

# St. Mary's Church Lent Reflections 2026

9th-14th March

A reflection for every day of Lent, chosen for you by members of our congregation.

Holy God, Our lives are laid open before you: rescue us from the chaos of sin and through the death of your Son bring us healing and make us whole in Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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## Monday

*Chosen by Pauline  
Adsett*

Drop thy still dews of quietness, till all our strivings cease; take from our souls the strain and stress, and let our ordered lives confess the beauty of thy peace

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

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I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, O weary one, lay down, your head upon My chest."  
I came to Jesus as I was, so weary, worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad.  
I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's Light.  
Look unto Me; your morn shall rise and all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;  
and in that Light of Life I'll walk till trav'ling days are done.

Horatius Bonar

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## Wednesday

*Chosen by Sally-  
Ann Bowen Davies*

The greatest revelation is stillness.  
Lao Tzu

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**Thursday**

*Chosen by Judi Higton*

O love that will not let me go,  
I rest my weary soul in thee;  
I give thee back the life I owe,  
That in thine ocean depths its flow  
may richer, fuller be.

George Matheson

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**Friday**

*Chosen by Ros Allwood*

How great a being, Lord, is thine,  
which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
to sound so vast a deep.  
Thou art a sea without a shore,  
a sun without a sphere;  
thy time is now and evermore,  
thy place is everywhere.

John Mason

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**Saturday**

*Chosen by Austen  
Hindman*

There are nights that are so still  
that I can hear the small owl calling  
far off and a fox barking  
miles away. It is then that I lie  
in the lean hours awake listening  
to the swell born somewhere in the Atlantic  
rising and falling, rising and falling  
wave on wave on the long shore  
by the village that is without light  
and companionless.  
And the thought comes of that other being  
who is awake, too,  
letting our prayers break on him,  
not like this for a few hours,  
but for days, years, eternity.

R S Thomas

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