

Second Sunday of Lent, March 1, 2026

Sometimes, when words don't seem to manage the emotion of the day, I turn to poetry.

This morning, I offer to you, *The Wind Will Show Its Kindness* — a poem by Meister Eckhart.

“A man born blind can easily deny the magnificence of a vast landscape. He can easily deny all the wonders that he cannot touch, smell, taste, or hear. But one day the wind will show its kindness and remove the tiny patches that cover your eyes, and you will see God more clearly than you have seen yourself.”

The wind will show its kindness.

In our Gospel lesson this morning, we are introduced to the Pharisee named Nicodemus. In the greater context of the Gospel narratives, the term Pharisee refers to a group of Jewish authorities who are often in conversation and debate with Jesus. Known to be people who were devoted to the preservation and implementation of the law of the Torah, the Pharisees (also sometimes referred to as the scribes) were particularly interested in Jesus' ministry. Some scholars contend that so long as Jesus' teachings were in line with the tradition of the Torah, they

were willing to offer at least a bit of tolerance towards his ministry. Hence the reason we hear so much about their testing and questioning of Jesus and his teachings.

In today's story though, Nicodemus does something different. He comes to Jesus in the darkness of night, and acknowledges Jesus as Rabbi, a teacher who has come from God.

This anomaly introduces some questions: Why has Nicodemus arrived in the night to have a conversation with Jesus? Is it a trick or another test? Was Nicodemus afraid to admit his own doubts in the presence of others? Is he a blind man who cannot see the magnificence of the vast landscape?

We don't know.

What we do know, is that even after Jesus begins to explain, Nicodemus lacks understanding. Nicodemus denies what is beyond the experience of the flesh: if he cannot see, touch, smell, taste, or hear it, he cannot comprehend its existence.

Nicodemus is not alone, is he?

How often do we limit our own understanding of God to what we can access with our five senses: those things that we can see, touch, smell, taste, and hear?

How often do we understand the world through our human experiences: our emotions, egos, fear, greed, vanity, vengeance, or need for control? These things cast a veil over our hearts, and our eyes, leaving us blind to the consequences of our own actions that lead to further destruction of relationships and desolation.

Like Nicodemus, if we live our lives as if we know nothing other than what is flesh, born of the flesh, what is limited by our own human experiences, then our labors will not yield fruit of the Spirit.

And, we will not know God.

How then, can we know God? We learn to listen for the longing of the Spirit. Because, one day, the wind will show its kindness and remove the tiny patches that cover our eyes.

I submit to you another, very short poem: *It is a Lie* by Meister Eckhart.

“It is a lie—any talk of God that does not comfort you.”

Imagine how comforting it was for Nicodemus to experience this merciful, forgiving, and compassionate God, who loved the world so much that he gave his only Son; the Son he sent to earth to walk among us.

This was not the God the people knew and understood. As I said, the Pharisees understood God in the law of the Torah.

Imagine the comfort that was brought to the masses who suffered cruelty, injustice, poverty, violence, and slavery at the hands of rulers and kingdoms that sought to increase their power and might.

Imagine the comfort that arrived in the moment that the voiceless were heard; the invisible seen; and the unloved were loved.

Imagine the comfort of the refugee, stranger, asylum seeker, who, through the teachings of Jesus, knew what it was like to be welcomed, safe, and secure.

Imagine the comfort in the assurance that everyone who believed in him would not perish but have eternal life.

All of these kindnesses arrive, not in bold or brash human actions, but in the breath of the Spirit, the wind that kisses our cheeks, and inspires us to more.

Any talk of God — then or now — that does not comfort, is a lie.

Because our God did not send his only Son into the world to condemn or destroy it, but to save it, and us, from ourselves.

My dear sweet friends, since the beginning of time, evil has had opportunity after opportunity to perfect the craft to turn us against each other, lure us away from God, and encourage us to wreak havoc upon all of God's creation.

The wind will show its kindness. The Spirit of God shows kindness, in the hearts of many people like me and you: those who stand tall in the face of adversity; who speak truth to power; who choose love and kindness; who fight for justice and welcome the stranger; who speak for voiceless; and are a source of light in the darkness.

Keep up the good work. Keep sharing the merciful glory of God to this hurting world. Keep on loving and comforting, no matter what.

May the God of light and life, bless us, comfort us, protect us, and inspire us with the wind and the life-giving Spirit of kindness, mercy, and love.

Amen.