

Archangel Michael is THE GENERAL.

MICHAEL IS HEAD (GENERAL) of all the great warring angels who do battle with the forces of darkness. Chrioni is a CAPTAIN of the Lord's host and is one of the leading warrior angels.

In Christian tradition, the principal leaders of God's heavenly host are:

- Michael the Archangel — regarded as the chief or prince of the heavenly host and the commander of the angels in battle against Satan (Revelation 12:7–9; Jude 1:9).
- Gabriel — God's principal messenger, appearing in Daniel and announcing the birth of John the Baptist and Jesus (Luke 1:19, 26–38).
- Raphael — associated with healing and guidance, especially in the Book of Tobit (Tobit 12:15), which is included in Catholic and Orthodox Bibles.

If you mean the leader of the angelic armies specifically, the answer is Michael. The Bible does not present a complete, formal hierarchy of all angels, and different Jewish and Christian traditions name additional archangels.

The written story of the young U.S. Marine named Michael saved by St. Michael the Archangel during the Korean War was widely shared and authenticated by a U.S. Navy chaplain named Father Walter Muldy, who spoke with the Marine, his mother, and his commanding officer. [1, 2]

Details of the Story

- **The Setting:** During the brutal winter of 1950 in the Korean War, a young Marine named Michael (named after the archangel) got separated from his unit in a heavy blizzard. [1, 2]
- **The Prayer:** He regularly prayed a short childhood prayer taught by his mother: *"Michael, Michael of the morning, / Fresh chord of Heaven adorning, / Keep me safe today / And in time of temptation / Drive the devil away. Amen."* [1, 2]

- **The Encounter:** Encountering seven enemy soldiers with drawn guns, he was joined by a tall, fit Marine who also said his name was Michael and knew his exact prayer. [[1](#), [2](#), [3](#)]
- **The Miracle:** After being wounded, Michael woke up in a hospital. His commanding officer told him he was the only "Michael" in the outfit, no shots had been fired from his rifle, and all seven enemy bodies had been slain by clean sword strokes. [[1](#), [2](#), [3](#), [4](#)]
- **The Source:** The account originated from a letter the wounded Marine wrote to his mother from the hospital, which was later publicized and verified by [Father Walter Muldy](#). Organizations like [America Needs Fatima](#) and [The Catholic Company](#) frequently feature this narrative. [[1](#), [2](#), [3](#), [4](#)]

[The Source of Miracle-Divine Mercy Miracles](#) ·

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US Marines saved by Saint Michael the Archangel

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Two U.S. Marines Saved By St Michael

This is the true story of a U.S. Marine who was wounded in Korea in 1950. He wrote a letter to his mother telling her of his mysterious encounter with St Michael the Archangel. Father Walter Muldy, a U.S. Navy chaplain spoke to the young Marine, his mother and the outfit commander to confirm the authenticity of this letter.

Here is the letter:

Dear Mom,

I am writing to you from a hospital bed. Don't worry, Mom, I am okay. I was wounded, but the doctor says that I will be up in no time.

But that's not what I have to tell you, Mom. Something happened to me that I don't dare tell anyone else for fear of their disbelief. But I have to tell you, the one person I can confide in, though even you may find it hard to believe.

You remember the prayer to Saint Michael that you taught me to pray when I was little:

"Michael, Michael of the morning,..." Before I left home for Korea, you urged me to

remember this prayer before any confrontation with the enemy. But you really didn't have to remind me, Mom. I have always prayed it, and when I got to Korea, I sometimes said it a couple of times a day while marching or resting.

Well, one day, we were told to move forward to scout for Commies. It was a really cold day. As I was walking along, I perceived another fellow walking beside me, and I looked to see who it was.

He was a big fellow, a Marine about 6'4" and built proportionally. Funny, but I didn't know him, and I thought I knew everyone in my unit. I was glad to have the company and broke the silence between us:

"Chilly today, isn't it?" Then I chuckled because suddenly it seemed absurd to talk about the weather when we were advancing to meet the enemy.

He chuckled too, softly.

"I thought I knew everyone in my outfit," I continued, " but I have never seen you before."

"No," he agreed, "I have just joined. The name is Michael."

"Really?! That's mine, too."

"I know," the Marine said, "Michael, Michael of the morning...."

Mom, I was really surprised that he knew about my prayer, but I had taught it to many of the other guys, so I supposed that the newcomer must have picked it up from someone else. As a matter of fact, it had gotten around to the extent that some of the fellows were calling me "Saint Michael."

Then, out of the blue, Michael said, "There's going to be trouble ahead."

I wondered how he could know that. I was breathing hard from the march, and my breath hit the cold air like dense clouds of fog. Michael seemed to be in top shape because I couldn't see his breath at all. Just then, it started to snow heavily, and soon it was so dense I could no longer hear or see the rest of my outfit. I got a little scared and yelled, "Michael!"

Then I felt his strong hand on my shoulder and heard his voice in my ear, "It's going to clear up soon."

It did clear up, suddenly. And then, just a short distance ahead of us, like so many dreadful realities, were seven Commies, looking rather comical in their funny hats. But there was nothing funny about them now; their guns were steady and pointed straight in our direction.

“Down, Michael!!” I yelled as I dove for cover. Even as I was hitting the ground, I looked up and saw Michael still standing, as if paralyzed by fear, or so I thought at the time. Bullets were spurting all over the place, and Mom, there was no way those Commies could have missed at that short distance. I jumped up to pull him down, and then I was hit. The pain was like a hot fire in my chest, and as I fell, my head swooned and I remember thinking, “I must be dying...”

Someone was laying me down, strong arms were holding me and laying me gently on the snow. Through the daze, I opened my eyes, and the sun seemed to blaze in my eyes.

Michael was standing still, and there was a terrible splendour in his face. Suddenly, he seemed to grow, like the sun, the splendour increasing intensely around him like the wings of an angel.

As I slipped into unconsciousness, I saw that Michael held a sword in his hand, and it flashed like a million lights.

Later on, when I woke up, the rest of the guys came to see me with the sergeant.

“How did you do it, son?” he asked me.

“Where’s Michael?” I asked in reply.

“Michael who?” The sergeant seemed puzzled.

“Michael, the big Marine walking with me, right up to the last moment. I saw him there as I fell.”

“Son,” the sergeant said gravely, “you’re the only Michael in my unit. I hand-picked all you fellows, and there’s only one Michael. You. And son, you weren’t walking with anyone. I was watching you because you were too far off from us, and I was worried.

Now tell me, son,” he repeated, “how did you do it?”

It was the second time he had asked me that, and I found it irritating.

“How did I do what?”

“How did you kill those seven Commies? There wasn’t a single bullet fired from your rifle.”

“What?”

“Come on, son. They were strewn all around you, each one killed by a sword stroke.”

And that, Mom, is the end of my story. It may have been the pain, or the blazing sun, or the chilling cold. I don’t know, Mom, but there is one thing I am sure about. It happened.

Love your son,

Michael

In more recent times the Wall Street Journal tells the story of a Marine who was shot squarely in the head by a sniper. The bullet went into the helmet but did not kill the Marine. In fact, he was not even taken out of action. Lance Cpl. Andrew Koenig had special protection.

What most people do not know is that inside the helmet, Lance Cpl. Koenig had put a picture of Saint Michael the Archangel.

The Wall Street Journal of February 16 reported that Lance Cpl. Koenig turned his helmet over to display the picture card tucked inside, depicting Michael the Archangel crushing Lucifer's head. "I don't need luck," he said.

Afterwards, Lance Cpl. Koenig put his dented helmet back on his head and climbed back to his rooftop duty within an hour of being hit.

PRAYER

Michael, Michael of the morning,

Fresh chord of Heaven adorning,

Keep me safe today,

And in time of temptation

Drive the devil away.

Amen.



Archangel MICHAEL

The Story of Michael
the Archangel,
as told by
a marine named
Michael.

“Angel saves U.S.
Marine in Korean War,
1950.”