

LENT 2026

2ND SUNDAY MARCH 1

Holy God, You meet us in the night.

Like Nicodemus, we come with honest questions, with half-formed faith,
with curiosity that feels fragile in the daylight.

We are imperfect disciples in an imperfect world—
drawn to the light, yet accustomed to the dark.

Your Spirit blows where it wishes.

We hear the sound of it, but we do not know where it comes from or where it goes.

And if we are honest, that unsettles us.

We prefer plans and proof. We prefer clarity and control.

But you offer wind. Breath. Mystery.

God of light and shadow,

we confess how often we linger at the edges— coming to you quietly,
keeping our discipleship discreet, unsure what full daylight might cost us.

Yet you do not shame Nicodemus. You do not shame us.

Instead, you speak of new birth. Of water and Spirit.

Of a love so vast that it does not come to condemn, but to save.

This is the dirty work of hope— trusting that even in the dark, light is already shining.

Trusting that even when we cannot trace your movement, your Spirit is at work.

In a world tangled in fear and division,

where injustice feels entrenched and compassion feels fragile,
teach us to look for the quiet stirring of your wind.

Make us people willing to be changed—not all at once,

but gradually, like eyes adjusting to dawn.

When we are afraid of exposure, remind us that your light heals; it does not humiliate.

When we doubt that anything can change, remind us that rebirth begins invisibly—
cells dividing in secret, roots pushing through soil, breath filling empty lungs.

Blow through our certainty.

Blow through our complacency.

Blow through our despair.

And give us courage to step from night into morning,
trusting that the Light of the world has already come.

In the name of Jesus, who loved the world into possibility, Amen.

Journal Prompt – Wind, Night, and New Birth

Nicodemus comes to Jesus at night—curious, cautious, not yet ready for full daylight.

The Spirit moves like wind: real, powerful, but often unseen.

Reflect:

Where in your life do you feel like Nicodemus—drawn to Jesus, yet hesitant?

What part of you prefers the safety of night over the vulnerability of light?

Where do you sense God's movement right now, even if it is subtle or hard to name?

What might "new birth" look like in one area of your life this Lent?

Write honestly about your imperfect discipleship. Notice without judgment. The Spirit
is already moving—even in what feels uncertain.