

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

*Christ crucified,
victim of Redemption*

* * * *

*The transcendent Mystery of faith,
enlightened by the gifts
and fruits of the Holy Spirit,
brims us with hope,
making us live in loving light
of penetrating wisdom
the most rich dogma
of our Holy Mother Church*

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Jesus at the side of the mount

* *

*“My God, my God,
why have You forsaken Me...?”*

*

*Welcome be the Man
to the Father’s Bosom!*



Editorial Eco de la Iglesia

10-2-2001

**UNFATHOMABLE
AND TRANSCENDENT GREATNESS
OF THE MYSTERY OF FAITH**

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 14-04-2006

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia Sánchez Moreno, and of her published books:

“FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN” (“Fruits of prayer”) and
“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (“Experiences of the soul”)

First Spanish edition published: March 2001
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www.clerus.org *Holy See: Congregation for the Clergy*
(Library-Spirituality)

ISBN: 84-86724-84-8
Legal deposit: M. 21.147-2006

Deepened penetratively in the divine thought, engrossed in Its depth and having gone deep into Its transcendent, infinite and eternal mystery; I need, in the way that it may be possible to the littleness of my nothing and the poverty of my baseness, to express something of what my soul, transcended to the excellence of the Infinite Being, drinking in the torrents of His eternal wisdom, discovers about the donations of God to His Church; which are communicated to us through Her most rich dogma by the mystery of faith, sublimated by hope and enkindled in love;

under the impulse of God who rushes me to express in the way that I can, what He places in my soul, and I am receiving with a simple heart and open spirit in the wisdom of His co-eternal and infinite will during my long whiles of prayer, specially close to the tabernacle, next to the God of the sublime Sacrament.

So that I may show all that, among splendours of holiness or in closed nights of deep and tearing Gethsemane, the Infinite Being,

placing me at the Fountain of the divine begetting, makes me listen to, receive and proclaim, printing it into the deepest of the marrow of my spirit, about the divine mysteries;

and that, through the Infinite Word of He who is, are manifested to us in and through the Holy Mother Church with a Father's heart, an expression of infinite songs of the Word, under the burning and enthralling love, in deep and loving savouring, of the Holy Spirit.

Experiencing the most rich nectar of His very Divinity, which makes me adhere by my life of faith, full of hope and replete with charity, to the Father's command, when "that unique declaration came to Him from the majestic glory, 'This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased; listen to Him'."¹

And thus the sublime Being, on account of the reception of our lives in adherence to His infinite and coeternal will, may be more known, loved and sought; not having now to be heard on earth the painful words of the Sacred Scripture:

"He came to what was His own, but His own people did not accept Him"²; "I looked for compassion, but there was none"³; because He looked for someone who would listen to Him, comprehend Him and receive Him and He found him not, in the way and the manner that

¹ 2 Pt 1: 17-18; Mt 17: 5. ³ Ps 69: 21.

² Jn 1: 11.

the Divine Master needs to communicate Himself to those whom He loves.

And thus we may come to fulfil the supreme, unimaginably marvellous end, to which the coeternal and Infinite Being destined us, when He created us in His image and likeness, solely and exclusively so that we might possess Him.

Who, through Christ, by means of Mary, and in the wide bosom of the Holy Mother Church, giving Himself to us in infinite expression of loving wisdom, with the outpouring of all His gifts and fruits, leads us to the attainment, according to the design of His infinite will, that we may be, through Christ, with Him and in Him, His children, heirs of His glory and sharers in the divine life.

While on earth in faith, more or less savourable, according to the adherence of our spirit to the words of the Divine Master; and to the design of God in loving overflowing falling on man, in order that each one, being a living and a vivifying member of the Mystical Body of Christ, may fulfil his particular vocation within the People of God; since as the Apostle says, "to each individual the manifestation of the Spirit is given for some benefit."⁴

Jesus, when He founded His Church, said Himself to Her in a saying of love so divine

⁴ 1 Cor 12: 7.

and marvellous, that, to Him who is the Infinite Word of the Father, nothing was left for Him to say.

Because He realized it so over-abundantly, that He manifested to His Apostles, "I no longer call you slaves, because a slave does not know what his master is doing. I have called you friends, because I have told you everything I have heard from my Father."⁵

Sending them forth afterwards throughout the world to preach the Gospel, "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."⁶ "Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved; whoever does not believe will be condemned."⁷

What can the Church, Christ's Spouse, lack that She does not have, and what could He tell Her that He did not tell Her so that She might manifest it, He who, being the Infinite Word of the Father in a loving saying of divine and substantial songs, handed Himself over for Her sake with all the fruit of His Redemption; and loving Her to the utmost and to the end He stayed with the Mother Church so that nothing might be left to be told nor donated to Her, "I am with you always, until the end of the of age."⁸

⁵ Jn 15: 15.

⁷ Mk 16: 16.

⁶ Mt 28: 19-20.

⁸ Mt 28: 20.

"Christ loved the Church and handed Himself over for Her to sanctify Her, cleansing Her by the bath of water with the word, that He might present to Himself the Church in splendor, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, that She might be holy and without blemish."⁹

Therefore, in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, nobody has anything new to say; since, by means of the mystery of His Incarnation, life, death and resurrection, Christ manifested and said everything to humanity by and through Her; depositing in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, divine and divinizing, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, all the treasures of the wisdom and science of God, contained and havened in His precious amphora, replete with divinity, with the command of Christ to communicate it to men of every people, language, race and nation.

Being the Church the most rich mine which in Her bosom of universal Mother contains God Himself, living in Her, and making Her the Temple and the Dwelling of the Almighty; in splendorous manifestation, full of wisdom and love, of the Father's will who, in divine and human expression, by His incarnate Word, gives Himself to us under the overwhelming impulse of the Holy Spirit, who sends us forth as messengers in proclamation of His message whether it is convenient or inconvenient.

⁹ Eph 5: 25-27.

Christ made His Church, with Him and in Him, the living Word which expresses God and the Way that shows the Truth to us and leads us to the most luminous and most glorious tomorrow of Eternity, where our hope will be fulfilled and replete in the possession of the perfect and finished love which never ends, because time went by and the end arrived.

And there, on the day luminous and without sunset of the definitive encounter with God, we shall live forever “being transformed into the same image from glory to glory,”¹⁰ and being “like Him, for we shall see Him as He is”¹¹ in the company of the Angels and all the Blessed;

burning in an act of pure love at the possession of the sole and supreme Good, giving glory to the Father, glory to the Son and glory to the Holy Spirit;

in most blissful and most glorious enjoyment of God Himself who, introducing us into the recondite chamber of His eternal Wedding, is the only one capable of fulfilling all the demands and longings of man’s heart with the infinitely exceeded and eternally possessed satiety by the participation in His same divine life.

By the Sacrament of Baptism we come to be children of God, living temples of the Holy Spirit. Living, in our pilgrimage through the exile towards the Father’s House, a likeness of

¹⁰ 2 Cor 3: 18.

¹¹ 1 Jn 3: 2.

Eternity through faith. Which, if we adhere to it with love, full of hope, gradually prepares us to the attainment of the essential end for which we have been created, and the sole capable of satisfying our hungers for happiness, for love and for being loved, for possessing, in the possession of the Infinite Being, infinitely transcended owing to the perfection of He who *is Himself**, been and being what He is in the subsistent instant of *being Himself so* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, the Eternal He Who Is in co-eternal and infinite repleteness of Divinity.

Who, in an outpouring of merciful love, in and through the Holy Mother Church, not only comes to dwell in each man by the deifying grace –since “whoever loves Me will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our dwelling with him”¹²–; but rather, raising us to the excellence of His Highness, He makes us approach “Mount Zion and the city of the living God, the Heavenly Jerusalem, and countless angels in festal gathering, and the assembly of the First-born enrolled in Heaven, and God the judge of all, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the mediator of a New Covenant, and the sprinkled blood.”¹³

* The expression “*is Himself*,” as well as “*being Himself*,” “*to be Himself*,” etc... shown in *italics*, are used with a meaning much more profound than their proper grammatical sense. See Publishing Note at the end of this booklet.

¹² Jn 14: 23. 12.

¹³ Heb 12: 22-24.

For that reason he who has hunger and thirst for love and for being loved, for richness, for beauty, for possession, and for happiness...; anyone who longs for without finding what he seeks, let him come to the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, replete and saturated with Divinity; for in Her, God opens to us the affluents of the eternal Springs, and through Her, “in Your light we see Light”¹⁴ that Christ brought to us being “a Light for revelation to the Gentiles, and glory for your People Israel.”¹⁵

“I saw water flowing out from beneath the threshold of the temple toward the east,... south of the altar.

... Then when he had walked off to the east with a measuring cord in his hand, he measured off a thousand cubits and had me wade through the water, which was ankle-deep... Once more he measured off a thousand, but there was now a river through which I could not wade; for the water had risen so high it had become a river that could not be crossed...

Along the bank of the river I saw very many trees on both sides. He said to me, ‘This water flows into the eastern district down upon the Arabah, and empties into the sea, the salt waters, which it makes fresh. Wherever the river flows, every sort of living creature that can multiply shall live...

¹⁴ Ps 36: 10.

¹⁵ Lc 2: 32.

Along both banks of the river, fruit trees of every kind shall grow; their leaves shall not fade, nor their fruit fail. Every month they shall bear fresh fruit, for they shall be watered by the flow from the sanctuary. Their fruit shall serve for food, and their leaves for medicine’.¹⁶

Whosoever may want to receive the message of eternal life that Christ came to communicate to us, has to go to drink in the torrential affluents of Mother Church; and there and from there, collecting from Christ’s side all the treasures of the wisdom and science of God that overflow gushingly over Holy Mother Church, brimming Her in saturation, She may spread them throughout the world so that “the earth shall be filled with knowledge of the Lord, as water covers the sea.”¹⁷

Church of mine...! How beautiful you are...! You are “Florid garden,” Church of mine, “enclosed garden, fountain sealed.” “Your eyes are doves behind your veil.” “You are all-beautiful, my beloved, and there is no blemish in you.”¹⁸

What could God give You that He did not give You nor present to You that He did not give You as a present, when God “Himself espoused You to Him in justice and love,”¹⁹ putting you in the very depths of His blessed chest and staying to dwell in Your Motherly bosom so that you may manifest Him; in such a way

¹⁶ Ez 47: 1-12.

¹⁸ Sg 4: 1. 7. 12.

¹⁷ Is 11: 9.

¹⁹ Cfr. Hos 2: 21.

that Your royal Head, Your glory, Your crown and Your Word, is the Father's, Infinite Word Himself, Incarnate, Singing Expression of the eternal perfections: He "gave Him as Head over all things to the Church, which is His body, the fullness of the one who fills all things in every way"²⁰; being the love in which You burn the Holy Spirit Himself, who holds You enkindled since "Your cheek is like a half-pomegranate,"²¹ Holy City, New and Heavenly Jerusalem! in the gladdening flames of the infinite impetus of His eternal *loves*?!

That is why it is necessary, that we open our heart, to live drinking of the eternal Springs, to all the words –havened in the Church's bosom– uttered from the creation of the world by Him who is the Beginning and the End, the Alpha and the Omega, throughout the Old Testament; by means of which Yahweh was preparing us, as the only true God, for the coming of His Sent One Jesus Christ; the God Man, the beheaded Lamb, alone capable of "opening the book and loose its seven seals: for You were slain and with Your Blood You purchased for God those from every tribe and tongue, people and nation. You made them a kingdom and priests for our God, and they will reign on earth."²²

For by means of the shedding of His Blood for the restoration and salvation of mankind, Christ makes reparation to the Holiness of the

²⁰ Eph 1: 22-23.

²¹ Sg 4: 3.

²² Rv 5: 9b-10.

three times Holy God, "King of kings and Lord of lords,"²³ offended by man; uniting fallen humanity with the infinite Holiness of He who Is, by the hypostatic union of the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word in indissoluble marriage of eternal *loves*, "With age-old love I have loved You."²⁴

So that, by the plenitude of Christ's Priesthood, being as much man as He is God and as much God as He is man, in outpourings of His eternal gifts, He might raise men to the dignity of being able to become, according to the divine thought, children of God in His Only Begotten Son, and coheirs of His glory in eternal participation in the most blessed and eternal joy of His same divine life, "O Blessed fault... which gained for us so great a Redeemer!"²⁵

Bubble up in my mind
beautiful thoughts,
immense *tendernesses*,
love colloquies,
in the presence of the great mystery,
sublime and exalted
of God become Man
and the Man who is God.

Who raised,
by the fullness
of His Priesthood,

²³ Rv 19: 16.

²⁴ Jer 31: 3.

²⁵ Easter Proclamation.

fallen man
in his prostration,
to sublimity
of so much mercy
that made possible
his restoration.

Powerful might
of God become Man
in an outpouring
of His compassion!
Who seeks to save us
by the great might
full of excellence
and the sublimity
of His perfection:

God who moans and cries,
swaddled in baby clothes,
who dies bleeding
as Redeemer...!

Infinite mystery!
that, in His touchings,
is manifesting
God's glory;
of Him who, at the height
of His power,
is Love who loves
and is Love who can do
by His perfection,
and Love who surrenders Himself
in a saying of *loves*,
who dies bleeding
in crucifixion.

Divine deliriums
between God and man,
eternal romances
of conversation...;
mysteries which include
how God loves us
from the excellence
of His perfection.

And my adoring soul
all reverent,
in its prostration
responds to the Eternal One
at the excellence
of the proximity
of God's passing,
in the way She can
from her lowliness
of annihilation.

Proclaim, my soul,
all the songs
which, in the deep depth
of God's Bosom,
He expressed
to your swollen being,
when He sent me
to manifest Him
in proclamations
of His perfection.

My silent soul,
adoringly listens

to the Begetter's
Infinite Word,
who places in my mouth
His sweet accents
that I have to repeat them
with my poor voice,
only like the Echo
of Mother Church,
breaking into songs
of proclamation;
 clamouring to men
full of sorrows
by the vehemence
of Him who sent me;
 seeking only
in my poor life,
with my poor accent
and at every moment
to be glory to God;
 rushing to look for them,
full of nostalgias,
to present them
before their Lover;
and only longing
in the containments
of my poor voice
full of nostalgia,
for an eager,
deep and palpitating cry:

Glory for God!
life of the souls
who may glorify Him

due to the power
of immense mercy,
sublime and coeternal,
of His perfection!

This is why in my gasping thirst, untiringly seeking to give glory to God and life to souls, my being burns in most vehement urges, of expressing what the Infinite One is and His eternal designs; and of expressing gradually in the manner that more perfectly and suitably be possible for me, what for my soul-church the transcendent mystery of faith contains, full of hope, which makes us live on earth an image of Eternity through the love of the Holy Spirit; who inflames us, hurling us under His impulse to God's encounter through the pilgrimage of this life, fulfilling, in possession, the supreme end for which we were created.

My soul, under the divine impulse and the motion of the Holy Spirit, sheltered by the shade of the Almighty and the force of His infinite power, feels itself impelled to manifest with an open spirit and a graspable and simple language, what is contained in itself, to proclaim it whether it is convenient or inconvenient: the profound and supernatural mystery that the Mother Church contains in Her bosom "the mystery hidden (by God) from ages and from generations past. But now it has been manifested to His holy ones"²⁶;

²⁶ Col 1: 26.

entrusted by Christ to His Apostles and transmitted by His Successors, through the most rich dogma replete with loving wisdom that this Holy Mother holds inside, contains and maintains in Herself, and communicates to us through the Liturgy by the life of faith, full of hope and inflamed in love; with all the gifts, fruits and charismas that the Holy Spirit gave Her the day of Pentecost for the manifestation of the splendour of the glory of Yahweh, by means of the fulfilment of His promises, which are eternal, in the New, Universal, Eternal and Heavenly Jerusalem, the sacred Assembly that glorifies God with canticles and hymns of praise.

“The Gates of Jerusalem shall be built with sapphire and emerald, and all your walls with precious stones. The towers of Jerusalem shall be built with gold, and their battlements with pure gold. The streets of Jerusalem shall be paved with rubies and stones of Ophir; The Gates of Jerusalem shall sing hymns of gladness, and all her houses shall cry out, ‘Alleluia!’.”²⁷

“Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest.”²⁸

That is why, when I want to manifest what the life of faith is, I cannot do it without getting somehow inside the plethoric mystery of the Church, of such raised and sublime excel-

²⁷ Tb 13: 16-18. ²⁸ Mt 21: 9.

lence; where the Divine Family dwells in infinite activity of life, in total happiness, in eternal perfection, in divine plenitude of Trinitarian intercommunication, *being itself* what it is and communicating Itself through the Church in infinite manifestations of eternal gifts.

God dwells well settled in the Church. In Her He is living His life for Himself and for us; *saying Himself** His life for Himself through His Word, and for us through His Incarnate Word.

God willed to communicate Himself to us, and for that Christ lived on earth thirty three years. But that was not much to His infinite love. That is why spelling Himself out to us as Word of the Father in loving wisdom of infinite songs, loving us and delivering Himself to us to the end, He loved us to the utmost and He remained with us in the Church's bosom, New People of God, until the end of time.

Christ is in the Church bringing to us with Him the Father and the Holy Spirit. And when Christ stayed with us, He did not stay in an inactive way, but realizing in perpetuation, throughout all times the mystery of His Incarnation, life, death and resurrection in splendid donations by the overflowing manifestation of eternal gifts:

* In the last paragraph of the Publishing Note, at the end of this booklet, it is defined the sense of these reflexive expressions, shown in italics.

“Take this, all of you, and eat it: this is My Body which will be given up for you.

Take this, all of you, and drink from it: this is the cup of My Blood, the Blood of the new and everlasting Covenant. It will be shed for you and for all men so that sins may be forgiven.

Do this in memory of Me.”²⁹

“Amen, amen, I say to you, unless you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood, you do not have life within you. Whoever eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood has eternal life, and I will raise him on the last day. For My Flesh is true food, and My Blood is true drink. Whoever eats My Flesh and drinks My Blood remains in Me and I in him.”³⁰

Being Holy Mother Church, replete and saturated with Divinity, the one who, by means of Her Liturgy, of the Sacraments... unites us to Christ and perpetuates for us the mystery of His life and His intimate living.

The Church is the one who gives us the mission of Christ Himself to communicate the life of God to all men, the one who puts us in contact with the three Divine Persons so that we may live on Their life, the one who gets us into the mystery of the Incarnation, and therefore in Mary, the Woman promised by God in Paradise

²⁹ Missal, formula of the Consecration.

³⁰ Jn 6: 53-56.

to our First Parents, who would squash the head of the serpent by the Fruit of Her blessed womb; also perpetuating for us the sublime mystery of the Virgin’s divine Motherhood, who is where and by whom the divine life was given to us; being Mary the one who is “to blame” for all men being filled with grace and living on God.

And it is the Church the one who will take us one day with the glorious Christ to Eternity.

Since the Mother Church, in Her royal Head, is Christ Himself; who, grafting us onto Him, like the vine to the branches, and making us living members of His Mystical Body, by the divine and divinising plenitude of His Priesthood, pours out over mankind from the height of His infinite Holiness, as though in torrential affluents, the whole Divinity which springs up from the Father’s Bosom through Christ’s open side, under the impulse and the influence of the Holy Spirit, overflowing towards men in divine and human expression:

“Streams of the river gladden the City of God, the Holy Dwelling of the Most High. God is in its midst; it shall not be shaken; God will help it at break of day.”³¹

The mystery of the Church is so rich, exuberant and plethoric, so replete with Divinity, and at the same time it is as plain and most simple as God Himself.

³¹ Ps 46: 5-6.

Since, although God is the infinite Plenitude of interminable perfections, due to His very perfection of being He does not need time to have everything in Himself and by Himself been, lived, possessed and finished.

That is why God is the infinite Simplicity; since, in a subsistent and coeternal act of life, He is and has realized and encompassed all His infinite power for being. Since, if God, to *be Himself*, would have a need for time, it would be because His capacity for being were not so rich that it embraced, in one infinite act of eternal encompassment, all His subsistent reality.

The Trinity is an immutable act of Wisdom Known in Love, so perfectly, that the personal activity of this Trinitarian act is in three Divine Persons.

The Father is the Wisdom which, so been and known, intimately, deeply, infinitely and savouringly is known Himself and in such perfection, that what He knows, known, in singing Expression, is His Word, His "Utterance," His Only Begotten Son;

in a wisdom so eternally loving in the intercommunication of Both, that makes them break into so mutual a love, that it is the third Person in the life of the Trinity: personified Love, as the fruit of the loving wisdom of the Father and the Son, in an embrace of paternal-filial love.

But the Church, who dwells on earth and extends in time, despite having in Her mother-

ly bosom God Himself, Christ with the sublime and transcendent mystery of the Incarnation, by means of which He gives Himself to us in communicative manifestations of eternal gifts, with His life, passion, death and resurrection, and the immaculate brilliance of the Virgin Mother of God, Mother of the Church Herself and universal Mother of all men, has to manifest it and donate it to us throughout all ages in the course of the life of each man.

What a life does our Father God live, of happiness...! And what a life so plethoric and full of Divinity is contained in the wide and majestic bosom of Holy Mother Church, so unknown by most of Her children...! And sometimes so despised and even outraged by those who, for not knowing Her well, spit Her in Her beautiful face through which God shows and communicates Himself to us: by means of the will of the Father in redeeming expression through Christ, with inexpressible moans by the Holy Spirit.

God Himself, in a communication of Divine Family, is the palpitating living of the Church.

This is why the Church is bursting into Divinity, replete with beauty and holiness, with love and justice, with truth and peace; and the face of God on earth is shown to us through the Church, for it is She who tells us in divine and human conversation throughout all times

–in a saying that is to bring it about in our souls by means of Her Liturgy and the word–, the same life of God.

Oh if I could say what our Holy Church is...! If I could express the plenitude in which She is havened...! If I could spell out in my delirium of love, even though it may be imperfectly, how in the Mother Church all the mysteries of our Christianity are contained and havened...!

The mystery of faith is the whole infinite deposit that Christ has communicated and perpetuated during His lifetime, in the Church's bosom.

The life of faith is not a cold thing, nor of scientific study; it is all the plethoric richness of the Infinite, told us in a romance of love.

All that the Church tells us and shows us, continuing the Word's song, is the treasure of our faith.

It is the faith that which gets us into contact with God, because it is the one which spells out to us the most rich mysteries of our Christianity; it "is the realization of what is hoped for and evidence of things not seen."³²

Faith is not to believe coldly what is not understood; "even the demons believe... and tremble."³³ It is to receive in loving wisdom, under the light, the force and penetration of the Holy

³² Heb 11: 1.

³³ Jas 2: 19.

Spirit, all that the Word, through Mary, communicates to us in the Church's bosom manifesting it in works and fruits of Holiness.

To live on faith is to live on God, on Christ, on Mary; it is to immerse oneself in the life of the three Divine Persons; it is to receive the message of the Incarnate Word; it is to take shelter in Mary's Motherhood; it is to listen, to receive and to adhere to all that the Church tells us, received from Christ, in His communication of loving and sapiential wisdom of the divine mysteries.

The most rich dogma of our Holy Mother Church has to be communicated in wisdom and love; and not presenting it as a cold and schematic thing, outlining and cooling the vital, loving and most luminous life of our faith; sometimes reducing it to concepts so cold, that they become for us dark, complicated and even too difficult to assimilate.

God is Wisdom Expressed in Love. Christ, Word of the Father, living Temple and Sanctuary of God amongst men, He came to communicate to us His loving wisdom in the Church's bosom:

" 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up.' The Jews said, 'This temple has been under construction for forty-six years, and You will raise it up in three days?' But He was speaking about the temple of His body. Therefore, when He was raised from the dead, His disciples remembered that He had said this, and they

came to believe the scripture and the word Jesus had spoken”³⁴;

and the Church gives us the eternal mysteries, in wisdom that is to know –savouringly– and, therefore, in love.

That is why, he who may want to receive the infinite richness of the Church in cold and schematic concepts, is not in the disposition to know –savouringly– the mysteries of our faith, which are and are communicated to us in love; for they are the life of wisdom and love that God *is Himself* and that He wants to live with us in family intimacy in the wide and maternal bosom of Mother Church;

New People of God which Jesus entrusted to His Apostles, making Peter the Rock and the Foundation of His Church and universal Shepherd of His Flock, “You are Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of the netherworld shall not prevail against it. I will give you the keys to the kingdom of Heaven. Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven.”³⁵

“Feed My lambs”... “feed My sheep.”³⁶

The Father, *knowing Himself*, breaks into a Word of fire. That Word is His Word, His Son, who says all that there is in the Trinity’s bos-

³⁴ Jn 2: 19-22.

³⁵ Mt 16: 18-19.

³⁶ Jn 21: 15. 17.

om, because He is the Expression of the divine and eternal reality. But this Utterance or this Word that the Father says through His Son, is alone pronounced in the love of the Holy Spirit. That is why, he who wants to listen coldly and lovelessly to the divine Word, does not receive the Word; for the Word solely communicates Himself and is said in the love in the bosom of the Trinity and in the souls that open themselves to the sanctifying action of the Holy Spirit Himself.

“In Christ Jesus, neither circumcision nor uncircumcision counts for anything, but only faith working through love.”³⁷

What a great happiness does my soul feel for being christian...! What a dogma so marvellous that of my Holy Church...! What a happiness to live on faith, hope and charity, and what a joy to know that, for the Christian who lives his Christian faith, there are no frontiers either of time, or of place, or distances, or ages...!

Son of the Holy Mother Church, as in God there is no time and for *the soul-Church* there are no frontiers, all that was twenty centuries ago, you can actually live so now by means of faith, hope and charity and through the Liturgy.

³⁷ Gal 5: 6.

I need not envy anyone! since I have listened to what the Lord said to Thomas, “have you come to believe because you have seen Me? Blessed are those who have not seen and have believed.”³⁸

I have printed into my soul the light of the faith which is more certain to me than my own senses, feeling that what it teaches me is surer, than all that I, by myself, may know. Since I experience and I am more Church than soul and I would rather give up being soul than being Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church.

By my grafting onto Christ I have been with Him at every step of His life, and I have the gladness of being able to live at every moment the mystery of Jesus which may please me the most. Because, guided by faith, I penetrate into the recondite secrets of the Church, and burning in charity, full of hope, I receive in me all these mysteries lived in love or in pain, accompanying Jesus in the moments of His life.

I have a happiness that the disciples of the Lord did not have; and it is that now, after twenty centuries, being able by faith to live those moments, the development of the Church has given to my soul a knowledge that they did not possess for not having received the plenitude of the Holy Spirit.

³⁸ Jn 20: 29.

Thus, with the Shepherds I go to the stable of Bethlehem and, knowing what I am going there for, I grasp the deep mystery that there takes place, enlightened by the gifts of the Holy Spirit, who enkindles my faith. And at the same moment that the Word comes out of the womb of Mary, I receive Him in my soul before She places Him in the manger. Because there was none who would receive Him, Mary “laid Him in a manger.”³⁹ This phrase of the Gospel holds a deep mystery: it was the Father’s will that Jesus should be placed amongst straws to show us that “He came to what was His own, but His own people did not accept Him.”⁴⁰

My soul goes ahead of the Shepherds and lives, in a most clear light of faith, that moment, which only the Angels could perceive, of the birth of the Word of Life.

At that very instant I open my heart so that the Most Holy Virgin may deposit Him in the recondite depth of my spirit; and there, I have Him curled up, I caress Him and I kiss Him, and, in a bride’s silence, I avail myself of these moments in which my God become Man, moaning with the weeping of a child, was eager to communicate His proclamation to us, and I receive it the way that He from all Eternity expected from me.

Let us see who is happier, those Shepherds or I...? They did not know how they had to do

³⁹ Lk 2: 7.

⁴⁰ Jn 1: 11.

it; but as for me faith, for being daughter of the Church and the last one within this Holy Mother, the poorest, tiniest and miserable one, has taught me, inflamed in the love and brimming my hope, to take advantage of this moment of the birth of Jesus in order to receive the message of eternal love which, when He became incarnate, the Word came to communicate to us.

I was at the manger and at the cross; I saw the glory of the divine Word in His Ascension; I received His first and last words. And all that because faith, enlightened by the gifts of the Holy Spirit, permeating me with His loving wisdom, surpassing my senses, makes me live.

“How great is Your goodness, Lord, stored up for those who fear You. You display it for those who trust You, in the sight of all the people. You hide them in the shelter of Your presence... You keep them in Your abode.”⁴¹

Jesus had everything present from the moment of His conception till His ascent to the Heavens. That is why what you live now, at this very moment, He received it lived in that moment, having the happiness and the consolation of seeing Himself accompanied by you at the steps of His life; and you have the happiness, not of having accompanied Him at a step of His life only once, but rather, throughout all the moments of your existence, by your

⁴¹ Ps 31: 20-21.

life of faith, hope and charity, transcending time, you can accompany Him in the manger, in Nazareth, in His public life..., something that those who were with Him could not do, if they did not live on faith.

All my life, lived like this, is to live...! all my life, lived like this, gives life; all my life, lived like this, is happiness, truth, fullness, plenitude and fruitfulness...That is why, with all the happiness of my heart, I can say that, by means of my simple life of faith, hope and charity, there is nothing I do not possess, nor anyone I may envy.

My soul has widened its capacity, and, living in the truth with all the truth that the most rich dogma of the Holy Mother Church contains, there is nothing that I seek, need and desire that I have not.

The Christian who lives his Christian faith also looks to make others share in the happiness that he possesses; that is why he experiences and has urges to come to all places, for his charity demands of him to help everybody, filling them with life under the impulse of the Holy Spirit who impels him to take souls for God, children for His bosom. “To Greeks and non-Greeks alike, to the wise and the ignorant, I am under obligation.”⁴²

⁴² Rom 1: 14.

And in view of his powerlessness for action, when he sees that the circle of people who surround him is so limited, and that the demand as though infinite to reach all men is his mission, he can only rest totally “between the porch and the altar”⁴³; knowing by faith that there, in priestly posture, his irradiation encompasses them all without distances, without time, without condition of races, without borders. In that priestly posture he will cover all times and he will embrace all souls.

Owing to the power of prayer, there isn't anybody who is left without receiving the influence of the *soul-Church* who lives deeply his Christianity being his irradiation according to the participation that by his life of faith, hope and charity has in God; a participation that gives him, according to his measure, more or less strength to exercise his particular priesthood in favour of others.

Children of the Church, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, founded by Christ and entrusted to His Apostles, come to the divine banquet of the Eternal Love. Come, for my soul with the Church, in priestly attitude, is “between the porch and the altar,” taking out the treasure from God's heart to communicate it to you.

Dear soul, whoever you maybe, perhaps the most abandoned of the Earth, the most forgot-

⁴³ JI 2: 17.

ten, the most misunderstood, the most lonely, you who thinks you do not have anyone in whom to rest, to me you are the dearest.

I want you to know that for you, oh dearest daughter of my *soul-Church*, who plunges into the silence of incomprehension and of oblivion, I am “between the porch and the altar” exercising my priesthood, and weeping, like Saint Monica, to obtain from God the life that you need. I also want you to know that neither time nor distances exist for me; I don't care that you live in this century, that you have existed in the beginning of time or are going to live at its end.

Whether you be wretched or happy, you who reads this writing, ought to know that my soul, being Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church because it is grafted onto Christ, has been with you at those moments in which silence and solitude envelop you, accompanying you and giving you home warmth. For I feel by my nuptials with Christ that I am your mother, because there are no distances nor times for the spouse of the Holy Spirit, who, feeling that she became fruitful by Him, knows herself universal mother of all souls, experiencing in herself that she loves each and every one, with the same capacity when she loves all as when she loves each one.

But how could I give you life, if my posture were not to be “between the porch and the altar,” the only way to be able to reach all times?

“Between the porch and the altar let the priests weep” and the virgins of the Lord, together with anyone who, being a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, living Church, may need to give glory to God and life to souls by his life and his word; by means of the exercise of the specific priesthood of each one, participating in the plenitude of the Supreme and Eternal Priest, the Anointed One of Yahweh, Only Begotten Son of God, Jesus Christ His Envoy.

Who “in the days when He was in the flesh, He offered prayers and supplications with loud cries and tears to the one who was able to save Him from death, and He was heard because of His reverence. Son though He was, He learned obedience from what He suffered; and when He was made perfect, He became the source of eternal salvation for all who obey Him.”⁴⁴

In priestly posture, imploring mercy from the God infinitely Holy, may God’s People live “between the porch and the altar,” exercising their official or mystical priesthood.

“You made them a kingdom and priests for our God.”⁴⁵ A mystical priesthood which, by an infinite outpouring of His merciful love stooping to the smallness and lowness of my nothingness, to me, the last and the smallest of the daughters of the Church and within this Holy

⁴⁴ Heb 5: 7-9.

⁴⁵ Rv 5: 10.

Mother the Echo of His songs; at the foot of the tabernacle, the Divine Master so constantly, deeply and savouringly asked me and made me live, printing into my spirit the way in which I had to realize it. In order to make my consecration so fruitful that it reached all places and all times by the irradiation of my being of universal Church, being a vivifying and a living member in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church.

In my priestly posture, Jesus was pouring over my soul, thirsting to listen to Him and being aflame in need to receive Him and to give Him rest, the laments of His chest which overflowed with eternal donations without being received by most men and specially by many of His elect.

So that, leaning on His heart, I would receive Him in reverent adoring prostration;

and with the fullness of His same gifts, I would reply to Him in my priestly posture between Him and men;

and thus, compiling all that I received from His blessed chest, I would take Him with an open soul and enamoured heart, and, turning towards the souls, I would spiritually run throughout the whole earth to spread it, in manifestation and prayerful irradiation, by my life and my word;

and feeling impelled to reach and to compile all men of every time, people, race and nation, I would bring them to Him, presenting

myself with them before His infinite Holiness, to offer them to Him as frankincense in a hymn of praise and reparation as a returning response for His received gifts.

Thus being, by the exercise of my particular priesthood in the priestly posture with which Jesus Himself with His divine wisdom enlightened my spirit, glory for Him, rest of His sore heart, and consolation in His sorrowful and painful Gethsemane.

This was the simple, deep and universal way to pray in priestly posture, that Jesus taught my soul, prostrate in reverent adoration at the foot of the tabernacle, ever since the early years of my consecration to Him, leaning on His chest like Saint John at the Last Supper, so that I would live it and manifest it.

Which filled my enamoured spirit owing to the most vehement need that I experienced to give glory to God, and life to souls by means of the exercise of the particular priesthood which made my virginity fruitful so marvelously that, through my irradiation, it reached all places. In such a way that everything was under the influence of my spiritual motherhood, fruit of my nuptials with Christ, Spouse of the virgins, Conqueror of *loves* and Donor of infinite gifts in fruits of life for souls and conquest of His Kingdom.

How happy God is...! And how blissful he who living on faith, which is brighter and more certain than the light of midday, on hope and on charity, experiences in himself a fullness of life, of happiness, of possession and of love such that he can say, by his grafting onto Christ as a living and vivifying member of His Mystical Body: "Let anyone who thirsts come to Me and drink"⁴⁶ and he who is hungry, let him come to me and eat; because filling myself with divine life through my particular priesthood, a fountain that wells up to eternal life has sprung up within me inflamed in my longings for: Glory for God! souls for His bosom!

Son of the Holy Mother Church, whoever you are, open yourself to whatever the Word says to you within the Church's bosom. By means of your life of faith, do receive His teachings with love, so that they may become life in you.

And forget not that faith is not a dark and cold teaching, but rather is the same light of God which enlightens the hearts, enkindled in the flames of the Holy Spirit, who wants to communicate to you His life, bringing it about in you, by means of the simple, but profound and luminous teachings, that, within the Holy Mother Church by means of our faith, full of hope and inflamed in charity, are given to us

⁴⁶ Jn 7 : 37.

and are communicated to us with a Father's heart, a Word's song and in the love of the Holy Spirit.

"Whoever follows Me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life." "Who called you out of darkness into His wonderful light."⁴⁷

Forget not either, Priest of Christ, consecrated soul, living and vivifying member of Christ's Mystical Body, that God's life is infinitely different and distant from what you think, from what you understand, from what you know and you can comprehend with your human senses and concepts.

Since the life of faith has to be penetrated according to the divine thought, and to be lived and illuminated by means of the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit.

Therefore your human concepts, if you do not supernaturalize them, are useless regarding the faith; but rather they darken you more. For faith is the splendid manifestation in communication of loving wisdom of the divine mysteries:

"For My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways My ways. As high as the Heavens are above the earth, so high are My ways above your ways and My thoughts above your thoughts."⁴⁸

⁴⁷ Jn 8: 12; 1 Pe 2: 9.

⁴⁸ Is 55: 8-9.

That is why sometimes it seems to you that faith is obscure, not because it is so in itself, but because you are blind. Explain to a blind person how the sun is, and as long as his blindness does not disappear, he will see all black.

Son of the Holy Mother Church, be aware that, if you want to live by the luminary of the luminous faith, of sparkling wisdom, you have to be simple and little; since only to the little ones, as the Divine Master said, are the secrets of the Father manifested: "I give praise to You, Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, for although You have hidden these things from the wise and the learned You have revealed them to the childlike."⁴⁹

And you will attain it by your life of faith in your contact with God who dwells in you –since by grace you are a living temple of God and the dwelling of the Most High– and listening to the Lord in long whiles of intimacy at the foot of the tabernacle.

And above all, receiving the Incarnate Word of life, "Light from Light and Figure of the substance of the Father,"⁵⁰ who gives Himself to us in Food and Drink by the word of one of His anointed, in the divine and sublime Sacrament of the Eucharist,

⁴⁹ Mt 11: 25.

⁵⁰ Cfr. Heb 1: 3.

to which you have to go in order to eat that Bread of life, drinking in the torrent of the infinite Springs; because "he who eats of Me will hunger still, he who drinks of Me will thirst for more."⁵¹

⁵¹ Sir 24: 20.

3-7-1974

SUBLIME CONTRASTS

Inexpressible contrasts
of my oppressed spirit,
since I seek God, tireless
with kindled laments,
and I hold Him in the fullness
of my interior, hidden.

I call Him without rest,
with thirsty howls,
because His absence is sorrowful
for the possession that I long for.
I find Him close and I hunger for Him
in painful contrast.

How will I tell my concerns
for having God with me,
when I feel Him in my chest
like a kindled volcano?

I long for Him without finding Him
and I have Him possessed,
living ever thirsty
in divine Springs.

I am hunger and saturation,
martyrdoms...! great torments...!

How to say what I seek,
if I already found what I long for?

I live with God and without Him,
in misunderstood secret,
for I have Him and hunger for Him
in such powerful rumblings,

that, in tight containments
of my afflicted spirit,
my yearning is to possess Him
in saturating martyrdom.

Mystery of earth and Heaven
in *fullnesses* contained!
How do I seek the God that I have
in my repressed chest?

Well does God know the contrasts
that I, in my *loves*, live!

27-1-1972

GOD SPEAKS TO MY HEART

God speaks to my heart without words,
in romances of eternal *loves*,
in martyrdoms of death,
in urges for Heaven,
in nostalgia that is life,
in the ferocious night of winter.

But it is God who tells me,
in His way of speaking without concepts
and without earthly things, His divine saying,
which is to bring about, in my being,
His mystery;
His mystery which is life and is death,
which is secret and light,
in terrible trials
or in the Eternal's silent sayings
in luminous days of sun.
I know not how my mystery is...!

But it is God who speaks to me in His way,
cleaning in my soul, –acting in my chest–,
all that remains in me
of the old man.

It is He who tests me
in deep cauteries,

leaving me alone
from all that I desire,
so that I may not search for other things
than to give Him comfort and that He be happy;

and this is brought about
by the eternal touch
in death sorrows,
winter nights,
in discovery of whatever it is to will
with my thought.

God is He who takes me,
that I know for certain!
from what I perceive
in touch of fire,
in divine passing
or in sweet mystery.

How close is the Being
at every moment!
when I suffer in my lifetime
terrors of hell,
or when the light
fills my innermost being;

I always had God
in slow cautery
which burns my inner being
in touch of the Eternal one.

I feel God very deep...,
although I feel Him not!

What mystery is this one,
that I have Him near and I feel Him far away,
that I do not feel anything
and all my whole self is a feeling
that God loves me
and that He is far away...?

From the book "Fruits of prayer"

1050. Living faith is savoury and delightful, mysterious and silent, secret and profound, for it is a supernatural light that makes us enter into the mystery of God, possessed in hope by the soul which, after the search for the Beloved, finds Him. (9-12-72)

1052. The life of faith is adherence to the Infinite Being in His Eternal Truth; but adherence that breaks into light of wisdom, with the joyous penetration of its savourable fruit, by the participation in the Infinite One Himself. (14-10-74)

1054. By our life of faith, we receive all that the Word said within His Church; through charity, we adhere to it in the love of the Holy Spirit; and by hope, we trust that all those goods are so that we may live them here in night and in Eternity in light. (5-9-66)

1060. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are God Himself in His ways of giving Himself. He is the simplest life and, when He gives Himself to us, He does it in different ways in His gift, that are gifts; and, owing to these gifts, divine fruits are experienced, according to the received gifts, which fill us with joy. How simple is our Christian faith! how rich! and how much and how we complicate it when we separate the whole of it by means of schemes and theses...! (5-9-66)

1066. My life of faith is full at the foot of the tabernacle, where the Mystery of God is given to me in the savoury and pacific intimacy of silence. (14-9-74)

1067. When the night is darker, my faith becomes more firm, with the hope of the lover, without looking for more things than to love the Love for what He in Himself is. (7-8-73)

1068. Hope is my joy and my martyrdom; my joy, because it expects the fullness of what it longs for; and my martyrdom, because it breathlessly looks for what it does not yet possess. (1-12-77)

1072. Never can my soul think that it lost everything, because, in its loss, it finds that it has God, whom one never loses but by sin. (5-10-66)

1075. Faith is the antechamber to Glory; whoever lives it, tastes and savours the sweetness of the proximity of Eternity. (14-10-74)

1-2-1973

CERTAIN HOPE

O certain hope
that illuminates my life
in the sure faith
of a great nostalgia!

O certain hope,
that ignites my chest,
like a volcano in flames,
in the stinging burns
of that morning
when I shall contemplate,
after my dawns,
the Eternal,
sublime, uncreated Light,
that hides shrouded
behind the splendours
of Its eternal flame!

When I shall contemplate,
oh sweet hope!
amongst the dawns
of the Eternal One in burning coals,
those glows
that bedeck God...

* * *

God Himself is the fires
of His great Luminary,
for He *is Himself* the Sun
that His being penetrates;
since in God there are no parts,
and in Himself He contains
all that He is,
with His infinite
nuances in breaches.

O sweet hope
that relieves my sorrows
and fills the longings
of my great wait,
being a stronghold
of secret depths
when, in the way
of an uncertain life,
I raise towards the Heavens
my parched longings...!

O sweet hope,
sure and accurate,
open the Gates
of Your great Luminary...!
draw back the veils
and with strength,
with the great magnet
of Your full life,
drag the soul that wanders
shrouded among sorrows.
Draw back the gate,
the closed gate,

that, after the abyss,
will quench the longings
which impregnate my being!

O sweet hope
that fills my life!

“Fruits of prayer”

793. The Holy Spirit stayed with the Pope and the Bishops who, together with the Pope, have his same feelings and his unique unity, so that the Church may be one in God’s unity. (22-11-68)

55. The Shepherds of the Church are the ones who have, maintain and communicate the great treasure that Christ entrusted to His Apostles and, although this treasure is contained in vessels of clay, that at anytime some of them can be broken or smashed, the community of all the Episcopal College is a precious amphora, replete with Divinity, to saturate all men who, with good will, want to find the truth and the love. (22-11-68)

56. The Church is a mystery of unity; and in order that She may be one in the unity of God, the Holy Spirit stayed with the Pope and the Bishops who, united to him, proclaim the unity of the Church in Her truth, in Her life and in Her mission. (22-11-68)

57. Only in the Church, where Christ is manifesting Himself through the Pope, Truth is given in all its truth to the man who searches for it in the voice of the Supreme Shepherd. (7-1-70)

794. O wonder of the Pope’s infallibility, which is capable of congregating all men in a

single thought, and to express to them with certainly God's infinite will through His word of man! (25-10-74)

795. The Church never errs, when She speaks as Church, because it is the Word who sings through Her. The Word proclaims the infinite truth of the Father, through the Church of mine, throughout all ages. (20-3-59)

796. The Church bursts for so much possessing the Truth, for so much knowing the divine Word; She breaks into singing and the Truth that comes out from the Father's Bosom pours itself over. Church of mine, how beautiful You are! (22-3-59)

58. What a joy I have for being a daughter of the Church...! She never errs when She speaks as Church; I can make mistake. For that reason, if the Church were to say no to all that I have in my soul, by an impossibility, I would tear out my soul, because rather than soul I am Church. (18-4-59)

7-4-1978

I SAW THE CHURCH

I saw the Church bedecked,
all of Her saturated
with the eternal Holiness,
full of Divinity,

with Her temples crowned
like a bejewelled spouse;
being God Himself the Consort
that unites Her to His Deity,

and the enamoured Lovable Hero
who feels captivated
by the face of His Bride,
sealed in virginity.

And, after seeing Her Queen,
so splendid and so beautiful,
replete with rich jewels
and anointed by the Deity,

I saw Her bursting into sobs,
united to Christ Her Spouse,
for the children who left
Her maternal bosom.

A black mantle covered
the face of my Church

in a sorrow so deep,
that never will I be able to forget;

since I have seen my bejewelled Queen
on the ground, thrown down,
Her face covered in weeping
and begging me for mercy.

Mercy, for my soul wounded
and plunged in so many sorrows
for not finding the way
to know how to console Her!

Years of anguish in sorrow
are keeping my soul,
oppressing my songs,
without being able to rise.

Clouds of dense darkness
that disconcert men
with suffocating anxieties
I saw penetrating into the Church;

and, in Her apparent figure,
today She is seen as repellent,
because the passing of men
disfigured Her with their wickedness.

O God's powerful face,
glare of eternal fountains,
Sun of luminous fire

of uncontainable kindness...!
I see the power of the Immense One
who, in eternal sparklings,
for the glory of His Beloved
is burning in zeal.

Who shall withstand that day
when Your contained wrath
will call men to account
for the treasure that You give us?

I have seen so much and so dense,
that, even if I wanted to expose it
in the urgency that oppresses me,
I shall never succeed!

Your eyes sparkled,
since Your glory demanded
reparation for the offence
that outrages Your Holiness.

Lover of my *loves*,
who are Suns in my Church,
break now the dense fog
with Your immense majesty!

I will sing Your songs,
even if I die in my sorrows,
that today I press into my inmost being,
to manage to placate you.

Jesus of my agonies,
I do want to comfort You!

"Fruits of prayer"

603. The life of Jesus is so great in immensity, encompassment, length and width, that it exceeds time and distance. And, being the Great Christ, it lives in all times and for all of them; therefore, at anytime, it is possible to live Him in the communicative donation of His mystery. (24-10-74)

606. Jesus unites me to Him through the mystery of the Incarnation, in His time, and He unites Himself to me, in mine, by Baptism; when I am grafted onto Him I become a member of His Body, whose Head He is, disappearing the impediments of time in order to live the reality of the High and Eternal Priest in the plenitude of all that He is, lives and manifests. (15-9-74)

612. The life of faith, hope and charity is greater and more extensive than distance and time. And it is not that Jesus comes to my time or I to His, no; rather, through the mystery of the Church, He encompasses all times, that is why Jesus is really with me and I am with Him, although under the mystery. (26-10-74)

636. The Incarnate Word lived at every moment of His life in a victim-offering in love and pain. (11-11-59)

637. How terrible is the containment of the mystery of Redemption, that made Jesus live, at one same instant, with God in an incomprehensible dimension, and with all men in a self-giving of love, in need of response, and refusal of ingratitude on their part! (22-9-74)

640. Is it possible that You have spent this moment of so much pain for me, that You have undergone it with me, understanding me totally...? Thank you, Jesus! (21-10-59)

646. How sad is Jesus on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, because we have not entered into the deep depth of His bitter solitude! (26-3-64)

647. Today everybody speaks about the marginalized ones... But who remembers the Eternal Love, left out, unknown, forgotten and even despised and outraged? There is no room to think about Him! Foolish man forgot the Love and excluded Him. (25-5-78)

22-1-1976

MY SORROWS ARE HARD

My sorrows are deep,
as I never thought:

Christ torn apart...!
Church wounded...!
Victim of the Father,
accepted Offering...

High Priest...,
prolonged mission
throughout all the ages
in my Holy Church...

Infinite Word,
Silenced song
that bursts into blood
of sacred expression...

Soul in pain,
silent prayer
which perceives groans
of Him who speaks to her...

Deep requests,
piercing sword
that, acute and bleeding,
wounds the innermost being...

Penetrating eyes,
divine teaching,
through which the living God
says Himself to my soul...

Who will know the secret
of the long hours
next to my tabernacle,
loving Him who loves...?

Reciprocal consolations
of Lover and beloved,
communications,
consoled sorrows...

Secrets of Heaven
uncovered in burning coals,
and opening volcanoes
of bursting flames...

Sorrows so deep
are those that overpower me,
that only weeping
does my being rest itself.

Tears that well up
in a deep inner chamber
where the immense Being
set up His dwelling...

Who will know the mystery
of God, when He speaks

to the adoring being
that before Him humbles himself...?

Colloquies of *loves*,
sacred *tendernesses*
in lovers' sayings
without saying a word...

Mutual understanding
of the Being and the nothingness
that listens to the Eternal One
enveloped in His flames...

My blessed Christ,
immolated Church,
soul in pain,
bleeding and veiled...

Deep sorrows
of those who love one another,
for, if my God weeps,
what will my soul not do...?

Hard are my sorrows
as I never thought!

14-2-2001

JESUS AT THE SIDE OF THE MOUNT

Eve of Christ the King...!
How would I tell
what was printed into my soul
on this unforgettable day,
of nineteen fifty nine
when I was dying of sorrow
while my Jesus sorrowing
in such deep agony,
that my lacerated soul,
without knowing what was happening,
broke into deep sobs;
and prostrate on my knees,
reverent and adoring,
I contemplated speechless
how God Himself cried,
while I gathered
the sorrowful weeping
that from His face was running down.

Today my soul immersed
in the palpitating
and severely sorrowful depth
of the God of the Eucharist,
has lived quietly
and in such exalted manner
the transcendent mystery
of Christ when He lived;

and, in a surprising way!
when, adoring, I saw
in the Master's chest,
full of wisdom,
a sacrosanct mystery!
of such sovereignty!
that, no matter how much I might express it,
I could never proclaim it
as I contemplated it,
plunged in so much agony
when I saw my God prostrate
and who burst into tears.

Eve of Christ the King...!
Without knowing how it would be,
was printed into my soul in mourning,
because I in sorrows lived
by the so sorrowful trials
that in my living I contained,
what today I want to tell,
in love touched.

In a surprising way
I saw a field...! and there was in it
a small mound
of a reduced height,
that, suddenly, was left
printed into me, since it had,
at its side, a Man praying and sorrowful!
who His prayer repeated
with a clamour that left
my soul immersed
in such deep sorrows
as I would never say.

For leaning with His body
on the side of the hill
Jesus burst into tears!
because He could not stand upright;
and because, praying prostrate,
prayerfully prayed to the Father
for the men of this century,
since this century He lived.

His hands were joined
and directed to Heaven,
leaning on the mount
that my sorrow exposed,
with His body collapsed,
while His soul groaned.

I saw His face raised,
full of sovereignty!
His pained gaze
fading in the heights;
and simultaneously
along His divine cheeks
tears slid that soaked Him
while He was saying to the Father:

“Neither do they know You!”
Father, as You willed,
“nor do they know Me...!”;

being His soul plunged
in immense *bitternesses*,
because the world did not know
the reason for His sufferings,
nor the weeping that I saw

shrouded quietly
the God of the Eucharist.

“Neither do they know You!”
“nor Me!”
into my soul was printed.

I heard only these words...!
But then I well understood
all that into my chest was engraved;
since His mission I knew
through the communications
that He in my interior placed
throughout the years,
and I in silence lived!

Today I know now why this was
such as I saw it that day,
eve of Christ the King!
when my Jesus I saw
weeping in so many sufferings,
that His sobbing I felt
in the depth of my chest
with terrible agonies,
and, in a pain so bitter,
that submerged my soul
in the groan that the Christ
wanted to tell me that day,
and thus I would burst into songs
within the Church of mine.

How much, in no time, I understood
on that gloomy day,

even if it were luminous
for all that into me was printed...!!:

Jesus lived this
during all His life
at every and each moment
with His terrible agony!
full of deep sorrows
and in sad melancholy
in the years that He lived,
and in the passing of the days
which He chose to be
here in our company,
telling us His mission
in the ways that He could
as Man, being God,
when He wanted to give us His life
in transcendent mystery
of divine agony.

For power He can do everything,
He who is the Sovereignty;
coeternal with the Father,
in *loves* which culminate
in a Kiss of eternal love
who is such a Divine Person,
who, with the Father and the Son,
lives forever with the Family;
but, by His humanity,
dwelling inside in the life
which we mortals live,
God adapted every day,
in the way and the manner
which pleased Himself,

to our style of being:
He was a Man who existed
different, although He was equal,
from all those who lived with Him!

Eve of Christ the King...!
My soul shook
with romances of *tendernesses*
that, secretly, put
my spirit to burn in live coals,
for it saw my Christ
who complained crying:

the world knew not
either the Eternal Father or Him...!

And that is why a deep thorn
pierced His soul
in terrible agonies.

I saw, there, at that mount,
while trembling and surprised,
that from the face of Jesus
many tears fell...!

And I have seen that God wept...!
and that on His face He had
such a painful sorrow,
that His being shivered
for the sins of the world!
and that He died of sorrow,
even though it was not the moment
for Him to leave this life.

But He died in the soul!
because the Christ

of the blessed God dying lived
always and in all His days,
due to the so sorrowful sorrow
that in His existing He contained.

At every and each moment,
a Gethsemane He suffered!

I have seen that God wept...!
and down His face ran,
tears of the God, who became Man,
which said in themselves,
in a saying without words
that in sobs He repressed,
turned towards His Eternal Father:

the world knew not
the transcendent mystery
that He came to tell us
from the Bosom of that Father,
with whom He always lived
at the height of the Heavens
in divine company
–for *being Himself* the Majesty,
of exalted Sovereignty
of infinite transcendence–
for centuries that never end
and that never began...!

because there was no beginning
in which, being the Coeternal One,
He existed in His beginning,
without any other beginning than

He *being Himself*,
always *being Itself such* and been,

the Subsistence coeternal
and received from the Father.

Eve of Christ the King...!
How much God suffered...!

I saw that God on Earth
through Christ said Himself to us
in a crying so sorrowful
that burst into tears
down that divine face.

Tears that printed themselves
within the deep depth
of my chest that was dying
when it saw that my God was crying;
and that my poor soul, sorrowfully,
knew not how to figure out
the way it would console Him
in the course of time,
as the suffering of Christ
in mourning was unveiled
to me throughout His whole life;

living at every moment
in His soul plunged
in ineffable pains,
the passing of every
and each man's life
who in the world would exist;
and whom, out of love
He would redeem, with His Blood:
all those who drank
out of the spring of life

that fell from the Bosom of the Father
over the earth
through the side of Christ,
affluent of life,
in torrential torrents
that from His chest flowed.

I have seen that God wept...!
And how I saw Him that day!
when thus I contemplated Him,
without knowing how it would be
that which I was seeing;
because, without seeing it, I saw
the Christ of the blessed God
who, in my way, told me
the love of the eternal God
who was dying for the sake of men.

But something surprised me
that I could not express it
no matter how hard I tried
throughout my days:
seeing that it was the twentieth century
for which Christ suffered...!

He lived all times
at the time that He lived:
But to me He presented Himself
with His pained soul
at a sublime moment
in which He suffered in His life
for the men of this century,
in the way that He had

to live each instant
that men would live
in the passing of time
which in Himself He contained.

And I, without being able to say
what, without seeing it, I saw...!

It is difficult to express,
that which I grasped,
when I contemplated, adoringly,
how my Jesus suffered,
prostrate at that mount
and throughout His life,
all my sorrows and joys,
keeping me united to Him,
living with me now
the time that I was living.

I knew that it was the twentieth century!
what plunged the Christ
in that deep suffering
of terrible agonies,
that even made Him burst,
due to all that He saw,
into such a sorrowful weeping
for there was no room for more sorrow,
although in the Word of Life
there is always room for more.

“Neither they know You, nor Me,”
Father..., God said.

And I without knowing the way
how I would console Him...!

14-9-1997

MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME...?

Stunned and surpassed by the unfathomable
and inexhaustible mystery of the Redemption at
Calvary, together with the Virgin Mother of the
utmost sorrow, my soul, immersed in the infi-
nite thought of the eternal Holiness, gasping for
love and full of tenderness, in priestly posture
of reverent adoration and listening to the laments
in moaning of Christ's soul, needs to drink out
of the eternal Springs that gush out in torrents
from His side.

And from the lowliness of my nothingness,
listening to the words of the Divine Redeemer,
to receive the sapiential and sacrosanct pro-
nunciations in loving spelling out; wherewith,
in the last romance of love of His hard pil-
grimage, the Father's Christ, “cursed be every-
one who hangs on a tree”¹ between Heaven and
Earth, between God and men, between the in-
finite Holiness and sin, “scorned by everyone,
despised by the people,”² manifests to us the
love with which He loves us.

Not only giving up His life like an immacu-
late and sinless Lamb, but coming to the point,
in the most unimaginable agony in a manifes-

¹ Gal 3: 13.

² Ps 22: 7.

tation of the splendour of His glory, excruciatingly pierced in the marrow of His spirit, of expressing to us, in the flourished signings of His testament of love, the most recondite, intimate and sacrosanct folds of the palpitation of His grieving soul.

Since, in a glorious and heartrending demonstration, He donates Himself in singing expression of repairing return, to the Holiness of the three times Holy God outraged and offended.

And in a majestically sovereign manifestation of the bleeding victim, appearing before that very Holiness of He who Is with the innumerable load of all our sins, clamours, as though terrified, at the supreme moment of the Redemption of fallen mankind, and as the Atoner for all of it, in and through the plenitude of His Priesthood:

“My God, my God, why have You forsaken Me...?”³

And my soul, deeply imbued with the infinite thought and immersed in the transcendent mystery of Redemption, breaks into a communicative expression, full of lamentations, on account of that sublime moment of the consummation of the sacrosanct Passion of the Divine Redeemer;

who is and holds in Himself the eternal embrace of God with man by means of the hypo-

³ Mt 27: 46.

static union of the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word, in indissoluble marriage of eternal nuptials between the creature and the Creator, by the sublime mystery, as profound as it is transcendent and unknown, of the Incarnation; realized in the most pure bosom of the Virgin by the Father’s will, under the burning impulse of the loving murmur of the Holy Spirit.

Mystery revealed to the loving soul which, living under the shelter of Our all White Lady of the Incarnation, is introduced by the hand of the Almighty into the bosom of the Virgin who, from being so much Virgin, breaks into divine Motherhood under the infinite and eternal impetus, divine and divinizing of the sacred fluttering in Spouse’s passing by of the Holy Spirit.

Whose, “left hand is under My head and His right arm embraces Me,”⁴ so that the Lady may not faint from love due to His breeze in diminishing silence of the passing of fire, that, in tender compliments of love, ennobles and bedecks Her so wonderfully that He makes Her Mother of the Incarnate Infinite God Himself;

Mother of the beautiful Love, who sorrowfully at the foot of the Cross, in the exercise of the particular priesthood of Her divine Motherhood, offers to the Father the Only Begotten Son of God, who, become Man, is also Her

⁴ Sg 8: 3.

Only Begotten Son, in co-redeeming oblation of divine and universal Motherhood:

“Standing by the cross of Jesus were His mother... When Jesus saw His mother and the disciple there whom He loved, He said to His mother, ‘Woman, behold, Your son.’ Then He said to the disciple, ‘Behold, your mother.’ And from that hour the disciple took Her into his home.”⁵

Whereas the soul enamoured, venerating and adoring, immersed in the sacrosanct depth of the Incarnation, as though flying, penetrating into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Lady, savours in loving wisdom something of the great mystery that takes place in Her;

being the human creature left transcended and deeply crushed on account of the power, in pouncing on the Lady, of the excellence of the Infinite Being, who permeates Her with the most rich nectar of the savouring of His very Divinity, enlightening, from the height of His sublimity, the pure of heart.

Who “will see God”⁶ on earth in the way that God Himself alone knows, under the most luminous sparkling of faith that, filling them with hope, makes them gaspingly sigh during this pilgrimage for the morning of Eternity.

Where they will contemplate the infinite Mystery of the transcendent Being in light of His same Light, without being able to encom-

⁵ Jn 19: 25-27.

⁶ Mt 5: 8.

pass it owing to the perfection in possession and in infinite and eternal subsistence of He who *is Himself*; burning in the coeternal love of the Holy Spirit, who will introduce them into the infinite Banquet of the Divine Persons forever, with the fullness of their replete hope, by means of the possession of God Himself who will make them blissful for all Eternity.

Secrets that the creature is not able to penetrate such as they actually are and much less to manifest, however hard it may tries, making use of his poor expressions; and that the numbed mind of the carnal man, so used to live by his poor and human thoughts, is even more powerless to understand.

Oh mystery of the Incarnation brought about by the infinite power of He who *is Himself*...!

Where the reconciliation of God with mankind fallen by the sin of our First Parents had its beginning, in the bosom of the New Woman. Who, being Virgin, and by the Holy Spirit, would give birth to a Son whom She would name Emmanuel, “Light from Light and figure of the substance of the Father”⁷; in splendidous manifestation of the power of Yahweh who, overflowing in compassion of tenderness and mercy over man, in romances of eternal *loves*, at the sublime and transcendent instant of the Incarnation, fulfilled His promise announced by the

⁷ Cfr. Heb 1: 3.

holy Prophets, “with age-old love I have loved you”⁸; “you shall be My People, and I will be your God.”⁹

Since, through the mystery of the Incarnation, “the Word became flesh and made His dwelling among us,”¹⁰ uniting in Himself God with man in an indissoluble marriage of eternal nuptials between the creature and the Creator, between the whole and the nothing, between earth and Heaven: “I will espouse you to Me forever: I will espouse you in right and in justice, in love and in mercy; I will espouse you in fidelity, and you shall know the Lord.”¹¹

Being this the perfect and encompassing beginning of the reconciliation of God with fallen mankind, that the Divine Master was manifesting to us during the thirty three years of His life in the painful Gethsemane of His bloodless passion, in which Jesus vehemently cried out:

“There is a baptism with which I must be baptized, and how great is My anguish until it is accomplished.”¹²

“Let anyone who thirsts come to Me and drink.”¹³ “Whoever drinks the water I shall give will never thirst; the water I shall give will be come in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life.”¹⁴

⁸ Jer 31: 3.

⁹ Ez 36: 28.

¹⁰ Jn 1: 14.

¹¹ Hos 2: 21-22.

¹² Lk 12: 50.

¹³ Jn 7: 37.

¹⁴ Jn 4: 14.

A reconciliation that culminated in the painful passion of Yahweh’s Anointed, the Father’s Christ, expressing the deepest and most intimate feelings of His heart palpitating out of love and tenderness: My people, My people, what more was there to do that I had not done?¹⁵ in an overflow of love full of merciful compassion over man?

Love that is manifested to us, through the splendour of the glory of Yahweh, one true God, in His Only Begotten Son, Jesus Christ His Envoy, with the shedding of His redeeming Blood on the scaffold of the Cross.

Wherein, the Divine Redeemer, hanging from a tree, with the arms extended and the heart pierced, demonstrated to us that “no one has greater love than this, to lay down one’s life for one’s friends.”¹⁶

And nailed between Heaven and earth, and in the fullness of the exercise of His Priesthood, with inexpressible sighs by the Holy Spirit, understanding that the culminating and sublime moment of the Redemption had come – “when I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw everyone to Myself”¹⁷; He exclaimed, when He felt He was burning in the torturing thirst for saving the whole mankind from the sin committed against the infinite Holiness of God offended and outraged:

¹⁵ Cfr. Is 5: 4.

¹⁶ Jn 15: 13.

¹⁷ Jn 12: 32.

“I thirst...!”¹⁸;

parched in the terrible agony of His painful passion that led Him to give up His life to save us, and with His soul palpitating and torn apart for the lack of love of those whom He loved.

“I thirst” for giving glory to the Father and to take souls to His bosom, to satiate, with the shedding of My Blood, the parched thirst of man’s thirsty heart.

Coming the manifestation that “He loved His own in the world and He loved them to the end,”¹⁹ as in a madness of infinite love of the Good Shepherd who gives up His life for His sheep in heartrending immolation, when, when feeling as though forsaken by the Father, He exclaims:

“My God, my God, why have You forsaken Me...?”

Mysterious words, that, sharply and painfully penetrating the marrow of my spirit in reverent prostration of deep and venerating adoration before the Anointed of Yahweh hanging from a tree, and deepened into the divine thought, make me comprehend something of the lacerating pain of Christ’s soul:

In an overflow of tear and desolation of a frightful and terrifying loneliness owing to the

¹⁸ Jn 19: 28.

¹⁹ Jn 13: 1.

rejection of the Father against the sin which, carrying on His shoulders, being the Christ, He had to repair for in and by the plenitude of His Priesthood, as Reconciler of man with God, “He cried with a loud voice,

‘My God, my God, why have You forsaken Me...?’ ”

Words loaded with mystery, that culminate with the fruit of the Redemption by means of the reconciliation of God with man, by the devastating abandonment of the Christ of the Father; imploring the infinite Holiness of the offended God for the pardon of mercy –“Father, forgive them, they know not what they do”²⁰– that demanded, as a matter of justice, infinite reparation through the immolation of His Only Begotten Son, become Man, in the plenitude and by the plenitude of His Priesthood exercised between God and men, between Heaven and earth, between mankind and the Divinity.

“My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me...?” if truly I am the Son of Your delights, the Holy One who always dwells in Your bosom and who has come to men to immolate Myself in bloody sacrifice of reparation to Your outraged and offended infinite Holiness...?:

“Sacrifice and offering You did not desire, but a body You prepared for Me; holocausts and sin offerings You took no delight in. Then

²⁰ Lk 23: 34.

I said, 'As is written of Me in the scroll, Behold, I come to do Your will, O God.'

And 'by this will,' we have been consecrated through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all'.²¹

"My God, my God, why have You forsaken Me...?"

This poor and little woman, helpless and scared daughter of the Church, being introduced somehow into the depth of these words, at a moment of penetrating expectation and overcome by pain, grasped something of His sacrosanct mystery.

Penetrating into it so that she might manifest it, it was discovered to her in loving wisdom of sharp depth –in the way that the creature, as long as he lives in this exile, can know the secrets of the divine mysteries in order that he might proclaim them– something of the rec-ondite meaning of those painful words, that lacerated the Most Holy soul of Christ down to the marrow of the spirit; full of love and tear for the experience of the devastating desertion, not only by mankind, but by the Father Himself, at the culminating point of His ignominious crucifixion, in Redemption of bloody immolation.

What terrible mysteries has God made me penetrate and discover in the soul of Christ, as

²¹ Heb 10: 5-10.

though forsaken by the Father! crying out agonizingly from the deepest and the most lacerating of His soul that, when feeling as though rejected, exclaims with inexpressible sighs:

"Why have You forsaken Me," if I am Your Anointed One, begotten, not created, of Your same nature, Your Word, the Singer of Your infinite perfections, the Manifestation of Your fulfilled will in infinite donation of love for man, the Son of Your delights, who always dwells in Your bosom, embraced in the coeternal love of the Holy Spirit?

"Why have you forsaken Me...?!"

My spirit comprehending, adoring and lacerated, that, with those words, Christ showed the abandonment, the loneliness and the anguish of His soul, for being He the Receiver of the sins of the whole mankind, although He was the Holy One, the Sinless –"for our sake He made Him to be sin who did not know sin, so that we might become the righteousness of God in Him"²²–; and that in His Most Holy soul He contemplated God face to face, overwhelmed by the deepest joy on account of the beatific vision and without veils, at every and each moment of His life, of the glory of the Almighty, that He Himself was by His Divine Person, and to whom He replied in praise, thanksgiving and infinite adoration.

²² 2 Cor 5: 21.

Being precisely the contemplation without veils of the infinite Holiness of the most high God who opposes, with the dreadfulness of His whole being, the least sinful movement, the one that caused Christ the greatest pain while He dwelled on Earth; and specially at the redemptive moment of the cross owing to the contrast of having to carry on Himself the sins of all men, that are contrary to God's whole Being who manifesting Himself with His will for Holiness against sin.

A sin that Christ knew in all its reality as an offence and a rebellion against the three times Holy God, when contemplating Him face to face in the most luminous depth that befitted the humanity of His own Person as Incarnate Word.

The pain and the martyrdom of His soul becoming as though unstoppable owing to the clash between God who requests atonement, and God who immolates Himself, being Man, representing the sins of mankind and with the burden of all of them; demanding the compassionate mercy of forgiveness, that His Divine Blood of immolating atonement demanded as a matter of justice, in the definitive struggle as Representative of His brethren's sin, in conquest of redemptive glory.

That is why, when the Christ turned towards the Father, imploringly, as though representing and with the huge burden of all our faults, the infinite Holiness of the Eternal Being had to

turn His face away from all that He represented –but not from His Only Begotten Son in whom He had all His delights– in rejection! due to the untouchable perfection of the eternal Holiness.

This rejection reverberating in the Most Holy soul of the Father's Christ, who, as Divine Redeemer, in the plenitude of the exercise of His Priesthood, as though an accursed one, hanging between Heaven and earth, "spurned and avoided by men, a man of suffering, accustomed to infirmity, One of those from whom men hide their faces, spurned, and we held Him in no esteem,"²³ implored, as the Incarnate infinite Mercy, the outraged infinite Mercy, the Reconciling embrace of the Father with man;

He being the Man-God who takes away the sins of the world, and who, by the immolation of His life in sacrifice of atonement of infinite merits, demanded, as a matter of justice, on account of the will of the Father fulfilled by Him in the shedding of His redemptive Blood, that the Father Himself should show His will of forgiveness over the whole of mankind.

Christ, as the Only Begotten Son of the Father, and He being the Man who represents all men, at the same time the God that had to be atoned to;

²³ Is 53: 3.

in and by the plenitude of the exercise of His Priesthood, demanded the mercy, by justice of infinite atonement, of the offended three times Holy God...!

in a sort of struggle, without struggle, between the Father who, as infinite Holiness, could not embrace His Son with the burden of so many sins, and the bleeding petition of His immolated Son:

“Eternal Father, I am the Son of Your infinite delights as God and as Man; either You embrace Me as I am before You with the load of the sins of all My brethren, or I am left rejected, as First-born in representation of mankind, with all of them.”

I do not know how my sinful and clumsy tongue will be able to express what my spirit penetrated and understood, at the supreme and culminating instant-instant of Redemption, enlightened by the sapiential Lights of God, in the face of the struggle, without struggle, of the immolated God, who asked the offended God for mercy, Him who was He Himself...

This poor daughter of the Church, without knowing, in her limited babbling, how to decipher it, contemplated the infinite Holiness turning against sin in infinite rejection, and the Christ of the Father who imploringly asked Him in reverent adoration:

“Father, receive Me, embrace Me, as Your Only Begotten Son, in what I am by You Yourself; and embrace Me also, as the Representative of

the whole mankind, with the innumerable burden of the sins of all My brethren whom I represent before You, and for whom I infinitely atone to You.”

Understanding and contemplating, exceeded and astonished, full of veneration, respect and holy fear of God, stunned and trembling, in a sublime instant of surprising expectation, of infinite reparation to God, and of unimaginable glory for man;

how the eternal Holiness, at a moment as though of loving hesitation full of compassion, tenderness, mercy and love –that so painfully reverberated in the soul of the Redeemer, feeling as though dying and forsaken– but without hesitation, because there was no room for hesitation in the heart of the Father to embrace His Son with all the consequences, Him whom He always has in His bosom begotten and begetting, and having His face turned against the sin that This One represented;

turning towards Christ, His Only Begotten Son, Light from His very Light and Figure of His substance, one with the Father and the Holy Spirit in one same being, who always dwells in the Father's Bosom, the Son of His delights, Singing Word of the infinite perfections, and who infinitely atoned to Him with the immolation in bloody sacrifice, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit Himself;

as though in a delirium of madness of the Infinite Love bursting into compassion full of

mercy, embraced Him!! and, with Him, the whole mankind!

Although with the consequent rejection of the “no” of this same mankind, if they did not avail themselves of the redeeming Blood of the Incarnate Son of God.

And this is the mystery of God’s love towards man, which God Himself made me comprehend and which I will never know how to explain because the human language lacks an expression to spell it in its proclamation of the ineffable and the incommunicable.

And the Father, in donations of infinite mercy, embracing His Son who appeared before Him in atonement and with the burden of the sins of all men, manifests in loving and infinite delight in the presence of His immolated Only Begotten Son, that His divine will has been fulfilled in redeeming atonement of infinite value and that the restoration of fallen man has been accomplished.

Therefore Jesus, then, on account of the Father’s embrace and the consummation of His infinite Sacrifice in implemented atonement, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled, Jesus said:

“ ‘All is fulfilled.’

‘Father, into Your hands I commend My spirit’.”²⁴

²⁴ Jn 19: 28. 30; Lk 23: 46.

And with these words, Yahweh’s Anointed, the Christ of the Father, bowing His head, resting with His triumph of glory in His final struggle as Redeemer, gave up His spirit.

Rescuing mankind with His death as Representative of God to men and as Representative of all men with their hair-raising “no,” to the infinite Holiness of God offended by men and infinitely atoned for by Him.

What a loving struggle of such deep and intense pain, has the Lord made me comprehend! of mystery and of love, of mercy and of tenderness, of rejection and compassion falling mercifully over the wretchedness of man in manifestation of the splendour of the glory of Yahweh, who is all that He can be, and can make possible what is impossible by means of the mystery of the Incarnation that united God with man in the person of the Word; who, in a prodigious proclamation of the outpouring of His love, died crucified in bloody Redemption, because “God’s love endures forever”²⁵ and they have no end.

What a struggle –without struggle–, that which took place between the offended Holiness of the Father, who could not accept sin, and the same Holiness that, in His Only Begotten Son, turned towards the Father, implored

²⁵ Ps 136.

His, in a supreme agony of infinite and bloody immolation:

“Embrace Me with all of mankind, or reject Me with all of it.”

And thus, the Representative of God amongst men, carried out the Redemption during all the moments of His life, but specially in the struggle of the final triumph of loving mercy; in which the Christ of the Father, immolated and hanging from a tree, as a Lamb Immaculate and without blemish, but with the burden of all our sins and representing mankind, turned towards the Holiness of the Father, of Himself and of the Holy Spirit, offended, exclaimed with inexpressible sighs:

“My God, my God..., why have You forsaken Me...?!”

And in this way so glorious, so sublime, so unimaginable, surprising and almost impossible, so divine and so human; by the manifestation of the Infinite Love towards wretchedness, in the Only Begotten Son of the Father and by the Only Begotten Son of the Father, God, owing to the magnificence of His infinite power, made possible the impossible: He embraced the Man burdened with the sins of all mankind!

And Christ, by His death and resurrection, through this embrace, in the exercise of the plenitude of His Priesthood; takes all of us who, invoking His Most Holy Blood, take advantage

of it springing up in torrents through the drill holes of His five wounds and His open side, through which opened and flow the infinite and eternal affluents of the Springs of living water that well up to the eternal life; to the joy of the participation in God's same life in light of Eternity, fulfilling the end for which we have been created, and restored by Christ Himself.

And when “Jesus cried out in a loud voice: ‘My God, my God..., why have You forsaken Me...?’ ” at the culminating moment of the Redemption of mankind;

and thereafter “when Jesus had taken the wine, He said: ‘all is fulfilled,’ and bowing His head, He handed over the spirit,”²⁶ “but one soldier thrust his lance into His side”²⁷;

those Most Holy words of the Only Begotten Son of the Father and the Son of the Virgin, pierced so laceratingly, sharply, penetratingly and deeply the sorrowful Mother of Calvary, that the prophecy of the elderly Simeon was accomplished and fulfilled in Her:

“This child is destined for the fall and rise of many in Israel, and to be a sign that will be contradicted and You Yourself a sword will pierce so that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.”²⁸

²⁶ Jn 19: 30.

²⁷ Jn 19: 34.

²⁸ Lk 2: 34-35.

Being the Virgin able to say with Her Son: “My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me...?” And to add with Him:

“All is fulfilled.”

Dying with Him in mystical death at the foot of the cross.

The Redemption finished, relying the Virgin on the omnipotent power of Her Son, and falling on Her the fruit of the whole Redemption, rested with Her universal co-redeeming mission finished and accomplished in an outpouring of Motherhood over all souls, as the Woman who would crush the head of the serpent with the Fruit of Her blessed womb.

Being the Virgin left waiting for the resurrection of Her Son, and communicating to us in Him and with Him the eternal life that, by the fruit of the Redemption of Christ Himself, is granted to those who bloodily or bloodlessly die at the foot of the cross, and under the protection of the co-redeeming Motherhood of Mary waiting for the definitive triumph of Christ.

“O happy fault... which gained for us so great a Redeemer!”²⁹ Who, being the Life, has overcome death.

Jesus could, in the plenitude of the perfection that befitted Him as God and as Man, ac-

²⁹ Easter Proclamation.

complish the Redemption without going through the dramatic and painful experience of the rejection of God's infinite Holiness on account of the sin that He represented; with the tragic and hair-raising consequences for man of the loss of God with all that this implies for the creature.

But He wanted, by the will of the Father who so determined, in an expression, as the Word, of loving spelling out of that same will, and under the impulse of the Holy Spirit; so that His humanity might lack nothing with regard to the consequences of sin, in majestic demonstration of how and how far He loved us; to live willingly, freely and experimentally consequences of the “no” to God of men who rebel against the infinite Holiness: pain, death, and agony experiencing the rejection by God Himself against the burden of the sins of men, whom He represented in a clamorous request for forgiveness;

To the First-born Son of mankind, to the Reconciler of God with fallen man, because He is Love that has the power and because He is Love and He loves, He has more than enough love in the glorious, divine and human manifestation, of His infinite atonement for God's offended Holiness, to become, as Man, willing and having the power, just one among His brethren.

Wherefore this “My God, my God..., why have You forsaken Me...?” is God's greatest lov-

ing manifestation to man, and the Man's to God in glorification of bloody Redemption that Christ realized, of how and how much He loves us in an overflowing of merciful love; and of how and how much He has willed and has been capable of suffering experimentally in His humanity, not only in His body but also in His soul, by means of the most difficult, dramatic and painful sacrifice that Christ could undergo during His hard journey on this earth, when feeling voluntarily and freely and in demonstration of the love with which He loves us, as though rejected by God, without being nor ever being able to be rejected He who is and has, by His Divine Person, one sole, only and same being with the Father and the Holy Spirit.

A wonder, practically impossible, that was accomplished by the magnificence of the power of the glory of the Almighty, who is able to be and to *stand in being of Himself* all that He is, can and wills, being able to be all that infinite in infinitude; and to do outwardly the impossible in order to make it possible that God, when He willed to become man, one of us, with all its consequences, so as to redeem us, might experience in His drama of love, when He carried our sins, what it means to lose God and to feel rejected by Him.

Thank you, Jesus! I knew something of how and how much you loved us; but what I have

not even been able to suspect until this day, under the light of Your infinite thought, owing to the greatness and magnificence of Your divine and human reality, is what You are capable of doing and of suffering in order to show it to me.

That is why my extolled, enamoured and deeply shaken soul, full of pure and delirious love for You exclaims with the author of this profound and most beautiful poem:

Heaven that you have promised me,
It does not move me, my God, to love You
nor does hell, so feared, move me ,
to avoid for that reason to offend You.

You move me, Lord; it moves me to see You
nailed on cross and mocked;
it moves me seeing Your body so wounded;
Your dishonours and Your death move me.

It moves me, at last, Your love,
and in such a way
that, even though there were no Heaven,
I would love You,
and, even though there was no hell,
I would fear You.

You do not have to give me to love You:
because, even though what I hope for
I did not hope for,
just like I love You, I would love You.

Being You, my Jesus, the Man God, who having in Yourself “the whole fullness of the deity bodily,”³⁰ in the sight of those who do not know You, You are also capable of enduring that the mind of man, darkened and clumsy for not knowing You and, therefore, not comprehending You in the greatness of Your sublime and enthralling reality, being as much God as You are Man by the union of Your human nature with Your divine nature in the person of the Word;

willingly or unwillingly may blur Your divine reality so much, that it may dare to deny Your sacred nature, coming to the point in its dullness of defiling You, presenting You only as though You were another man, for not grasping that in You dwells the plenitude of the Divinity.

Turning this way the mind of man, confused and darkened, into a rock of scandal and a ruin of souls; not recognizing that “God greatly exalted Him and bestowed on Him the Name that is above every Name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend, of those in Heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”³¹

In view of that, stunned, crushed under the weight of my wretchedness, delirious with love

³⁰ Col 2: 9.

³¹ Phil 2: 9-11.

and tenderness, I want, Jesus, to kiss Your open side, Your pierced hands, Your head gushing out Blood and crowned with thorns in sacrilegious outrage of the scourging; and to receive with Mary, Your Most Holy Mother, at the foot of the cross, the glorious and Most Holy Redemption so that it may atone for me, perfect me and sanctify me.

In such way that, in order to return with loving response, the outpouring of Your love in manifestation of superabundant mercy over mankind; I may repeat the offering of the immolation of my life as in 1959, when I saw the Church covered with a mantle of mourning, and torn apart, demanding my response of compassion and love. On account of which I offered myself as victim to the Infinite Love for the sake of the Holy Church to help Her.

And on the day of the Epiphany of 1970, God also showed me the Church again thrown down on the ground and tearful, gasping and stooping, as though sitting on a stone, who turning to me asked me for help. What a day of Epiphany so sad, so devastating and so bitter!: Help from me! the last, the smallest, poorest, helpless and most misunderstood of the daughters of this Holy Mother; who feeling and being more Church than soul, would rather cease being soul than Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church;

Giving glory to the Father, glory to You, Incarnate Word, Most Holy Jesus, and glory to

the Holy Spirit, in my bloodless or bloody offering myself as victim, according to whatever your will may determine for me, which will always be the best thing.

So that, in an outpouring of my universal motherhood, in You and through You, and under the lap of Your Most Holy Mother, I may give life to souls in the silence of the immolation in which I find myself; trying to get them to fulfil the only purpose for which they have been created, taking to the Father's Bosom the greatest number possible for me, and they may become daughters of God, sharers in the divine life and heirs of His glory.

Thank you, Jesus! For all that today you have shown me, but I am not worthy, although I know that Your mercies have no end, because they are eternal, and because, the greater the misery, the greater and more abundant is the mercy.

That is why my soul, with Our all White Lady of the Incarnation, all Virgin, all Queen, all Lady, and all sorrowful Mother at the foot of the Cross, wants to live with Christ and This One crucified, and to die in my loud cry of tireless struggle:

Glory for God! Life for souls! That alone! The rest does not matter!

15-2-2001

WELCOME BE MAN TO THE FATHER'S BOSOM!

With the consummation of fallen man's restoration by means of the bloody immolation of the Divine Redeemer, majestic manifestation of the excellence of the Infinite Power in an excess of His eternal love for the glory of His Name and the salvation of souls; the Redemption by the Messiah Promised to the holy Patriarchs and announced by the Prophets of the Old Testament culminated, as the Immaculate Lamb who was immolated to take away the sins of the world; after which came the resurrection and the life by the triumph of the risen Christ:

“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.”¹

And while “the veil of the sanctuary was torn in two from top to bottom. The earth quaked,

¹ Lk 18: 31b-33.

rocks were split, tombs were opened, and the bodies of many saints who had fallen asleep were raised. And coming forth from their tombs after His resurrection, they entered the Holy City and appeared to many.

The centurion and the men with him who were keeping watch over Jesus feared greatly when they saw the earthquake and all that was happening, and they said, 'Truly, This was the Son of God!' ²;

While "Jesus giving a loud voice, said: 'all is fulfilled.' And bowing His head, He handed over the spirit"³;

the triumphant and glorious soul of the Divine Crucified, soars up into the sky in a triumph of sovereign majesty, and freeing the holy Fathers who were waiting for His holy coming and takes them behind Him, He arrives in the wide thresholds of Eternity opening them with the fruit of His glorious Redemption as "King of kings and Lord of lords,"⁴ coming into Glory; and with Him the wedding party of a crowd of captives, after whom the rest of men will enter. "Therefore, it says: 'He ascended on high and took prisoners captive; He gave gifts to men.' What does 'He ascended' mean except that He also descended into the lower (regions) of the earth? The one who descended is also the one who ascended far above all the Heavens, that He might fill all things."⁵

² Mt 27: 51-54.

⁴ Rv 19: 16.

³ Mk 15: 37; Jn 19: 30.

⁵ Eph 4: 8-10.

What a great day! The soul of men's First-born has already come into Heaven.

What an awe-inspiring feast day...! What a peaceful celebration! What a great and unalterable peace!

What a Saturday of such glorious triumph! in which the soul of God's Only Begotten Son, who at the same time is the Son of Man, opens by the fruit of His Redemption the sumptuous Gates of Eternity, closed since the earthly Paradise by the sin in rebellion of our First Parents; and the old floodgates are raised before the impetuous passing of irresistible power of the soul of God's immolated Only Begotten Son, in triumph of glory.

While a jubilant hymn of praise resounds throughout the whole Heaven and to the outermost parts of the earth:

"Lift up your heads, O gates;
rise up, you ancient portals,
that the King of glory may enter.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord, a mighty warrior,
the Lord, mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O gates;
rise up, you ancient portals
that the King of glory may enter.

Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts
is the King of glory”⁶;

Yahweh’s Anointed, before whom the Angels of God adoring, full of expectation in glorious jubilation, contemplated the soul of Christ who, triumphant, opened the Father’s Bosom by the fruit of His Redemption with His five wounds; bringing behind Himself to the eternal jubilation the glorious and triumphant court of the ancient Fathers: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob with the holy Prophets, with Christ’s race brethren of the People of Israel, chosen First-born to be repositories of the promises of God to man, and with the legion of captives rescued by the price of His Blood and who awaited His holy coming.

Being heard in the heights of the wide limits of Eternity as though a hymn of triumph:
Welcome be the Man who with His five wounds has opened the Father’s Bosom!

All the promises of the Old Covenant of God and mankind have now been fulfilled, being Christ the fulfilled and finished Promise in glorious and definitive triumph of glory conquest, who enters into Eternity winner over sin and victorious over death.

⁶ Ps 24: 7-10.

Whereas my soul, being introduced by God into that bridal chamber accompanied by the Angels and in astonishment, overwhelmed by ineffable and indescribable surprise, and becoming delirious with love and joy; contemplated –permeated by the loving wisdom of the Infinite Being and transcended and raised by the powerful hand of His coeternal sovereignty full of power and majesty, so that somehow I might be able to manifest it although under the limitation of my poorness and the lowness of my nothingness–; the greatest, triumphant and surprising spectacle ever capable of being performed at the triumph of the soul of the Man entering into His eternal realm, as the Only Begotten Son of God Himself, in the glory of Eternity.

That is why today under the impulse of the Almighty and by the power of His grace, that, in the way that He alone knows, introduces me into His mysteries so that I may manifest them; I express a little –only of what is possible for me under the spiritual modesty of my *soul-Church* and as the Echo of this Holy Mother before going away with Christ to Eternity– of all that my soul lived and contemplated on the 28th of March of 1959, immersed in the mystery of the entrance of Christ’s soul into Glory, and sheltered in the Virgin’s lap under the protection of Her divine Motherhood, become one thing with Her, and overcome by the light of the contemplation of Mary.

Who transcended, in swift passing, as Queen and Lady, penetrated, surpassed by love, joy

and adoration, into the mystery of the entrance of Christ's soul, Her Son, into Eternity.

Today has been transcribed a little of what –immersed in mystery– God made me live that day in profound veneration of loving contemplation in sapiential wisdom of reverent and deep adoration.

“Oh Mary...! She, at the moment when Jesus ascended to the Father, united to Her Son's soul, partook in such overabundant and extolled manner, translimited by the joy of the Holy Spirit, of the happiness, glory and most blissful joy of the soul of God's Only Begotten Son and Her Son entering into Eternity.

And despite Mary being in exile, Her soul, transcended and translimited, was with Her Son's; the reason why the Virgin did not need to go down to the tomb... [...] ⁷. Since before to anyone, on the day of the resurrection the Lord appeared to Her.

Because Jesus introduced Her Most Holy Mother in such a way into the mysteries of His life, death and resurrection, that, before they were unveiled to anyone, She lived them in loving contemplation of joy or sorrow in the par-

⁷ This sign indicates the suppression of passages, more or less wide, that it is not deemed appropriate to publish in the authoress' lifetime.

ticipating union of the mystery of the Only Begotten Son of God and Her Son.

That is why Mary, with the death of Jesus, rested, on account of the fulfilled will of the Father and the glorification of Her Son and of Her God.

Mary was contemplating the entrance of the Son of God and Her Son into Heaven, while She dwelled on earth, as Mother of the Church, with the Apostles.

Today Heaven is on holiday, because Jesus has entered into it and the glorious Church has begun; but the earth is in mourning because men have killed the Son of God, the Messiah Promised and announced by the holy Prophets, and the Apostles did not know the joy that He had, whereas Mary contemplated it full of ineffable joy, overwhelmed by the love of the Holy Spirit. And for that reason She rejoiced with Jesus and suffered with the Apostles; She rejoiced, as Mother of the Church, with the glorious Church, and suffered with the sorrowful and distressed Church.

How great and unknown is Mary in relation to the eternal designs of God upon Her...!”

“[...] Oh, what a great day...! What a great celebration...! [...]

The soul of Jesus starts running..., running...

What a court...! What a retinue Christ has behind...! [...] What a court...! Like a bridegroom the day of His wedding...! It is the Church triumphant...! the New and Heavenly Jerusalem, restored by the Blood of the Lamb.

What an endless retinue...! What canticles of glory...! What a joy...! What a joy...!

The veil of the temple was torn down because the Father's Bosom was opened!

The soul of Christ, in the Father's Bosom, as Word and as Man, rejoicing...! His body rests in the tomb...

The old law was broken when the veil of the temple was torn down the middle...! Christ has perfected the law when He burst out on the cross... 'All is fulfilled!'

The triumphant Church now sets out singing the New Covenant through Jesus...! The Gates of Eternity were opened with the wounds of the Lamb...! The bronze bolts were broken with the triumph of the Word Incarnate...! God and Man embraced each other in Christ in the invincible and definitive triumph of Eternity!

'Glory to God in the highest...!'⁸ Christ Man enters into Glory followed by a retinue... But what a retinue does Christ have behind Him, so triumphant and so glorious...!

⁸ Lk 2: 14.

What a great day...! How composed the Church is and how happy entering with Jesus into Heaven...! And I so tiny, terrified and trembling, I am contemplating it for being Church, under the protection of Mary's Motherhood...!

What a court Christ takes with Him...! It is the Church triumphant, the Heavenly Jerusalem, watered and bathed with the Blood of the Lamb, who today begins Her glorious triumph in company of God's Angels. Today Christ enters followed by the court of all the ancient Fathers.

'Glory to God in the highest!' the Angels sing. All prostrate themselves before the Man...! All prostrate themselves before the Man-God who enters triumphantly into Heaven.

'Glory to God in the highest...' Glory to God! Glory to God for the Man...!

The Man is now in the Father's Bosom rejoicing in God's glory, as God and as Man...

Welcome be the Man to the Father's Bosom...!; the Man who opened with His five wounds the Father's Bosom by the shedding of His Divine Blood, as Immaculate Lamb, on the altar of the cross.

'If He gives His life as an offering for sin, He shall see His descendants in a long life, and the will of the LORD shall be accomplished through Him. Because of His affliction He shall see the light in fullness of days. Through His

suffering, My servant shall justify many, and their guilt He shall bear. Therefore I will give Him His portion among the great, and He shall divide the spoils with the mighty.⁹

Oh! The Man far superior to the Angel...!

Oh...! The Angels adore the Man-God! And all are aflame with love, prostrate in adoration, burned of love before the wounded Man-God, who has been scoffed at...! [...] All adore the Man-God who, by the shedding of His Blood, rescued fallen man, raising us, as First-born of mankind, to the dignity of being children of God in the Son and coheirs with Him and by Him of His same glory...! [...]

But what a great happiness in Heaven...!

The Man-God enters joyful into the Father's Bosom with His five wounds opened to pour through them graces to men.

Mary still remains in the world, contemplating...

What a joy! I contemplate with Mary the glory of Jesus.

How blissful Jesus in the Father's Bosom...! Glory to God...! What a joy! [...]

What a silence there is in Heaven and what a celebration...! It is an ineffable silence.

What a canticle of silent jubilation...!

⁹ Is 53: 10-12.

All Heaven ecstatic, adoring before the wounded God...!

The Man has given God all the infinite glory of atonement that He deserves, and leaves His side open, a spring of living water that wells up from the Father's Bosom through Christ to men...

With Christ the triumphant Church begins... Daughter of Jerusalem, advances glorious as Bride of the Immaculate Lamb, so that there will be no one to stand in Your way and cut off Your Queenly passing.

The first is the triumphant Church...! What a joy...! What a joy...!

Glory to God in Heaven...! The Father's Bosom is now open to all the children of good will...! Never more shall it be closed...! Christ has opened it... and He is waiting for all men... He opened it and placed Himself at the 'gate' with the arms outstretched, so that the sumptuous main Gates of Eternity may never be closed again...

[...] How happy and jubilant is my soul on this day of glory...!

The Man singing to God the new canticle, the great canticle of love...!

Christ's soul, perfect and finished, sings to God the new canticle, the great canticle that He alone can sing...

Man is now singing redeemed, and the Father looks upon men with love. Each man speaks to Him of His Christ and is grafted onto Him; and when embracing Christ in His bosom, He embraces all men.

Man has now a new and different tonality, and offers to the Father with Christ, through Him, and in Him, in infinite sacrifice, the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb...

Now the norms of the old law have been broken, the symbol of the Paschal Lamb...! Now Christ is the Immaculate Lamb who, in perennial offering, offers Himself to the Father for the sake of men.

The whole earth is singing in the Man-God! The whole earth is pink coloured...! It has a new and different tonality! [...]

All creation is celebrating, Heaven and earth: Heaven, because the Son of Man entered into it; and the earth because it has now someone who may respond and glorify God in its behalf...

[...] Today everything is adoration... I am adoring and contemplating...

But how pretty the earth is...! What a song of jubilation the Man sings to God...! How triumphant...! How triumphantly the Father's Bosom opens up so that men may enter...!

Oh, but What a silence...! The whole Heaven in silence... What a joy...! Oh, what a man is before God...! My God, what man is on account of Christ...!

Oh...! The Angels ministers of God, and men children of God...! The Angels adore the Man with the wings outstretched –without wings–, [...] face on the ground... –without face–; stooping to the ground...–without ground–. In Heaven there is no ground...! They adore from the very depths of their astonishment the God Man who, by the kingliness of His infinite excellence, opens with His wounds the Father's Bosom...

The Man enters into Heaven, and enters into it as Son of the King, not as minister; and each man is a son of God through Christ. And the Father receives with joy the Mass, because He receives His Christ, His Word...

Each Mass is the bloodless Sacrifice of Christ, of the Son of His delights... The Son of God become Man entered now into the Heaven and the Son of Man who is God...!

And how much gladness the Father's face shows...! And how happy God is seeing His Word...! He cannot deny anything to man...! The Source of Life has been opened for men, the Springs of Divinity in torrential affluents of divine life that gushes out like a waterfall through Christ, by the Sacraments...!

What a day of so much glory...! How happy is the Father seeing in Heaven and on earth the much beloved Son in whom He has set all His delights...! All...! all His delights in the Man-Christ...!

All...! All...! There is no delight left for anybody...! All for the Word... And as the Word is Man, all His delights for all men who grafted onto Him, are the New People of God, sacred Assembly, 'a chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a People of His own, so that you may announce the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into His wonderful light,'¹⁰ washed and rescued with the price of His shed Divine Blood, that takes away the sins of the world.

Man is superior to the Angel, because of Christ, for He is the beloved Son of the Father, and Christ does not become an angel, He becomes man; He does not become angel to redeem the angels who had also sinned.

And since the Word is Man, the Man has an infinite merit and that is why the Man-God makes man son of God and heir to His glory; except the rebellious man who does not want to avail himself of His Blood, of His merits nor of His Redemption; but that rebellious man, if he comes to the Source of Life, will have all the graces of the true children.

¹⁰ 1 Pt 2: 9.

[...] Oh, what a joy...! I am contemplating full of amazement, astonishment and holy fear of God, transcended from all that is earthly [...] when Jesus got into Heaven...! I am contemplating [...] twenty centuries ago the soul of Jesus getting into Eternity...! I am contemplating the soul of Christ getting into Heaven on the Holy Saturday...; [...] the moment when Christ's soul rose! what Christ is...! what the Angels do when the Man gets into..., what man is to God; His is not a minister, He is the son and heir to His glory...

Man, through Christ, contemplates with the Father, sings with the Word and burns in love with the Holy Spirit...

That is the life of glory...! Children of God...! The Angels ministers... What a happiness...! The Man is God and the Angels adore the Man who opens the Father's Bosom with His five wounds... [...] Since the Man is the Word of the Father, Incarnate.

[...] What a silence...! But what a silence...! But what a silence...! God is by Himself the Immutable One in His jubilation of love and infinite and coeternal joy.

Oh... how Christ enters into Heaven...! Now Christ does enter into Heaven, so happy! And how happy and composed does the glorious Church enter with Christ...!:

‘All glorious is the King’s daughter as She enters, Her raiment threaded with gold; In embroidered apparel She is led to the King. The maids of Her train are presented to the King. They are led in with glad and joyous acclaim; they enter the palace of the King.

The throne of Your fathers Your sons will have; You shall make them princes through all the land.

I will make Your name renowned through all generations; thus nations shall praise You forever.’¹¹

[...] The tearing of the veil of the temple is the symbol that Jesus with His death opened the Father’s Bosom, opening the majestic and sumptuous Gates in eternal joy of glory’s triumph, tearing the Father’s Bosom that was closed... And with His death the old law was broken in order to begin the New Covenant, promised to our First Parents, to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, announced by the holy Prophets, where God will now live forever embracing man who lost Him by the original sin: ‘You shall be My People, and I will be your God.’¹²

What a silence...! It is the silent joy of God...!

All Heaven is in silence, although it is celebrating on the glorious and triumphant day of the entrance of the soul of the First Man into the sumptuous mansions of Eternity.

¹¹ Ps 45: 14-18.

¹² Ez 36: 28.

‘O happy fault which gained for us so great a Redeemer!’ who is seated at the right hand of God before the joyful expectation of all the blessed who, in the company of the Angels, intone the hymn of praise that to God alone and to the Lamb can be sung:

‘I looked again and heard the voices of many Angels who surrounded the throne and the living creatures and the elders. They were countless in number, and they cried out in a loud voice:

‘Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, wisdom and strength, honor and glory and blessing.’

Then I heard every creature in Heaven and on earth and under the earth and in the sea, everything in the universe, cry out: ‘To the one who sits on the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honor, glory and might, forever and ever’.’¹³

¹³ Rv 5: 11-13.

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be Himself*,” “*is Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. – allocating to it a deeper, dense and original sense – in order to translate the expressions “*serse*,” “*se es*,” “*siéndose*,” etc. by means of which Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia expresses the multiple lights she has received from God about His Infinite Being.

The explanation that the very Mother Trinidad did in one of her writings, is transcribed as follows:

“*God is Himself*...! And this phrase, according to my poor understanding, embraces and explains for me all that God is. In such a way that, when I say: *God is Himself*, or *God is being Himself**, or the *being Himself* of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

First: I see how *God is Himself by Himself*; how all that He is, He *is being Himself** *so*; I see the eternal instant of the Eternity, in which *God is Himself by Himself and in Himself*; I see how He *is Himself so*, and why He *is Himself*

* In the text of this Collection of booklets, this expression has been substituted for “*stands in being of Himself*,” to avoid the use of two consecutive forms of the verb “to be” with different meanings: the first, “*is*” (“condition” or “state”) and the second, “*being*” (“identity” or “nature”).

so; and I contemplate Him *being Himself so* in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, *being Himself One*, is Three Divine Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity *is Himself*.

Second: I see in that same word: the being Himself or God is Himself, the Father *being Himself* Father by Himself and in Himself as Source; the Word *being Himself* Son in Himself and by the Father; and the Holy Spirit *being Himself* personal Love between both, in Himself and by the Father and the Word. And I see in this word: to be Himself, the way of being Himself so each one of the Persons, and the difference of each Person. So that, for me, this simple word that I use so much, says to me all the glorious mystery of my Trinity and all the hidden and very depth secret of my Unity in its root.”

Similarly Mother Trinidad refers to God the reflexive use of many other verbs, such as “to have,” “to see,” “to love,” “to know,” “to say,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He *has Himself so*,” “He *sees Himself so*,” “He *loves Himself so*,” “He *knows Himself so*,” “He says Himself,” etc...

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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