



# everything [in]between

Meeting God in the midst of extremes

## DAILY DEVOTIONAL CARDS FOR LENT

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WEEK OF ASH WEDNESDAY | WEDNESDAY



# everything [in]between

intention & action

This Lenten season, what are your intentions? Do you have any hopes for these six weeks?

1

WEEK OF ASH WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY



# everything [in]between

intention & action

What keeps you from taking action?

2

WEEK OF ASH WEDNESDAY | FRIDAY



# everything [in]between

intention & action

Create a mantra for yourself this Lenten season. Between now and Easter, what words would you like to repeat?

3



# prayer

God of all beginnings, as I enter into this new season, give me the wisdom and the courage to begin again. If there are things you need me to learn in these next six weeks, make them clear. If there are things you need me to do in these next six weeks, give me the courage. If there is truth I need to uncover, show me how. Let your intentions guide my actions. Amen.

Beginning with Ash Wednesday and continuing through the first few days of Eastertide, we invite you to use these daily devotional cards to deepen your spiritual walk through Lent. You might place the stack of cards by your bed to read first thing in the morning or right before you sleep at night. Display the prayers that resonate with you the most. Perhaps use the questions as prompts to journal and reflect. Day by day, may these prayers remind you that God is by your side, through your doubt, your faith, and everything in between.

*If you share photos of these cards on social media, tag us: @sanctifiedart*

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# prayer

God be with me here.  
God be with me there.  
Show me love  
along the way.  
Amen.



# prayer

Holy God, you are a God who acts. You create. You see. You listen. You heal. You move. You meet us where we are. I want to do the same. I do not want to sit on the sidelines of my life. I do not want to wait, when there is good work to do. So if you can, give me some of your courage. Clear my mind. Show me the next right step. Amen.

WEEK OF ASH WEDNESDAY | SATURDAY



Who in your life lives with intention? How does it impact their days? What do you admire about them?

4

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THE FIRST WEEK IN LENT | SUNDAY



Who are your neighbors?  
Do you know their names?

5

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THE FIRST WEEK IN LENT | MONDAY



How do you feel when a stranger approaches you? How might you learn from and transform those feelings?

6

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THE FIRST WEEK IN LENT | TUESDAY



What are the attributes of a good neighbor? Are you a good neighbor?

7

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# prayer

Creating God, you know every hair on my head and every word on my tongue, so surely you know all my neighbors' names. Surely you know their fears and their dreams, their prayers and their hopes. In a lonely, fast-paced world, help me see the people around me. Help me to learn about and love them as you do.  
Amen.



# prayer

Teaching God, you have surrounded me with wise, compassionate, intentional people. Help me learn from them. I know that being a Christian cannot happen in a vacuum. We need each other. So do not let me miss the teachers in my midst. Amen.



# prayer

With-Us-God, I long to be a good neighbor—hospitable, compassionate, and free of assumptions. However, I know that my own humanity gets in the way. Forgive me for the moments when I miss an opportunity to be compassionate. Forgive me, and spark compassion deep in my bones. Amen.



# prayer

Gracious God, we have been trained to make quick assumptions, to reach for fear in the face of the unknown, to assume that minimal conversation is best when talking to strangers. Was it meant to be that way, or did you have another plan in mind? Remind us that every stranger to us is loved by you. Amen.





Have you ever received profound hospitality? How did it impact you?



When you think of the word "compassion," what comes to mind?



Who do you find hardest to love? How might you compassionately hold space for them?



What barriers keep you from seeing all people as neighbors? What can bring those barriers down?



## prayer

Gentle God, I have known compassion. It has burned in my bones, walked beside me on long roads, and looked like my friends and family. It has felt like healing. It has surprised me at times, and taught me what love looks like. So when the world feels harsh and cruel, bring me back to that compassion. Bring me back to you. Amen.



## prayer

Wildly loving God, every once in a while someone does something so kind, so unreasonably gracious, that it uncoils something in me. It unravels a bit of fear or grief, and leaves me with a glimmer of hope. Show me how to love like that. Show me how to cross the road, care for my neighbor, and love beyond dividing lines. Show me how to be unreasonably hospitable and wildly loving. Amen.



## prayer

Expansive God, the walls that separate me from my neighbors are so tall, so old, so strong. Help me find the cracks. Help me take these walls down, brick by brick, until I can see my neighbors for who they are—not who I've made them out to be. Give me a heart full of curiosity, hospitality, and compassion. I want to build bridges instead of walls. Amen.



## prayer

Loving God, let me see people like you do. Let me see myself like you do. Give me a heart that swells with grace, eyes that see your image in each person, and arms that open wide. Let me love people like you do. Let me love myself like you do. Amen.



Have you ever received the message that you did not belong? How did that impact you?



Do you see yourself in Mary or Martha, both or neither?



Have you ever received the message that you must work to earn your self-worth? What does your faith say to that?



What would it look like for you to lean more into faith, or more into works?





# prayer

Loving God, I have my own insecurities. I have my own fears and doubts. I have a tendency to throw myself into my work, and an ability to ask enormous questions. I can be defensive and eager, hopeful and anxious. I am a little like Mary, a little like Martha, and a little like you. May those pieces of me, all those tender human pieces, breathe in your love deeply. Amen.



# prayer

Including God, Mary sat at your feet to learn your stories. Some believed she wasn't supposed to be there, but you knew she was welcomed. When the world tries to limit us, when the world tries to tell us who and where we can be, remind us that you bless our presence in the circle. You welcome us exactly as we are. Amen.



# prayer

God of all, you bless my questions. You bless my gifts. You bless my productive days, my awe-filled days, my just-barely-hanging-on days. You bless it all and call it all good. Cradle my face in your hands and remind me that wherever I am, you are there. Wherever I go, you'll be there, too. You are in the faith, the doubt, the works, and the rest. You are in it all with me. Thanks be to God for a love like that. Amen.



# prayer

Sabbath-taking God, there are days when I rush around like the world depends on me, days where I work until my mind or hands turn to jello. I know that's not what you want for me, but I hustle and bustle all the same. Teach me again that I do not have to earn my worth. Teach me again that it is good to rest. Teach me again that love is not conditional. Teach me again. Amen.



What is in your comfort zone and what are your growing edges: *thinking* about faith, *feeling* your faith, or *acting* on faith?



When or where have you had a close, intimate connection with God?



What are you hungry to learn about lately? Where would you like to grow and go deeper?



Do you find yourself more in a season of rest or growth, or both?



# prayer

Present God, I live for the moments when you feel close—when my eyes prick, my throat catches, and my Spirit *knows*. I want to take my shoes off and revisit those memories again and again, standing barefoot on your holy ground. So find me once more. Carve out more of those sacred touchpoints, and with every last breath, I will say thank you. Amen.



# prayer

Triune God, some days I confine my faith to my brain, intellectualizing and debating your presence. Some days I wear my faith on my sleeve, a reed in the wind, looking for your Spirit. Some days, I allow my faith to guide my hands and feet, my eyes and my voice. Tip me in the direction I need to move. Balance me, push me, invite me to experience my faith anew—with head, heart, mind, and soul. With hope I pray, amen.



# prayer

Sabbath-making God, I know that there are days when I need rest, days when I need growth, and days when I need both. Give me the wisdom to listen to my body and spirit enough to know the difference. When my body says rest, let me rest. When my heart says grow, show me how to grow. With hope I pray, amen.



# prayer

Magnificent God, you spent your days teaching. You taught crowds, the disciples, strangers, and friends. I, too, want to learn. I want to learn how the earth heals herself. I want to learn what brings you delight. I want to learn which parts of me are the most authentic. I want to learn how to build people up and bring them together, so teach me. Teach me again, and again, and again. Amen.





What practices help you find rest?



What makes you feel most grounded?



What things do you need to feel nourished and ready for growth?



Do you believe rest is productive?



# prayer

Holy God, if a tree needs roots, and mountains need a base, then surely I need things that ground me too. So whether I am weary or ready to grow, return me to that strong foundation. Return me to the words of scripture, to the love in my heart, to the people who know me best, to your voice in the wind. Tether me to hope and the gentle pull of your call. Ground me in your love. With gratitude I pray, amen.



# prayer

Nourishing God, there are so many practices that fill my cup, that provide me with rest, that nurture my spirit along with my body. Let me walk in the woods. Let me dance in the kitchen. Let me read on the couch and sit in church pews. Let me hold those practices close to mind and weave them throughout my days. What a gift you have given me! I am endlessly grateful. Amen.



# prayer

Guiding God, the world tries to tell me that productivity is the only thing that matters. You say otherwise. Remind me that rest is part of growth. Remind me that rest is sacred. Remind me that rest is holy work that connects me to you. When I doubt or forget this good news, send a whisper in the wind. I will be listening. Amen.



# prayer

Creating God, you do not wish for us to stay stagnant. Instead, like a stream, you invite us to continue moving closer to you. In seasons of movement and growth, equip me for the work. Provide me with people who support me and with dreams that inspire me. Provide me with a path laid before me, and show me the next right step. I will keep your name on my lips as I jump into the stream. With gratitude in my ever-growing heart, I pray. Amen.



When was the last time you experienced growing pains?



What are your growing edges?



Have you ever been lost? How did it feel?



Have you ever been found? How did it feel?





## prayer

Loving God, it's not always easy to recognize where I need to grow. I get comfortable and settle into the way things are. Show me where my growing edges are. Give me a nudge. Point me in the right direction. Help me uncover opportunities for growth so that I can keep moving and reaching for you in this life. With hope and eager anticipation I pray, amen.



## prayer

Loving God, does growth ever come without growing pains? We stretch and shift, listen and learn, try and fail, walk and fall. This holy growing work is not easy. Be with me in the growing pains. Remind me that you delight in every wobbly, teetering step that carries me from where I am to where I am meant to be. With hope I pray, amen.



## prayer

Seeking and searching God, being found feels like hearing the words, "I love you." It feels like the small grip of a baby's hand wrapped around your finger. It feels like opening the door and hearing, "You're home!" It feels like music that makes you want to dance and food that tastes like memories. It feels like someone saying, "Can I pray for you?" or simply reaching for your hand. I have been lost, but I have also been found. On the days in between, remind me what the latter feels like. With hope I pray, amen.



## prayer

Persistent God, you know I'm not always good at staying put. I wander off, following distractions, or I storm off in a huff and end up getting lost. Then excitement turns to fear, anger melts into remorse, and certainty slips into confusion. But no matter how lost I may be, you're always there. No matter which direction I go, every step leads right back to you. Remind me of that truth. With gratitude I pray, amen.



Have you ever rejoiced in finding something or someone you lost?



Who has been a guiding presence for you in times when you felt lost?



Have you ever wandered away from safety and security? What did you find?



In this season, are you feeling lost, or found, or a bit of both?



# prayer

Loving God, today I thank you for my North Stars, for the hope in my chest, for the people who have held out a hand and guided me home. We all get lost, and we all need direction from time to time. So for the guideposts in my life—the people, the memories, the scriptures, the convictions—I give you thanks. You are leaving breadcrumbs on my wandering path. I am looking up, and praising your name. Amen.



# prayer

Gracious God, I know what it's like to welcome a loved one home. I know what it's like to reconnect with an old friend. I know what it's like when a lost opportunity leads to a new start. I know what it's like to find love after a broken heart, joy after grief, and hope after disappointment. And in every one of those moments, every cell in my body whispers, *Thank you, God. Thank you, God. Thank you. Amen.*



# prayer

Knowing God, there is a tenderness in asking myself whether this is a lost or found season. There is a vulnerability required in answering that question. So as I sift through the truth in my spirit, I find comfort in knowing that regardless of how I answer, you are always with me. When I am lost, you are searching after me. When I am found, you are at my side. No matter where I roam or where I go, you never stop seeking me. Thank you for a love like that. Amen.



# prayer

Untamed God, I wouldn't dare call you safe, but you are good.<sup>1</sup> You call me to step out of the boat, to follow you through the valley, to leave my comfort zone and follow you all the way to the cross. Because it's in the valley that goodness is growing, wild and untamed. Give me the courage to follow you there. Amen.

<sup>1</sup> This line references *The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe* by C.S. Lewis.





Who in your life might be feeling lost? How can you be a guiding presence for them?



When Jesus dines with Zacchaeus, both the Pharisees and Zacchaeus are shocked by Jesus' mercy. Have you ever been stunned by an act of mercy?



Have you ever struggled with righteous indignation? What kinds of things trigger that feeling for you?



Have you ever witnessed someone receiving mercy that you feel didn't deserve it?



# prayer

Merciful God, it is a good day when I am shocked by mercy. It is a good day when I see someone take the extra moment to hold the door for another, to buy a meal for someone in need, to strike up conversation in a quiet room, to choose connection and grace instead of isolation and judgment. Fill my days with even more of these surprising acts of mercy. I don't want to miss a thing! Amen.



# prayer

Good Shepherd, you seek out the lost and bind up the brokenhearted. Let me follow you in that work. Let me learn to see the people society makes invisible. Help me ask, "How are you, *really*?" Show me how to eat with the outcasts and listen to the children. Give me your persistence to keep showing up, to keep asking, to keep loving with abandon, over and over, until we're all home. Amen.



# prayer

Compassionate God, from time to time my own anger or clouded sense of justice can leave me disgruntled with acts of mercy. I want to do the right and fair thing, but right and fair can be slippery in nature. When I feel myself bristling in the face of mercy, remind me to breathe. Remind me that I am not the judge of the universe, and that the nature of your love is always above and beyond. Show me how to climb down from my high horse to love like that. Amen.



# prayer

Holy God, you planted in me a strong sense of justice. You gave me eyes to see what's right and what's wrong. But God, you also gave me a heart to show mercy. Unclench my fists, soften my jaw, and soften my heart. Give me the wisdom to know when my desire for justice has soured into fruitless indignation. Let your mercy grow in me. Humbly I pray, amen.



When have you felt righteous anger? What do you do with that anger?



Can we find balance between righteousness and mercy? Do we need to?



What does it look like to show mercy and still hold people accountable?



Have you ever received mercy that felt undeserving?





# prayer

God who is Alpha and Omega, you exist beyond and between all the boxes we create. You are righteous and merciful all at once. Teach me that there's a world far beyond the scales of justice. Teach me that there is more to life than getting it right. Teach me that there is freedom in not knowing. Teach me how to be good, and remind me that I already am. Amen.



# prayer

Jesus of Nazareth, you have felt our emotions. You felt anger in the temple. You felt despair in the garden. You felt grief on the cross. You have felt our emotions, which gives me permission as well to feel anger when it appears. But today I pray, teach me how to use that anger for good. When my anger is a call for justice, show me how to listen and learn from it. When my anger is self-righteous and harmful, teach me to transform it into something merciful and compassionate. You felt these emotions, just like we do. Show me how to use them for good. Amen.



# prayer

Merciful God, you know I'm my own worst critic. I know my own faults better than anyone else. And still, you shower me with mercy. You call me back to the garden and remind me that from the beginning, you have called me good. You have called me beloved. Most days it's hard to believe I deserve your grace, but God, I am so grateful. I am so, so grateful. Amen.



# prayer

God of grace, some things are easier said than done. Showing mercy and holding people accountable is one of those things. How do I expect love from my neighbors? How do I show mercy when love falls short, and how do I create change when love runs out? Be with me in these messy middles. Guide my decisions, my thinking, and my words. With gratitude I pray, amen.



Are you quick to speak up, or do you tend to keep quiet? What triggers you to speak out?



In a loud world, whose voices get drowned out? Whose voice do you want to lift up or amplify?



How do you set aside "quiet time" in your life, away from distractions?



What power do you hold and how are you using it?



# prayer

Creator God, this world is so loud. I know that there are voices that need to be heard. I know that there is truth that needs to be laid out, listened to, and acted on. In the chaos and chatter, slow me down. Teach me to listen. Show me where and how to pass the mic. I want to hear what you hear. Amen.



# prayer

Holy God, I'm not sure I always speak up about the right things. I cheer on my favorite team louder than I cheer on my friends. I find it easier to speak up when my coffee order is wrong than when the world is wrong. There are so many times when my voice is needed and so many times when it isn't. Give me courage to speak and wisdom to know when. Humbly I pray, amen.



# prayer

Almighty God, it's easier to speak about where I feel powerless than where I feel powerful. The work is so big, and I am so small. But you have given me influence. You have given me a voice. In whatever way I can, no matter how small it seems, let me practice Jubilee. Let me turn the power systems of the world toward love. Let me be an instrument of your peace. Amen.



# prayer

Jesus of Nazareth, you were constantly stepping away from the crowds to go to a quiet place for a moment alone. You sought Sabbath. You took time for prayer. You took time to listen. I want to live like that, but I have a tendency to fill my days to the brim. I have a tendency to fill every quiet moment with human noise. Inspire me to find the good in the quiet. Inspire me to seek that out when my spirit needs it, just as you did. Gratefully I pray, amen.





What were you taught about humility? Were you taught that it was thinking about yourself less, thinking of others more, or something in between?



Where are you feeling resistance right now? Is the Spirit leading you to let go of that resistance, or persist?



What truths do you accept about the world? Do any of them need to be challenged?



Have you ever felt grief and hope at the same time?



# prayer

Gracious God, you know I'm stubborn. In the face of change, I dig my heels in and refuse to move. Give me the wisdom to know when my resistance is a holy gift and when it's just getting in the way. Give me courage to resist oppression, unjust systems, and destructive narratives. And when my stubborn heart needs to let go, soften my tightened fists so I can take your hand. Humbly I pray, amen.



# prayer

Servant God, somewhere along the way I learned that humility means silencing my own needs for the sake of others. What if humility is not thinking of myself less, but thinking of others more? What if humility is not self-deprecating, but instead is expansive love for my neighbor? Show me how to practice humility like you practice humility. Let me follow in your footsteps and love like you love. Amen.



# prayer

Incarnate God, it is so good to know that even when you knew how it would end, you wept. Even knowing that it would all turn out okay, you grieved what had to be done. Help me to hold my grief gently, and give me real hope, gritty hope, a hope that persists in the midst of it all. Humbly I pray, amen.



# prayer

With-Us-God, I hold truths with tight fists. Some of them are lovely, beautiful things. Some of them are cracked and fractured truths, leaving scars in my hands. Show me what to let go of. Show me what to pick up. Challenge false narratives in me, and hum your echo of approval around the truths that should be maintained. In these in-between days, I am listening for your truth. Amen.



What  
are the  
constants  
that give  
you hope?



Have you  
ever received  
news that  
felt too good  
to be true?



How can you  
be kind to  
yourself and  
others in the  
midst of grief?



This Easter, do  
you feel like  
running to the  
tomb, or staying  
back in grief  
and disbelief?





# prayer

God of the garden, when good news finds me, let it seep all the way into my bones. When good news finds me, let me release my grip on the “what if’s.” When good news finds me, let me kick off my shoes and not worry about where they drop. When good news finds me, let me know how to dance and celebrate, let me run and not be afraid, let me turn with grateful words toward you. Amen.



# prayer

Eternal God, no matter what the day has held, no matter how loudly the wind howls or how thick the clouds blanket the sky, no matter how deep the night, the sun still rises. The birds still sing. The earth still whispers, *Alleluia*. No matter what happened on Friday, Sunday still comes. The tomb is still empty. Thanks be to God. Amen.



# prayer

Enduring God, I want to be so full of hope that my feet hit the ground running. I want to believe that new life is possible. But even when the grief fills my bones and weighs my feet down like lead, I know you’ll track me down. You’ll come right through the locked door and find me where I’m hiding away. And when my stubborn grief refuses to believe in hope, even then, you’ll show me your hands and side. Thanks be to God for a love like that. Amen.



# prayer

Holy God, grief is sticky. Like water in your shoes, grief leaves footprints. Grief weighs you down. So in the moments when grief claims me as her own and tracks footprints through my house, show me how to be gentle with myself. Show me how to return to you. Amen.