

# Midweek Lenten Service

February 25, 2026

the good news is . . . so good it catches us by surprise



**"We Are Small, We Are Numerous, We Are Deep"**  
by Carmelle Beaugelin Caldwell

# Holden Evening Prayer

The Liturgy is found in the Holden Evening Prayer worship folder.  
*(Please return the folder to an Usher after the service)*

Please stand as you are comfortable

**PRE-SERVICE MUSIC: I Will Arise and Go to Jesus**

arr. By Mark Hayes

**SERVICE OF LIGHT** ..... **p. 2**

**PSALMODY** ..... **p. 3-6**

**FIRST READING: JOHN 2:1-11**

<sup>1</sup> On the third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. <sup>2</sup> Jesus and his disciples had also been invited to the wedding. <sup>3</sup> When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, “They have no wine.” <sup>4</sup> And Jesus said to her, “Woman, what concern is that to me and to you? My hour has not yet come.” <sup>5</sup> His mother said to the servants, “Do whatever he tells you.” <sup>6</sup> Now standing there were six stone water jars for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding twenty or thirty gallons. <sup>7</sup> Jesus said to them, “Fill the jars with water.” And they filled them up to the brim. <sup>8</sup> He said to them, “Now draw some out, and take it to the person in charge of the banquet.” So they took it. <sup>9</sup> When the person in charge tasted the water that had become wine and did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), that person called the bridegroom <sup>10</sup> and said to him, “Everyone serves the good wine first and then the inferior wine after the guests have become drunk. But you have kept the good wine until now.” <sup>11</sup> Jesus did this, the first of his signs, in Cana of Galilee and revealed his glory, and his disciples believed in him.

**SECOND READING: MATTHEW 13:31-32**

<sup>31</sup> He put before them another parable: “The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed that someone took and sowed in his field; <sup>32</sup> it is the smallest of all the seeds, but when it has grown it is the greatest of shrubs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and make nests in its branches.”

**MEDITATION**

Pastor Cheryl

**HYMN OF THE DAY: *All Praise to You, O Lord* (Tune: FESTAL SONG)**

**All Praise to You, O Lord**

1 All praise to you, O Lord, who by your might-y pow'r  
2 You speak, and it is done; o - be - dient to your word,  
3 Oh, may that grace be ours, in you for - e'er to live,  
4 So, led from strength to strength, grant us, O Lord, to see

did man-i - fest your glo - ry forth in Ca - na's mar-riage hour.  
the wa - ter red-d'ning in - to wine pro - claims the pres-ent Lord.  
and drink of those re - fresh-ing streams which you a - lone can give.  
the mar-riage sup - per of the Lamb, the great e - piph - a - ny.

Text: Hyde W. Beadon, 1812–1891  
Music: FESTAL SONG, William H. Walter, 1825–1893

The Light shines in the darkness  
**And the darkness has not overcome it.**

**THE ANNUNCIATION AND MAGNIFICAT**..... p. 7

**LITANY AND PRAYERS**..... p. 8

**THE PRAYER & LORD'S PRAYER**..... p. 9

**FINAL BLESSING**..... p. 9

**SHARING A SIGN OF PEACE**

**SENDING MUSIC: *O Sacred Head Now Wounded with Beethoven's Symphony #7, Second Movement***  
Arr. by Mailyynn Ham

**TONIGHT’S OFFERING** – Offering plates have been placed for your convivence in the narthex and hallway outside of the sanctuary. This year, our midweek offerings will go to support our Blessing Bag Ministry You can also contribute to this ministry by donating items off of our Amazon Wish List (see e-news for link.).

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**Artist Statement: *We Are Small, We Are Numerous, We Are Deep* by Carmelle Beaugelin Caldwell**

Inspired by Matthew 13:31-32

Loose mustard seeds are nearly impossible to contain. They drift and scatter with the slightest breeze, asserting their own unruly will much like the mustard plants themselves. The mustard plant, dismissed as invasive weeds by some, is cultivated for healing and nourishment by others. Even now, after completing this piece, I am still finding stray seeds in my laundry, my car, my hair.

“They tried to bury us; they didn’t know we were seeds,” a line attributed to Greek poet Dinos Christianopoulos , has become a rallying cry for separated families along the Mexican-American border. More than a century earlier, Toussaint Louverture—the formerly enslaved commander of the self-emancipated army of Black cultivators in Saint-Domingue (colonial Haiti)—voice a similar belief upon his deportation and imprisonment in France: “You have done no more than cut down the trunk of the tree of Black liberty...It will spring back from the roots, for they are numerous and deep.”

From the Corn Mother of Indigenous myth to African women braiding okra seeds into their hair as they were forced from their homelands, many of our ancestors understood the power of carrying life in its smallest form. Seed-carrying is an act of faith. These tiny, unassuming specks hold the audacious hope that wherever we go, we already have what we need to take root and flourish in strange and foreign soils. May our faith and our hopes be just as audacious, resilient, and uncontainable as the seeds which hold the fruits of our faith.

--Carmelle Beaugelin Caldwell

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<sup>1</sup> Dinos Christianopoulos (1931-2020) wrote the couplet in 1978 (published in his book, *The Body and the Wormwood*) as a defiant statement against the Greek literary establishment, which had ostracized him due to his homosexuality.