

Mirasol

M A G A Z I N E

Turn Toward The Son



Easter • April 2026

He is not here; He has risen.

— Luke 24:5

Welcome to Mirasol Magazine!

I am overjoyed to share with you the very first issue of *Mirasol Magazine*—a project that has lived close to my heart for several years.

In 2017, a quiet return to faith began in my life. That new dawn—that reawakening—kindled in me a deep longing to shine the light of Christ into a world so hungry for hope.

During that time, the sunflower caught my eye as a living image of the spiritual life. Its steadfast turning toward the sun mirrors the faith, hope, and love we are called to embody.

One evening in 2020, I was sitting in prayer, asking for God's help—to use me to help share His Good News. I wanted to create something beautiful to draw hearts closer to His Son, the true Light of the World.

Soon after, the word *Mirasol*—Spanish for sunflower, from *mirar* (to look) and *sol* (sun)—came to mind. It took root in my heart and would not let go.

It has taken several more years for that idea to come to fruition, but here it is. In *Mirasol*, you'll find a gathering of personal reflections, prayers, stories, and art to encourage greater faith, renewed hope, and a growing love for Christ.

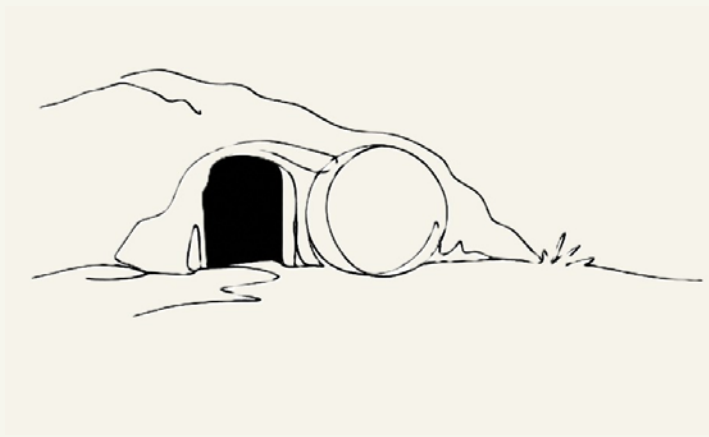
Just as the sunflower lifts its face to the sun from first light until dusk, let us turn our faces toward the Son of God—our Light, our Salvation, our Resurrection hope.

Yours in Christ,

Kim Kilmer
April 2026

*May the God of hope fill you with
all joy and peace in believing,
so that you may abound in hope
by the power of the Holy Spirit.*

— Romans 15:13



First Light

Mary Magdalene and the Dawn of Hope

It was still dark when I made my way to the tomb with the other women. The world had not yet woken, and the grief of Friday still hung heavy in the air like a shroud that refused to lift.

We carried spices, our hearts crushed beneath the weight of what we had witnessed—our dear Lord, crucified and buried. We came expecting the stone to be sealed tight, just as we had left it in haste before the Sabbath began. We came to properly anoint Jesus' dead body.

But when we arrived, the stone was already rolled away!

The tomb stood open, gaping. Breached.

My heart sank.

The other women stayed while I ran to report that the stone had been rolled away. I was overcome with fear and confusion and I could not catch my breath.

The other women would soon see what I had not—an angel of the Lord — dazzling white, seated upon the stone that had sealed the tomb, announcing that Jesus was not there—that He had been raised.

I reached the others and gasped to Peter and John, breathless with panic, “*They have taken the Lord out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid Him!*”

Peter and John raced past me. I tried to keep up but was slowed by exhaustion.

John reached the tomb first, bent down, and looked inside to see the linen cloths lying there. Peter arrived and went inside. The cloth that had covered Jesus’ head was rolled up in a place by itself—would a thief take time to remove them? John went in to see for himself. When he saw, he believed.

They left to tell all the others what they had seen. I remained outside the tomb, spent. The leaves on the trees now danced in the morning light.

I wepted.. The tears would not stop. My grief had not lifted; my understanding had not yet come. I stood at the edge of emptiness, still searching for the One I thought I had lost forever.

When I finally gathered strength to look inside, I saw two angels in white, seated where His body had been—one at the head, one at the feet.

“Woman, why are you weeping? Whom do you seek?” they asked.

“Because they have taken my Lord away,” I answered through my sobs, *“and I do not know where they have laid Him.”*

As I said this, I turned and saw Jesus—but did not recognize Him. He appeared to me as a gardener.

He said, *Woman, why are you weeping? Whom do you seek?*

“Sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away.”

He answered:

“Mary.”

My name—in that voice I knew so well. The same voice that had once called seven demons out of me and set me free. The voice that had taught



*Christ Appears to Mary Magdalene as a Gardener (Noli Me Tangere),
ca. 1503–1504, Vaux Passional (Peniarth MS 482D), fol. 134v.
Courtesy of the National Library of Wales.*

me, loved me, changed me.

**Everything broke open in that moment.
I understood.**

“Rabbouni!”

—John 20:15–17

I wept, and fell at His feet. My Teacher—alive!

The darkness cracked. Grief gave way to joy.

Death itself surrendered. Hope came to life—not in a blaze of sudden clarity, but in the gentle calling of my name.

But He said to me,

*Do not cling to Me,
for I have not yet ascended
to the Father.
Go instead
to My brothers and tell them...*

John 20:17

And so I went, filled with joy.

I, Mary of Magdala—the one who had come in sorrow, run in panic, lingered in tears, and returned in longing—became the first to see the risen Lord and the first to carry the news that would change everything.

This is how hope unfolds.

Not all at once. Not always in blinding clarity.
Sometimes we run ahead in fear.
Sometimes we follow behind, still searching.
Sometimes we stand weeping at the edge of what feels like the end.

But if we remain... if we turn... if we listen—
we will hear Him call our name.

Christ has risen.

His promise remains — bringing light into our
darkest hours, life into what we thought was lost
forever. There is hope in the resurrection.

Do not be dismayed if you don't see it at first.

Hope will find you.

If we remain... if we turn... if we listen—even in
our most desperate moments—we will hear Him
call our name.

He invites us to turn.

To stay.

To listen.

To see.

And then—to go and tell the world:

The Light has broken through.

Darkness cannot overcome it.

Hope is alive.



We Are Carried by the Son

An Easter Morning Prayer

Lord Jesus,

In the emptiness, You stand.
In the emptiness, You rise to meet us.

Death does not have the final word—
darkness is filled with the light of Your face.

As the sun sets and hastens to rise again,
let every shadow—even in blindness—turn us
back toward You.

Turn us, even when we cannot see.
Turn us, even when we do not understand.

So that we may be ready
to meet You face to face
when the morning comes.

“Rise,” You call.
And again, “Follow Me.”

With hearts full of joy, we give You thanks;
we praise and adore You.

Christ is risen.
And we are carried by the Son.

Alleluia! Amen.

—Kim Kilmer, 2026



The Linens in the Tomb

What Was Left Behind

They came with spices, with grief still clinging to them like the morning air. The stone rolled away was shock enough—but what waited inside was stranger still.

Not chaos.
Not the hurried marks of theft.
Not the violence of a body taken.

But linens.

Lying there.

And the cloth that had covered His head—not with the others, but rolled up and set apart.

In the Gospel of John (20:6–7), this detail is not incidental. It is remembered.

Because it doesn't read like escape.

It reads like completion.

If someone had taken the body, they would not have unwrapped it first. The cloths, bound with myrrh and aloes, would have clung to Him — heavy, adhesive, and too costly in time to remove. Yet there they were.

Laid aside — like a shell no longer needed.

The body that left the tomb did not struggle free.
It passed through.

The Message For Us

We all have our linens.

The things that wrap us tightly—fear, sin, regret,
old identities—cling to us like burial cloths.

We assume freedom from these bindings will be a
monumental struggle.

But in the light of the Resurrection, grace is not
partial. It is complete.

What once bound us is no longer needed.

And, in Christ, can be left behind.

*I have been crucified with Christ;
it is no longer I who live,
but Christ who lives in me.*

—Galatians 2:20

WONDER

Through a Mirror, Dimly

Face to Face With the Shroud of Turin

It is, at first glance, just linen. A long, ancient cloth. Faint. Discolored. Easy to overlook. And yet—on that linen is the image of a man.

Not painted.

Not woven.

Not applied.

But somehow... imprinted.

A Photograph Before Photography

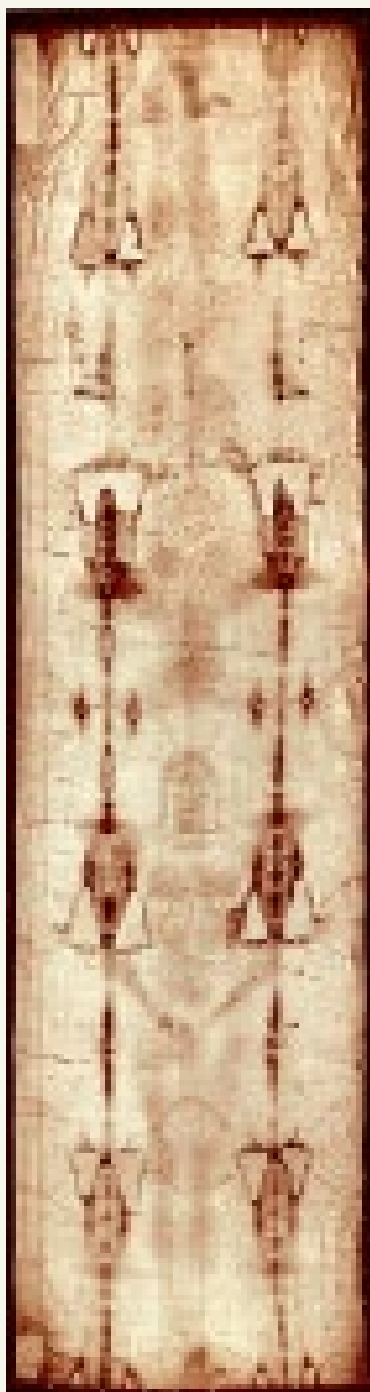
In 1898, an Italian photographer captured the first photograph of the Shroud.

When he developed the negative, something unexpected appeared:

A clear, detailed positive image of a crucified man.

It was as if the cloth itself had been waiting—centuries—for the right light to reveal what it held.

The more the Shroud has been studied, the more



The Shroud of Turin in 1931

it resists easy explanation.

No visible pigments forming the image.

No brush strokes or directionality.

The image rests only on the surface fibers.

It contains measurable three-dimensional information.

It does not behave like a painting.

It behaves like... a trace.

It shows a man bearing the marks described in the Gospels:

Scourging across the body. Piercing at the wrists and feet. A wound in the side. Injuries consistent with a crown of thorns.

Every detail is precise.

Anatomically coherent. Consistent with Scriptural accounts of our Lord's Passion.

And Yet—

There is no tearing. No distortion.

But evidence of a moment.

A moment that left behind a trace... without destroying the cloth that received it.

The Church does not require belief in the Shroud. It stands not as proof, but as invitation.

A question pressed into linen:

What happened in that tomb?

In John's Gospel, the burial cloths are left behind.

Here, perhaps, is one of them—still bearing silent witness.

Not to death...

but to the moment death was undone.

*He was despised
and rejected by men,
a man of sorrows,
and acquainted with grief...*

*He was pierced
for our transgressions;
He was crushed for our iniquities;
upon Him was the chastisement
that brought us peace,
and with His wounds
we are healed.*

— Isaiah 53:3-5



GO DEEPER

The Shroud of Turin

For those who wish to linger a little longer with the mystery of the Shroud, there is remarkable depth to be explored.

In 1978, a team of scientists examined the cloth over the course of five days. What they found was not paint, nor a constructed image, but something far more difficult to explain: real human blood, and an image that encodes information in a way no artist has been able to replicate. Even today, it continues to resist full explanation.

Some have studied its three-dimensional qualities. Others, traces of pollen and the marks of scourging and crucifixion. Each layer reveals something more—and yet, never everything.

If you feel drawn to look more closely, these resources offer a careful and accessible starting point. The more it is studied, the more it invites not only investigation—but contemplation.

— The original scientific summary of the 1978 investigation:
<https://www.shroud.com/78conclu.htm>

— A comprehensive archive of research and findings:
<https://www.shroud.com>

— An exploration of the image's unique 3D properties:
<https://shroud3d.com/introduction/image-qualities-of-the-shroud-of-turin/>

HEAVEN STILL SPEAKS

The Message of Our Lady of Fatima

Fatima, Portugal, June 13, 1917

The world was at war. Nations were divided. Families were grieving. Uncertainty hung in the air like smoke.

Far from the front lines, in a quiet field in Portugal, three shepherd children tended their flock—Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta—unaware that history was pressing in on every side.

And yet, heaven had already begun to draw near.

Before the Lady came, an angel appeared to them.

He taught them how to pray—with reverence, attention, and love. He urged them to offer sacrifices in reparation for sin and for the conversion of sinners.

Make of everything you can a sacrifice.

Nothing is too small when offered to God.

And then, heaven drew nearer still.



In 1917, three shepherd children from Aljustrel, Portugal, reported a series of Marian apparitions in Cova da Iria, Fatima. The children were Lucia dos Santos (10 years old), Francisco Marto (9 years old), and Jacinta Marto (7 years old). They were chosen to receive messages from the Virgin Mary, who identified herself as "Our Lady of the Rosary".

Not with the noise of battle, but with light.

They saw a Lady—more radiant than the sun, yet gentle enough to approach. A presence that did not terrify, but invited.

In a world ravaged by war, she did not come with strategy or solutions—but with a call.

Her message was clear:

Pray.

Do penance.

Turn back to God.

And pray the Rosary—every day.

When the Lady appeared again and again, her request only deepened.

Pray the Rosary daily—
for peace in the world,
and for the end of war.

She revealed her Immaculate Heart—wounded
by sin, yet burning with love.

Not a distant symbol, but a refuge.

A way that leads us back to her Son.

The children were shown what is at stake.

The reality of sin.

The loss of souls.

The urgency of conversion.

Not to frighten—but to awaken.

The message Our Lady gave in 1917 carries on.
Our world has not grown quieter. Divisions remain. The search for peace is no less urgent.

Pray.
Return.
Take up the Rosary.

To recite the Rosary is nothing other
than to contemplate with Mary
the face of Christ.

—Pope John Paul II

And then Our Lady of Fatima offered something
more.

She promised a sign—
something that would be seen,
something not easily forgotten.

And four months later, the world would come to
witness it:

The Miracle of the Sun.



The Fatima Prayer

Given by Our Lady of Fatima to Francisco, Jacinta, and Lucia on June 13, 1917, to be prayed after each decade of the Rosary.

“O my Jesus,
forgive us our sins,
save us from the fires of
hell,
lead all souls to Heaven,
especially those most
in need
of Thy mercy.”

The Miracle of the Sun

Fatima, Portugal, October 13, 1917

Not all signs are hidden. Some are left behind in the quiet of the tomb—linen folded, bearing silent witness.

Others are given in the open sky, before thousands, where no one can look away.

They heard of Our Lady's promise of a miracle and came—despite the torrential rain.

Tens of thousands gathered in a field turned to mud, their clothes heavy, their footing unsure, their reasons divided—some in faith, some in curiosity, some to mock. All had come because three children had said that Our Lady would give a sign that day.

The rain began to ease, and the clouds slowly parted. Then a cry broke through the crowd:

The sun.

It appeared as a pale disc—then brighter, yet still possible to behold. It began to move, to spin,



to tremble in the sky. Light fractured across the horizon—gold, red, violet—spilling over the field, over the earth, over every upturned face.

And then it seemed to fall.

A cry rose from the crowd. Some fell to their knees in the mud. Some wept. Some prayed aloud. Others stood frozen, unable to move, unable to look away.

And just as suddenly, it returned to its place.

The field fell still.

Clothes once soaked were dry. The ground, moments before thick with mud, had hardened beneath their feet. The sky cleared—but something had changed.

No explanation satisfied everyone. But no one left untouched.

The sign was not given for spectacle. It was given to awaken—to draw the world's gaze back to what had already been spoken, and already been ignored.

The sun did not need to change.

We did.

We were not there in that field. But we are not

O MILAGRE DE FÁTIMA



Varios aspectos do povo aglomerado e assado no momento de desatrar o sol e o dia de abrir o deserto que tanto impressionou a multidão.



(Carta a alguém que pede um testemunho insuspeito).

Quebrando um silencio de mais de vinte annos e com a invasão dos boulogues e saudosos tempos em que convivemos n'uma fraterno camaradagem, illustrada, creio p'la fé comum e fortalecida por idénticos propósitos, escrevo-me para que se diga, sincera e sinceramente, o que vi e ouvi na cl. ruína de Fátima, quanto a uma de cedeas maravilhas contadas n'aquella desolada e ruína de cedeas de milhares de pessoas mais sedentas, segundo creio, de sobrenatural do que impelidas por mera curiosidade ou recessos de um lego. . . Estão os católicos em desacordo sobre a importância e significação do que presenciaram. Uns consideram-se de que se tinham cumprido promettimentos do Alto; outros acham-se muito longe de acreditar na intervenção realida de um milagre. Fato: um crente na tua juventude e de idade do sel-o. Pessoas de família emigraram de Fátima.



recedendo a: Jozua, do Ezer em Ezer, abt. os corvos de Portugal, e a rã--

O que ouvi e me levou a Fátima? Que a Virgem Maria, depois da festa da Ascensão, appareceu a tres criancas que se apresentavam gado, duas moças e um anjolo, recordando o-lhes que orassem e promettendo-lhes apparecer ali, se fizessem um anjolo, no dia 13 de cada mes, ate ao em outubro. Isso d'um qualquer simil do poder de Deus e firm revoções. Repetiam-se a mesma e o milagre e o milagre.

outside its call:

Pray.

Turn back to God.

Pray the rosary every day.

Believe.

The sun danced that day. But the greater miracle is in the heart that turns—even now—and is made new.

A Fountain at the Crossroads

There is an intersection at the entrance to our town. I have driven through it countless times in the last 30 years.

On one corner stands a hospital—Adventist Health Castle—where the realities of life are faced each day: sickness, wounds, and the fragile balance between life and death. Blood is given there, and it is received. New lives enter the world. Others depart.

The healing accomplished is beautiful, and yet we



know it is not permanent.

Diagonally across the intersection stands a fountain.

Or rather, there was.

For years it flowed—a place where families gathered, where children dipped their hands in cool water and tossed coins in to make wishes. It was a small but steady sign of life.

Now it stands dry.

And we pass between these two places every

day—often without noticing.

At that crossing, something deeper is felt:

Between the fountain that no longer flows
and the hospital that reveals our human frailty,
we stand.

And at that crossroads, we find ourselves longing
for a source of new life.

But in the light of Easter morning, we are no longer
standing only within this crossroads.

We begin to see, in the light of the Paschal sacrifice,
what has been given.

Christ—the Lamb of God—has entered into this
place and transformed it.

What once appeared broken and frail is now
gathered into a single source of new life.

He spoke from the Cross: “I thirst.”
And then: “It is finished.”

From His pierced side flowed blood and water.

The Church has always recognized in this the gift
of the sacraments, the life of the Church, and the
outpouring of Divine Mercy.

An ocean of mercy.

A fount of life.

Not something earned, but given.
Not something distant, but present.

The gift poured out once and for all. Nothing held back.

In the Eucharist, that gift remains—offered again and again, not as symbol, but as presence: given here as an eternal source of new life, where death no longer has the final word.

And yet, how often do we live as though it were otherwise?

As though the fountain were shut off for good.
As though we are too broken to be made whole.

We move through our days—through life's intersections—aware of our need for healing, aware of our thirst. Do we slow down?

In the light of Easter morning, we begin to understand a different story.

The water has not ceased. Its source has been opened—and it remains.

It is the living water Jesus promised to the Samaritan woman at the well.

In its outpouring, it is Love and Mercy itself.



The Divine Mercy Image (Hyla version)
Courtesy of the Marian Fathers of the Immaculate
Conception, thedivinemercy.org

O Blood and Water,
which gushed forth
from the Heart of Jesus
as a fount of mercy for us,

I trust in You.

The full Divine Mercy Chaplet may be found at:
thedinemercy.org/message/devotions/pray-the-chaplet

Walking with the Risen Christ

The empty tomb still echoes. Mary Magdalene's voice—the first witness to the Resurrection—lingers in our ears.

"I have seen the Lord!"

—John 20.18

The linens lie folded in silent witness. And just as the sun danced at Fatima, pouring heavenly light upon the earth, the light of the Resurrection has broken over our world once more.

So what now?

For many of us, the story feels as if it leaps straight from the garden tomb to the glory of heaven. Resurrection. Ascension. Done. But after rising from the dead, Jesus did not disappear.

For forty days, the Risen Christ walked among both friends and strangers. Scripture tells us that more than 500 people witnessed His appearance—not as a ghost or a fleeting vision, but in flesh and bone.

He came to Mary and called her by name in the garden, an echo of another meeting in a time

when a far graver darkness filled her.

He came to meet His closest disciples, who hid from authorities in the days after the Crucifixion for fear of their own arrest. His glorified body was not bound by space or time—locked doors could not keep Him from entering into their midst.

He invited Thomas to touch the wound in His side. The doubt he clung to was immediately replaced by the powerful grace of belief:



Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, *The Incredulity of Saint Thomas*,
c. 1601–1602 (oil on canvas, Sanssouci Picture Gallery, Potsdam)

“My Lord and my God!”

—John 20:28

Jesus stood on the shore of the Sea of Galilee at dawn while they fished—a reunion with the fishermen He first called:

Follow Me.

—John 21:19

He ate with them. He spoke with them.



James Tissot, *Jesus Appears on the Shore of Lake Tiberias*
(Sea of Galilee), c. 1886–1894

Yes, He met them in their fear, their doubt, and their everyday routines.

He joined two disciples on the dusty road to Emmaus. He opened the Scriptures so that their hearts burned with understanding.

And in the breaking of the bread, there was recognition.

What can we learn from these days that followed the Resurrection?

Life goes on—apart from death.

The Easter season does not end with the discovery of an empty tomb. This is where our real journey with Christ begins—a journey strengthened by the new life that feeds us.

For forty days, we walk with our Lord and come to understand the full implication of His Resurrection.

With His Ascension into heaven, hope turns into waiting—because He promises to return to us, and He has shown us time and time again how He stands by us in His faithfulness.

We are given an invitation to wait once more. He will come again to meet us—not visible, but in the Spirit.

And this will require a deeper faith in us. Faith beyond what we can see. Faith that is carried on the shoulders of the resurrected Christ.

Continuing the Journey

So let us walk more deliberately with the Risen Christ in the days of Easter before us, lingering in the meaning of the Resurrection and the hope it gives.

Carry the Gospel with you, as Christ carries you. Sit with Him in His Word. Let Scripture become your conversation.

Walk the road to Emmaus—where discouragement gives way to recognition, and hearts are opened in the breaking of the bread.

This season does not end on Easter morning.

Let us learn to see Him more clearly in the light of His Resurrection, and be ready to receive Him when the fullness of His Spirit is given at Pentecost.

And let us become bearers of the hope we have in Christ—for a world in need of His light.

Face to Face

(Luke 24:13–35)

A CONTEMPLATIVE ENCOUNTER

The Supper at Emmaus

In *The Supper at Emmaus*, we are drawn into the moment just before the disciples recognize that it is Christ who sits with them—present, speaking, breaking bread—yet still unrecognized for who He is.



Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio, *The Supper at Emmaus*, 1601
(oil on canvas, National Gallery, London)

The Risen Lord is not always known at first glance.

*He appeared to them
in another form.*

—Mark 16:12

One of the disciples—Cleopas—wears a scallop shell over his heart. It is a pilgrim's sign, a traveler on the road. A small detail, and yet it tells a greater story.

Because the road to Emmaus is not only their journey of faith.

It is ours, too.

And so—what now?

We walk, we listen, we question—even when we do not yet see.

In the spiritual life, we do not look for appearances, but learn to recognize presence—in the way He speaks, in the breaking of the bread, in the kindling of the heart.

His presence may come—sudden as light, or quiet along the road we follow.

When the disciples recognized Jesus in the breaking of the bread, He vanished from their sight—but not from their hearts.

*“Were not our hearts burning
within us while He spoke to us
on the way?”*

—Luke 24:32

And this is how Jesus remains with us, too—not always seen, but known in the heart.



As this first issue draws to a close, my prayer remains—

that in these pages, you have found even a small light to follow, a quiet invitation to turn your heart more fully toward Christ.

Like the sunflower that lifts its face to the morning sun, may we continue, day by day, to turn toward the Son—our Light, our Salvation, our hope.

And as we go forward, may we be gently led onward, and drawn ever more deeply into His light.



Kailua Beach Sunrise, October 2025

Continue the journey:

mirasolmagazine.com

© 2026 Kim Kilmer
spinningforjesus.com