

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
Foundress of The Work of the Church

The great Mystery of the Incarnation

*sublime wonder
of the Father's love for men,
brought about in the most pure womb
of the Virgin,
who, through the infinite murmur
of the Holy Spirit,
broke out in divine Motherhood,
giving us the Son of God himself
become Man,
so that availing ourselves of the mystery
of his life, death and resurrection,
perpetuated in the bosom
of the holy Mother Church,
we might be brought to the infinite banquet
of Him who is the eternal Happiness
in Trinity of Persons,
the sole purpose for which we have been created*



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THE GREAT MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION

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Christ's humanity is the spouse of the Word, the delight and enjoyment of the three divine Persons; a new creation, in which and through which, the most high God himself, becoming Man and forgiving the sin that man had committed against the infinite Holiness, can manifest to us the recondite mysteries of his adorable being, in a song of love.

Oh Christ of mine! what almost infinite nuances You have placed in your humanity, becoming yourself the wonder You sing, through your human voice, the infinite perfections and incomparable secrets of God's mysterious being.

Soul of Christ, in which God himself, looking at his Word, fashioned, as a new creation, above all that had been created in a finite way, all the infinite perfections and nuances that, in his most simple being, He *is*... What a participation and transformation, yours, in each one of the infinite perfections that, in infinity of nuances, break out, through an infinity of perfections, in one sole and simple perfection...!

What a concert of harmonies is the humanity of my Christ! a most fine lyre where the very Word of Life plays his harmony to manifest himself in word to men.

Oh ineffable tenderness of Christ...! Oh Song-Love of my Bridegroom...! Oh harmonic concert of the Word's soul...! I want to set myself today, attracted by the smell of your perfumes, to listen, in intimate and loving prayer, to your deep vibrations at your hypostatic contact with the Word, and your loving contact with the Father of infinite fecundity and with the Holy Spirit, in whom You, oh Incarnate Word, burned and burn, in a delirium of love, in the impetuous flames of his being Person-Love in the Trinity.

Oh Christ of mine, come on, give me the Look with which You looked, and your Word itself, and the fire of Love in which You burn, so that I may say something, oh my Incarnate God! of that which, as *soul-Church*, I discover in your most holy soul.

Oh creation of the human nature of my Christ...! The whole Trinity, in its immutable self-subsistence, is as though in a delirium of infinite love, swift and joyful, bejewelling and bedecking, beautifying and enriching that creature who, coming out of its hands, had to be the most fine lyre through which the very Word

of Life would utter his *sound* of divinity to all the angels and to all men.

Never had any creature, until then, vibrated and resounded in a vibration almost infinite the sublime infinity of the Uncreated One.

What a concert of perfections...! The whole creation contained in Christ; all the created perfections, compiled in the Incarnate Word; and all the infinitudes of the uncreated God's being, expressed by sharing in the soul of Him who had to be the Word of Life...

Oh wonder of ineffable light...! It is the uncreated Light the one that, charging lovingly through the Holy Spirit on Christ's humanity, bedecked it and made it so beautiful, so beautiful! that the very infinite Word, not being able to restrain himself any longer at the impetuous fire of the Holy Spirit that pushed Him and of the Father Love who sent Him, unites himself hypostatically to that creature that, like a most fine harp, when uniting itself to the Word of the Life, reverberating in it this close and profound union between God and his creature, so closely they merged, that, in the infinitely loving beat of that divine meeting, shaking it in the Holy Spirit, the Word of the Father made it utter his same Voice of divinity throughout the whole of heaven and to all the ends of the earth.

And in this way was manifested, through the human nature of Christ, that eternal Concert of ineffable finenesses which, in silence, the Word is singing in an outburst of *being* infinite and in an immutable silence of being essentially most simple and silent.

Oh Christ of mine, what a silence in your soul! and in what silence my being has to listen to You to grasp your divine vibrations...!

– In silence...! “So I will allure her; I will lead her into the desert and speak to her heart.”¹ To the loneliness of my Being, of my intimacy, of my participation; to my loneliness, where, alone with me, when perceiving the *sound* of my concert, it may vibrate with my same vibrating, sharing in my eternal harmony.

Oh human nature of Jesus...! The Word of Life has been so intimately and closely united to you, and you to Him, in an adaptation as though infinite, that his most imperceptible vibrations reverberate in you; as it is your life and not being able to be other than that of the very most high God himself, since you have united yourself hypostatically with God in the Person of the Word.

And, being lost in the *Being's being*, you entered through your contemplation, at the very

¹ Hos 2, 16.

instant of your hypostatic union, in the harmonious silence of the *being of God himself*. And there, absorbed in his virginal smoothness, immersed and saturated in the eternal currents and in the most simple fecundity of his life, you, enjoying in a unique participation, delirious with love, the infinite vibration of the Word of the Father, get lost in the eternal currents of the bosom of the most high God.

What an ecstasy of love, oh Christ of mine, that of your soul at the very instant of its creation, which participating almost infinitely in God, in perfect saturation and total inundation, sees that, by its transformation into God's being, participates as its own due to its eternal wedding with the uncreated Word in each one of his attributes and perfections...!

What a spiritual marriage with the most holy God himself...! A perfect marriage, in which the common goods are given and returned as an infinite gift of eternal wedding.

What a joy for Christ's soul which, living on the joyful gladness of God, vibrating in unison with the three divine Persons in the infinite joy of their eternal happiness, participates to an eminent degree in all and each one of the attributes and perfections of the infinite Being...!

Oh soul of Christ, that contemplated face to face the infinite infinity of the fecundity of the

divine Being...! What an eternal joy, yours, when seeing yourself as the bride of the Word, and, as such, having in fullness and saturation, as your own possession, the inexhaustible treasures of your eternal Spouse...!

With what happiness, at the very instant of your creation, you would hear from the Word those words which, engraved in you, did what they said in an eternal utterance, as a donation of a Bridegroom as a wedding gift, words that to you tasted of eternal life, "Everything of mine is yours and everything of yours, that I have given you, is mine!"²

And what would your joy be when seeing that this utterance, because it was the utterance of the Word, was a participation in the very being of God that, in his pronouncing himself, was giving himself to you, since what God says He does...!

And at that very instant, seized in the loving impetus of the eternal currents, you sank with the divine pupils, in the same look of your Person, in the contemplation of the divine being, that, as a gift of your nuptials, the infinite Word gave to you as possession: his very eternal *being*, which, in infinity of attributes and perfections, breaks out in infinity of nuances that are one sole perfection. And profoundly

² Cfr. Jn 17, 10.

immersed and joyful, delirious of love, you ran, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, through the recondite and arcane mysteries of the glorious divine being.

What an ecstasy of love is yours! that, as a creature and despite being a creature, you strolled saturating yourself as lady of your possessions, being queen of angels and of men... And there you saw yourself as love of the Love himself, by justice, participating in the same Justice that lovingly poured out on you.

And created to be the sole bride of the Word, when you saw yourself transformed in all the attributes of the uncreated God, you jumped out of joy in the Holy Spirit with the participation in the eternal *being*; seeing yourself delicacy of his same delicacy and enjoying the height of the untouchable God, saturating yourself with the silence, with the happiness, with the goodness... And in that expression of the Word in you, you felt that you were a fecund word, that sang and expressed the eternal saying himself of the Word in your being.

Soul of Christ, bride of the second Person of the adorable Trinity, from the first instant of your being you contemplated the divine life! There are no veils for the soul of the Incarnate Word! There are no veils, so that You, my Bri-

degroom, may contemplate the infinite excellences of your very Person! There are no veils for Christ's humanity, by which and through its hypostatic spousal, the veil of the Father's Bosom would tear itself so that all men, having overcome the test, would be able to enter into that adorable bosom that you, through your hypostatic union, would open to us! There are no veils for the bride of the Incarnate Word, because, in the infinite Look of the fecund Father, from the first instant of its being, it sensed, saturated itself, deepened itself and penetrated into the arcane mysteries of God's *being!*

The look of Christ, lost in the Look of the Father, contemplated with its look the infinite Being of his glorious being. What raptures of love when savouring, in that sole eternal look of the fecund Father, the unending and unsuspected riches of the excellences of the divine *being...!* How, plunged into the sublime contemplation of God, you would break out in an eternal Holy! and how, in that look, you would get lost in an uninterrupted ecstasy of love and a supreme saturation in the Trinity's bosom...!

How will my human lips be able to express your eternal ecstasy at the contemplation of God? How will I be able to express with my rough words the mysterious secrets and the unfathomable depths in which your clean and pe-

netrating look sank? How will I be able to say, with my limited and finite expression, oh Christ's humanity, your expression, as the fruit of your contemplation, in your very Person?

Say yourself, oh Word of Life, in my being of a virgin in love, so that I may be able to say something of the almost infinite joy that saturated your soul!

The Father himself, who does not have any delight apart from his Word, has given you in eternal possession and in total donation, the day of your spousal, his very Look, with which you, as your own, can contemplate without veils his same infinite beauty.

He has also given you his same eternal *subsistent being* so that you may also possess it; and in his same *subsistent being*, you have received as a gift the same being of God by participation.

And if that were not enough, as a wedding gift, the most high God has given you that men be, in you and through you, "Gods though you be, offspring of the Most High all of you."³

Day of the Incarnation...! Day of gifts, of feasts, of eternal spousal between the Creator and the creature...

³ Ps 82, 6.

The Creator regales his creature so infinitely, that this one, delirious of love, breaking out through its very Person in an infinite Canticle, sings the new Canticle, the great Canticle, in a jubilant cry of participation; and, with this Song, it says to the Father how glorious, how infinite, how fecund and how Father He himself *is*.

Human nature of Christ, lost, plunged, regaled and bejewelled by all the delight of the most high God who lovingly gives himself totally to you, what would you think when you saw yourself so extolled? What jubilation-love would pierce you in the gladdening flames of the Holy Spirit...! How, faced with the powerlessness of your limited being, in participation in the infinite *being*, you would put your mouth in the mouth of the Word, to burst infinitely in a Canticle of love and praise to the divine Being...! Yes, how, embraced by and united hypostatically to the infinite Word, availing yourself of your Person, you would burst, singing of love, into a glorious explosion; you would unburden yourself of your whole exigency of singing to God, and you would rest when seeing that, in your very Person, you sang to Him infinitely, you sang the new Canticle, the great Canticle that only God can sing to himself...!

Oh Christ of mine, You sing to the Father in your Person the infinite Song of *being himself* glorious that only He can sing to himself in his Word.!

What an embrace that of Christ's humanity with the Word of Life...! What dialogues of love in eternal spousal, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit that shrouded it, saturated it and united it to the Word, its Bridegroom...!

How delirious from happiness, adhered to all the movements of the Word, you would not have any other life than his, and by exigency of your union with Him, you could not do any thing other than what He did...! And, as the fruit of your contemplation with the Father and of your song with the Word, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, you burst out into the Word, singing to the Father, and the Word burst out through you singing to men. And not only You, my Christ, being Man sing to God as God himself, but You sing infinitely, as God, to men.

Oh Christ of mine! Sole bridge through which men go to God and through which God gives himself to men...! [...]⁴

God now has, yes, God now has a Man who, being Man, is God...!

God now has a Man who, being God, is Man...!

Heaven now has a Man who is the Word of Life...!

⁴ This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed opportune to publish in the authoress' life.

Earth now has, in a Man, the Word of the Father...!

Oh, the moment of the Incarnation...! I see the Man being God and God being Man...! And I cannot explain it...!

I see the total difference of the two natures...! and the union of the two natures in only one Person...! [...]; I see God being God, separated at an infinite distance from the human nature of Christ... And that through his intimate, hypostatic union, Christ is God... And I cannot explain it! [...]

Lord, stunned and translimited my capacity, at your infinity and what still remains for me to understand, burned with the Holy Spirit for having penetrated with the look of the Father, and for my participation with the Word, as an expression of this same look, into the great reality of my Christ, I adore You!

The Word is singing in heaven his infinite Song, which He, as the Word, sings eternally. Now the Incarnate Word, expressive outburst of God's *being*, is singing the infinite Song to men...!

What a joy, what a happiness and what a pleasure, to see that Christ sings the infinite Song that only God can sing to himself, and He sings it to God and to Men...!

Oh terrible mystery of the Incarnation...! Oh mystery of God's delight towards man...! Oh mystery of love of the Creator towards the creature...! Oh, mystery of infinite gift with which the, most high God himself gives to man through Christ, from Mary, his divinity itself...!

Oh Christ of mine, how terrible You are...! How I see You...! I adore You, because You are the Uncreated by reason of your divine Person, created in your human nature...! God-Man...! Man-God...! Mystery of the Incarnation...! [...]

Jesus, filigree of the infinite Love... Oh my Incarnate Word! give me your Word so that I may flatter You adequately. You are my Christ and You are my Word and You are my God...! Give yourself to me, in your *being yourself* God-Man, so that I can tell You in your Word and love You in your Person.

The Father, the Word and the Holy Spirit are pouring themselves out pleasingly over Christ's humanity in an infinite kiss, which They are depositing in it through the Holy Spirit himself.

How terrible is the mystery of the union of God with man in the womb of Mary...!

How much the three divine Persons love the human nature of Christ...! The Father is pouring himself impetuously over it in the divine

current of his eternal Look. The Word, perfect Image of the Father, the greatest Expression of the divine Wisdom, has incrustated himself in it in an ineffable hypostatic union, making it the beloved and sole Bride of his *being himself* Word. And the Holy Spirit, coming out swift and blissful from the Father's loving and paternal delight which pours over it, and from the Word bewedded to it, rushes enamoured of and captivated by the beauty of its face, kissing it with the infinite Kiss of trinitarian union, and burning it in his impetuous flames.

Oh Christ's humanity, which are the human nature of the Incarnate Word...! How I see you plunged into the life of the Trinity...! You are the perfect reflection of the most high God himself, immaculate mirror in which the three divine Persons look at themselves and take pleasure in each other.

Oh Christ of mine, I see You immersed into the Divine Family, because, even though I see You at an infinite distance from the Deity in your human nature, by reason of your Person You are God.

Holy Spirit, burn, burn the soul of the Word of Life... Holy Spirit, but see that it is a creature, and if You burn it in the impetuous fire with which You love it, You would reduce it to nothing. But no! for its Bridegroom, the Word

of Life, sustains it so that You can unload on it the infinite impetus of your love.

Holy Spirit, see that it is small, and if it feels You coming in your infinite and eternal current to hurl yourself on it, when it contemplates You, it will tremble before the sovereign majesty of your glorious *being*. But no! it is the very loving Father with his fatherly heart the one who gives it his Look so that it may contemplate You, and shelters it under the shadow of his wings; making it strong with his same strength, He who is "King of kings and Lord of lords."⁵

Holy Spirit, indeed You are truly loving Love and in your very knees You rock it, caressing it, feasting it and kissing it, with the same kiss of infinite tenderness with which You kiss the Father, the Son and You kiss yourself in your bosom, in your *being yourself* fecund and glorious Love...!

Soul of Christ, how you, when seeing yourself in that way pampered and loved, chosen and feasted in the bosom of the adorable Trinity, would leap with joy, with love, with gratefulness, with astonishment, with gladness, in the presence of the infinite God who so lovingly poured himself over you...!

⁵ Rv 19, 16.

How you, that contemplated with the Father, and participated and immersed yourself in the infinite currents of his eternal *being*, would break out into a cry of transformation singing the incomprehensible and unknowable excellences to us, but known by you in an eternal joy...!

And how you, burned in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, would run from the Father's bosom to the Word's bosom, kissing with his very Mouth the chest of the Most High...!

And, become one thing with the Word, which is your Person, immersed into the Father's bosom, you would sense therein the amazing and incomprehensible secrets of his fatherhood, which not even the angels themselves nor any man will ever be able to sense, for their capacity of almost infinite distance to yours... And there, intuiting with the Look of the Father, you would plunge into the silent secrets of his *being himself* silence; and, gladdened by love, you would run from the Father's bosom to the bosom of your Person itself, singing, by participation, in glorious transformation of the divine Being.

Oh, Christ of mine! What would your astonishment be at the mission for which God chose You to be the Herald of the eternal Love...?

Jesus, my Incarnate Word, today I love You more because I know You more, and because of my knowledge and love, what still remains for me to know, I adore.

Jesus, infinite capacity in your divine Person and limited capacity in your human nature, how when seeing You sharing, in your human nature, in the life of the Trinity in that manner so eminent and so gifted, your finite capacity of Man, loving, knowing and expressing the same life of the Trinity, would break out into an ecstasy before the uncreated God, by requirement of his own glorious contemplation, in profound adoration of your human nature, in the presence of your divine nature...!

Your human nature, tiny, would fall stunned under the terrible weight of the knowledge and love of God, adoring as the fruit of its loving contemplation and breaking out into an: eternal Holy!

By requirement of being yourself a creature before the Uncreated One, and being replete in your created capacity, saturated with and hugged by the most high God, the uncreated God infinitely surpassing your created being, You broke out into an eternal adoration of loving astonishment; and You adored all that which, because God himself is the infinite *being*, remained for You to embrace.

Adoration is the ecstasy of love. When love has filled its limit and already cannot love any more, it adores. Since God is infinite and exceeds the capacity of the lover, this one, having fainted from love, astonished and having collapsed because of the fullness of his being in the presence of the Infinite, falls adoringly and adores that which remains to Him, transcending.

And the soul of Christ, of my Bridegroom, of my Jesus, having plunged into and immersed, happy and glad, lost and engrossed, gladdening from love at the uncreated God, contemplates, expresses and loves according to its almost infinite capacity, and adores that which remains for it to know, express and love.

Thus, the life of Christ on earth was to know, receive, respond to, express and love God, and to adore Him in what He knew and in what remained for Him to know.

As a fruit of this life, standing face to face before God and face to face before men, He expressed in heaven, as Man, God; and as a fruit of his contemplation in glorious love, as an immediate consequence of that knowledge, expression and love, turned towards men, He broke out in expression towards them; turning with everybody, to the Father in a response of

glorious and atoning adoration, which in Him was infinite because his Person is the second of the adorable Trinity.

Jesus already is, through the hypostatic union of both natures, *being himself* the Word of Life Incarnate, singing to God, and doing the same thing He does in heaven, singing to men: "I have told you everything I have heard from my Father."⁶ For it is not that Jesus sang one song to God and a different one to men, no; but that He, as a Person, through his mouth says to God infinitely the same song that He says to men, since Jesus had no Person other than that of the Word, who is the infinite Singer in heaven and on earth, the same Song and the same Expression that He himself *is* to the Father, reverberating in his humanity, He is so to men.

The Word, infinite Word of the Father, takes his human nature as a sounding board to continue singing to God in Man and to sing to man, as God, his eternal life. A song that He deposited in the bosom of the Church, through Mary, to prolong his mission of telling us his life throughout all ages; a song which the Church, united to Christ, in her Liturgy, turned towards the Father, sings to Him throughout all times; the Church being the one who continues the canticle of Christ to God and to the souls.

⁶ Jn 15, 15.

Thank you, Lord, for having taught me today the mystery of the Incarnation from Mary's womb, and in this way having known the greatnesses of Christ and the greatnesses of Mary's motherhood, so unknown!

Thank you, Mother, for having me curled up in your bosom and for having sustained me with your motherhood so that I might not die when contemplating the great mystery of the Incarnation!

4-4-1972

SHOULD I SUCCEED...

Should I succeed in saying,
in my pitiful expression,
this which I feel in my depth,
when I sink in my Heavens...!,

in that ineffable joy
that, in the Incarnation of the Word,
God showed to me when taking me inside
the depth of his enclosure...!

Should I succeed, in my manner,
in deciphering with concepts
that which I live in my innermost being,
when the Eternal approaches,
when He puts me in the forges
of his coeternal mysteries...!

If I were to say, in my mission
to say what in me I have,
to say the saying of God
that I hold in my innermost being...!

Should I succeed in some manner,
even if I were to do it dying,
in breaking the profound depth
of living on my secret...!

How to say what is inexpressible
in my anguished lament...?

But, if I cannot say it,
even less can I not expose it!
as the strength of God,
introduced in my chest,

drives me to express
what I have, as I can,
even though martyrdom kills me
for defiling my secret.

How sad it is to die grieving,
even though the Heavens shroud me!

23-4-1972

SWEET MELODIES...

Sweet melodies,
cloistral mysteries,
voices of the living God
in faint concert...

Sweet melodies
which impregnate the chest,
that injure its depth
with the soft ring
of its captivity...

Sweet melodies,
something which is eternal
is felt in the soul
when it manages
to plunge itself into silence.

Sweet melodies,
rings of the Immense,
words of pure love
in flames of fire...

Sweet melodies,
how can this be
to want to say it
without being able to?

Sweet melodies
that shrouds the mystery,
which the soul perceives
inside its bosom...

Sweet melodies,
that, without being concerts,
are a kiss from God
in heavenly anointment...

Sweet melodies
in slow martyrdom,
in bloody wounds,
in immense cautery...

Sweet melodies
shrouds the mystery
and for that I remain
plunged into silence.

Sweet melodies
passing of Eternal...

From the book "Frutos de oración"
(“Fruits of prayer”)

564. I experience with the mystery of Christ what I experience with that of the eternity: the more I know it, the less can I express it because of the most perfect, subsistent and divine simplicity of its reality. (24-10-74)

565. He who lives on the Holy Spirit is taken to Mary, and She shows him in her womb the secret of the Incarnation, where the Father tells his life to man, through his Son, in the maternal virginity of the Lady. (22-12-74)

566. When God wanted to tell me his infinite joy, the Word became flesh and, through Mary, spelled it out to me in my holy Church with a Father's heart and a Holy Spirit's love. (25-9-63)

567. How great it is that God, who on account of his infinite capacity cannot be anything other than God, become man...! And how great it is that the Man may become God! Incomprehensible mystery of infinite love! (7-3-67)

568. The Incarnation is the romance of love of God for man that was written in the most pure womb of Mary. (12-9-63)

569. The day of the Incarnation...! An eminently priestly day, of thanksgiving and astonishment, because God did that which is unimaginable and incomprehensible to the human mind out of love for himself and for men. Mystery of ineffable tenderness and infinite splendour, of chilling simplicity and sovereign majesty! in front of which one can only adore trembling from love and respect. Day of the Incarnation: God is Man and the Man is God! (4-4-75)

570. The Incarnate Word embraces, in the reality of his two natures, eternity and time, Divinity and humanity, creature and Creator, in a union so perfect that, being He in himself Heaven and earth, has no Person other than the divine. (15-10-74)

571. Christ is so extremely wonderful, that He himself is the Anointment and the Anointed; the Anointment as God, and the Anointed as man, having everything fulfilled in himself by the exuberant and transcendent plenitude of the Incarnation. (15-10-74)

572. Jesus is the consummate perfection of God's plan, announced to Abraham, father of all nations, and proclaimed by the holy Prophets of the Old Testament, in the manifestation of the infinite Love towards man and in

the response of the infinite Love himself, become man, towards God. (15-10-74)

573. In the mystery of the Incarnation all the mysteries of the life of Christ are compiled, because it contains in itself the donation of God to man and the grafting of man onto God; that donation being manifested and consummated through the life, death and resurrection of Christ, according to the Father's will, under the impulse and love of the Holy Spirit. (12-1-67)

25. The Word, in order to become incarnate, takes on an unimaginably perfect humanity and, when He unites it to his divine person, makes it possible for this man to be God; and as the three divine Persons, even though different, are inseparable, the Word, when He unites himself with the humanity, gives to us the Father and the Holy Spirit. And as in the Son we unite ourselves with the Father and the Holy Spirit, in the Man all mankind unites itself with God, forming in this way the Total Christ, Head and members, in the closest union of the Holy Spirit; being all this accomplished in the womb of Mary. (4-12-64)

26. It was at the moment of the Incarnation when the great donation of God to man took place, when God became Man, and the Man became God. Also, mysteriously, the first Mass

was celebrated, the grafting of the humanity onto Christ took place, the union of Christ with his Church and, thereby, the germinal foundation of the latter. At this very moment of the Incarnation and through this great mystery, the Divine Family placed itself in conversation with man, and received in Christ the infinite response of reparation which, from all eternity, it awaited from man. (4-12-64)

574. The Incarnation is the loving act of God, full of compassion and infinite mercy, pouring himself out over man in the womb of the Virgin with redeeming will. (27-3-62)

575. Thank you, Lord, because You became Man and, therefore, You are able to suffer, die, rise and, even, stay for all times in the Eucharist, prolonging the whole mystery of the donation of your love in the Church through the priesthood. (4-4-75)

14-2-1976

BE QUIET, SOUL, AND ADORE

God asks that I keep everything silent
in my inside,
because, in his mystery, He wants
to immerse me.
Over there, in my hidden depth, everything
is silent,
that is why I perceive his love in kissing;

and I withdraw from all that shrouds me,
knowing, in his joy, his manner of acting.
Be quiet, beloved soul! hide the secret
of the *Sancta Sanctorum* in your throbbing.

Let not my adoring soul break the silence,
let it not put out his voices of infinite speech,
may it allow that, in my bosom, God place
his accent
in the sacred manner in which He wants
to give himself
on account of the mysteries of the
Incarnate Word
being God and man breaking out in song.

Silence is my life, when through me passes
in infinite ring of eternal Deity;

so that I may express Him in the manner I can
with fine accents of sacred breeze
in my palpitation.
His passing by is quiet, replete with gifts,
like a soft murmur in fine brush.

And enter into your depths where the Infinite,
for I am his echo, wanted to show himself
to my being wounded from so many loves
as the Divinity opened in my depth.

Be quiet, soul, and adore,
God passes by in kissing...!

29-10-1959

JESUS

What richness is contained in the transcendent reality of Christ...! He is the Supreme and Eternal Priest for having in himself all the infinite reality and all created reality. He is the union of God with man, because, in Him, God gives himself to us in the infinite communication of his familial intimacy; and because, in Him, all men come to take part in the very life of God.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. What came to be through him was life, and this life was the light of the human race.”¹

Transcendent mystery that of the Incarnation through which God is Man and Man is God...! “And the Word became flesh and made his dwelling among us.”²

Jesus is in himself the infinite and created perfection, in the hypostatic union of his divine nature with his human nature, and that is why

¹ Jn 1, 1. 4.

² Jn 1, 14.

He suffers and rejoices as no one else in his wandering on earth.

His mission is to give us to know the eternal joy that is in the life of the Father, of the Holy Spirit and in himself. “Let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as scripture says: ‘Rivers of living water will flow from within him.’ He said this in reference to the Spirit that those who came to believe in him were to receive.”³

And He suffers and complains because, not only they do not know the Father, but also because they do not even know Him, who became man so that we might know Him better; and with the soul torn apart by the pain and the lack of understanding of men, says, “They have not known you, Father, nor Jesus Christ your sent one!”⁴

Jesus was made by the Holy Spirit to bring us the divine life and to burn us in his own fire. And after twenty centuries, we, Christians of today, are, like yesterday’s Christians, without receiving the Father as He desires!

Let us now enter into the first instant when Christ was being conceived.

³ Jn 7, 37-39a.

⁴ Cfr. Jn 16, 3.

At that very instant the soul of Jesus contemplates face to face the divinity. “No one has ever seen God. The only Son, God, who is at the Father’s side, has revealed him.”⁵

“No one knows the Son except the Father, and no one knows the Father except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him.”⁶

“In Christ are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge of God. For in him dwells the whole fullness of the deity bodily.”⁷

What an eternal moment of joy, of happiness, of love, of astonishment, of thanksgiving... when He sees himself as the chosen one, the anointed, the predestined, the beloved Son of the Father...!

His whole soul rejoicing, burned in the impetus of the divine current, contemplating with the Father his eternal being, singing with his same Person, with the Word, and burning with the same fire of the Holy Spirit; participating in the Divinity in a transformation like no other creature; participating in the Trinity of Persons and in the Unity of *being*, in each of its nuances and perfections, to an almost infinite degree...!

Soul of Christ, how pleased...! how joyous...! how happy...! Your whole self is a jubilation of

⁵ Jn 1, 18.

⁶ Mt 11, 27.

⁷ Col 2, 3. 9.

love, enjoying the infinite pleasure of the most high God. Soul of Jesus, bride of the infinite Word... the repose of God when looking to man...!

Now the Father can look to earth through his Word become Man!

What would it be for Jesus, the Holy, to see that He was the Incarnate Word? What a jubilation in Christ's soul...! It seems that He does not have time except to rejoice! He is as though crazy for divine love!

And at that very instant of the Incarnation, falls over his Redeemer's soul the innumerable load of all the sins of men.

At that very moment, and precisely because of the light of God's vision, He comprehends and penetrates down to the utmost depths of the terrible, terrifying and chilling malice of sin. And He sees that that same holy God is offended by his creatures, who have rebelled against Him who *Is* and manifests himself as a will of holiness against sin.

"For this reason, when he came into the world, he said: 'Sacrifice and offering you did not desire, but a body you prepared for me; holocausts and sin offerings you took no delight in.' Then I said, 'As is written of me in the scroll, Behold, I come to do your will, O God.' By this

will, we have been consecrated through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."⁸

Terrible pain that of Jesus at the very instant of the Incarnation, in which He contemplates face to face the divinity and knows what the holiness of God is...!

He was all joyous in the contemplation of the glorious God, of the most high God, and his being has been clouded so deeply as deep is the knowledge that He has of God, plunging into a profound sorrow. The knowledge of the excellence of God was the condition for his immolation, because the greater the light, the greater the pain, as He is the one in charge of giving us that same light and was not received.

And when the innumerable load of all the sins of all ages fell on Him, He turns to the Father and, exercising his Priesthood, responds in the name of all humanity in the presence of the infinite holiness of God. "He is expiation for our sins, and not for our sins only but for those of the whole world."⁹

Wherefore, on the one hand, He lives a plentitude of life and happiness in the intimate and affectionate communication of the divine Persons. He contemplates with the Father all his in-

⁸ Heb 10, 5-7. 10.

⁹ 1 Jn 2, 2.

finite perfection, He expresses it, in total and absolute union with his infinite Person, and He burns in the savourable love of the Holy Spirit. What a life of jubilation, of fullness, of possession, of communication inside the divine Persons!

And all of Him is reception of the infinite donation of God to Man. His whole soul is open to the loving impetus of the Holy Spirit who, by Him and through Him, wants to communicate himself, in overwhelming fire and in tasty impetus, to all men.

On the other hand, He is the infinite Word in his divine Person, who, when uniting himself with his very humanity, has made it so word, that the whole Christ's humanity already can only be word to express, in a romance of love, the whole divine life to men.

"In times past, God spoke in partial and various ways to our ancestors through the prophets; in these last days, he spoke to us through a son, whom he made heir of all things and through whom he created the universe, who is the refulgence of his glory, the very imprint of his being, and who sustains all things by his mighty word. When he had accomplished purification from sins, he took his seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high."¹⁰

¹⁰ Heb 1, 1-3.

Wherefore the soul of Christ is all openness and response to God, which, to the same extent that it receives Him, responds to Him.

At that very instant of his reception before God, replete with the participation in the Infinite, He turns towards us, continuing his mission on earth –as He is the Word of the Father– of communicating to us all the treasure of our Father God.

And at that very instant when He turns towards us, He receives the chilling "no" of mankind, which again in Him says to God "no":

"The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it. He was in the world, and the world came to be through him, but the world did not know him. He came to what was his own, but his own people did not accept him."¹¹

Tremendous instant of pain and tragedy for the infinite Incarnate Word who, in a romance of love, of wisdom, of fullness, bliss and happiness, is telling us his life in the manifestation of love most incomprehensible, most loving: the Incarnation, which makes God be Man so that, telling his life to men and incorporating them to Him, He may make them God by participation.

¹¹ Jn 1, 5. 10-11.

At the moment of the Incarnation, Christ, loaded with all the sins of all men, turns to the Father and offers himself as a victim of loving response for all of us. Remaining in priestly attitude and in accordance with the exercise of his Priesthood that makes Him be the one who receives the divine life; the one who responds to the infinite Love; He who, in the fullness of his plenitude, turns towards us to saturate all of us with divinity; and who, when He is not received, returns to the Father, in a response of reparation and sacrifice, to expiate in himself, and thus to purify man, from the chilling “no” that again he has repeated to the infinite holiness of God.

Now God has on earth a Man who, being Man, is God, and who responds to Him eternally and infinitely as He deserves, in the name and response of all creation! And now man has on earth God who, despite being God, is Man, and who, when becoming one of them, has a capacity so transcendent, that He is capable of compiling in himself all men, and, turning to God, repairing for all of them as responsible for all humanity!

Jesus, as the elder brother who always contemplated the eternal Happiness, had a cloud of sorrow so large, for seeing himself the First-

born and guarantor of all his brethren, who neither loved God nor sought Him, as He himself says, “They have forsaken me, the source of living waters; They have dug themselves cisterns, broken cisterns.”¹²

Jesus has come to give us the loving secret of our Divine Family, and He faces the hardness and lack of understanding of the immense majority of men who, looking at everything in a human manner, not only have they not known God, but also they don’t know Jesus Christ, his legate, being He, in each instant of his life, a victim of that ignorance.

Christ’s mission is to give us to participate in the life that the Father, burned in the Holy Spirit, communicated to Him, so that He might deposit it in the bosom of the Church and this one, with Mother’s heart, might give it to us throughout all ages:

“There is no salvation through anyone else, nor is there any other name under heaven given to the human race by which we are to be saved.”¹³ Washing the stain of our sins with his own blood, He did the most He could do for us, his brothers. And still we go on not receiving Him!: “Have I been with you for so long a time and you still do not know me, Philip?”¹⁴

¹² Jer 2, 13.

¹³ Acts 4, 12.

¹⁴ Jn 14, 9.

What loneliness, what incomprehension, what sadness that of the soul of Christ, who would like to show us the Father, who cries out to us in all his life, with all his miracles, with all his works, looks, words, actions: God...! Holiness...! and surrender of the good God...!

What would it be for Christ, after thirty three years of his mortal life, to see that the greater part of us went on, not receiving God...! And how his soul would be torn apart, in his long hours of prayer, the soul of Him, who was the Christ, the Anointed, made to offer himself and to be immolated...! What would Jesus feel, when seeing and living all times, all the sins of all men, and how, after twenty centuries, knowing what God deserved, and the dreadfulness of his unceasing immolation and sacrifice, He went on not being received...!

What pain for Christ's soul, who lived in each moment of his life being the Receiver of the infinite Love and living the tragedy of all humanity throughout all ages...! Since Christ lived deeply each of the moments of all men, spent in love or in pain, in surrender or in oblivion; since to Him living meant, not only his own life, but also the life of all of us in each one of our moments.

The soul of Jesus, singing expression of the *Being's subsistent being*, almost in infinity and in perfect expression, says, according to its ca-

capacity, the infinite Being of God, in such a way that, to Jesus, there was nothing hidden of all past and future centuries.

The thirty three years of the divine Teacher were lived, in each instant of his life, in the greatest intensity of love and pain, of what his soul was full and replete in all the moments of his existence.

Jesus lived his *present moment* with such intensity, that, in each moment of his life, He was grieving in his soul, undergoing and suffering all that, during thirty years, He went through because of his being a man.

We live our present moment which, with more or less intensity, goes by never to return again. But it was not like that in Jesus who, as He saw everything, each moment of his mortal life was, not only the *present moment* of his thirty three years, but, at that moment or instant of his life, He was also living all the moments of all men of all times.

Let us take away the creatures time and space: Christ lives with us, and we remain mysteriously united with Him without distances of time and place; living with Him in his time –like He then lived ours– the transcendent mystery of his life, death and resurrection.

Let us take away from our mind the phantom of time, which for the reality of the soul of

Christ, tight summary of all creation and embracer of all of it, becomes as though not being; and because of the immensity of his greatness, is capable of living, in each of the moments of his life, the life of each and every man.

Jesus lived during his thirty three years, in each moment, his whole bloody passion, with all its pains, agonies and sorrows. “There is a baptism of blood with which I must be baptized, and how great is my anguish until it is accomplished!”¹⁵

“Behold, we are going up to Jerusalem and everything written by the prophets about the Son of Man will be fulfilled. He will be handed over to the Gentiles and he will be mocked and insulted and spat upon; and after they have scourged him they will kill him, but on the third day he will rise. But they understood nothing of this; the word remained hidden from them and they failed to comprehend what he said.”¹⁶

“ ‘Amen, amen, I say to you, one of you will betray me.’ The disciples looked at one another, at a loss as to whom he meant.”¹⁷

“This night all of you will have your faith in me shaken, for it is written: ‘I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be

¹⁵ Lk 12, 50.

¹⁶ Lc 18, 31-34.

¹⁷ Jn 13, 21-22.

dispersed’; but after I have been raised up, I shall go before you to Galilee.”¹⁸

All the moments of his life, from the manger to the *consumatum est* were lived by Him in one sole *present moment*.

However that is not all, since, at that same *present moment*, Jesus suffered: the whole terrible tragedy of his Church, with all the heresies, schisms, with all her being torn apart; the martyrdom and persecution of each one of her martyrs; the abandonment, dryness and neglect of all the souls; the death of all the saints; the trespasses of all the sinners; the betrayals of all her friends and children... And this not of one time. But of all times, from Adam and Eve, to the end of the world!

Poor Jesus...! The bloody passion of our Christ, of our Incarnate God, was an external manifestation that expressed a little of the horrendous tragedy of each moment of the thirty three years of his earthly existence.

It is not that the thirty three years of Jesus were a *present moment*, and that He, during all his life, would go on seeing part by part all the times and suffering for all of them, no; but that Jesus, as He lived in time, He lived during his

¹⁸ Mt 26, 31-32.

thirty three years innumerable moments, during all of which He saw and suffered all the times.

And if He had been asked:

— Jesus, what are you living at this *present moment* of your mortal life?

He would have answered:

— My *present moment* is the whole horrendous tragedy of all my life and of all times. I am suffering in my soul, at this *present moment*: the ingratitude of all times and of all men to God; and I am also living in my soul all the loves and surrenders of pure love of the faithful souls; and I am suffering all those infidelities and taking pleasure in all those loves. And not as though something in a single block, no; but each heart throb of each soul, and each moment of that soul lived in love or lack of affection, in surrender or oblivion, is for me my *present moment*.

“Jesus saw Nathanael coming toward him and said of him, ‘Here is a true Israelite. There is no duplicity in him.’ Nathanael said to him, ‘How do you know me?’ Jesus answered and said to him, ‘Before Philip called you, I saw you under the fig tree.’ Nathanael answered him, ‘Rabbi, you are the Son of God; you are the King of Israel.’”¹⁹

¹⁹ Jn 1, 47-49.

“Jesus knew from the beginning the ones who would not believe and the one who would betray him.”²⁰

“Amen, I say to you, this very night before the cock crows, you will deny me three times.”²¹

Jesus has seen and lived all the instants of our life spent in love or in lack of love, being to Him his constant living. “In Jerusalem, many began to believe. But Jesus would not trust himself to them because he knew them all, and did not need anyone to testify about human nature. He himself understood it well.”²²

Thus, that *present moment* which to us is at times so unbearable, and which we are desiring that it may go away, and, once gone away, never to return, in Jesus was his *present moment* of thirty three years; so that He lived all my drynesses, sorrows and surrenders of pure love.

“Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest.”²³

In the soul of Jesus all my sufferings and joys, loves and defections, were lived, while I was always to Him rest and pain. And this, not at times, or that He went through it once in his

²⁰ Jn 6, 64.

²¹ Mt 26, 34.

²² Jn 2, 23-25.

²³ Mt 11, 28.

lifetime for each one; but that Jesus lived, in each moment, everything of all the souls, during all his life and in each *present moment* thereof. Thus He had all my life always present, from the Incarnation to Calvary; and not only my life, but that of all men.

Jesus had no *present moment* in his mortal life other than one moment. It is not that his life was a *present moment*, no; but, that the life of Jesus was, in each moment, the terrible moment of the tragedy of all times of the life of the whole Church; Jesus living in each of the instants of his life, as Head of his Church, the whole life of the Church in all her times with her terrible reality of richness, mission –as a prolongation of Him– and tragedy for her not being received; a living reality that Christ will prolong in the bosom of this holy Mother during all times.

“If the world hates you, realize that it hated me first. If you belonged to the world, the world would love its own; but because you do not belong to the world, and I have chosen you out of the world, the world hates you. If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you. If they kept my word, they will also keep yours.”²⁴

“I have told you this so that you may not fall away. They will expel you from the syna-

²⁴ Jn 15, 18-19. 20b.

gogues; in fact, the hour is coming when everyone who kills you will think he is offering worship to God. They will do this because they have not known either the Father or me. I have told you this so that when their hour comes you may remember that I told you. I did not tell you this from the beginning, because I was with you.”²⁵

Oh profound life of Christ’s soul...! And should the intensity of life be deemed small for the wonderful and incomprehensible soul of our Christ, He also had in that *present moment* the contemplation face to face of the Divinity, a contemplation that made Him live in each instant a *present moment* of glory.

Thus in Christ’s soul there were, in a *present moment*, Heaven and Hell, all the loves of all times and all the sorrows and lack of love of all times!

What richness Jesus comprehends in himself...! It seems as though the mind breaks before the perfection of his created nature, that was capable of living, in an intensity so transcendent and in one same instant, all the joy that was given to Him by the familial communication that He lived with the divine Persons, and on the other hand, the pain from the lack of love of men whom He represented before God.

²⁵ Jn 16, 1-4.

How will we be able to comprehend the love of God who so incomprehensibly, to our human mind, loves us...? In how many ways...! With what intensity...! So that we may never doubt the infinite Love who, when He loved us, did not spare anything at all for us.

“He who did not spare his own Son but handed him over for us all, how will he not also give us everything else along with him?”²⁶

How could Christ, the Only Begotten Son of the one true God, who came to give his life as ransom for all, so that through Him we might find the freedom and the salvation as children of God in the Son, God and Man that He was in himself, by himself and for himself on account of his Divinity and on account of his humanity; at the same time, contain in himself all the infinite impetus of the Divinity that drove Him irresistibly to communicate himself to men, and all the chilling impetus, by force of the rejection, of the humanity that says to Him “no”...? And He, in the middle, as though pressed, between the donation of God and the rejection of men!

The whole life of Christ in his thirty three years was a loving expression of the experience and tragedy that He had in his soul in uncontainable desires of communicating himself.

²⁶ Rom 8, 32.

And for that reason the Eucharist, the crucifixion and the death of Christ with his glorious resurrection are the spelled out expression of the love of God for man, which, reaching in his uncontainable need to the extreme, burning in desires, as infinite Word, of expressing and communicating to us his mission, his whole being as man bursted out in blood through all his pores at Gethsemane; explaining to us through his whole being how far and how God loves when He loves, and how far and how the infinite Love is capable of expressing himself when He speaks.

In this way has God given himself to you in his infinite love, through Christ, in a romance of love.

What will your love do with regard to the infinite Donation that became *word* so that you might receive Him, might listen to Him and might be capable of loving and living Him?

28-1-1973

GOD BREATHE IN MY DEPTHS...

When I enter,
with adoring soul,
and in calm silence,
into the intimacy
of an open tabernacle,
I listen to the whine
of Jesus in mourning,
I listen to his brush
and I feel his breath...

And entering into the depth
of his thought,
what moves me the most
in my feeling
is when I listen,
after my silence,
to that breathing
in slow accents,
that ringing
in his tender chest...

And I move my soul closer
to capture
that palpitation
of his feelings;

and I hear the tac... tac...
which, in his heart,
love has opened.

And as He breathes
the eternal Breath,
I breathe in Him
in the manner I can,
to return
with my breathing
to his feelings.

When God palpitates
inside my chest,
I respond in gift
in the manner I can.

From the book "Frutos de oración"
(“Fruits of prayer”)

592. God made for himself a human nature in order to become incarnate, and it was so perfect by the will of God himself, that it did not have nor could have any person other than the divine. (23-9-63)

593. The human nature of Jesus did not need a human person to be perfect, because it was created to unite itself to that of the divine nature in the Word. (23-9-63)

594. If the human nature of Jesus had had to have a human person to be perfect, the Word would not have been able to become incarnate in it. (23-9-63)

595. God pours himself out so plethorically over the whole humanity of Christ in sacred anointing, that this whole humanity, adhering to the Divinity, can say through its divine person, “I am who I am.”¹ (15-10-74)

596. When I look at the Incarnate Word as God, I see in Him all the infinite perfection of the divinity, and when I look at Him as man,

¹ Ex 3, 14.

I see Him as the perfect compilation of all humanity. (15-10-74)

597. Christ’s perfection is so rich, that it is capable of comprising, not only because He is God in his divine nature, but because He is man in the perfection and through the perfection of his human nature, the whole creation with all its creatures, times and circumstances, since He is, mysteriously, the tight summary of all creation. (15-10-74)

598. Jesus possesses the complete and embraced penetration of all things in their depth, width and length, for being greater and more perfect than all of them in his human nature. (26-10-74)

599. Jesus is the eternal wisdom of the Father in singing Expression; He is the Light of the eternal Gleam; He is the infinite wholeness of God in loving spelling out of divine and human conversation; wherefore, when I am with Him, I am in the presence of the tight content that comprehends in himself all that is He who Is, and all that the whole creation is. (14-9-74)

4-9-1975

YOU LOOK AT ME... I LOOK AT YOU...

Your look is the repose
of my weary soul,
that caresses me silently
in my loaded nostalgias.

You look at me when I grieve
and when, in glories, You embrace me,
being luminary in my nights
and shadow in my long journeys.

You look at me, I look at You,
in a speech without words
that are profound loves
between the Love and the beloved.

I know the secrets
of the manner of your looks,
I penetrate your thoughts,
when your eyes speak to me.

When I look at You I understand it all,
even though You may not tell me anything,
because your eyes are "words"
in infinite Word.

Jesus, when You look at me
in sacred requests,
my soul breaks out in volcanoes
of cooling flames,

and, in silent return,
under your quiet breeze,
surrendered in adoration,
I answer to You in love.

From the book "Frutos de oración"
(“Fruits of prayer”)

600. My soul is impregnated by a simple and profound light on the mystery of the Incarnate Word, possessor, lord and compriser of time and distance, to live with all and each one of his children in all ages, and to bring about that the *soul-Church*, illuminated by the faith and charity of the Holy Spirit, may live Him really, although mysteriously, in each one of the moments of its life. (24-10-74)

601. For the perfection of the soul of Christ time does not exist insofar as his mystery takes place in favour of all men of all ages. (15-10-74)

602. It is the same thing to say that Jesus lived thirty three years and made them extensive to all ages, as to say that He lived all ages and visibly reduced them to thirty three years. These thirty three years were the manifestation, to men, of the reality that embraces all creation and all ages that He was. (15-10-74)

605. By the perfection of his being, the Supreme and Eternal Priest was capable of containing all men in the immensity of his embrace, and is capable of living, through the Church and by means of the Liturgy, with and for all of

them. That is why it is possible that all men, in their time, may live on his mystery. (15-10-74)

607. When I unite myself to the Incarnate Word, by my grafting onto Him, I unite myself also with the Father and the Holy Spirit, beginning to live his same life, by participation, and being they ONE in me –not one with me–; in that same grafting I unite myself with the men of all times and they with me, being all one in Christ and, through Him, among us, living all united with and in the divine Family. (13-7-66)

608. Time and distance are like a gigantic monster that tries to place itself between Christ and us to separate us. But, how could that be if our spirit lives because it is member of Christ and is vitally united to Him? (15-10-74)

609. The day that the Incarnate Word grafted me onto Him, He mysteriously took away the distance and time between Him and me. He started being my Head and I a member of his Body. (15-10-74)

610. I laugh at the phantom of time, that appears as divider of the mystery of Christ with us. (24-10-74)

611. My life of faith, hope and charity, takes away from me the dimension of time, it is small-

er than I, so much so that to my *soul-Church* its distances and frontiers don't exist. (24-10-74)

613. The Incarnate Word is more ancient, more lasting and wider than all the times, and I am directly grafted onto Him, as a member of his very body; therefore, living on his reality as it is, and satiating myself from the springs that flow from his blessed chest, I transcend the times and sink into eternity. (15-10-74)

614. Since Christ is the one who contains all times and embraces creation, He is the frontier with eternity and eternity itself without any frontiers, because He is God and man (29-10-70)

615. The most perfect image, as creature, of the infinite perfection, is Jesus in all that He lives and does; and therefore, He is capable of containing in himself the whole terminated and finished plan of God. (25-10-74)

616. The Word came to communicate to us the great divine message, and this He told us in the Incarnation, Bethlehem, Nazareth... in his preaching and in the crucifixion; and He keeps communicating it to us in the Church throughout all ages, through the Liturgy, and also in the intimacy of the soul and in prayer, next to the Eucharist, where in a romance of silent love He who Is tells us his infinite love as the eternal Word of the Father. (1-2-64)

22-9-1974

MY MISSION IS TO BE ECHO

On the 19th, during the holy Sacrifice of the Altar, bleeding from pain in my spirit, I have looked at Jesus and I have understood as never before the reason for the depth of his life, of the helplessness of his sorrows and the tragedy of his heart... I have seen the greatness of the perfection of Christ's soul, capable of embracing all the men of all times, giving them love and receiving betrayals... I have glimpsed the penetrating sensitiveness, the perfection and the profound depth of the love with which He loves us.

It seems as though I had penetrated into what took place in Christ's soul during his crucifixion: the pains of his body were no more than a tiny manifestation of the deep pains that overcame his spirit...

What bleeding wounds, open and without healing, his most holy soul had within it...! What neglect on the part of men...! What agonies those of his heart! What love...! What a capacity, to be able to embrace us all and each one of us, at that same instant of his life, with all

and each one of the loves or the ingritudes of our lives...!

But how wounded have I seen the soul of Christ...! How bleeding and sharp were each one of us in his spirit! I was horrified that Christ could bear such pain...!

Each and every man was like a wounding arrow, that the infinite impetus of the Holy Spirit, the day of the Incarnation, incrusts in his spirit with the personal features of each one... What fecundity that of his fatherhood breaking out in redemption...!

I have lived very profoundly the bleeding mystery of the unloved, unknown and neglected infinite Love; painfully penetrating into this sentence of the Holy Scripture, "I looked for comforters, but found none."¹

What a tragic desolation that of Jesus on the cross...! What helplessness in the deep profundity of the depth of his heart! What a sharp sorrow the one which shrouded his whole being, searching, as the infinite Love, the love of those whom He loved, in response to the free surrender of his donation...!

How many times during my whole life I have been introduced by Christ into his most

¹ Ps 68, 20.

holy soul, savouring, from tasting, his loving donation to men...! But never like on this day have I discovered that bleeding "point" of his spirit, where all and each one of men, as a sharp arrow in drilling penetration, are introduced into his depth.

Jesus is the "bleeding Cry" of the infinite Love in loving donation to men, and the response of man to the infinite Love. He is the "target" where the incandescent arrows of the infinite Love himself are thrown, and also the "target" where all men, who, like arrows, keep hitting Him in love or in pain, in self-surrender or ingratitude.

Christ's soul, unknown...! Heart of Jesus, pierced, living receiver of love and ingratitude...! Allow me, become one thing with my Holy Spirit, with my Spirit of mine, to go kissing, as a cicatrization of love, all and each one of the stabbing wounds that are to You a "no" in hardness of ingratitude...

Today I need to be with the Holy Spirit a kiss of loving consolation that will be to You eternity, response of those whom You love, and surrender of unconditional donation. As also I, while contemplating your hard sorrow, have seen in an instant that my life is a repercussion of your life, in tiny expression of my being Church.

All the life of the Incarnate Word on earth was a mystery of love and of neglect, of self-surrender on his part and of ingratitude on our part. What a capacity for reception that of his soul...!

The Holy Spirit, impelled by the will of the Father, kisses the soul of Christ “there,” where each man is a living reality, lived and loved by our Redeemer...

Redemption is the self-surrender of the Love who dies out of love, loving, from so much loving...! And all the intensity and extension of the physical pains of Jesus were only an outward manifestation of the sharp pain that, in the depth of his soul, He lived in relation to men.

Christ was in his whole being a “Cry” of love that lived in nostalgia waiting for his children... clamouring, in the silence of his pain, in the need for becoming one with all those whom the will of the Father gave Him through the impulse and the love of the Holy Spirit.

That is why Jesus is a mystery of love and grief, of self-surrender and rejection on the part of his children; of clamour and of mystery, which in the nostalgia of his heart, clamours for the fullness of possession of those whom He loves.

He asks with urgent need for our response to his infinite love. “So that they may be one,

O Father! as we are one”² and that “where I am they also may be with me.”³ That they may be “there”, oh Father! in your bosom and in my bosom, so that they may be one with us in the love of the Holy Spirit.

But the capacity of Christ is so large, so perfect, so much, so much! that with all and each one of men He has this same experience in tragedy of love that surrenders itself and demands a response.

How much I understood this day...! How I experienced myself reflected in Christ...! How well I understood the sharp pain that the infinite love of the Holy Spirit had opened in his soul when introducing into Him one after the other, as though in a dart of love, each one of men! Because it was the infinite love of the Holy Spirit the one who, bringing about the Incarnation in the womb of the Lady, impelled all of them in the impetus of his fire, leading them into the soul of Christ...! It is all the work of the Holy Spirit, because it is a work of the Love of God towards man...

And on the same day of the Incarnation, Christ, who was the infinite Love due to his divine person, was victimized in his most holy

² Jn 17, 22.

³ Jn 17, 24.

soul by the reception of that same Love and by the ingratitude of all men, who, when saying to Him “no,” we wounded Him in the most profound and sacred recess of the marrow of his spirit.

How I have understood on this day all that we were, each one of us, to his most holy soul...! And when seeing Him on the cross, like a rag, I also have understood that my sorrow was only a reflection of his, because it was the love of the Holy Spirit and the fruit of that torn love...

How I saw myself reflected in the soul of Christ...! For I also saw my soul like a rag, destroyed and wounded deep down inside, there, where only God dwells for Him and for me, and where [...] the souls that God introduces into the depth of the marrow of my spirit are...

And at that very instant I have felt the gentle caress of the infinite Love in a Kiss of the Holy Spirit, in fondness of Spouse, in protection of consolation and fresh balm that heals the wounds of the marrow of my being: “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give it to you.”⁴

I have looked at Jesus and I have looked at myself... and I have again felt myself, not only

⁴ Jn 14, 27.

the “Echo of my Church,” but the Echo of Christ’s soul; and I have learned of his love and of his pain, of his greatness of spirit and the fruit of his fecundity that makes Him die in nostalgia of love for those whom He loves.

Christ has turned towards the Father wanting to glorify Him, and has achieved it in the bleeding manner that in his human nature He could. But the Father, so that the pain of his Son in fruit of reparation for Him and manifestation of love to souls might be stronger, seeing the agony of his heart, has left Him in a silence of death...

Jesus seeks consolation in the Apostles, and also a silence of death has answered him...! How Jesus needed in those moments of pain, the spiritual and physical closeness of those whom He loved...! But, in the total display of his helplessness, He was alone...! There his Mother stood and the disciple whom He loved... Thus also my soul felt like a tiny “Echo” of the soul of Jesus: it sought in its yearning... in its nostalgia... in the bleeding death that the wound of his spirit caused it... it sought [...] the souls, and they were far away...! very far away...!

How great it is to be “Echo of my Church”...! How great it is to be Echo of Jesus and of Mary...! How tiny is the echo...! solely and always it repeats... It does not have any other capaci-

ty nor does it know to do anything else; it is loving or bleeding repetition, of life or of death, of glory or of tearing... Because also, like Jesus, in these days I have felt that the power of darkness hurled itself upon me... I have experienced terrible waves of Hell, in the horrifying closeness of the bitterness of their contact.

How tiny it is to be Echo...! But, how great it is to live it...! Peace flooded my being with the consolation of the comforting angel, who to the tiny "Echo" of the soul of Christ that morning it was the Holy Spirit himself who healed my wounds... And from that moment the sweetness of his closeness invaded me, but in pain, sorrow and petition of response in nostalgia for those whom I love...

These days I have sung my song. I have fulfilled my mission as "Echo of my Church," repeating the profound feelings of the soul of Christ in an overflowing of love for those who are his and in need of response.

"There," where God kisses me... wherein He puts [...] the souls... where those whom I love are... "there"... in that "there" of the hidden depth of my spirit where God dwells for Him, for me and for [...] the souls, "there," I feel wounded in the same spot where I feel myself kissed by the Holy Spirit in a kiss of fecundity, of plenitude of life, of redemption.

How many times, like Jesus, nailed on the cross, I seek the closeness of my descendants, and I do not find it ...! And although the Holy Spirit may be close, inside my soul, kissing it and loving it, the Holy Spirit himself impels it to clamour for those whom it loves in flames of love and of response.

How hard it is to be "Echo" of the Church, of Christ and of Mary, in the country of indifference...! But today, by the mercy of God, I have understood the tragic suffering of these days in the depth of my heart, in that spot where God dwells and the Holy Spirit kisses me with a Spouse's love, [...]; because redemption, is that way!: love of self-surrender and response of neglect... petition of love and nostalgia for those we love... clamours of stretching out on the cross and search, most of the times, of consolations of eternity in silence of death.

The "Echo" of Jesus has repeated, in its tiny manner of being, something of the depth of the mystery of the Redeemer... And if the Holy Spirit had not come with a Spouse's consolation and a healing of love, It would have died from anguish like Jesus at Calvary.

I haven't had on these days strength to clamour for eternity; only to clamour for [...] the souls, in the experience of a profound remote-

ness...! But, how will I tell, and to whom, all that I have lived in my death of each minute and each instant, feeling myself torn in the inmost depth of the marrow of my being, in a “why” without response, that only made me clamour in need for the closeness of those whom I loved...?!

Now I understand why on the 19th in the morning, during the holy Mass, at the very instant when I saw my soul like a rag, when I turned towards Christ crucified I was terrified at the tragic desolation of his soul pierced in darts of love by the Kiss of the Holy Spirit, that were like arrows that brought his children, there, inside the depth of his spirit...

How great, how immense I have seen Christ...! How overwhelmed by his bitterness...! with what a need of response to his infinite love for his children...! and how lonely in the helplessness of Calvary...! At that very instant I felt myself kissed by the Holy Spirit in a balm of love that healed the wounds that were in my spirit, in the deep depth of my profundity...

But it has been today when I have understood that I am, these days, fulfilling my mission of Echo of Jesus in the bosom of the Church. Because of the smallness of my spirit and the greatness of the trial, I have not been able to discover until today that my mission is also to be Echo of Jesus and of Mary...

I am the “Echo of my Church” in all that she comprises and contains. I am an expression of her life, of her tragedy and of her Song, and for that reason I burn, in the contents of my tightnesses, for the savoury touch, delightful and intimate of the Holy Spirit. And I want to express Christ even though I may die, even if I burst because of the limitations of my speech, even if, to be “Echo” of my bleeding Christ, I may have to taste the bitterness of his desolation, to feel over me the moment of the power of darkness and to experience the profound pain in nostalgia for: Souls for God...! Children for his Bosom! [...]

How great it is to be Church...! If I, who am only inside of her her tiny “Echo,” feel myself only soul to live her in the contents of her tightnesses, what will the spring of her inexhaustible perfections be...?! How will my Church be able to contain God living his life in her bosom, Christ with his whole reality, and Mary with the pouring out of her Motherhood with all that this contains of surrender and of response...?!

I no longer mind suffering even though it may be the neglect of those whom I love most...! but this is no reason for me to stop feeling my bitterness, my sorrow and my desolation... How will I be the tiny “Echo” of the soul

of Christ, if I do not repeat his living in a song of love to all men?

Do not be afraid of me, members of my Church, for I am only Church and more Church than soul...! And because I am more Church than soul, in the tiny content of all that I have inside of me, I live with Christ in each one of the moments of my life a fullness of eternity... a nostalgia for his encounter... an experience of motherhood... a need for surrender and response... a redeeming victimization, under the affectionate action, intimate, warm, penetrating and nutritious of the Holy Spirit.

I am the "Echo of my Church" and I repeat her song as I can, in the tiny way I am; but, on account of the content of all that I have inside of me, I burn in her experiences.

Thank you, Lord, for the greatness of the mystery You enclose...! Thank you for making me a tiny Echo of your contents, even though for this my spirit may live, in each of the moments of my life, on heaven on earth and on exile in my redemption, which is deep and torn victimization in neglect, in self-surrender of loves and in need of response...

Thank you, Lord, because I am not an angel and I can suffer with you your redemption...! The angels can only rejoice, but they

don't know how much love it takes to say to God "yes" on the cross...

How much I have lived today...! How will he be able to understand, he who does not live his being- Church, what it is to be Church, and, inside of her, to be the "Echo" that repeats all she is, all she lives, all she holds inside and all she contains in the tightness of the mystery of God with her, in the content of the mystery of Christ and in the depth of the Virgin's Motherhood... And all this within the range of the divine will, fulfilled by the impulse, the love and the sanctifying action of the Holy Spirit...

Thank you, Lord, for having made me "Echo" of your whole mystery in the bosom of the Church!

22-12-1975

ECHO IN REPETITION

From my mind spring beautiful thoughts,
affections and eagerness, sacred loving words,
I want, in my nostalgias, to say all that
I understand
by the great mystery of the Incarnation.

I hear eternal Words inside of me,
voices of the living God which, in conversation,
give each other and return with sweet loves,
in the contents of their perfection.

Suns are the eyes of the sapient Father,
luminaries of fire that, in their glare,
looking inward in his self-possession,
knows in self-knowledge what makes Him
be God.

There is nothing as simple, as sweet
and secret,
as the burning luminaries of the Sun;
but one must enter into the *Sancta Sanctorum*,
where, in the murmurs of the eternal Love,
the Immense is kissed inside his
innermost being
in the great mystery of his possession.

Tender thoughts boil in my mind,
they stream in from my content...
And, no matter what I say, I do not break
the enclosure
of that which I understand when God
speaks to me!

He speaks to my soul next to my Tabernacle,
in silent times of contemplation.
And, in the melodies of some sweet notes,
I understand Mary in the Incarnation;
I penetrate her secret and silent Advent,
full of romances in kiss of God.

And in Bethlehem I receive God become
a Child,
who crying begs for my return,
the same one who one day, praying
in the Garden
with deep groans in his prostration,
complained to my soul, asking me for help
in the sad night of the immolation.

Next to my Tabernacle everything is clear
and communicated in explanation.

And I know that, if Christ dies
between thieves,
it is for the excellence of his perfection,
who, showing loves, told how much He loved
for his being Immense giving himself in love.

Everything is said next to my Tabernacle,
which, in tender colloquies of silent gift,
draws the veils which hide the mystery
and gradually uncovers his eternal mission.

Let no one ask my wounded soul
how I have learned or who taught me
all the mysteries of my Mother Church:
Because I am her Echo in repetition!

Let everybody know, when I die:
that in my solitudes, due to incomprehension,
the sorrow that silence shrouded killed me,
because my message was not received.

Let my children come and say my song,
and why my life was always pain;
because, in the silences of a Tabernacle
at night,
I learnt adoringly why God died!

I saw that He kept quiet moaning in loves,
being himself Word, Light of eternal Sun.

NOTE:

I strongly advise that all that I express by means of my writings, for believing it God's will and for fidelity in all that the very same God has entrusted to me; when in the translation into other languages it is not understood well or a clarification is desired, recourse be had to the authenticity of what I have dictated in the Spanish text; since I have seen that some expressions in the translations are not the most proper to express my thought.

The authoress:

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