

CANON MARK'S DAILY DEVOTIONALS #298 HOLY WEEK 2026

MONDAY

I THINK CANON MARK HAD WRITTEN HIS DEVOTIONAL JUST FOR ME. I WAS CLEARING MY DESK OF WHAT DID NOT BELONG AND MOVED THINGS AROUND IN MY GARAGE TO GIVE A CLEAR PATHWAY FOR MY GARDENER. I AM THANKFUL FOR THOSE WHO JOINED ME FOR PRAYER AT 11am. A SPACE SO MUCH NEEDED.

30th March – Morning all... It's Monday. Like most Mondays, the week ahead already feels full. There are things to do, people to see, and a to-do list that seems to grow faster than the time we have. It's easy to just put our heads down and get on with it. But this Monday is different. We've stepped into Holy Week, a time to pause and reflect on the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus. Today we find Him entering the temple courts in Jerusalem. What should have been a place of prayer had become noisy, cluttered, and distracted. Buying, selling, and busyness had taken over. And Jesus disrupts it all. He overturns tables, drives out the noise, and calls people back to what really matters. Suddenly, no one can carry on as normal. When Jesus entered a room, people paid attention. Some were threatened. Others were transformed. But nobody remained unchanged. Which got me thinking, have you ever tried to start something but realised you first needed to clear space? Maybe a desk covered in papers, or a garage full of things. You can't move forward until the clutter goes. It takes a moment to stop, to sort, to remove what doesn't belong, but afterwards, everything feels different. That's what Jesus was doing. "My house will be called a house of prayer." (Matthew 21:13) He was making space again. And I wonder if that's what He wants to do in us at the start of this week. Not in a dramatic, table-flipping way, but gently nudging us to clear the noise, the rush, the worry, the distractions, so prayer can come back to the centre. So today, before the week runs away with you, let Him clear a little space in your heart. Because when He disrupts our routine, He's not making things harder, He's making room for something better.

Revd Canon Mark Spiers

TUESDAY

ON THIS TUESDAY OF HOLY WEEK, AS THE LIGHT OF CELEBRATION BEGINS TO DIM AND A QUIET SERIOUSNESS SETTLES IN, JESUS CALLS US TO NOTICE THE MOMENT—AND TO STAY AWAKE TO WHAT IS UNFOLDING.

31st March – Morning all... It's Tuesday of Holy Week. And the mood begins to shift. There's a sense that something is changing. The excitement of crowds gives way to a quieter, heavier atmosphere. Jesus looks at the temple, magnificent, strong, seemingly permanent and says, "Not one stone here will be left on another." (Mark 13:2) The disciples feel it. They know these aren't casual words. Later, sitting with Jesus on the Mount of Olives, Peter, James, John, and Andrew lean in. You can almost imagine them lowering their voices. "Tell us... when will this happen? What should we look for?" (Mark 13:3–4) They want clarity. They want a timeline. They want something they can hold onto. But Jesus doesn't give them dates. Instead, He gives them something else, a repeated instruction: Keep awake. Stay alert. Watch. He says it again and again, almost like a parent repeating something important before leaving the house. "Are you listening? Don't forget. Stay alert." We smile at that because we know what it's like, repeating ourselves, hoping the message sinks in. And if we're honest, we need repetition too. Because it's one thing to hear "stay awake," and another thing to live it. The sobering part is that in the very next chapter, when Jesus is in Gethsemane carrying the weight of the cross, He finds the disciples asleep. He gently asks Peter, "Could you not keep awake one hour?" (Mark 14:37) They meant well. They loved Him. But they drifted off. I think that's uncomfortably close to home. It's easy to become spiritually sleepy, not intentionally, just gradually. Life gets busy. Prayer becomes shorter. Awareness fades. We don't reject Jesus; we just stop watching for Him. And yet, on this Tuesday of Holy Week, His words come back to us: Stay awake. Pay attention. Be present.

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WEDNESDAY

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THE DATE? TODAY IS MY BROTHER'S BIRTHDAY AND WHEN ASKED HIS DATE OF BIRTH ALWAYS SAYS 32nd MARCH, TO AVOID APRIL FOOLS DAY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, COLIN.

ON THIS WEDNESDAY OF HOLY WEEK, IN THE STILLNESS BETWEEN WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT IS ABOUT TO UNFOLD, WE ARE INVITED TO SIT WITH THE QUIET WEIGHT OF ANTICIPATION—AND TO TRUST JESUS IN THE WAITING. THERE WAS A STILLNESS IN CHURCH FOR CANON MARK AND MY PRAYER TIME TOGETHER THIS MORNING.

32nd MARCH – Morning all... Wednesday of Holy Week always feels a little different to me. It's quieter. There's no big moment, no dramatic scene, just a sense that something is coming. The kind of day where everything looks normal on the outside, but underneath you can feel the weight building. I think we all know days like that. That's how I imagine this Wednesday with Jesus. He's sitting with His disciples, sharing a meal, something they'd done countless times before. It should have felt familiar and comfortable. Then Jesus says: "Truly I tell you, one of you will betray me." (Matthew 26:21) You can almost picture the room going quiet. People glance at each other. Someone nervously asks, "Surely not I, Lord?" The ease of the moment disappears. There's uncertainty, tension... and yet Jesus isn't flustered. He doesn't rush or try to escape what's coming. He knows, and still He stays. That's what strikes me most. Jesus keeps moving forward, even knowing what lies ahead. He doesn't avoid it. He doesn't panic. He simply continues, steady, calm, faithful. Sometimes I find that comforting. Because there are days when I don't know what's coming either. Days that feel a bit heavy, a bit uncertain. Nothing dramatic, just that quiet sense of waiting. And in those moments, I'm tempted to overthink, to worry, to try and control everything. But this day reminds me that I don't have to. Jesus walked through that quiet tension too. He trusted the Father. He took the next step. Maybe that's all we need to do today.

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MAUNDY THURSDAY

TODAY'S DEVOTIONAL INVITES US TO PAUSE AT THE TABLE WITH JESUS, WHERE IN THE SIMPLEST OF MOMENTS WE GLIMPSE THE DEPTH OF HIS LOVE AND THE BEAUTY OF HIS PRESENCE.

2nd April – Morning all... Every time I read the story of the Last Supper, it gets me. There's something about it that feels so simple and yet so deeply moving. Of all the things Jesus could have done before the cross, He chose to sit down with His friends and share a meal. Personally, I think that says a lot. When something important is about to happen, we often gather people around a table. We make a cup of tea, share some food, and just be together. There's comfort in that. It's ordinary, but it's meaningful. And that's what Jesus did on Maundy Thursday. Luke tells us He was eager to eat with them. Not just willing, eager. "I have eagerly desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer." (Luke 22:15) That always stops me. Jesus knew what was coming. He knew the pain, the betrayal, the loneliness. And yet what He wanted most in that moment was simply to be with the people He loved. I often imagine Him looking around at them, these imperfect, confused, loyal-but-flawed friends. Peter, who would soon deny Him. Thomas, who would doubt. Judas, who would betray Him. And still, He shares bread with them. He doesn't pull away. He leans in. Then He breaks the bread and says, "Do this in remembrance of me." (Luke 22:19) It's such a gentle request. Almost like He's saying, "When you gather again... when you sit down together... think of me." It makes me realise that faith isn't always found in big, dramatic experiences. Sometimes it's in the everyday, sitting down, slowing down, sharing, remembering. So today, whatever your day looks like, maybe just pause for a moment when you sit down to eat. It doesn't have to be long or formal. Just a quiet thank you. A simple remembering. Because on the night before everything changed, Jesus chose closeness. He chose presence. He chose the table. And He still meets us there.

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GOOD FRIDAY

TODAY WE WILL BE SINGING ONE OF OUR FAVOURITE GOOD FRIDAY HYMNS – ‘*COME AND SEE, COME AND SEE, COME AND SEE THE KING OF LOVE; SEE THE PURPLE ROBE AND CROWN OF THORNS HE WEARS. SOLDIERS MOCK, RULERS SNEER AS HE LIFTS THE CRUEL CROSS; LONE AND FRIENDLESS NOW, HE CLIMBS TOWARDS THE HILL.*’

TODAY WE WORSHIP THE LAMB WHO WAS SLAIN.

3rd April – Morning all... Good Friday is a hard day to sit with. It feels quiet, heavy, and uncomfortable. There's no celebration here, no easy words, just the reality of suffering and the weight of what Jesus endured. In Mark 15, everything seems to unravel. Jesus is betrayed, falsely accused, flogged, mocked, and finally led to the cross. The pace is relentless, and the injustice is clear. What always strikes me most is not just His suffering, but His silence. In the middle of the shouting crowds and harsh accusations, Jesus says very little. He doesn't defend Himself. He doesn't argue His case. He doesn't try to explain. Mark tells us that even when questioned, He gave no further answer, and Pilate was amazed (Mark 15:5). It feels so different from how we often react when we're misunderstood or treated unfairly. We want to speak, to correct, to defend. But Jesus' silence wasn't weakness. It was surrender. Centuries earlier, Isaiah had described it: "Like a lamb that is led to the slaughter... he did not open his mouth." (Isaiah 53:7). Jesus wasn't silent because He had nothing to say, He was silent because He trusted the Father's plan. Every step towards the cross was taken deliberately, in obedience and love. He chose this path. He chose to endure injustice, humiliation, and pain so that forgiveness and hope could be offered to us, could be offered to me. In His silence, He was saying more than words ever could, that love was stronger than violence, and grace stronger than hatred. That's why Good Friday invites us not to rush ahead, but to pause. To stand quietly at the cross. To remember the cost. Because in that silence, we see the depth of God's love, a love willing to suffer, to surrender, and to save.

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EASTER SUNDAY

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ,

As we gather in the light and joy of Easter Day, today's devotional invites us to step afresh into the wonder of the resurrection, to stand, as Mary did, at the empty tomb, and to encounter the risen Lord who transforms sorrow into joy and despair into living hope. Easter is not simply a remembrance of what God has done, but a celebration of what He is still doing among us. The same risen Jesus who met Mary and sent her with good news now meets us and calls us to share that same life-giving message in our own day and generation. May you read these words with open hearts, and may the joy of the resurrection take root deeply within you, renewing your faith and strengthening your witness.

With every blessing this Eastertide,

+ Bishop Primus

5th April – Morning all... Easter Sunday always feels like the sun breaking through after a long, dark night. You can almost sense the shift, from silence to celebration, from grief to joy, from despair to hope. And nowhere is that more real than in the moment Mary stands outside the empty tomb. Her heart must have been racing. Only days before, she had watched her Lord die. The grief was real, heavy, and overwhelming. She came to the tomb expecting more sorrow, not surprise. But then everything changed. Jesus revealed Himself to her, alive. Not a memory, not a dream, but standing right there in front of her. Imagine the rush of emotion. Shock. Relief. Joy. Wonder. It must have been almost too much to take in. Matthew tells us she "left the tomb quickly with fear and great joy and ran to tell his disciples" (Matthew 28:8). Fear and great joy, what a combination. Her world had been turned upside down, but in the best possible way. She didn't walk; she ran. The news was too good to keep to herself. I love the thought that she probably didn't even feel her feet touching the ground. This was God's wonderful surprise. The stone rolled away. The grave empty. Death defeated. Jesus alive. The sorrow of Friday and the silence of Saturday suddenly replaced by unstoppable joy. And then comes something even more amazing, Jesus entrusts Mary with the message. Not Peter. Not John. But Mary. "Go and tell." The first person to carry the full, glorious news of the resurrection was someone whose heart was still pounding with amazement. What a privilege. What a moment. And that same message has been entrusted to us. The most incredible, history-altering news: Jesus is alive. The cross was not the end. The tomb could not hold Him. Hope has risen. This day invites us to run with that joy. Because this isn't just something that happened long ago, it changes everything today. It means forgiveness is real. It means new life is possible. It means no situation is beyond God's power. Christ is risen. And the best news ever told is still ours to share. Hallelujah! He is risen!

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