and light like gold. The bright sun had filled all the grains of wheat with summer light. The grains of wheat in their heads were about to burst their husks. The apples on the trees were fat and red, about to fall to the ground. During the day, the child and his father were working. The father sharpened his scythe again and again. Whistled and sang while cutting the golden wheat. The boy had to climb a tall ladder to pick the yellow and red apples from the trees.

At first, I was afraid to go up the stairs. I thought that they could fall, but then it filled with courage and went up. Up on the top of the garden stairs, he filled baskets and baskets with ripe, red apples. Finally, it was late. The father and the

child had worked hard and well. They returned home where the mother was waiting for them with a delicate dinner, and then they went to bed. That night, while the child was sleeping, a luminous being named Michael approached him and said: Come with me, I'll show you something special. Michael took the child by the hand and together they climbed high, high, high, until they reached the realm of the stars. The stars radiated and shone and when Michael passed in front of them he touched them with his luminous sword. So much love and strength emanated from the touch of the sword that made the stars shudder, leaving bright light and dazzling strokes of fire as they passed before them.



They went on, and Michael told the boy how happy he was to have seen him harvest apples in the garden. He had seen the boy on the stairs, filling the baskets with ripe, red apples all day long. Then Michael took his brilliant sword and transformed it into a lyre and began to play a song with it. The song was so pure, good and true that the child stayed for a long time listening.

The next morning, when he woke up, the boy told his father about Michael, his luminous sword and the music of the lyre. "I would like to go again to see the stars" he said. His father told him: "Come with me, I'll show you something special. Today we will not harvest in the fields and orchards. Today you will work at home." Throughout the morning, the father, mother and child polished the yellow and red apples that the boy had harvested the previous day. When they finished, it was time to eat. The mother took a knife and cut in two a bright red apple. And there he found a star...



The fairy tale reached us from the social project CultivArte, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Faced with the terrible situation of the many unattended children in San Fernando, a suburb of Buenos Aires in Argentina, several former students of the Escuela Arcangel Micael decided to do something about it nearly 15 years ago. The outcome of this decision is a place where children can come and play. They can also catch up on subject material they did not entirely understand at school. Over the years, more than forty former Waldorf students have been volunteering for CultivArte, which has grown considerably in recent years. For snack there is no longer just juice and biscuits, but a nutritious meal prepared with a nutritional physiologist (mothers often ask for the recipes). A social worker helps families get in touch with local services (ophthalmologist, clinic, social worker, psychologist, etc.).



Freunde der
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The collection of tales from all over the world is the result of the single-day campaign Waldorf-One-World-Day, short WOW-Day.
www.waldorf-one-world.org