

Mirasol

M A G A Z I N E

Turn Toward The Son

Given.



Pentecost • May 2026 • Issue 02

Receive the Holy Spirit.

— John 20:22

Welcome back! In this second issue of *Mirasol*, my goal is to draw a portrait of the Holy Spirit for those of us (myself included) who can find it challenging to describe just *what*, or rather *who*, He is when talking with nonbelievers.

Today's secular culture often speaks of 'spirit' as though it were a cosmic, free-floating, energy-driven, impersonal force. Not the deeply intimate, personal presence given by Jesus Christ at our baptism to reign in our hearts and bring us to God the Father.

God's own Spirit— personal, indwelling. A “who”, not a “what”. We must believe this first.

In his final words before ascending to Heaven, Jesus says in no uncertain terms that He remains in us, through the Holy Spirit:

*And behold, I am with you always,
to the close of the age.*

Matthew 28:20

The Holy Spirit is our compass, guiding us into all Truth. He moves like wind, sets our hearts on fire, and fills us with a song whose beauty can never be fully expressed.

But how many of us rush through our days turning a blind eye to His prompts?

The gifts of the Holy Spirit are not abilities, but signs of His life in us. When we open our hearts to Him, we are strengthened and drawn into deeper communion with Christ. Transformed. Our faith galvanized.

This is the key: opening our hearts to allow the Holy Spirit to lead us past the many roadblocks our culture places in our way, keeping us from God.

So let's ponder how the Spirit of Truth reveals Himself, always leading us homeward in our daily journeys of faith.

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

— Romans 15:13

Kim Kilmer
Pentecost 2026



Ruach

The Hebrew word *ruach* (ROO-akh) means wind, breath, and spirit—one reality, moving in different ways.

Twenty-nine words into Scripture, the Spirit appears.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. The earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit (ruach) of God was moving over the face of the waters.

Genesis 1:1-2

Nothing had taken shape yet. The world was unformed, waiting. And the Spirit moved—not seen, not grasped, but present. In that movement, creation began to take form. And God spoke into the void:

Let there be light.

Genesis 1:3

Next, we witness *ruach* as the breath of the soul—breathed into the first man.

then the LORD God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath (ruach) of life; and man became a living soul.

Genesis 2: 7

The first breath drawn into human lungs. We know this breath in every exchange of air passing in and out of us. On a cold morning, we glimpse it briefly as we exhale—visible for a moment, then gone.

And with breath comes voice.

We move through the world animated by the Spirit. Given breath, we answer with it—in prayer, in praise, in speech, in song.

Our broken world reveals how this freedom can be misused. God draws us toward Himself from within, yet we still try to reach Him by ourselves.

In the Garden, humanity opened itself to that distortion—the desire not merely to receive from God, but to possess what belonged to Him alone.

Jesus warns us of the danger of refusing the Spirit:

Whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit will never have forgiveness...

Mark 3:29

What the Spirit gives life to, we can also resist. The breath remains offered, but it must still be received.

Throughout the Old Testament, we hear the Holy Spirit moving through the prophets again and again.

*Then God spoke.
The Spirit of the Lord came upon me.*

The prophets speak—not from themselves alone. Carried like sails filled with wind, they bear the Word of God into the world.

The Spirit does not replace the human voice. He fills it.

In the New Testament, the Apostles describe what this voice of God moving within them felt like:

Men spoke from God as they were carried along by the Holy Spirit.

2 Peter 1:21

The Spirit that hovered over the waters in Genesis and brought forth light out of darkness, brings Christ into the world. With Mary's great *fiat*, the Word became flesh:

The Holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you.

Luke 1:35

In Christ, God is rejoined with mankind once again.



At Pentecost, our ascended Lord returns the breath he promised—he makes the gift of the Holy Spirit personal, to dwell within us in our baptism. To sustain us; to be the breath of new life—our *ruach*.

We sense His movement when our spirits lift, sink, or are stirred. We feel the quiet warning against what diminishes life—and the deeper pull toward what is true and good.

This is the shape of the Spirit within us: sustaining, guiding, giving voice to prayer, praise, and love when we allow ourselves to be led by Him.

We see its effects, even without controlling it or fully comprehending it:

The wind blows where it wills, and you can hear the sound it makes, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes; so it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit.

John 3:8

For in him we live and move and have our being, as also some of your own poets have said, ‘We are his offspring.’

Acts 17:28



We should think of the Spirit with every heartbeat, for He connects us to Jesus:

I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.

John 14:6



The Fire and the Wings

There's a song by John Denver I've loved since I was a kid growing up in Colorado. It's not the extremely popular "*Take Me Home, Country Roads*" that virtually every musician plays a version of.

Rather, it's a quiet but soaring track called, "*The Wings that Fly Us Home*". The end of the lyric rejoices:

*And the Spirit fills the darkness of the heavens
it fills the endless yearning of the soul
it lives within a star too far to dream of
it lives within each part and is the whole
it's the fire and the wings that fly us home.*

— Words by Joe Henry, music by John Denver

It was always the final line that brought tears to my eyes. When I returned to the Church several years ago, I finally recognized—truly *understood*—why.

This fire and wings? It was the third person of the Trinity—**The Holy Spirit**.

I know this should have been obvious to me all along—but as a child growing up in the 70's, I was already being publicly educated to think of the Spirit in more “universal” terms.

Not as the *actual* indwelling presence of God given to me at my baptism. Not the personal counselor who requires only the willingness of our hearts to allow Him to carry us, help us find our way in dark moments, lead us past all the obstacles in this world that block the eyes of our hearts from knowing God's light.

The joy in my heart when I finally received this gift of understanding from the Holy Spirit is difficult to describe. The Psalmists' words capture it beautifully:

*Where shall I go from your Spirit?
Or where shall I flee from your presence?...*

Psalm 139:7

I understand now that the fire that ignited the Psalmists' hearts and the wings that lifted them are the same that live in each of us, when we open our hearts to the Holy Spirit.

*If I take the wings of the morning
and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
even there your hand shall lead me,
and your right hand shall hold me.
If I say, "Let only the darkness cover me,
and the light about me be night,"
even the darkness is not dark to you,
the night is bright as the day;
for darkness is as light with you.*

Psalm 139:9-12

And in Scripture, God reveals Himself not only in this fire that burns within our hearts, but visibly. He is the bush that burns without being consumed. The pillar in the wilderness that leads by night.

His is the fire that refines—that perfects our souls.

He is the presence in the furnace that keeps the fire from consuming those who trust in Him and

then gives us voice to sing.

And this fire is fueled by the breath of God. The Spirit—the breath, the *ruach*—sustains the fire of faith within us. Its force lifts us upward, soaring.

Jesus calls Him the Paraclete—the Comforter and Advocate who stands beside us. The One who comes to lead us.

The One who is ready to accompany us when words fail. To pray for us when our words falter.

The Spirit himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words.

Romans 8:26

I thank God every day for the gift of His Holy Spirit. For opening my heart to allow Him free rein.

To be the fire and the wings that guide me home.

I Will Not Leave You Orphaned

There is a moment in Gospel of John, just before the Passion begins, where Jesus says something the disciples did not know what to do with:

It is to your advantage that I go away.

John 16:7

Better that I leave. Better for you.

Imagine being in that room when He said it. Three years of following Him—watching Him heal and teach and raise the dead—three years of your life reshaped around His presence. And now He is telling you it is better that He go.

What could possibly be better than this? What could replace walking beside the Son of God?

He explains: If I do not go, the Helper will not come to you. But if I go, I will send Him to you.

The word He uses is Paraclete—the one called alongside. But the word carries more than companionship. In a legal sense, the Paraclete is the advocate who stands with the accused—who speaks on their behalf, who does not leave when the outcome is uncertain.

Jesus had been that for them. Walking beside them, defending them, explaining what they could not yet understand.

Now He promises a different presence—not beside them, but within them. Not limited by place or time or a human body limited to one place, but a presence that could be with each of them, everywhere.

I will not leave you as orphans.

John 14:18

That word—orphans—is not accidental. They were about to lose the One around whom their whole lives had come to rest. He knew what that would feel like. And He did not offer consolation for the loss. He promised something greater.

Saint Paul prays that “the eyes of your hearts be enlightened.”

The Spirit does not merely comfort the soul. He illumines it—teaching us to recognize the presence of God where we once moved blindly past it.

The Incarnation brought God near.

Pentecost would place God within us. The Spirit is not one gift among many. He is the condition that makes all the other gifts possible.

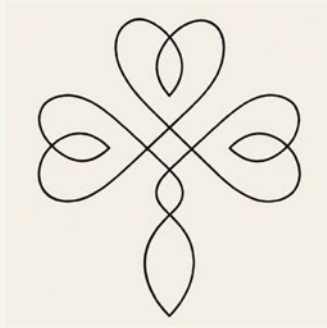
The Incarnation brought God into our midst.

But Pentecost placed God *within* us.

Do we live as though this is true? If the Spirit of God lives within us—not as metaphor, not as aspiration, but as fact—what would it mean to live from that reality?

Many of us carry our faith in one hand and our ordinary life in the other, bringing them together on Sundays or in moments of need.

But the Paraclete does not visit. He does not come and go. He is present in the ordinary—the Monday morning confusion, the afternoon fatigue, the hour when everything feels heavy and we do not know what to do next.



The Incarnation brought God near.

Pentecost would place God *within* us.

The disciples did not yet fully understand the fullness of what Christ was promising them.

Only that He had said:

I will not leave you as orphans. I will come to you. In a little while, the world will no longer see me, but you will see me. Because I live, you also will live. On that day, you will know that I am in my Father, and you in me, and I in you.

John 14:18-20

And so they waited.

Come, Holy Spirit



*Come, Holy Spirit,
fill the hearts of your faithful
and kindle in them the fire of your love.*

*Send forth your Spirit and they shall be created,
and you shall renew the face of the earth.*

Amen.

Babel Undone

And God said to them, Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth.

Genesis 1:28

From the very beginning, God intended His breath of life—His Holy Spirit—to move outward, filling the world.

The earth He created was a domain to be covered with life born in His image.

But what should have been embraced by the human heart and spread to others in cooperation with God's Spirit was instead resisted.

And this is the root of sin: A heart that closes itself to God's voice and insists on its own way. Stubborn. Full of pride.

Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower with its top in the heavens, and let us make a name for ourselves, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

Genesis 11:4

God's early commandment to His people to go out and fill the earth might have gripped their hearts with terror. So many unknowns! They felt safer within the walls of a community where

everyone spoke the same language. And they saw no limit to “how high” they could go within those confines.

We can probably relate to this fear even today, because our hearts are still prone to fear of the unknown. Of not trusting in God. Losing faith.

The comfort of remaining among those who speak as we do, think as we do, fear as we do in a world that grows increasingly difficult to understand.

And just as with the Tower of Babel, aren't we inclined to try to build ourselves upward, apart from God? To seek personal greatness and permanence that does not depend on Him?

When God saw this resistance of His people to trust Him, he scattered them not in cruelty—but in mercy. (And notice the “us” here; Father, Son, and Spirit in One).

Come, let us go down, and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one another's speech...Therefore its name was called Babel, because there the LORD confused the language of all the earth; and from there the LORD scattered them abroad over the face of all the earth.

Genesis 11:7-9

The confusion of tongues at Babel was not done in cruelty, but correction. God never departs



Tower of Babel — Pieter Bruegel the Elder, 1563

from drawing us to Himself. And this is still His command: Spread my Word. Grow *upward into me*.

For thousands of years, the language of mankind remained broken.

Until the day of Pentecost.

Now God's people were gathered in consent to a different command—waiting for what Jesus had promised. When it arrived, it was sudden and swift.

First the wind.

Rushing and filling the whole house.

And then fire.

Not the fire of a forge bending raw material into a monument, but fire resting gently on each of them present.

And then a new language. One that united them all. Parthians, Medes, Elamites. Visitors from Rome. Cretans and Arabs.

What Babel fractured, the Spirit now carried and restored. Filling each one, He forged them into a new “whole”.

Each tongue of fire a vessel of the Word of God—convicting each of their hearts with its presence and Truth.

Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you always, to the close of the age.

Matthew 28:18-20

At Babel, humanity moved in a different direction—upwardly aspiring, apart from God.



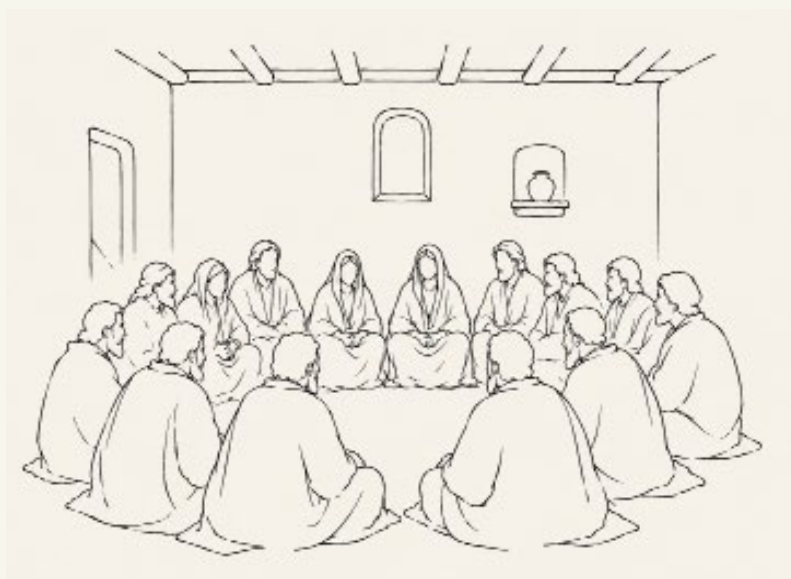
Holy Spirit — Lance Brown, 2019

At Pentecost, the Spirit descended once again
with the same command. *Go forth.*

At Pentecost, the Spirit crossed every border
through a language every heart could recognize.

He gathers us together and leads us upward
joined in a living God, whose love knows no
bounds.

Praise be to God.
Unite us with your Holy Spirit.



The Upper Room

A Meditation on Acts 2:1–4

We had been waiting for ten days. It may not sound like a long time, but the anticipation of what we awaited made each one feel like it stretched before us for miles.

After Jesus ascended—after the cloud took Him from our sight and we stood there on the hillside with our necks craned upward perplexed—two men in white appeared. They told us to stop looking up, to go back to Jerusalem, and to wait. That Jesus would return to us in the same way that He had just left.

So we went back.
And we waited.

There were about a hundred and twenty of us altogether—the eleven of us who had gathered to share the Passover meal with Jesus just weeks before, plus more than a hundred of His closest disciples. Here, in this upper room, He had washed our feet, broken the bread and said words about a new covenant that we were still turning over in our minds.

We prayed together and remained there. Mary, His mother, was with us, and her presence steadied us. Looking at her face, I held onto hope over my despair.

But the waiting was hard.

We had seen Him risen. We had touched the wounds. We had eaten with Him on the shore. And then He had gone again.

I will be with you until the close of the age, He had said. So where was He? Would He return to us again, as He had after the Resurrection?

The city filled for the feast of Shavuot.

Pilgrims rushed about getting ready for the harvest festival—to remember God's gift of the Torah to Moses at Mount Sinai. I remember

sitting near the window, watching them, and thinking for the first time since the Crucifixion:

What if nothing happens? What if we wait here, and He doesn't come?

And then something else came.

The sound arrived before anything was visible—it filled the house like a great wind, but without the movement of air. It came from every direction at once, rushing in.

It uplifted my heart—made me feel more alive than ever. I looked around the room and could tell everyone else felt it too.

And then came fire.

Not in the form of a wild blaze, but as many small, individual flames that looked like tongues, resting on each person. Resting upon us, burning within us, yet without consuming.

I felt as though something tightly folded within me unfurled all at once.

And I started speaking.

Not in my native Aramaic, or in the Greek I knew from the market. Instead, my lips spoke a language I'd never heard before— and yet I fully

understood every word I was saying.

Others were speaking it, too! The room was full of sound and light and a joy so sharp it cast away all the pain we'd been holding onto.

Peter went to the window. Of course it was Peter.

He looked down at the crowd gathering below, and something in his face changed. The man who had once denied the Lord now stood again—but not as the same man.

He opened his mouth and spoke.



Peter's Pentecost Sermon — Carl Schmauk, 1913

We did not understand it then—not fully. Only this: what had been promised had come. What had been given with the Torah was given anew.

What Jesus had promised to deliver to us from the Father—the Holy Spirit—had arrived.

The Word now lived in us by this Spirit. Jesus was now alive in us!

*and you show that you are a
letter from Christ delivered by us,
written not with ink but with the
Spirit of the living God, not on
tablets of stone but on tablets of
human hearts.*

2 Corinthians 3:3



The Gifts of the Spirit

The Church speaks of seven gifts of the Holy Spirit — wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord.

But these are not qualities we work up through effort or will. They are movements of God within us. Ways the Spirit slowly opens the soul to see more clearly, love more freely, endure more faithfully.

He does not erase who we are. He unfolds what was folded inward.

And when He moves within a person, something becomes visible from the outside — a clarity that was not there before, a courage that exceeds the fear, a peace that holds steady when nothing else does.

We recognize the Spirit not only by what He says, but by what He does.

He Moves Us to Wisdom

Wisdom is seeing as God sees — knowing what is lasting, what is true, what finally matters. Peter at Pentecost is not the same man who stumbled through fear in the courtyard. The fisherman who once could not hold his nerve now

stands before a crowd and speaks without flinching.

Let all the house of Israel therefore know...

What had been confusion becomes certainty. Not achieved.

Given.

Sometimes wisdom arrives quietly — as the slow recognition that we have spent years chasing what cannot satisfy. The Spirit reorders what we thought we knew.

He Moves Us to Understanding

Two disciples walk the road to Emmaus with Christ beside them and do not know Him. Only later, at the table, in the breaking of bread, do their eyes finally open.

Did not our hearts burn within us?

Understanding is that burning. The Spirit does not merely give information — He illuminates meaning. What once seemed distant becomes suddenly alive, suddenly personal.

It unfolds slowly, most of the time. Like something long folded inward finally opening to the light.

He Moves Us to Counsel

The early Church faced questions no one had prepared for. Who belonged? What did faithfulness require? At the council of Jerusalem, the apostles did not gather to win arguments. They gathered to listen.

It has seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us...

Counsel is the Spirit's quiet guidance when the path forward is unclear — a deep interior sense that one direction leads toward life and another does not.

He speaks gently.

But gently does not mean weakly.

He Moves Us to Fortitude

After Pentecost, Peter and John stand before the same authorities who condemned Jesus. They are threatened. They are warned to be silent. But they do not turn back.

We cannot but speak of what we have seen and heard.

Fortitude is the moment faith becomes larger than fear. It is not the absence of trembling — it is remaining faithful even while trembling.

And sometimes fortitude is quieter than we imagine. Sometimes it is simply getting up and continuing on an ordinary day when giving up would feel easier.

He Moves Us to Knowledge

When Paul stands in Athens before the philosophers, he does not begin with condemnation. He begins with recognition — seeing beneath their searching the deeper longing that God Himself placed there.

In Him we live and move and have our being.

Knowledge is the gift of seeing the world rightly. Not as disconnected pieces, but as creation held within the presence of God. The Spirit reorders our vision until the things we once grasped after begin to loosen, and what endures becomes more luminous.

He Moves Us to Piety

The early Christians devoted themselves to prayer, to fellowship, to the breaking of bread. Their faith was not merely belief held in the mind — it was a shared life shaped around the presence of Christ.

Piety is that turning. Not holiness performed for others to see, but love lived faithfully in the ordinary moments no one else witnesses.

The heart that is truly pious does not announce itself. It simply stays close.

He Moves Us to Fear of the Lord

When Isaiah beholds the glory of God, he becomes suddenly, overwhelmingly aware of his own smallness.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts.

But the vision does not end in despair. It ends in willingness.

Here I am. Send me.

Fear of the Lord is not terror — it is awe. The gift of seeing God as God, and ourselves rightly before Him. It arrives sometimes in beauty, sometimes in silence, sometimes in grief, sometimes in the sudden awareness that life itself is more sacred than we usually allow ourselves to see.

The Spirit humbles us not to crush us.
But to make room for wonder.

These are not seven separate movements. They are one Spirit, working in different ways — guiding, strengthening, illuminating, transforming.

Children receive them more naturally. They trust more easily. They surrender more readily. As we grow older, the temptation is to close in — to rely only on what we can control, explain, or accomplish alone.

And yet the Spirit keeps offering.
The gifts unfold as the relationship unfolds. Not
rushed. Not forced.

Given, not achieved.
Received — and lived.

But a gift can be given and still remain un-
opened.

The question is not whether He is giving.
The question is whether we are receiving.



The Inner Room

There was no rushing wind. No visible fire. No voice I could have recorded. It was a cold winter night, and the hotel room was below ground level—the only one left when I arrived.

I accepted it without complaint because I didn't expect to sleep.

My son was in a hospital nearby, fighting through a medical crisis. I'd travelled more than 15 hours to reach him, several more with him and the doctors, and now there was nothing left for me to do but wait.

Wait and see.

And I was alone in that dim room beneath street level, feeling as though I could sink no lower. My heart felt like lead.

There was no television on. No distraction I wanted. Just silence.

And suddenly, the weight of that moment—along with every other burden I had been carrying for months—brought me to my knees for the first time in years.

And then I did something even more important:

I talked to God.

Not mechanically. Not with polished prayers or carefully chosen words. It was messy.

The Spirit himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words.

Romans 8:26

For the first time, I stopped pretending I could carry all of this on my own.

Then I thought of Mary, the Mother of God. Not abstractly, but as a mother standing at the foot of the cross, surrendering herself to the Father's will even in unbearable sorrow.

And somewhere in that silence, something in me finally let go.

Whatever You decide, he is Yours.
He has always been Yours.

What happened next I have spent years trying to describe.

The closest language I have found is this: I felt as though I was being breathed into.

Filled.

An expansion from within lifted the weight pressing against my heart. A vast and gentle presence simply held me.

I didn't expect it. It simply arrived.

At the time, I didn't fully understand what was happening to me. I only knew that something had met me there in the silence with a tenderness and strength that did not come from myself. Looking back now, I think that was the beginning of learning to recognize the Spirit's movement in my life.

My son did recover, though the road was rough for a time. But I no longer feared the future in the same way. And I wanted everyone I loved to know that we are never alone.

I have carried that hotel room experience with me ever since. I still worry. I still fail many times to trust God completely. But the surrender of that night was honest, and it changed me.

I know now there is no place so low that Christ will not meet us there. Not with noise—but with presence.

But when you pray, go into your inner room, close the door and pray to your Father who is in secret...

Matthew 6:6

Sometimes the Spirit waits for us there—in the quiet room beneath all the noise, where we finally run out of words and discover we were never alone.



In the Garden

I didn't set out knowing that I would write this piece. It just grew out of a quiet desire to go somewhere relaxing and enjoy nature's beauty. I considered the beach. And then, a hike. And then I let Jesus take the wheel, and we ended up at Ho'omaluhia Botanical Garden in Kāne'ohe, near my house.

Ho'omaluhia means a place of peace and refuge. It has certainly been that for me on many occasions over the years.

Driving in, I passed a small stone structure

half-hidden in the green hillside that I somehow never noticed before. A sign beside it read: *Charcoal Kiln, 1900, Historic Site*. After passing it, I felt the need to turn around and go back for a quick snapshot.



Further into the garden, a tree in full flower—explosive with bright yellow and orange—caught my attention. I pulled over and parked so I could walk up closer. A sign tacked into the ground identified it as a *Yellow Saraca*.

I started snapping more pics of its gorgeous clusters of flowers.

Something about them seemed unusual, and I couldn't quite figure out why. I googled for more information about the tree and discovered that the *Saraca* is a *cauliflorous* tree, meaning its flowers emerge directly from the trunk and branches instead of from the outer tips.

So this was it! How did I not notice? The orange blossoms burst straight from the bark itself—from knots and scars and rough places in the wood.



I stood beneath the tree and looked up. The entire trunk burned with blossom from base to crown—a ladder of fire, flowers springing from nearly every scar along the spine.

And suddenly I thought how often the Spirit emerges in us—not only through our strengths, but through the very places where life has marked us deepest.

By then the park was nearing closing time, so I began the slow drive out. Passing by the charcoal kiln again, I understood something else.

A kiln is a place of fire that transforms. Raw wood goes in; charcoal comes out—a byproduct that burns longer, hotter, and cleaner than it was in its original state.

Not consumed, but changed into something greater.

And I compared this to the Spirit's fire—not a fire that destroys, but a fire that refines the soul. As I neared home, I made a last-second decision to turn toward a marshland near my house and enjoy a path I hadn't walked in a long time. I wasn't ready for my day's adventure to end.

The sun was lowering by then, and the whole afternoon filled me with peace.

I walked for almost an hour and was almost back

to my car when a single white feather caught my eye. The setting sun illuminated it from behind as it rested upright in the dried head of a wildflower beside the water.

It looked almost suspended there.
Like a dove paused in descent.

and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove...

Matthew 3:16

I gazed at it and Jesus' words came to me:

The wind blows where it will, and you hear its sound, but you do not know where it comes from or where it goes. So it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit.

John 3:8

As I headed home, I reflected on the way I'd wandered that afternoon without ever really knowing



where I was going to end up. Like a feather in the breeze.

And yet my whole day felt strangely purposeful—gently guided by a force that directed my attention to things like kilns, flowers, and feathers.

Things that gave rise to the Spirit in me.

And then another passage echoed in my mind:

And they heard the sound of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day...

Genesis 3:8

In the beginning, God walked with humanity in a garden.

On this day, He walked with me.

By the time I pulled into my driveway, I found myself sitting quietly in the car for a moment, overwhelmed with gratitude—for the garden, for the walk, for the quiet companionship of the afternoon, and for the gentle ways the Spirit meets us.

And how sometimes in the places we never intended to go, we discover He has been there all along—walking with us, as He was in the beginning, is now, and ever will be.

Continue the journey:

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