

CANON MARK'S DAILY DEVOTIONALS #295 9TH – 13TH MARCH 2026

MONDAY

THANK YOU FOR YOUR PRAYERS FOR MY TRIP TO THE GAFCON G26 IN NIGERIA. IT WAS WELL WORTH GOING.

TODAY, CANON MARK REMINDS US THAT NOT EVERYTHING THAT MATTERS IN OUR FAITH NEEDS TO BE SEEN BY OTHERS.

9th March – Morning all... I don't know about you but sometimes it feels like everything in life is public. You can't go far without someone sharing something, a thought, a photo, an opinion, a moment. Even good things often get posted. Acts of kindness, achievements, milestones. And without really noticing it, we start to measure life by what is seen and acknowledged. I also catch myself doing it too. You do something good and part of you hopes someone notices. That someone says thank you. That it's recognised. But Jesus quietly turns that whole idea upside down and in Matthew 6:6 it says: "Your Father, who sees what is done in secret..." He reminds us that some of the most important things in life happen where nobody else is looking. The prayer you whisper when you're worried about someone. The moment you choose patience instead of snapping back. The quiet act of generosity that no one ever hears about. Those things might pass unnoticed in the world around us, but they don't pass unnoticed by God. It means our life with God isn't a performance. It's not about getting the credit or the recognition. It's about living honestly before the One who already sees the whole story, the effort, the struggle, the small choices to keep trusting Him. In a world that constantly encourages us to be visible, Jesus reminds us that faith often grows best in the quiet places. And the beautiful thing is this, even when nobody else sees it, God does.

Revd Canon Mark Spiers

TUESDAY

YESTERDAY, I WAS IN LAMBETH PALACE WITH THE VEN. DR BOB. THIS WAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE WITH EACH OTHER OUR CONCERNS AND CHALLENGES IN MINISTRY. TODAY, CANON MARK OBSERVES THAT FROM TIME TO TIME, AN ORDINARY MOMENT REMINDS HIM THAT THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS OFTEN FOUND IN THE SMALLEST ACTS OF CARE.

10th March – Morning all... Recently, I conducted a funeral where only three people were present, a daughter, a grandson, and a neighbour. No large gathering. No long rows of people. Just three quiet lives marking the end of another. Ninety-four years of life. Ninety-four years of memories, relationships, laughter, struggles, ordinary days and extraordinary moments, and yet the room felt very still. While we were preparing for the service, the grandson told me something that has stayed with me. He said he used to speak to his nan every single day without fail. Sometimes it was a short call, sometimes a longer conversation, but he made sure she heard his voice. And she would often say to him, "Thank you for remembering I'm still here." It's such a simple sentence, but it says so much about the world we live in. As people grow older, life can become quieter. The phone rings less. The days can feel longer. And sometimes what people need most is simply to know they haven't been forgotten. It made me realise how powerful small acts of faithfulness really are. "Let us not become weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up." (Galatians 6:9) That grandson probably never thought of his daily phone call as anything extraordinary. It was just something he did. A habit of love. A small act repeated day after day. But in those simple conversations, he gave his nan something precious - the assurance that she was seen, valued and remembered. The kingdom of God often looks exactly like that. That funeral reminded me that a life isn't measured by how many people fill the room at the end, but by the love shared along the way. And sometimes the most Christ-like thing we can do is simply remind someone: you're still seen... and you're still remembered.

Revd Canon Mark Spiers

WEDNESDAY

I THINK MARK MUST HAVE BEEN READING MY MIND. IS SEEMS THAT THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS HAVE BEEN A BLUR, AT A TIME WHEN IT IS NORMALLY MANAGEABLE. OR PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE I'M GETTING OLDER?

11th March – Morning all... Some mornings the day seems to start running before you're even fully awake. You reach for your phone, glance at the news, reply to a message, think about everything that needs doing, and within minutes your mind is already moving faster than your coffee can keep up with. Life moves quickly now. Everything feels immediate. News updates every few minutes, emails

arrive constantly, and everyone seems to be hurrying somewhere. But God doesn't seem to move at that pace. "Be still before the Lord and wait patiently for him." (Psalm 37:7) If I'm honest, that's not always easy for me. I like solutions. I like progress. When something is worrying me, my instinct is to fix it, think it through, solve it. But some of the things we carry in life can't be rushed. Some prayers take time. Some answers unfold slowly. I remember speaking with someone recently who said they felt as though they'd been praying the same prayer for months. Nothing seemed to be changing, and they wondered whether they were doing something wrong. But sometimes faith isn't about finding better words or trying harder. Sometimes it's simply about staying close to God while life unfolds in its own time. So, if today already feels busy, or your mind is already racing ahead to everything you need to do, maybe take a moment somewhere in the middle of it all, to just pause.

Revd Canon Mark Spiers

THURSDAY

I AM REMINDED OF THE WONDERFUL HOLMAN HUNT (NO RELATION) PAINTING (HE DID A FEW) OF THIS VERY VERSE CANON MARK REFERS TO. IT USED TO HANG IN ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, BUT NOT SURE IT STILL DOES. JESUS IS STANDING BY A CLOSED DOOR WHICH OBVIOUSLY HAS NOT BEEN OPENED IN A LONG WHILE, IF AT ALL. HE'S HOLDING A LAMP. THERE'S NO HANDLE ON HIS SIDE. HE WAITS FOR US TO INVITE HIM IN.

(Apparently, it is in the south naive following some conservation work in 2024)

12th March – Morning all... Last night the lock on the front door had broken, and suddenly we were standing there outside with the keys in our hands, staring at a door that simply wouldn't open. You try it once. Then again. You jiggle the handle as if that might magically fix it. But nothing changes. So, there we were, outside our own home, waiting for someone who could help us get back in. Standing there in the dark, it reminded me of a verse from Revelation that I've read many times before, but it landed differently in that moment. "Here I am! I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in..." (Revelation 3:20) It's a powerful picture when you stop and think about it. Jesus standing at the door and knocking. Not forcing His way in. Not breaking the lock. Just knocking. And I wonder how often our lives can be a bit like that door. Not deliberately shut. Just busy. Full. Distracted. We're rushing through the day, work, responsibilities, messages, everything demanding attention and somewhere in the middle of it all, the quiet knocking of God can get drowned out. What struck me last night was how much you notice a door when you can't get through it. Normally you walk through it without thinking. But when it's closed, suddenly it has your full attention. And perhaps Lent is a bit like that. A moment to slow down long enough to hear the knocking again. A chance to open the door we didn't even realise had drifted shut. The beautiful thing about that verse is this: Jesus doesn't walk away when the door stays closed for a while. He just keeps knocking. Patiently waiting for us to open it.

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FRIDAY

I WILL DO MY BEST TO FIND A SPACE TO JUST SIT AND BE STILL AS CANON MARK SUGGESTS, ALTHOUGH I KNOW I HAVE STUFF TO DO THIS SATURDAY - LIKE HELPING WITH THE CHURCH CLEANING, HAVE A HEART ULTRASOUND SCAN (TO SEE IF I HAVE ONE), A WEDDING ENQUIRY COUPLE TO SEE, A CHURCH NEWSLETTER TO COMPILE AND MOTHERING SUNDAY SERVICES TO SORT. EASY!

13th March – Morning all... "Almost everything will work again if you unplug it for a few minutes... including you." - Anne Lamott. How true is this. Most of us spend the week running at full pace. Work, emails, messages, responsibilities, things that need fixing, things that need replying to. We move from one thing to the next and don't really stop long enough to notice the pace you're living at. Then the weekend arrives and we finally sit down with a cup of tea or coffee and realise, I needed this more than I thought. I think God understands that more than anyone. "Remember the Sabbath day by keeping it holy." (Exodus 20:8) When God said that it wasn't meant to be another heavy rule. It was actually a gift. A reminder that we weren't designed to run endlessly without stopping. But if we're honest, stopping isn't always easy anymore. Even when we have time to slow down, our minds are still racing. I spoke with someone recently who said they almost feel guilty when they slow down, like resting means they're somehow being unproductive. I think a lot of us feel that pressure without really noticing it. So, if this weekend gives you a bit of space, a slower morning, a walk, time with family, even just ten quiet minutes with a cup of tea, receive it as the gift it's meant to be.

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