

# TURNING AND RETURNING



A Lenten Journey  
of Repentance and Renewal

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# INTRODUCTION

Lent is not merely a season of self-denial or somber reflection. It is the sacred journey of the baptized, from ashes to Easter, from death to life, from wandering hearts to the welcoming arms of Christ. At the heart of this journey is a call as old as the prophets and as urgent as today: “Return to the Lord your God, for He is gracious and merciful” (Joel 2:13).

This devotional series invites you to walk that path, not by your own strength, but by the Spirit’s leading. Each week focuses on a distinct turning: from the world, from idols, from pride, from fear, from guilt, from self-sufficiency. These are not simply moral adjustments, but movements of the heart back to the Cross, where grace flows freely and new life begins.

Here you will find Scripture, prayer, and sacred hymnody. These are not ends in themselves, but means through which Christ comes to meet you. He is the One who calls you to repent and the One who receives you in mercy. He is your Saviour on this road.

Whether you read alone or with others, whether this is your first Lent or your eightieth, may this journey deepen your hunger for the Gospel and fix your eyes on the crucified and risen Lord. The dust of Lent leads not to despair but to the empty tomb—and to the joy of belonging to the One who makes all things new.

# WEEK 1

## Set Your Heart on What Endures

**Theme: Turning from the World**

**Text: 1 John 2:15-17**

*“Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world—the desires of the flesh and the desires of the eyes and pride in possessions—is not from the Father but is from the world. And the world is passing away along with its desires, but whoever does the will of God abides forever.”*

**Devotion:**

Lent begins with a necessary confrontation. We are asked to consider the loves of our hearts, what we pursue, what we cling to, what we treasure. John doesn't soften his language. He strongly warns the Church not to love the world. He knows that Christians, though redeemed, are still tempted to follow the desires of the old Adam.

The “world” here is not the creation God made, which is good. It is the fallen world that opposes God, where pleasure, pride, and possessions are held up as the highest good. It is what tempts the flesh, fills the eyes, and fuels self-importance. It is what constantly tries to shift our trust from the Creator to created things.

John tells us plainly: this world is dying. Its desires are perishing. But the one who does the will of God abides forever. What is God's will? That we believe in His Son, repent of sin, and walk in newness of life (John 6:29, Romans 6:4). Lent is not about moral improvement or religious performance. It is about returning to the cross, where our sinful nature is put to death, and Christ becomes our life.

When we find ourselves entangled in worldly things—ambition, vanity, consumption—we are called to repent. Not to despair, but to confess. And the promise stands: God, in His mercy, forgives us. Through Christ, we already belong to what lasts. The world fades, but those who are in Christ endure.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, You know how easily I chase what does not last. Teach me to love what You love and to turn away from the false promises of the world. Strengthen my faith to trust in Your Word and abide in You forever. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 743 – “Jesus, Priceless Treasure” (Stanza 1)

*Jesus, priceless treasure,  
Fount of purest pleasure,  
Truest friend to me.  
Ah, how long in anguish  
Shall my spirit languish,  
Yearning, Lord, for Thee?  
Thou art mine, O Lamb divine!  
I will suffer naught to hide Thee,  
Naught I ask beside Thee.*

## WEEK 2

# The Idols We Make

**Theme: Turning from Idols**

**Text: Exodus 32:1-20**

*“And he received the gold from their hand and fashioned it with a graving tool and made a golden calf. And they said, ‘These are your gods, O Israel, who brought you up out of the land of Egypt!’” (Exodus 32:4)*

**Devotion:**

Israel didn’t wait long. No sooner had the Lord brought them through the Red Sea, no sooner had they heard His voice at Sinai, than they asked Aaron to make them a god. Moses was up on the mountain too long, and the people grew impatient. Their fear turned to idolatry, and Aaron—shockingly—complied. He took their gold, shaped it with his own hands, and formed a god they could see, touch, and control.

And they worshiped it.

It’s easy to scoff at their foolishness in bowing before a calf of metal. But Lent invites us to stop and ask: What are the gods I’ve made? What do I turn to when God feels distant, when I feel prayers go unanswered, when I’m afraid or restless?

Idols are never just ancient statues or tribal relics. They are anything we look to for security, purpose, identity, or peace apart from the Lord. They are what we reach for when faith falters. They are what we defend when threatened. They are always appealing and often subtle: success, health, control, relationships, personal image. And like Aaron’s calf, they are crafted by human hands, shaped by our desires.

God does not take idolatry lightly. It is not simply a mistake; it is betrayal. The golden calf wasn't just poor judgment, it was a rejection of the living God. And yet, even here, the story of Israel doesn't end with their sin. Though judgment falls on the people, so does mercy. Moses intercedes, and God remains faithful to His covenant.

We too have an intercessor, one greater than Moses (Hebrews 3:3): Jesus Christ, our High Priest, who stands before the Father on our behalf. Lent calls us to name our idols honestly, to tear them down in repentance, and to return to the God who saved us, not with gold or silver, but with His holy, precious blood.

You don't need a god you can control. You need a God who can save. And you have Him.

**Prayer:**

Gracious Father, I confess that I have placed my trust in things that cannot save. I have shaped idols with my thoughts, my fears, and my desires. Have mercy on me. Tear down what is false in me and lead me to worship You in spirit and truth. In Jesus' name. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 659 – “Lord of Our Life” (Stanza 1)

*Lord of our life and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night and hope of ev'ry nation:  
Hear and receive Your Church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.*

# WEEK 3

## The Pride That Blinds

**Theme: Turning from Pride**

**Text: Luke 18:9-14**

*“God, I thank you that I am not like other men...” (Luke 18:11)*

### **Devotion:**

Pride doesn't always wear a crown or boast loudly. Often, it hides behind prayers, polite manners, and respectable religion. It compares. It keeps score. It's subtle and deadly, especially when it masks itself as piety.

Jesus told the story of two men who went up to the temple to pray. One was a Pharisee, respected, devout, obedient. The other was a tax collector, despised, regarded as a traitor, a sinner in every social and spiritual sense.

The beginning of the Pharisee's prayer is striking, not because it's scandalous, but because it starts off so cleanly. “God, I thank you...” It begins like a psalm. But his gratitude was hollow. He didn't thank God for His mercy, His grace. He thanked God that he was better than others. He listed his good works and separated himself from the rest, especially that tax collector standing nearby.

But the tax collector wouldn't even lift his eyes. He beat his chest and prayed only, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner.” And Jesus said the tax collector went home justified. Not the one with the polished, self-righteous prayer, but the one who came in brokenness, needing grace.

The danger of pride is not just that it puffs us up. It also blinds us to our need for mercy. It convinces us that we're doing just fine, that others are much worse, that we have something to offer

God. Lent exposes that lie. In the dust and ashes, we remember who we are: not better, not stronger, but poor miserable beggars, clinging to grace.

Christ came not for those who think they have it all together, but for sinners who know they need a Saviour. And He does not turn them away. He justifies the ungodly. He raises up the humble. He covers the repentant in His own righteousness.

Lent is not a competition. It's a return to the mercy seat of God. You don't earn your way up to God. You kneel—and find that He has already come down to you.

### **Prayer:**

Lord Jesus Christ, I confess that pride still lives in my heart, quietly comparing, boasting, and resisting Your mercy. Teach me to come before You honestly, with nothing but my need. Have mercy on me and forgive me. Lift me up by Your grace alone. Amen.

### **Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 607 – “From Depths of Woe I Cry to Thee” (Stanza 2)

*Thy love and grace alone avail  
To blot out my transgression;  
The best and holiest deeds must fail  
To break sin's dread oppression.  
Before Thee none can boasting stand,  
But all must fear Thy strict demand  
And live alone by mercy.*

## WEEK 4

# Eyes on Christ

**Theme: Turning from Fear**

**Text: Matthew 14:22-33**

*“But when he saw the wind, he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried out, ‘Lord, save me.’ Jesus immediately reached out his hand and took hold of him.” (Matthew 14:30–31a)*

### **Devotion:**

Fear is not just an emotion; it is a force. It distorts what we know, clouds what we see, and competes for our trust. Fear draws the eyes away from Christ and turns them to the waves—to the chaos, to the problems, to the threats. It says, “Look at what might happen.” It whispers that God is far away or unconcerned. Peter knew what fear could do. One moment he was walking on water, eyes fixed on Jesus. The next, the wind and waves grabbed his attention. His faith faltered. He began to sink.

But notice this: when Peter cried out, “Lord, save me,” Jesus did not hesitate. He didn’t wait for Peter to get it together or swim back, but “immediately Jesus reached out His hand.” That is the mercy of our Lord. Even when our faith wavers, even when we are sinking, He is strong to save.

Lent is not only a season of self-examination, it is a time of reorientation. Where are your eyes? What fears have stolen your focus away from Christ? Perhaps it is fear of loss, of suffering, of rejection. Perhaps it’s the fear that your sin is too great, your faith too weak, or your failures too many.

But fear, like the wind, cannot sustain you. Only Christ can.

To turn from fear is not to deny its presence; it is to confess

that it does not rule us, the Lord Jesus does. He who walked on water also walked to the cross for you. There He faced the storm of God’s judgment in your place, on your behalf. And now, risen, He comes to you in the midst of your storms, not to rebuke first, but to reach, to hold, to save.

Let your cry be Peter’s: “Lord, save me.” And hear again the answer of grace: “Take heart; it is I. Do not be afraid” (cf. Matthew 14:27, 30–31).

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, so often I am like Peter: quick to trust, quicker to doubt. When fear overwhelms me, draw my eyes to You. Strengthen my faith to cling to Your promises, and teach me to cry out in confidence “Lord, save me.” For You are strong to save and Your mercy is always near. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 750 – “If Thou But Trust in God to Guide Thee” (Stanza 1)

*If thou but trust in God to guide thee  
And hope in Him through all thy ways,  
He’ll give thee strength, whate’er betide thee,  
And bear thee through the evil days.  
Who trusts in God’s unchanging love  
Builds on the rock that naught can move.*

# WEEK 5

## Covered by Mercy

**Theme: Turning from Guilt**

**Text: Psalm 32:1-2, 3, 5**

*“Blessed is the one whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man against whom the Lord counts no iniquity... (vv. 1–2) When I kept silent, my bones wasted away through my groaning all day long... (v. 3) I acknowledged my sin to you... and you forgave the iniquity of my sin (v. 5).”*

**Devotion:**

Unconfessed sin is heavy. Not just in the abstract or theological sense, but in the real, physical, emotional weight it puts on a person. David spoke from experience. When he kept silent, when he carried his guilt instead of confessing it, he wasted away. It affected his body, his energy, his spirit. He groaned under the burden.

We know what that’s like, don’t we? That hidden sin. That lingering shame. That regret you keep pushing down. You carry it because it’s too hard to speak aloud. Because you’re ashamed and afraid of being exposed, rejected, unloved. And yet, the more you carry it, the more it drains you.

But then David said something that changes everything: “I acknowledged my sin to You, and I did not cover my iniquity... and You forgave.”

He didn’t fix it. He didn’t earn back favour. He confessed. And God forgave.

This is the beauty of Lent. Not that it forces us to feel bad, but that it brings sin into the light so it can be nailed to the cross. Confession is not humiliation; it’s liberation. It’s saying, “I can’t

carry this anymore” and hearing Christ say, “Do not be burdened, for I already have carried your cross to My cross.”

The world tells us to hide guilt, to justify it, or to move on. But the Church does something better: it names sin and declares it forgiven. Not excused. Not overlooked. Forgiven! Covered by the blood of Christ.

Luther put it simply: “When I urge you to go to confession, I am simply urging you to be a Christian” (Martin Luther, *Admonition to Confession*, 1529). The Christian life is one of daily dying and rising. Daily confessing and hearing absolution. Not out of fear, but out of faith.

If you are burdened today, if your bones feel heavy with groaning, you are not alone. But more than that: you are not beyond grace. Bring your sin to God. Speak it plainly. And trust that the Lord, who already knows your heart, delights not to punish, but to pardon.

Blessed is the one whose sin is covered. And in Christ, that’s you.

### **Prayer:**

Merciful Father, I have carried guilt I should have confessed. I have hidden what You already see. Forgive me. Cleanse me. Help me to live not in shame but in Your mercy. Grant me a heart that trusts Your Word of absolution and rejoices in Your forgiveness. In Jesus’ name. Amen.

### **Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 611 – “Chief of Sinners Though I Be” (Stanza 1)

*Chief of sinners though I be,  
Jesus shed His blood for me,  
Died that I might live on high,  
Lives that I might never die.  
As the branch is to the vine,  
I am His, and He is mine.*

# WEEK 6

## Humbled to Serve

**Theme: Turning from Self-Sufficiency**

**Text: John 13:1-17**

*“Then He poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples’ feet... ‘If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another’s feet.’” (John 13:5,14)*

### **Devotion:**

On the night of His betrayal, just hours before the cross, Jesus did something no one expected. He laid aside His outer garments, took a towel, poured water into a basin, and knelt—not to pray, not to preach, not to command—but to wash His followers’ feet.

It’s jarring. The hands that formed the heavens scrubbed the dust and grime off the feet of stubborn, confused, imperfect disciples. Even the feet of Judas.

Peter resisted, of course. It felt wrong. “Lord, do You wash my feet?” He knew this was backwards. The Master should not serve the servant.

But Jesus insisted. “If I do not wash you, you have no share with Me.”

That’s the heart of it. Lent is not a season of proving ourselves to Jesus. It is a season of letting Him wash us. Of laying aside our pride, our competence, our carefully constructed images, and saying, “I need You to make me clean.”

We often resist being served. We like control. We want to be helpful, capable, needed. But Jesus teaches us that the Christian life begins not with what we offer, but with what we receive.

Before we are called to serve, we are called to be served, to be washed.

And then, having been washed, we are sent to serve. Not to earn our way into God's favour, but to reflect the humility and love we've been shown. Jesus says, "You also ought to wash one another's feet." That means real, tangible, inconvenient love. Love that bends low. Love that doesn't seek applause. Love that embraces what the world avoids.

We are not self-made people. We are grace-made people. People washed by Jesus, called to walk in the humility of the cross, and freed to serve our neighbours, not from guilt, but from gratitude.

The world values strength and status. But Jesus values service and surrender. In Him, greatness is measured not by how high we climb, but by how low we're willing to kneel.

### **Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, You knelt to wash the feet of sinners. Kneel down to me, and wash what is unclean. Strip me of my pride, my need to be strong, my fear of being served. Then send me to serve others; not to be seen, but to love. Amen.

### **Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 842 – "Son of God, Eternal Savior" (Stanza 1)

*Son of God, eternal Savior,  
Source of life and truth and grace,  
Word made flesh, whose birth among us  
Hallows all our human race,  
You our Head, who, throned in glory,  
For Your own will ever plead:  
Fill us with Your love and pity,  
Heal our wrongs, and help our need.*

# **HOLY WEEK**

A Daily Devotional  
Journey to the Cross

# PALM SUNDAY

## The Misunderstood King

**Text: John 12:12-19**

*“Hosanna! Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord, even the King of Israel!” (John 12:13)*

### **Devotion:**

The people shouted with joy as Jesus entered Jerusalem. They waved palm branches, laid their cloaks on the road, and called Him king. Their expectations were high: this was the one who had raised the dead, fed the hungry, and spoken with divine authority. Surely now He would claim the throne and drive out the Roman oppressors.

But Jesus did not come to claim an earthly throne. He came to bear a cross.

He rode into the holy city not on a war horse, but on a donkey’s colt—humble, gentle, and misunderstood. The crowd saw power, but Jesus came to suffer. They wanted deliverance from their worldly enemies, but He came to deliver them from the greater enemies: sin, death, and the devil. Within days, the same crowd who cried out “Hosanna” would cry out, “Crucify Him.”

Palm Sunday is not a celebration of popularity; it’s a revelation of how little we truly understand what we need from Jesus. The King we need is not one who conquers with worldly weapons, but one who lays down His life for His people.

As we enter Holy Week, we walk with the King who saves not by force but by sacrifice. Don’t look for the Messiah you want: receive the Saviour you need.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, You entered Jerusalem in humility to die in my place. Forgive me for the times I've tried to make You into something You're not. Teach me to trust in the cross, and to follow You with a heart made new. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 442 – “All Glory, Laud, and Honor” (Stanza 1)

*All glory, laud, and honor  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring.*

# HOLY MONDAY

## The Zeal of the Lord

### **Text: Mark 11:15-19**

*“And he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold pigeons. And he would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple.” (Mark 11:15b-16)*

### **Devotion:**

We don't often picture Jesus angry. But on Monday of Holy Week, He walked into the temple, saw corruption, and acted. He flipped tables. Drove out sellers. Shut down commerce. Why? Because the temple had been twisted from a house of prayer into a marketplace of greed. What was meant to draw people near to God had become a barrier.

Jesus didn't rage from impulse. His zeal was rooted in love—for His Father's glory and for His people's restoration. He cleared the temple not to destroy it, but to reclaim it. His authority confronts sin, not to crush the sinner, but to cleanse the place where mercy is meant to be found.

During Holy Week, the tables of our own hearts are overturned. The Word confronts what we've grown comfortable with: idols of convenience, hearts distracted by profit and performance. The Lord enters our lives not to shame us, but to cleanse us. He will not share His house with sin.

And the good news? The temple He purifies is no longer a building, but a body—yours—washed in Baptism, forgiven in Christ.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, overturn what is corrupt in my heart. Cleanse me of every false trust and worldly distraction. Restore in me true worship, that I may be a living temple of Your Spirit. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 421 – “Jesus, Grant That Balm and Healing” (Stanza 1)

*Jesus, grant that balm and healing  
In Your holy wounds I find,  
Ev'ry hour that I am feeling  
Pains of body and of mind.  
Should some evil thought within  
Tempt my treach'rous heart to sin,  
Show the peril, and from sinning  
Keep me from its first beginning.*

# HOLY TUESDAY

## Questioned and Tested

**Text: Matthew 22:15–46**

*“Teacher, which is the great commandment in the Law?”  
(Matthew 22:36)*

### **Devotion:**

On Tuesday, Jesus was bombarded with questions. The Pharisees, Sadducees, and scribes all took their turn, not to learn from Him, but to trap Him. Politics, resurrection, law—each question sharpened like a spear. But Jesus answered them all, not just with knowledge, but with authority.

Then He asked a question of His own: “What do you think about the Christ?” (v. 42). That’s the real issue, isn’t it? All our theology, every page of Scripture, and every question of faith finally lead here—to the heart of it all: who do you say Jesus is?

In Lent and Holy Week, our questions about God often arise from pain, confusion, or doubt. And Jesus is not afraid of them. But He also turns the question back to us. Do we come to test Him or trust Him? Do we seek to justify ourselves or to be justified by Him?

This week, let the questions bring you to deeper faith, not because you have every answer, but because you know the One who does. The wisdom of God, the Christ, stands in the temple—not to win arguments, but to win over sinners.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, when I am tempted to trust in my own understanding, bring me back to You. Teach me to love You with heart, soul, and mind. Be my wisdom, my strength, and my truth. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 734 – “I Trust, O Lord, Your Holy Name” (Stanza 1)

*I trust, O Lord, Your holy name;*

*O let me not be put to shame*

*Nor let me be confounded.*

*My faith, O Lord,*

*Be in Your Word*

*Forever firmly grounded.*

# HOLY WEDNESDAY

## Betrayed and Silent

**Text: Matthew 26:14–16; Isaiah 53:7**

*“Then one of the twelve, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went to the chief priests...” (Matthew 26:14)*

### **Devotion:**

Wednesday was a quiet day in the Gospels. But behind the scenes, Judas made his move. He went to the priests. A price was set. Thirty silver coins changed hands, and betrayal began.

We want to distance ourselves from Judas. But Holy Wednesday asks us to consider: where in our lives do we trade away Christ—not for silver, perhaps, but for comfort, acceptance, power, or ease?

Jesus, for His part, remains silent. Like the lamb led to slaughter, He does not protest. He knows what’s coming. He does not stop Judas. He does not stop the cross. He moves forward—for you.

This day of quiet conspiracy reminds us that even our betrayals have been seen, absorbed, and atoned for by Jesus. Holy Week does not excuse our sin, but neither does it leave us in it. Christ bore the weight of every false word, every cowardly act, every hidden compromise.

You are not beyond redemption. And the One betrayed for thirty coins is the One who paid everything to win you back.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, forgive my betrayals, both bold and subtle. Teach me to walk in truth, even when it costs. Thank You for enduring the silence of Holy Wednesday for me. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 436 – “Go to Dark Gethsemane” (Stanza 1)

*Go to dark Gethsemane,  
All who feel the tempter's pow'r;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away;  
Learn from Jesus Christ to pray.*

# MAUNDY THURSDAY

## Given and Poured Out

**Text: Luke 22:14–23**

*“This is My body, which is given for you... This cup that is poured out for you is the new covenant in My blood.” (Luke 22:19–20)*

### **Devotion:**

On the night He was betrayed, Jesus took bread and broke it. He gave it to His disciples, saying, “This is My body.” Then the cup: “This is My blood.” Not metaphor. Not symbol. A sacred mystery. A meal. A gift.

In the upper room, Jesus gave what He would give on the cross—His very self. Here is the Lamb whose blood protects. Here is the Bread of Life who sustains His people. Here is the new covenant, sealed not in ritual, but in flesh and blood.

Maundy Thursday is about service: Jesus washes feet. It’s about fellowship: He eats with friends and enemies. But most of all, it’s about presence. Christ gives Himself to His Church, not in memory alone, but in the Sacrament of His sacrificial body and shed blood.

The altar is not a memorial, it is the mercy seat of our Saviour. When we come to the Lord’s Supper, we do not re-enact; we receive. He is here. For you. Delivering the greatest gift of all.

Come hungry. Come humble. Come and be filled.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, You give what no one else can: Your own body and blood, for the life of the world. Feed me with the bread of heaven. Strengthen me in faith, love, and hope, until You come again. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 622 – “Lord Jesus Christ, You Have Prepared” (Stanza 1)

*Lord Jesus Christ, You have prepared  
This feast for our salvation;  
It is Your body and Your blood,  
And at Your invitation  
As weary souls, with sin oppressed,  
We come to You for needed rest,  
For comfort, and for pardon.*

# GOOD FRIDAY

## Wounded for Us

**Text: Isaiah 53:3–6**

*“He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief... Surely He has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows... He was pierced for our transgressions; He was crushed for our iniquities... and with His wounds we are healed.” (Isaiah 53:3–5)*

**Devotion:**

There is no shortcut around the cross. The Gospel always leads here, through darkness, through agony, through the awful silence of Good Friday.

Isaiah saw it centuries before it happened. A servant, rejected. A man of sorrows. Not attractive or powerful. Not admired, but scorned. He would suffer—not by accident, but on purpose. Not for His own sin, but for ours.

Pierced for our transgressions. Crushed for our iniquities. These are not metaphors. They are the price of real guilt, paid in real blood. And yet, with His wounds we are healed.

There is no comfort here unless you bring your sin. The cross is not sentiment. It is substitution. This is where justice and mercy meet. Your rebellion, your pride, your failure—laid on Him. Your punishment—endured by Him. Your healing—secured by His wounds.

Good Friday is not just the story of what humanity did to Jesus. It is the story of what Jesus did for humanity.

He bore your grief. He carried your shame. He died your death. And now, by grace, you are counted as righteous.

Don't rush past the cross today. Dwell here. Kneel here. Confess here. Because here, God has done what you never could. He has made peace by the blood of His Son.

**Prayer:**

O Christ, crucified for me, I cannot comprehend the weight You bore, but I confess it was mine. Thank You for Your suffering, Your silence, and Your saving death. Keep me near Your cross always. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 451 – “Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted” (Stanza 3)

*Ye who think of sin but lightly  
Nor suppose the evil great  
Here may view its nature rightly,  
Here its guilt may estimate.  
Mark the sacrifice appointed,  
See who bears the awful load;  
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,  
Son of Man and Son of God.*

# HOLY SATURDAY

## The Silence of the Grave

**Text: Matthew 27:57–66**

*“So they went and made the tomb secure by sealing the stone and setting a guard.” (Matthew 27:66)*

### **Devotion:**

Holy Saturday is the day no one talks about. The crowds had gone home. The mocking had ceased. The cross was bare. The tomb was closed. Silence.

For the disciples, it must have felt like the end of the story. The One they followed was dead. Their hopes were buried with Him. All that remained was fear, confusion, and grief. We have all known days like this, when prayers seem unanswered, when darkness lingers, when God seems silent.

And yet, even in the grave, God was not absent. Christ rested in death to hallow it. He entered the silence to break it. Though unseen, His victory was already underway. Death was unraveling from the inside out.

Holy Saturday teaches us to wait. To trust when we do not see. To believe when the stone is still sealed. Because even when nothing seems to be happening, God is faithful and at work. The cross is finished, and the resurrection is coming.

Holy Week ends not in silence, but in song. But we do not skip the tomb. We wait with hope, knowing that the silence of Holy Saturday will give way to the shout of Easter.

**Prayer:**

Lord Jesus, You rested in the tomb, sanctifying my grave with Your presence. Teach me to wait in faith, to hope in Your promises, and to trust that even in silence, You are near. Grant me patience and confidence until the dawn of resurrection. Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 878 – “Abide with Me” (Stanza 5)

*I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;*

*Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.*

*Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?*

*I triumph still if Thou abide with me!*

# EASTER SUNDAY

## Risen to New Life

### **Text: Romans 6:4-5**

*“We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life.” (Romans 6:4)*

### **Devotion:**

Alleluia! Christ is risen! He is risen indeed. Alleluia!

After the darkness of Good Friday and the silence of Holy Saturday, Easter morning breaks open with light and life. The stone was rolled away. The tomb is empty. Death is defeated. Christ is risen, and His resurrection is not just history. It is your hope. Your future. Your life.

Paul tells us that in Baptism we are united with Christ, not only in His death, but in His resurrection. This means Easter is not just something we observe, it’s something we live. Because He lives, we live. Because He rose, we walk in newness of life. The old is gone. The new has come.

The journey of Lent led us through confession, repentance, and to the cross. But it does not end in sorrow. It ends in joy. Not a shallow joy that ignores suffering, but a deep, defiant joy that proclaims sin is forgiven, death is defeated, and Jesus reigns.

What now? We walk as those raised. We live as those forgiven. We hope as those who already belong to eternity. Easter doesn’t mean the struggle is over, but it means the outcome is sure.

The world still looks broken, but the resurrection says otherwise. Christ is making all things new, and He begins with you.

**Prayer:**

Risen Lord, You have conquered death and opened the grave. Continue to raise me up to walk in newness of life. Let Your victory be my joy and Your life be my strength. Keep me in this faith until that day when I see You face to face. Alleluia! Amen.

**Hymn Suggestion:**

LSB 457 – “Jesus Christ Is Risen Today” (Stanza 1)

*Jesus Christ is ris'n today, Alleluia!*

*Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!*

*Who did once upon the cross, Alleluia!*

*Suffer to redeem our loss, Alleluia!*

# CONCLUSION

## Christ Has Brought Us Home

We have walked the road of repentance. We have named our idols, confessed our pride, faced our fears, and laid our guilt at the foot of the cross. And there—at the centre of history and the heart of God—we have found mercy.

Lent is not the end of the story. The grave could not hold Jesus, and sin does not hold you. Baptized into His death and resurrection, you are now called to live daily in the rhythm of dying and rising, turning and returning, confessing and receiving. This is not just the Lenten journey; it is the Christian life.

Easter morning is not the conclusion of Lent; it is the beginning of a new creation. Christ is risen. He has conquered sin and death. And He is with you.

So go forward, not in fear, but in faith. Walk in the freedom of forgiveness. Live in the hope of the resurrection. Serve in the strength of His Spirit. And return again and again to the One who always receives sinners and gives them life.

Alleluia! Christ is risen!

He is risen indeed. Alleluia!

**LENT** is not merely a season of self-denial or somber reflection. It is the sacred journey of the baptized, from ashes to Easter, from death to life, from wandering hearts to the welcoming arms of Christ. At the heart of this journey is a call as old as the prophets and as urgent as today: ***“Return to the Lord your God, for He is gracious and merciful” (Joel 2:13).***



The dust of Lent leads not to despair but to the empty tomb—and to the joy of belonging to the One who makes all things new.