

# Michaelmas Daisies

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Illustrated by Mary Grace K.

Polly! Polly!" a

voice came winding up the stairs.

"Coming!" A ten-year-old girl started down them. She had laughing brown eyes peeking out from her light brown hair. Her small nose was generously sprinkled with freckles.

At the bottom of the stairs her mother waited, holding a six-year-old girl by the hand.

"Please take Eliza on a walk while I make supper," she said as Polly rounded the crook in the stairs.

"Alright, Mom," Polly replied, holding out her hand for Eliza to take.

"I'm glad we don't need coats yet. Aren't you?" she asked her sister as they stepped out into the cool autumn air. Eliza nodded as she slipped her hand into her sister's.

"Let's walk in the field, instead of the road," suggested Polly, veering in that direction. Eliza

hurried to catch up.

As the two girls walked, they played their favorite game. First Polly would look around

the field, pick something, like a flower or a tree, and then she would describe it. Eliza would try to guess what Polly was describing. "It's brown and green with red dots," Polly said.

"That bug, right there," Eliza guessed.

"No, it's a lot bigger," Polly answered.

"That sign?"

"Even bigger."

"I know!" Eliza laughed. "Those apple trees!"

"That's right! Good guess." Polly was going to pick another thing to describe, when Eliza interrupted.

"What are those?" she asked, pointing her small finger at a bunch of lavender-colored daisies.

"Those?" Polly said, stooping to pick one. "They have a special name. Can you guess it?"

Eliza shook her brown curls.

"Well, can you tell me about St. Michael?" Polly asked her, instead of explaining.

## "Well can you tell me about St. Michael?"

"He protects us," Eliza answered, turning her serious blue eyes on her sister questioningly. "But what does St. Michael have to do with these flowers?"

"Today is September 26,

" Polly said.

"In three days it will be September 29. That day is called The Feast of St.

Michael, or Michaelmas. Since these purple daisies bloom around his feast

