

The Plenitude of Christ's Priesthood

*that the Divinity contains in itself
and the tight summary of all creation,
in his being by himself as much God as He is man
and as much man as He is God, being*

The Great Christ of all times

*by reason of the plenitude of his divinity
and the perfect and consummated comprehension
of the life of all men,
lived by Him in each one of the moments
of his earthly existence,
in the penetrating and comprehensive dimension
of his divine and human Song
in manifestation of Eternity,
perpetuated throughout all times
in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church*

Mother

Enimidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

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

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THE PLENITUDE OF CHRIST'S PRIESTHOOD

My *soul-Church* needs, due to the demand of the perfection for which God created it, to delight in and enjoy in the savourable penetration of the reason for all things. And that is why, when, in my smallness, I glimpse in loving savouring the reason for the eternal Being, I adore, collapsed from love, in the most perfect manner that I can do it on earth, with the most blissful enjoyment of knowing that adoration is the most adequate response of the creature to the most perfect excellence of the infinite Being. Only adoring does my spirit feels rested, responding to the eternal Love, in total surrender with all that I am and possess.

But also, when I enter into the reason for the Incarnation, into the way it is and into the depth of its reality, translimited, I transcendently adore, to the extent that the creature is capable of doing it with regard to the Creator.

Mystery plethoric with reality, which, as a manifestation of the might and the magnificence

of the infinite Power, contains in itself the perfect realization of God's plan for man...! "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us in Christ with every spiritual blessing in the heavens, as he chose us in him, before the foundation of the world, to be holy and without blemish before him. In love he destined us for adoption to himself through Jesus Christ, in accord with the favor of his will, for the praise of the glory of his grace."¹ Because in the Incarnation the romance of love of the Trinity itself and the whole divine and created reality is said, containing in itself God who gives himself to man and the Man returning to God himself in divine and human Song.

What a concert of harmony, in keyboard playing of unprecedented nuances, contains, in the silence of its transcendence, the subjugating mystery of the Incarnation...! In it God says himself such as He is to man, and in it, man returns to God so marvelously, that in the union and through the indissoluble and hypostatic union of the divine nature and the human nature, the infinite Incarnate Word himself of the Father is the returning Song, in response to the infinite Being.

The Trinity gives itself to man through Christ in the Incarnation, and man is grafted onto the

¹ Eph 1, 3-6.

Trinity by virtue of this glorious mystery. That is why, my life's rest is to adore God for what He is in himself, of himself and for himself, and in the mystery of Christ's Priesthood, realized and summarized in the Incarnation.

Through the mystery of the Incarnate Word, I discover the tight summary of the whole plan of God, completed in relation to man, in the consummation of its perfection. God became Man so that man, through Christ, with Him and in Him, might be God by participation and, living on the eternal perfection, might fulfil the plan for which he had been created: "To those who did accept him he gave power to become children of God, to those who believe in his name."² Christ is God with all his infinite dimension giving himself to man, and He is the Man who, containing the whole creation, surrenders himself in response of love for all of it to the coeternal and infinite Trinity, being Himself the second person of the Trinity itself.

The mystery of the Incarnation is the manifestation of God's life outwards, in his Unity of being and in his Trinity of Persons. God lives with man, through Christ, his whole reality; and man lives with God, through Christ, on the infinite perfection, in familial intercommunication with all men.

² Jn 1, 12.

Oh transcendent mystery of the Incarnation, capable of containing the uncontainable, because it is possessor of the infinite Word Incarnate himself, who, in Mary's bosom, brings with Him the Father and the Holy Spirit to dwell in the Lady in recreation of love and interfamilial communication of trinitarian life and, through the divine and universal Motherhood of Mary, with all men...!

Oh Mystery that makes possible that the Man may become the Only Begotten Son of the Father, the expressive Word which, in a torrent of being, comes out of his Mouth as a burning manifestation of infinite wisdom...! Luminous mystery by virtue of which the Eternal One lives with men being one of them in time...!

The priesthood is the union of God with man. Therefore Christ, who is of himself the union of God with man, is the plenitude of the Priesthood; being the anointing of the Divinity over his humanity so overflowing, being so much, so much...! that He has no Person other than the divine.

What a union that of the Divinity and the humanity, in Christ...! What a perfection of compenetration...! What a plenitude of reality through which, in the infinite Person of the Incarnate Word, are enclosed, in and through

the union of both the human and the divine natures, Heaven and earth, Creator and creature, eternity and time, with all that God contains and with all that creation contains...!

“He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation. For in him were created all things in heaven and on earth, the visible and the invisible... all things were created through him and for him. He is before all things, and in him all things hold together.”³

The plenitude of Christ’s Priesthood makes Him be: the Anointing and the Anointed, the Divinity and the Humanity, the infinite Holiness and the Compiler of the sins of men, the perfect Adoration and the Outpouring of the infinite mercy; and the Response that, in bloody victimization, adequately gives satisfaction to the offended holiness of the three times Holy God.

Oh plenitude of Christ’s Priesthood, who has the power of being through his divine Person all He can be in the infinite power, and to be in himself Man, with the capacity to comprise all the men of all times, and with the adequate response to the Being’s immensity, in adoration and in bleeding shedding of redeeming victim, being able to say right properly: I am the High

³ Col 1, 15-17.

and Eternal Priest, because I am in me and by me and in the perfection of my reality God and Man, with the infinite possibility that God *is by himself** and has himself, and with the greatest possibility that man is and can be!

Jesus is God with Man; being able to say due to the fullness of his Priesthood: I am God and Man; I am in me the sacred Anointing and the Anointed; I am the infinite Donor and the Compiler of all humanity; I am God's completed Plan in the most perfect manner that the infinite Being invented in his eternal wisdom, as well as the Answer that He himself wanted to receive from humanity. Moreover: I am, on account of my divinity, all that I am in the infinite subsistence that, as Word from the Father, from Him I have received; and I am, as Man, the perfect Adoration before the infinite holiness of the offended most high Good; I am the Delight of the Father when He looks to the Man, because in me He sees himself so marvellously reflected, that joyfully He can say: "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased."⁴

Christ is the perfect Adoration of the Father who, because of the excellence of the infinite

* The expression "*is by himself*," as well as "*being by himself*," "*to be by himself*," 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. (N.T.)

⁴ Mt 3, 17b.

Holiness, adequately responds to his perfection. And God rests because He is adored by the creature as He infinitely and eternally deserves.

Jesus, Adoration of the Father, on account of the inexhaustible excellence of his holiness, before this same offended and outraged Holiness, as a loving manifestation, needs to repair for it, and, in a supreme act of expiatory adoration, dies, responding in the most perfect degree that the creature can do it to the offended infinite and coeternal Being.

“Christ came as high priest of the good things that have come to be... with his own blood he entered once for all into the sanctuary, thus obtaining eternal redemption.”⁵

Jesus' life, consummated step by step in his painful victimization, is the spelled out expression in bleeding tear of the love of God, who, full of mercy, pours himself over man; and is a spelling out of victimization that glorifies the offended infinite Love himself.

Oh most secret mystery of the Incarnation, that contains the uncontainable and manifests that which is not manifestable through the simple appearances, graspable and alive of a humanity so marvellously adhered to the Divinity, that makes it possible for God to cry in Bethlehem, to burst out in blood in Gethsemane and to die bare of

⁵ Heb 9, 11-12.

all consolation in the laceration of the cross, as a perfect adoration of infinite reparation!

Oh “folly” of the infinite Love...! Will there be anything that, once God becomes Man, He is not capable of being? And thus, in the outpouring of that same Love, becomes Bread, Wine and Prisoner of our tabernacles in the prolongation of the ages that He himself contains in himself, in order to be, through the mystery of the Eucharist, the glorious Christ, but victimated, who sings to us, in a hymn of glory, his infinite love.

“I am the living bread that came down from heaven; whoever eats this bread will live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world.”⁶

My poor tongue would like to break out in a plethoric canticle of delirious melodies... would like to play on the keyboard unheard of concerts... to say, in the way I am and I express, something of the transcendence that at the foot of my Tabernacle, illuminated by the Holy Spirit, I conceive of the inexhaustible mystery of the Incarnation, lovingly manifested in the life of Christ during his thirty-three years, fulfilling the perfection of his victimization with his death on the cross and perpetuated in the Church for all ages.

⁶ Jn 6, 51.

How great is Christ...! How transcendent the mystery He contains...! How plethoric and overwhelming his reality...! What can He be in himself that He is not already, if He is because of his divine Person all that He can be in the same infinite possibility of God, and because of his humanity all that man can be in his created possibility...? As God, He lives in union with the Father and the Holy Spirit in the familial intercommunication of his trinitarian life; and as Man, in the familial union of everyone who, adhering to Him through the mystery of the Church, is so utterly one with Him, that he is part of his Mystical Body, becoming a member of his through the tight summary of the mystery of the Incarnation. "Now you are Christ's body, and individually parts of it. To each individual the manifestation of the Spirit is given for some benefit."⁷

Christ also tightly contains all ages with all men, comprehending, in the summary of his reality, creation. Because He is the Great Christ who, in the perpetuation of the mystery of the Church, takes away the impediments of distance and time for him who, grafted onto Him, lives Him as his member in the tight reality that He in himself contains.

Oh overpowering mystery of the Incarnation that makes possible that the God-Man, through

⁷ 1 Cor 12, 27. 7.

the comprehending perfection of his humanity, encloses in himself the men of all ages, making disappear, through the plenitude of the extension of his grace, even time with the distance of its extension...!

No impediment exists, for the Great Christ of all ages, that may separate Him not even an inch from any of his children, because they are all contained in Him, making them live on the plenitude of his Priesthood directly in the unfathomable and inexhaustible spring of his outpouring.

As the three divine Persons, having one sole being, live in the intimacy of their trinitarian life *being themselves* all their inexhaustible perfection, in the mystery of Christ we are all one with Him, in such a perfect, tight and interfamilial way, that He is the Head of all his members; forming the Great Christ of all ages, and being capable, through the marvellous mystery of the Incarnation, of living through Christ, in Him and with Him, in intercommunication of familial life among all of us and, grafted onto Christ as the branches in the vine,⁸ with the Father and the Holy Spirit: “Holy Father, that they may be one just as we are one.”⁹

“I am the vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in me and I in him will bear

⁸ Cfr. Jn 15, 5. ⁹ Jn 17, 11b.

much fruit, because without me you can do nothing.”¹⁰

How great is the Church, living and live perpetuation of Christ with us, that contains his mystery and is a donation of the whole of Him in all and each one of the moments of our life...!

By means of the Church, Christ is with us during all times, and we with Him in his time, becoming the time, which apparently separates me from Christ, like a phantom of the imagination that is reduced to nothingness due to the greatness of my life of faith, hope and charity, which makes me live Christ without frontiers, without distances and without anything that may come between Him and me. Because, plunged into the profound concavity of his open side, I drink in torrents from the spring of his infinite life, that, welling up in the Trinity's chest, is given to me through Him in saturation of divinity. And also, in his open side, I satiate myself with the plenitude of his Priesthood, that, in an outpouring of victimization, responds, in a hymn of adoration, to the outraged infinite Love, in perfect self-surrender.

My *soul-Church* satiates all its tormenting thirst at the foot of the tabernacle next to the wounded God who, in the presence of the

¹⁰ Jn 15, 5.

offended infinite Holiness, died as a hymn of bloody glorification.

Oh if I could give thanks to God for the outpouring of his love, for the plenitude of all that He is in himself, and for the magnificence of all that in his mystery I conceive!

“For this reason I kneel before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that he may grant you in accord with the riches of his glory to be strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inner self, and that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith; that you, rooted and grounded in love, may have strength to comprehend with all the holy ones what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, so that you may be filled with all the fullness of God.”¹¹

My poor being is not capable of realizing what it needs, for the smallness of what I contain. But, it doesn't matter; there is Christ, who is the full Thanksgiving, responding to God so perfectly, that, in his return, sings to Him the infinite Canticle that only He can sing to himself. And the plenitude of the mystery of the Incarnation is so great and real, that through Him, when the Father looks at me, He sees in me Christ, and He sees me so much become

¹¹ Eph 3, 14-19.

one thing with Him, that I am one of the members of his Mystical Body, being able my *soul-Church*, full of joy in the saturation of his wisdom, to listen to the Father calling me: My son, recreation of his delights and image of his perfection.

What are You, Jesus, that You made me with yourself a living word that expresses God in response of loving glorification...? What are You, Jesus, that You gave me the possibility, through the participation of your Priesthood, to be men's redemption? What are You, Jesus...? What are You, Jesus...?

Today I, translimited by the tight summary that of You I understand through my life of faith, I adore You in the rested manner that the creature, grafted onto You, can do.

Thank you, Lord, because in You I can now adore God as I need, because in You, participating in the plenitude of your Priesthood, I can feel myself adoration that, in thanksgiving and reparation, responds to the outraged infinite Love. Thank you, Jesus, because in You and through You, I can be nourishment of life in abundant outpouring of divinity to all men, without distance of time and place.

From the mystery of the Incarnation, one transcends to the Uncreated One, but in the

profound secret of Mary's bosom, where the Trinity is covered with the untouchable cloak of the Lady's virginity.

God lives in the veiled concealment of his infinite virginity in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of his eternal holiness, surrounded in the transcendent Temple of his infinite being. No one can go into it without being introduced by the omnipotent arm of his power, in an outpouring of eternal mercy.

But God wanted us to enter by virtue of the invitation of his Incarnate Word, and, for this, He sought the way to give himself to us shrouded in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of Mary's bosom, covered by the immaculate veil of her splendorous virginity. Thus, in order to discover and enter into God's depth, one needs to be introduced by the loving hand of Mary's Motherhood.

All the greatness of Our Lady, which also like Christ's was manifested in Bethlehem, at Calvary and in her glorious assumption to heaven, comes to Her through the mystery of the Incarnation in the plenitude of Christ's Priesthood.

Mary also has a priesthood which is called: divine Motherhood; because She was so plethorically anointed by the Divinity, that She can say right properly to the Son of God: My Son,

with the same right with which She can say it to the Son of Man. “The holy Spirit will come upon you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. Therefore the child to be born will be called holy, the Son of God.”¹²

In Mary, her priesthood is called: divine Motherhood, because it is the means through which God unites himself to man and man is grafted, through Christ, onto God. And She, being Mother of the Incarnate God himself, through Christ’s Priesthood, responds with Him, as Mother in the plenitude of her priestly motherhood, in adoration, thanksgiving and reparation, by means of the offering of her Incarnate infinite Son, made to the Father. And thus as God can say when become incarnate: I am God and Man in the fullness of my Priesthood, in Mary, her motherhood is so marvellous, so divine, that it makes Her right properly be Mother of God and Mother of Man. Everything else in Her is a consequence of the perfect action of God in outpouring on her motherhood. Oh divine Motherhood of Mary, brimming with plenitude and saturated with priesthood ...!

All that in Christ we have seen of his Priesthood in the mystery of the Incarnation, through the union of the two natures in the person of the Word, can be applied to Mary, in the man-

¹² Lk 1, 35.

ner and in the degree of her divine Motherhood, through the perfection of her priesthood, that makes possible that in Her, by Her and through her divine Motherhood, that which is inconceivable may be brought about: God who says: I am Man; and the Man: I am God; Mary who says to God: My Son! and God, to Mary: My Mother! God's manner of saying is not like ours, but, according to the perfection of his infinite being, when He speaks, He carries out what He says in finished realization of all that He pronounces.

God made Mary so perfect, in the image of his eternal Virginity, that He said to Her his Word so infinitely, that Mary, in the love of the Holy Spirit, by his touch of fecundity in her bosom, broke out in fecundity of virginity so plethoric, that She was, right properly, Mother of the Only Begotten Son of the Father, Incarnate.

Therefore, if Christ is Redeemer, Mary is Co-redeemer; if Christ is the adoration, Mary is the Adorer; if Christ is the Victim, Mary offers Him and offers herself with Him to the Father, according to her specific and peculiar priesthood, with the right that her motherhood gives Her.

“Simeon blessed them and said to Mary his mother, ‘Behold, 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.' »¹³

Because if Christ is, through his Priesthood, the content and fulfilment of God's entire plan towards man, He is so through Mary and through her divine Motherhood, where the union of man with God is brought about with all the content of infinite donation that this entails. God gives himself to us through Mary and raises us to himself, sublimating us so marvelously, that He introduced us into the profound depth of his chest.

My poor soul, in the presence of the mystery of the Incarnation brought about in the bosom of Our Lady, feels itself collapsing from love for God, for Christ and for Mary, knowing, in the experiential savouring of my being Church, that, curled up in my Mother Virgin, I will be able, without dying, to contemplate on earth the transcendent mystery of the Incarnation.

Mary is the torch of my life, the path of my walk, the shelter in my dangers, the motherhood of my filiation, the new Woman through whom I live on God in the profound savouring of his mystery. And, to the extent that I know

¹³ Lk 2, 34-35.

how to go deeper into the bosom of my White Virgin, all the mysteries of the infinite Being will be given and manifested to me on earth, of the infinite Being who, in the plethoric outpouring of the Priesthood of the Virgin's Son, spells himself out to me from her bosom, with a Mother's heart and a love of the Holy Spirit.

How simple is God's plan...! how tender...! how sweet...! how maternal and how loving...! It was necessary that God gave himself to men with a Mother's heart and a love of the Holy Spirit. And this on earth is called: Mary! who, raised to the hidden depth of God's chest, She is all divine Motherhood, capable of tearing out from the Eternal Father the infinite Son of his innermost being and bringing Him to us so that He might say to us, in spelling out of love, his romance of eternal donation.

Mary's virginity was so rich in the adherence of all her whole being to the Infinite One, that made it possible for the untouchable kiss of the Holy Spirit to make Her break out in divine Motherhood, and, through this motherhood, God became Man.

How will men want to manifest the true face of the Church, hiding and wanting to make pass unnoticed the brightness of Mary's greatness? Where will he go after divine wisdom he who does not know how to receive it in the precious amphora where the eternal Wisdom be-

came incarnate in order to manifest himself in gleams of holiness under the infinite copious outflow of his explanatory Word?

My soul, created for the Supreme Good, rushes to God's chest, in Mary's arms, and She, introducing me into the hidden depths of her motherhood, drives me towards God himself, so that, going deep into the springs of his inexhaustible streams, I may contemplate, may live and may participate in the eternal He-who-Is flowing in three Persons.

Oh fecundity of Mary, that causes the infinite Word of the Father to be pronounced in her virginal womb so marvellously that, in the joyful sacred words of the eternal Love, the great mystery of the Incarnation may take place, and by her glorious birth, be manifested to all men...!

How many times, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, I have understood, enthralled by love, that all that God has given me, gives me and will give me, will be by and through Mary's motherhood, and that, to the extent that I live my filiation with Her, God will communicate himself to me. Mary brings me to God, and I, as a tiny creature, possess the impossible to the extent and in the dimension that I get into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the virginal womb of Our Lady.

The Incarnation, in Christ, is a mystery of priesthood; and in Mary, due to her motherhood, is also a mystery of priesthood.

Through his Priesthood, Christ says to the Father: I am the Man; and to men: I am God; with all that this encloses of donation on the part of God himself, and of response in adoration, thanksgiving and reparation, on the part of the Man.

Through her priesthood, Mary is Mother of God, and God, Son of a Woman, giving the Incarnate Word such plenitude to Mary's motherhood, that, by extensive overabundance of this plethoric reality, the Virgin is Mother of all men. Ineffable Mystery of God's infinite love...! Who will be able to know it without becoming so tiny that he will be capable of losing his poor understanding and, adhering to Mary's, glimpse in Her and with Her all the divine mysteries? God gave his Mother so great an understanding of his mysteries, that He made Her contain that which is uncontainable, in the transcendently unimaginable manner that befits her divine Motherhood.

The priesthood is the union of God with man, wherefore Christ, who is of himself the union of God with man, is the plenitude of the priesthood. But, inasmuch as that priesthood is performed by Mary's divine Motherhood, in Her and through Her God unites himself to man.

Through the plenitude of Christ's Priesthood, Mary's virginity, when breaking out in divine Motherhood under the fecund action of the Holy Spirit, is priesthood's motherhood; different from the ministerial priesthood of the New Testament, which is the prolongation and perpetuation of the supreme and eternal Priesthood of Christ.

Christ *is by himself* a Priest in the plenitude of the union of the divine and human nature in his Person, and Mary, as a derivation of Christ's Priesthood, receives a peculiar priesthood that is called: divine Motherhood, in ineffable union with the Supreme and Eternal Priest.

As Christ's Priesthood, from the moment of the Incarnation, was perpetuated throughout all centuries, compiler of all times and donor for all men, so Mary's motherhood, from the moment of the Incarnation, in the plenitude of this mystery, encloses, through the grafting of all men onto Christ, the comprehending possibility of containing, under the influence of her motherhood, all times with all men in each one of the moments of their lives; in which lives, through the Church and through her Liturgy, is made visible to them, perceivable, and even more, present and real, even though mysteriously, the whole mystery of Christ's life, death and resurrection, in the tight summary of Mary's motherhood. Wherefore the irradiation of this

motherhood is given to us and is perpetuated in the Church's bosom, in and through the liturgical acts, through the content of the mystery of the Incarnation, which, taking place in Mary, makes Her be universal Mother, replete with priesthood due to her divine Motherhood.

Christ *is by himself* all He is in Mary's bosom, from it and through it and through her divine Motherhood; and, by means of this motherhood, He gives himself to us in each one of the acts of his private and public life, and even more, He perpetuates for us his whole reality through the Liturgy throughout all ages.

Oh divine Motherhood of Mary, unknown, tight content of the mystery of the Incarnation and perpetuated extension of this same mystery, which by means of You is given to men under the sanctifying, extensive, comprehending and revitalizing action of the Holy Spirit...! Oh plethoric priesthood of the motherhood of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation...! Allow me that, by drinking in the spring of your virginity, I may saturate myself so marvellously, that, participating in your fecundity, I may give birth to Christ in the souls and may be a perpetuation, by my grafting onto Him, of your motherhood that also makes me break into fecund spiritual motherhood.

I already have a model, in the Church's bosom, for my virgin-mother's soul. I already

found, through Christ, in Mary, the plenitude of my priesthood, my virginity's rest and the fullness of my fecundity; having in Mary and through Mary my peculiar manner of responding to God in adoration, that needs, with Her and like Her, to revitalize her children and appear with them, in the peculiarity of each one's priesthood, before the infinite Holiness as a response of thanksgiving, singing to Him a hymn of perfect praise to his glory.

How great is the Incarnation which, in the summary of its reality, makes us live inconceivable mysteries of donation and response...!

By virtue of the plenitude of Christ's Priesthood, we are all capable of possessing God, being through Christ, with Him and in Him, priests, in the diversity of manners which, in the Church's bosom, God has placed for all and each one of his children.

"You are '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.'"¹⁴

The priesthood has its own peculiar manner in the pouring down of the sacred anointing onto men, which, according to God's will, is

¹⁴ 1 Pt 2, 9.

given in one way or another to each one for the fulfilment of his eternal plan.

The priesthood is intrinsically the union of God with man and of man with God. That is why Christ, who is the plenitude of that Priesthood, is in himself God-Man.

Her priesthood made Mary be Mother of God and Mother of the Man, in a motherhood so plethoric, that in her bosom the anointing of the Divinity onto Humanity took place, in a reality full of priesthood.

That is why, when God anoints the priest of the New Testament, He anoints him for himself, so that he may be Christ to others, and so that, with the strength and power of this grace, he may gather all men and take them to Him.

“As you sent me into the world, so I sent them into the world. And I consecrate myself for them, so that they also may be consecrated in truth.”¹⁵ “Whoever receives you receives me, and whoever receives me receives the one who sent me.”¹⁶

How great is the priest of the New Testament, who, through the sacred anointing, from the day of his ordination, can say: “This is my Body,” “This is my blood” and bring about again the mystery of the incarnation, life, death and

¹⁵ Jn 17, 18-19.

¹⁶ Mt 10, 40.

resurrection of Christ, with regard to God and amongst men...! What greatness that of the priest, who is capable of perpetuating Christ amongst us; and even more, to be Christ amongst men, with the plenitude and abundance of the participation in his Priesthood...!

The utterance of God, in the pouring down of his infinite will, does what it says. That is why, the priest of the New Testament, with the strength of the Divinity's anointing on him, is capable of renewing in perpetuation, as long as the centuries last, the mystery of the Incarnation which, brought about through Mary's motherhood, is given to us containing Christ's life, death and resurrection.

The priest is the one who, through the Liturgy, perpetuates Christ amongst men, the one who does what only Christ can do, in an "utterance" which is Christ himself acting in so far as He is the High and Eternal Priest, with the power of his grace, for the good of humanity.

"All this is from God, who has reconciled us to himself through Christ and given us the ministry of reconciliation. So we are ambassadors for Christ, as if God were appealing through us. We implore you on behalf of Christ, 'be reconciled to God.' "¹⁷

¹⁷ 2 Cor 5, 18. 20.

And that is why, the priest has the power to forgive sins, to raise fallen man and to make him son of God, performing miracles that only the Only Begotten Son of the Father, by the power of his Priesthood and in the plenitude thereof, is capable of performing.

Oh priest, priest of the New Testament...! How all your life has to conform to the fulfilment of grace's power that has fallen onto you the day of your priestly ordination...! Oh priest of Christ, overflowing reality of inconceivable perfection...!

Oh Shepherds of the holy Mother Church of God, holders of the plenitude of the priesthood, continuers of the Apostles, bearers of their pastoral care...!

Oh marvel of the Pope's infallibility, who, for being the Supreme Shepherd, possesses and is capable of bringing together all men in one only thought, and express to them with certainty God's infinite will through his human word...!

Give us, Lord, to know how to value your infinite love, which, doing what it says, makes each one of us, according to the peculiar and particular manner of your will, participate in Christ in the bosom of the Church for your glorification and in the fulfilment of your eternal plan over men.

All of us christians, through the Divinity's anointing that flows down onto Christ, as Head of the Mystical Body, and by means of Mary's Motherhood, have received from the plenitude of the Supreme and Eternal Priest a royal priesthood for the saturation of our lives and the revitalization of all of the whole People of God.

“Worthy are you to receive the scroll and to break open its 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.”¹⁸

Because, “like precious ointment on the head, running down upon the beard, upon the beard of Aaron, upon the collar of his robe,”¹⁹ also all of us, grafted onto Christ, are soaked in the plenitude of his divinity, participating in his Priesthood.

Through baptism, we all have our priesthood mysteriously received from Christ, and, to the extent that we gradually open ourselves to the infinite donation, it becomes more fecund, more full and more glorifying to God in extension of revitalization for men.

His Priesthood comes to Christ through the union of the two natures in the person of the

¹⁸ Rv 5, 9-10.

¹⁹ Ps 132, 2.

Word, that makes Him able to say, right full of reality: "I am God and Man."

To Mary, the overflowing of her priesthood enables Her to call God: My Son! and the Son of God to call Her Mother, as a manifestation of what She is.

His sharing in Christ's Priesthood enables the priest of the New Testament to say: "This is my Body," "This is my Blood," and to bring about amongst men the perpetuation of God with us, in such a way that He may make us be living members of Christ in the reality of his Mystical Body.

The plenitude of Christ's Priesthood is so immense, that, from Him, all of us christians have received our priesthood, capable of making us live his life, his tragedy and his mission in union with himself and, through Him, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, and in intercommunication of goods with all men of all ages, who, adhering to Christ, become his members.

What was the posture of Christ's soul at the moment of the Incarnation? To receive God and, adhering to Him, responding to Him by adoring Him in a hymn of praise as reparation to his offended infinite holiness; and, at that same instant, to turn to men and, as God, give himself to them as a donation, making it extensive to them all in the prolongation of the ages, through the Church.

Oh transcendent moment of the Incarnation, that makes Christ also gather all men and, enclosing them in the compendium of his perfection, turn again to the infinite Holiness as a Response of all of them and as an Oblation of his Priesthood before the excellence of the infinite Being, to give them to drink from the abundance of his springs, from the plenitude of his divinity...!

Mary was solely an adherence to all the movements of Christ's soul in his life, mission and tragedy, with the nuance of Virgin-Mother; this being also the posture of the priest of the New Testament, to which he has to conform his whole life.

And as from Christ's Priesthood all of us who are in Him have received a royal priesthood, our life, through Christ, with Him and in Him, has to be: God's glorification, in extension of his Kingdom, as a praise of his Glory.

“Like living stones, let yourselves be built into a spiritual house to be a holy priesthood to offer spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.”²⁰

How great is the mystery of the Incarnation, through which we all form a priestly People replete and saturated with Divinity! How great is the Church, which contains the whole summa-

²⁰ 1 Pt 2, 5.

ry of God's donation in an outpouring onto men, who, resting in her bosom, perpetuates himself in living and live reality of infinite donation!

Thank you, Lord, because today, when comprehending more profoundly the mystery of the priesthood, I feel immensely happy for being the tiniest in the Church's bosom. How blissful I feel that the Church has so great a plenitude of priesthood due to the diversity of manners and styles of possessing it...!

Today I have understood even clearer how I am only "the Echo of the Church" who, in singing repetition, through the sharing in my priesthood, I manifest the tight summary of the richness which God has deposited in the Church's bosom.

My mission is to repeat, in my fidelity as "Echo," the plenitude of her richness, and that is why I spell out as I can the greatness of Christ's Priesthood, the brightness of Mary's divine Motherhood and the diversity of manners of priesthood that are contained in the Church's bosom. Today I have understood even better the difference between Christ's Priesthood and Mary's, between the ministerial priesthood of the New Testament and Mary's.

How great is God in the perfection of his being, in the familial intercommunication of his life and in the splendidous manifestation of his power, that makes God become Man, man become God, the creature become Mother of the Uncreated, the Uncreated become Son of the creature, man become perpetuator of Christ's mystery through the participation in his Priesthood, Christ become Head of all the members of his Mystical Body, and all men become part of Christ in the dimension of the Church's mystery!

I today, as "Echo of the Church," through the participation in the mystery of Christ's Priesthood and in Mary's priestly motherhood, united to all my children, appear before the infinite Love with the peculiar manner of the priesthood of each one of them and with the variety of their nuances; and, in the plenitude of its content, I respond to God, in the name of all of them, for them and for me, in adoration which needs to be offered up by the Church, as a hymn of glory to the infinite Holiness. And in my hymn of praise, captivated by the excellence of God's majesty, I run to all the ends of the earth with the plenitude that my priestly motherhood has given me in the Church's bosom, in order to saturate all men with the divinity which, welling up from Christ's chest, through Mary and through the priesthood, is communicated to us

as a living and mysteriously real perpetuation throughout all times.

How great is the compact summary that the Church holds in her bosom...! How replete with Divinity...! How saturating with happiness...! And how few satiate themselves in her springs for failing to discover the torrent of its waters!

29-9-1976

MY NOSTALGIAS ARE HARD...

The nostalgias of my wounded heart are hard... I trust, without tiring, in promises loaded with hopes which the infinite Love told my soul in tender donations that demand from me a return.

I listen inside of me the melody of his sweet and serene voice, in delights of tender pleasures. And I know the crackle of the burning impetus of his fires, as I know the passing of his impetuous crash, like a hurricane, impelled by his glories.

Time has taught me that He is patient and awaits, in long years loaded with mysteries, the Lover who shows to me his secrets among clouds, hidden behind thin veils.

But I also know the sublime sublimeness of the Coeternal One in the excellence of his *being by himself* the Immense One, where, in the Family, in perfect possession, God *is by himself* a divine Kiss in the wisdom of the height of his Bosom.

I know that between He who Is and my poverty, in the baseness of my clumsy being, there exists an infinity of distance with regard to his height, because I have seen Him, even though shrouded by the shadows of faith, in the dark exile in which I still live.

And I have seen the Luminaries of his Eyes, the Spring of his eternal Fountains; I have drunk in the cut of his chest, satiating myself, in sweet savourings, with the nectar of that divine Delicacy that inebriates in the sweetness of the heavens; and I go, into exile, trembling, because I can lose Him whom I have possessed, as long as I live in death's night and fierce enemies surround me.

I try to be faithful to Him in every instant, reaching the end of my destiny, where the eternal He-who-Is awaits me, with his open chest, shrouded by his immense power.

I have to tread on stony paths, crossing deep abysses, in nights of prolonged silences, without stars or moons that may illuminate my paths... And if the oppressive day in the desert dawns and would want to burn my wounded chest, I have to seek the oasis of Him who, with his shadow, became for me an eternal Fountain and a divine Bread...

The panting in my race is hard, with my treading, tired and painful, because of the long

journeys that lead to the day of the eternal frontier, where He whom I long for dwells...!

It is to the liking of Him who has called me by my name, to show me his greatness, to mark out my paths, to fill me with promises, engraving, with deep petitions, in my inner being, that which He has wanted for me and for all those who are with me.

But He who loves me enjoys, telling me that it is He who acts in me, and that is why He likes to leave me in the poverty of my nothingness.

When I look at Him, my soul breaks out in flight rising to his height... When I return to myself, I discover my poverties, my roughnesses, my rough understandings! and I shroud deep moanings in the silence of my sorrows... Because, when I touch transcendent mysteries in the excellence of the Sublime One during my lifetime and I express it in my limited way, it seems that I defile the eternal greatnesses, and that I stain them with my crooked being...!

A mystery that does not fit within my limits, that overflows my poor capacity to hold thoughts, because it is God himself, who is infinite, who approaches me in donation of sweet petitions, asking my poor being to collaborate, in my knowledge, with his power, in his plans!

If I should say in some way this that I hold inside me... that which oppresses me in the profound depth of my chest...!

If I should express what I conceal in my silences, without giving it form because I do not have a word that may make out the meaning of everything that is held in them, contained in the depth of my silenced chest...!

I know that God is great and is eternal in the sublime magnificence of his immense power; that He can do everything on account of his eternal excellence, that everything is in his infinite and possessed *being by himself..*

I also know, in a very concrete way, that I am the nothingness, and He the Everything that I nest in my chest.

**MY GUILT HAS TURNED
INTO BLISS TO MY ACHING SOUL
BEFORE JESUS CRUCIFIED**

The marvellous mystery of the incarnation, life, death and resurrection of Christ, has been realized by the infinite and coeternal power of the adorable Trinity, a consequence and as a consequence of the creature having rebelled against the infinite will of God's Excellence, offending his subsistent and infinite Holiness;

to redeem us and reconcile us again with Him, and for the fulfilment of his eternal plans, perfected and finished, about us, having created us in his image and likeness so that we might possess Him.

If man had not sinned, God would not have become incarnate, nor would He have had, for the manifestation of his glory's splendour in overflowing compassion, to pour himself out onto our misery; which took the Father's Christ, Yahweh's Anointed, to an ignominious death by crucifixion, as an expiatory victim of infinite reparation to the three times Holy offended God; and, like an immaculate Lamb, to offer his life

in immolation as a ransom that takes away the sins of man fallen when he rebelled against the Creator.

For this reason my soul, after the consideration of this terrible, but dramatic reality, thanks God, exultant with joy, with hymns and canticles of praise and under the limitation of my worthlessness, with worshipful and contrite spirit, humbled before the misery of my nothingness, reverent, shaking and frightened, because the Word became flesh and dwelled among us.

But, because of my love towards Him and the drama of my guilt for having offended Him, even though the mystery of his incarnation, life, death and resurrection may have been so beneficial to me; I would have preferred to remain poorer, for not being God's daughter, grafted onto Christ through Him, with Him and in Him, to the consequence that, in order to save me, God's donation, repairing for my sins, in redemption by a heartrending crucifixion, had to be brought about, for the glory of Yahweh's Name;

understanding that the offended infinite Holiness demanded, by the perfection of his divine nature itself, infinite reparation on account of the creature's rebellion against his Creator; and, therefore, an infinite Restorer, in the way

and manner that, of Him who is Love and is able and is Love and loves, his perfection demands when He wants to pour himself out, from the excellence of his coeternal and infinite Holiness, over the tear of our wretchedness, for the splendour of his glory in an overflowing of merciful compassion onto the baseness, scantiness and contempt of our miserable rebellion.

For which reason we will never be able to justify our guilt, that has forced God himself to have to take from himself a marvelous marvel who, in an outpouring of compassion over our misery, is God's infinite Mercy in a manifestation of how He is Love that loves, wanting to redeem us from our wickedness through the blood of the Lamb who takes away the sins of the world.

There is nothing that can justify the rebellion against God, even though its consequences may be very glorious for us, and essentially they neither take from nor add anything to Him: to die a thousand times rather than offend God!

Thank you, Jesus, for having stayed in the Eucharist! I love You! I adore You!

But I would rather have my love towards You wander, in my sorrowing pilgrimage, with-

out your loving and ineffable company, than seeing You mistreated, crucified and dead on the scaffold of the cross; abandoned by all, and in the oblivion in which You find yourself by the majority of your children, after having instituted the great marvel of the Eucharist, as a majestic and splendrous manifestation in a display of the love with which You love us; and having to see You profaned and so sacrilegiously treated by the miserable wickedness of men, for whom, in bloody crucifixion, You have shed your blood.

Blessed me, with the load of my sins, for such a Redeemer! But it would have been more desirable to the love I have for You, my Jesus of Calvary and of the Eucharist, that no creature should have ever rebelled against your infinite Holiness, and that it has forced You, for the manifestation of your infinite power and the splendour of your glory, to perform a thing as marvellous for us as dramatic for You, in order to be able to redeem us from our sins fitting us again onto God's eternal plans, who created us solely and exclusively so that we might possess Him, raising us to the unimaginable and unsuspected dignity of being his children, heirs to his glory, and sharers in the divine life.

The carnal man who does not know God nor the magnificence of the majesty and splen-

dour of his glory, cannot understand, and it will seem to him foolish, what today, the day of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, my soul has grasped; on the one hand, full of gratitude because “God’s love endures forever”¹ and have no end; and, on the other, heartrent and in pain because the manifestation of the infinite Mercy should have been so dramatic, in bloody reparation to the Holiness of the offended subsistent Being, and for the restoration from our rebellion against the infinite and coeternal Creator.

Thank you, Lord! because “you loved your own and you loved them to the end”² and You stayed with us until the end of the times, as sustenance for our souls, in food and drink; to quench our hunger and cool our thirst by the saturation, in participation, of the rapture of your divinity itself, in the most glorious and blissful joy of eternity.

“Let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink, and let anyone who hungers come to me and eat, to the thirsty I will give a gift from the spring of life-giving water.” Since “Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me and I in him and I will raise him on the last day.”³

¹ Ps 135.

² Cfr. Jn 13, 1.

³ Jn 7, 37b; cfr. Jn 6, 35; Ap 21, 6; Jn 6, 56. 54.

“Thank you, Jesus, for having stayed in the Eucharist! I adore You!

Thank you, Jesus, for having stayed in the Eucharist! I love You!”

Humiliated and dumbfounded before the misery of my baseness, that so shamelessly and rashly, when I offended You, has made You shed all your blood for all and each one of men, I exultantly exclaim with joy in the Holy Spirit:

My guilt has turned into bliss through the overflowing of the infinite Love, pouring itself out in merciful compassion onto my gross baseness! which made Christ cry out with his extended arms,

“When I am lifted up from the earth, I will draw everyone to myself.”⁴

For which reason I repeat to Him again: God of my heart, Lord of the Sacrament and my Jesus of the tabernacle:

Thank you for having stayed in the Eucharist...! I, become one with all my descendants, adore You!

Thank you, Jesus, for having stayed in the Eucharist...! I and we all adore You!

Thank you, Jesus, for having stayed in the Eucharist...! I adore You! and I thank you, from

⁴ Jn 12, 32.

the baseness of my tinyness and the lowliness of my misery, for all that You have done with me in an overflowing of merciful love, washing my guilt in such a way that I might come to be, having ended the pilgrimage of this life, in eternity, in the company of all God's Angels and Saints, blessed by the ineffable contemplation of your life.

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

578. When God wants to unite men with himself, He becomes man and, in this way, He himself is the UNION of man with God, since in Christ is the Father with the Holy Spirit, and in Him are also all men; who go on to live with the Divine Family through the paschal mystery, which had its beginning at the moment of the Incarnation; this mystery becoming a reality in Mary's bosom, where the *soul-Church*, through its being grafted onto Christ, is penetrated by divinity. (19-9-66)

580. God's infinite Holiness is so excellent, that, when it was outraged, there was no possibility in the creature to repair for it with dignity; and God himself, by becoming incarnate, makes himself an infinite Response of reparation, that redresses and adores his holiness. (16-10-74)

581. How marvellous that, even though all men should say to God "no," He made for himself his Man, and this one was so rich that his "yes" infinitely exceeded the "no" of all humanity! (19-1-67)

585. The death of Jesus was the supreme hymn of adoration of the creature who, to the

Creator, responds in a bloody manifestation of reparation saying to the three times Holy God: You alone are the one that is of himself, and I am only by You, as man. And taking upon myself the sins of all, I die in recognition of your excellence, and I rise from the dead as a manifestation that I am that same excellence repaired for by myself. (16-10-74)

586. The Incarnate Word, during his mortal life, was the suffering Christ who lived on eternity; and now He is the glorious and eternal Christ who also contains in his soul the tragedy of all times. And, for this reason, He is the Great Christ, in the plenitude of his Priesthood, who holds within himself Heaven and earth, eternity and time, Divinity and humanity; He being *by himself* in himself the Glorified One and the Glorifier, the Adored One and the Adoration, the Reparation and the One Repaired for. (4-4-75)

587. Jesus, in heaven, is the bloodless Adoration who, in a requiting of love, responds to the infinite Love outraged by his creatures. (16-10-74)

590. In the Sacrifice of the altar, all the tight compact summary of the mystery of the Man-God is given to us in his life, death and resurrection; we are also made to live that Sacrifice next to Jesus, through Him and in Him for the Father's glory and the good of all men, per-

petuating itself for us in the Eucharist the real presence of Christ with all that He is, lives and manifests. (15-9-74)

“ GOD COMFORTS ME IF I SUFFER

What would my life be
without my times of Tabernacle,
where I comfort the sorrows
of my lacerated chest
unburdening the depths
of my quiet silences;
where I tell all that I hold within,
hidden and well silenced,
my head leaning
on the chest of my Beloved!

He comforts me, if I suffer,
whenever I run to his side,
for He knows of my experiences
in the course of the years.

He does all that I contain
with his drilling touch
in the demand of life
that imprints his contact in me.

How could one live
without sacred savourings
of God, living in mystery,
in silenced enclosures?

My sorrows are as deep
as the silence that I keep,
laughing when I sob
in tragic abandonment.

Eucharist's silence,
transcendence of what is human,
contact with the living God
and memory of the past...

Unprecedented melodies
in my shattered chest
for so much crying with groans
at the touch of Him whom I love...

My experiences are secret
in pierced wounds,
because, if God kisses, He asks
a lover's return.

To whom shall I tell the depth
that I press when I don't speak,
when the martyrdom
of my enclosed mystery chokes me?

Adoration is my life
that responds, in silent gift,
to the Love of my loves
in my tabernacle imprisoned.

Enclosure of my martyrdoms...!
may silence open his way

to decipher the sorrows
of my walking in sorrow.

The fruit of my conquests
remained again enclosed
after the notes of silence,
fading away in the past.

Again the trials ended
the fruits of my labours.”

21-9-1974

15-9-1974

THE CHRIST OF ALL TIMES

God is infinitely perfect, and, by the perfection of his very nature, He has in himself, been, possessed and finished, all that He is and all that He lives in the comprising of his eternity.

Eternity in God is the infinitely perfect Act which, in the summary of his comprising, contains enclosed all of God's potential capacity in the plethoric exuberance of his inexhaustible perfection.

Time is the possibility that God has given to the creature to perform a thing and to carry it out to its end. And when the perfection of him who performs it or his capacity to perform it is greater, he needs less time to complete it.

God, who is the infinite Perfection, does not need time, in order to be all that He is in himself; because, by the power of his comprising perfection, He may be capable of being all He can be in the plethoric realization of his infinite life, in a consummated and finished act of eternal possession.

“Before the mountains were born,
the earth and the world brought forth,
from eternity to eternity
you are God.”¹

“Your throne stands firm from of old;
you are from everlasting, Lord.”²

For, even though God is infinitely fecund in the diversity of his attributes, on account of the plenitude of all that He contains, He is also infinitely comprised in the tight summary of his richness. And thus He lives the whole reality of his *being by himself* trinitarian intercommunication of returning life, in a Sapient act of Loving Explanation, in the transcendent mystery of his eternal silence.

The spirit's perfection comprises the summary of all times, more or less, according to the union or participation that we may have of the eternity.

Christ, in all that He lives and does, is the most perfect image, as a creature, of the infinite Perfection. For this reason He is capable of containing in himself, and at the very instant of the Incarnation, the whole plan of God regarding the creatures, finished and embraced,

¹ Ps 89, 2.

² Ps 92, 2.

although, for the manifestation of that plan and for our perception thereof, He made use of time.

“The mystery of his will is to sum up all things in Christ.”³ “I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.”⁴

When He wanted to manifest to us his eternal love, He became the Way and, teaching us his Truth, guides us palpably to the Life. And for this He chose the time that He believed necessary so that our capacity might be able to comprehend the plan of his infinite mercy pouring itself down on us.

Making use of time, He delivered himself to us in Bethlehem as a palpable expression of his love, He taught us by his example and his word, died on the cross and rose from the dead, manifesting to us also that He was the Resurrection and the Life that brought us to the Father’s Bosom.

Wanting to stay with us as long as the centuries last, He stayed in the Eucharist as the greatest expression of his paternal self delivering in a romance of love: “He loved his own in the world and he loved them to the end”⁵; and, on the day of the universal Judgement, He

³ Eph 1, 9-10.

⁴ Rv 22, 13.

⁵ Jn 13, 1.

will come to gather us so that we may contemplate the glory of the Son of Man in his triumph over all creation: "I will come back again and take you to myself, so that where I am you also may be."⁶

Jesus is in himself the consummated and finished embracement of the whole divine plan regarding man; being, with regard to God, the perfect glorification by man to God himself, and, with regard to men, the expression of the infinite Love pouring himself out over them. For which reason all this reality that Christ has in himself, is not only lived by Him, but also manifested so that we may live it.

At the instant of the Incarnation, Christ's soul, because of the greatness of his perfection, was able to live, contain and embrace, in the savourable or painful experience of his being, all his priestly posture of the reception of the Infinite One and of the response in return to the Infinite One himself; of a Receiver of God's donation to all men, and of a Compiler of all of them in himself, being the Response of all creation to the eternal Holiness.

I do not know if I will be able to say, through my poor words and my limited expressions, the tight summary that my spirit, introduced by the loving hand of Mary into the mystery of the

⁶ Jn 14, 3.

Incarnation, discovers of the perfection that Christ is in himself because He contains the whole plan of God which, in Him and through Him, is fulfilled with regard to God himself and men.

When my tiny being does not know nor can decipher the greatnesses that, going beyond the limits of my capacities, I discover of the Eternal One in his being *by himself* and in his acting, I fall down in adoration, and, trembling from love, adhering to Christ, I try, united to Him, to adore, to respond and to glorify God with the very tiny capacity of my smallness

As our mind, without being introduced by God, cannot savour enjoyingly the perception of the attribute of eternity, because this one is infinitely distant from the possibility of our grasp, neither can we understand that Christ, because of the greatness of his perfection, as a creature created in the image of eternity and as an expression of eternity itself, is capable of living in one instant the tight summary of his priestly posture in the complete embrace of all that He contains, given the plenitude that his Priesthood gave Him in the Incarnation.

Christ embraced in his spirit all the times of all men, living with all and each one of them in all and each one of their circumstances: And

as in order to manifest to us the tight reality that He contained of love, of self-surrender, of teaching, of donation, of offering in need of glorifying the Father and giving himself to men, He made use of thirty-three years, to transfer himself to our time, live with us and make us live with Him, He made use of the Church, that, grafting us onto Christ, through the Liturgy, makes us live, by means of faith, hope and charity, the plethoric reality of the infinite Word Incarnate, in his being and in his action.

And, in the Sacrifice of the altar, the whole mystery of Christ in his life, death and resurrection is given to us, we are also enabled to live that Sacrifice together with Christ, through Him and in Him, for the Father's glory and the good of all men, the real presence of the Incarnate Word being perpetuated for us in the Eucharist, with all that He is, lives and manifests.

Oh marvellous mystery of Christ's perfection, that is capable of realizing that which is unrealizable for man! making it possible that I in my time, in the Sacrifice of the altar, may live the same reality which all those who were with the Word become Man lived.

And God's infinite donation is so splendidous in an overflowing of love towards me, that, during all the Masses of all my time, that reality, mysteriously, is brought about for me

through the Liturgy. And I, when I am with Jesus in the tabernacle, by the power of his grace, live in the way that He lived with me during his thirty-three years, in the manifestation of his joy and of his sorrow, of his self-surrender and of his love. Moreover, my times before the Tabernacle, in my life of faith, are the fulfilment of that time of Christ in my time, that makes me capable of living Christ's time before my Tabernacle: "Behold I am with you always, until the end of the age."⁷

The richness of the Church is so great, so strong the power of grace that, through her, is realized in us, that, as in the eternity, through the magnificence of its plenitude, we do not need time nor does distance exist in order to live God, even though He is the infinite Perfection of inexhaustible reality; so, through the perfection of the Church's mystery, God's expressive manifestation, in order to live at any moment of our life all the tight and plethoric summary of the richness that she contains in herself, neither time nor distance are an impediment. Since the mystery that the Church contains is not a mystery of remembrance, but of a living and alive reality that, disregarding time and distance, is resting in her bosom so that we may come to drink in her fountains

⁷ Mt 28, 20b.

however and whenever our *soul-Church* may need it for the repletion of our yearnings.

Time, as we said at the beginning, is the means which we make use of to obtain something; when what we want to bring about is completed in the perfecting of all that it is, it shows itself or takes place in the consummation of its perfection.

In this way Christ's mystery, with its whole reality, stays in the Church, finished in its infinite perfection, and is shown and communicated to men in the time or circumstance which each one of us, brought into the bosom of the Church herself, needs to live and to possess it.

The Church is a precious amphora replete with Divinity, which contains all of God's mystery in himself and all of God's mystery regarding us, which, lived and communicated by Christ, becomes a reality for us through our being grafted onto Him, in all and in each one of the moments of our life.

Because I am Church, I am grafted onto Christ in all and each one of the mysteries of his life, that I live in my spirit with more or less depth, with more or less participation, depending on how my faith, hope and charity make them present to me. And through Him I am also grafted onto the Father and the Holy Spirit and with all the men of all times.

And thus as Christ during his thirty-three years lived really my life, bearing the sins that I would commit after twenty centuries and presenting himself with them before the Father as a present reality –“He himself bore our sins in his body upon the cross,”⁸– so I also, when grafted onto Christ, appear before the Father, I do not appear with a Christ who is a mere memory, but with the living Christ who, in the Church’s bosom, by containing in his time all my reality, makes me live, in mine, all of his.

Christ lived with me and I live on Him. Let us take away the centuries that separate his life from mine, and there remains only his union with me and my being grafted onto Him; and, become one thing in the love of the Holy Spirit, He gives himself to me such as He is in his time and in mine, and I give myself to Him also in his time and in mine with everything that I am.

Christ is God’s Anointed forever; and that Anointed of God is an anointing full of his whole reality for me in my age and in my time: “God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the holy Spirit and power.”⁹ What separates me from the possession of eternity is the time that I lack to find it; but, in order to live God’s mystery in the Church, no other distance exists than that of sin. This one having disappeared, there are

⁸ 1 Pt 2, 24.

⁹ Acts 10, 38.

no impediments, and the life of grace makes me capable of living God's mystery in himself and with us, through Christ.

During his thirty-three years, Jesus was the palpably sorrowful Christ, who, as a victim, lived in his spirit also on eternity; and, in my time, He is the glorious Christ who, uniting me to Him through faith and coming to me through the Liturgy, makes me live on his painful victimhood, on his bleeding request and on his silent immolation.

Jesus is the Father's infinite Glory, due to his divine Person, and is the perfect Worshipper of that same Glory, in his human nature; wherefore He embraces in his reality Heaven and earth, the creature and the Creator, man and God, eternity and time. And, because He is, in his human nature, the most perfect image or expression of God in all his attributes and perfections, He was capable of living in his spirit, at the same time and in a most perfect manner, the glory of the eternity and the embracement of his very life and that of all men. "He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation... He is the beginning... in all things He himself is preeminent, for in him all the fullness was pleased to dwell."¹⁰

¹⁰ Col 1, 15. 18-19.

Christ comprised in his life all times reducing them to thirty-three years, because He is the embracing capacity of all of them. Availing himself of his thirty-three years, He was and manifested himself as the sorrowful Christ who, reaching bloody victimhood, lived at the same time on eternity; and during all the rest of times that He had been capable of containing in himself because of his being's perfection, manifests himself to us through the Liturgy as the glorious Christ who contains in himself the sacrifice of his very life with the living reality of all men.

Jesus is the embracement of all times in a diversity of circumstances; and as the Apostles saw Him suffer bloodily, despite his being the Father's Glory, we see Him now gloriously enjoy, being the immolated Victim. But He is one same Christ, who, embracing all times with all their circumstances, makes himself present or evident in one way or another to us, containing in himself his whole most rich reality.

“He is the refulgence of his glory, the very imprint of his being, When he had accomplished purification from sins, he took his seat at the right hand of the Majesty on high. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.”¹¹

Because we cannot doubt that, when Christ manifested himself to the Apostles on Mount

¹¹ Heb 1, 3; 13, 8.

Tabor appearing with the brilliance of his glory, He did not thereby cease from being the Victim who contained in his heart the grievous tragedy of all men; neither will He cease from being the Priest offered to the Father for the salvation of all, the day of his universal triumph. For which reason, when I, in my times before the tabernacle, listen to the lament of Jesus who, grieving, asks me for love and reparation, I do not live on a remembrance nor on a past imagination, but on the reality that Christ, in relation to me, lived in the time of his manifestation –“Then I saw standing a Lamb that seemed to have been slain”¹²–.

When I pray at the foot of the tabernacle, I am with Christ as He is: with his life, death and resurrection, with his tragedies and his sorrows, his glories and his joys; living Him in the possibility that time has given me. And this possibility, because of the perfection of the infinite Love’s pouring out, is so real to me, so total, so complete and so perfect, that everything that those who were with Jesus lived in their time, I live in mine. Everything, not a little more nor a little less, since Jesus is the Christ of all times, who manifested himself at a certain time, but perpetuated himself at all times such as He is through the perfection of his splendour.

¹² Rv 5, 6.

What happens is that, just as our mind is not capable of grasping that all the infinite reality of the infinite Being, in the coeternal “tightness” of the Divine Family, is lived, through the perfection of its nature, in one sole act of being, neither are we capable of comprehending, not even glimpsing, the splendid manner in which God’s magnificence makes for us liveable, intelligible and real, through the Church’s mystery, the whole life, death and resurrection of Christ.

When I am before the tabernacle, I am with Christ such as He is. I know that He is now glorious and is in the Father’s Bosom living with me all the bloody reality that, in his time, while living this instant, He brought about for me. And sometimes I delight in his glory, and other times I suffer with his grief; with the grief that Christ, when living my reality, my time and my circumstances, underwent; responding to Him in the need that, because He lives with me, I have for living with Him; “For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the death of the Lord until he comes.”¹³

Faith is above time; and the Liturgy, overcoming and embracing all circumstances, is so rich and extensive, that it does not only transfer Christ to my time, but also transfers me to

¹³ 1 Cor 11, 26.

his; wherefore the Eucharist is a living expression of the Timeless One, as a manifestation of eternal love to men.

That time contained Christ palpably become a victim, living on eternity; and this time gives me a glorious Christ who is the immaculate Victim. And when I, through the embracing perfection of my life of faith, in order to receive Christ's mystery, place myself in front of Him, I disregard time and, staring at Him, I live all that He is, in the tiny manner that my capacities allows me; but more or less embracingly, more or less really, depending on the participation wherewith the life of grace provides me in a savourable experience of God's mysteries.

Once I have comprehended, in the tiny manner in which I grasp, some of the eternity's excellence, and also some of Christ's expressive perfection manifesting the attribute of eternity in the way He gives himself to us, for me the time has become something like the echo that a bell could leave after its ringing. Time does not exist for me; only God and his plan exist, He living his reality with me and I my reality with Him.

Beloved soul, take away from your grasp, as far as you can, everything that may separate you from Christ's life. Cut the time, if you can, in your imagination, as you would cut the rope

that goes from the bottom to the parapet of a well; remove the rope, hold the pitcher in your hand, and tell me what separates you from Him.

God submitted to time, but his infinite love was so great and so perfect in the donation of his self-surrender, that, by means of the Liturgy, He mysteriously united our lives to that of Christ. Wherefore I do not need anything to satiate my thirst straight at the parapet of Life's Stream, but rather I slake my thirst in its waters, satiating myself in its springs with the same fluidity, freshness and vitality as those who were with Jesus, because I experience that I am with Christ as well as they, and that He is with me as He was with them. I feel the coolness of the Incarnate infinite Word, the beating of his heart, the pounding of his chest, the caress of his gaze, the moan of his agony, the sorrow of his loneliness, the pain at the lack of understanding of those who do not want to receive Him... and I listen, in the bitterness of my aching chest, the lashes of the whips, the creaking of the crowning of thorns, the desolation for Judas's betrayal. What will Christ live that I don't live with Him, apart from time, in the tight summary of his perfection and in the grasping of my love which, by way of response, surrenders itself as far as it can...!

Time is nothing more than a mocking guffaw that tries to destroy and leave only in the

memory the living and alive reality of the palpable manifestation of God's infinite love for man, which, in all and each one of the moments of our life, is given to us in the Church's bosom with the strength of its power.

Jesus, in the tabernacle, is the Father's Christ who contains in himself Heaven and earth, the divine and the human, life and even death, joy and pain; and that He is to me as it is so in the most rich and splendid manner, magnificent and splendid that He has due to the tight perfection of his being's fullness, "the fullness of the one who fills all things in every way."¹⁴

In my times before the Tabernacle, by the "gates of eternity," the Father's Glory is shown to me, the Figure of the substance of the Eternal One in a singing Expression, which is the Word. And in my times before the Tabernacle also, by the "gates of eternity," through the manifestation of the splendour of God's glory, the sorrowing and suffering Christ is given to me, claiming my heart to quench his thirst, asking for my surrender to calm his yearnings, and telling me his sorrows so that I may console Him.

The *soul-Church* is so great, so much, so much! that, through her being grafted onto the Supreme and Eternal Priest, as a member of the Mystical Body, lives with Him and in Him the

¹⁴ Eph 1, 23.

whole mystery of his life, death and resurrection, together with all the men who, grafted onto Christ, are his members; who, in turn, mysteriously united with the other souls, possess all this great marvell and resplendent reality. How great it is to be Church and how few know it!

When Christ unites me to Him in his time through the mystery of the Incarnation, and unites himself to me in mine through baptism, being grafted onto Him, I become a member of his Body, of which He is the Head; and the impediments of time disappear, through the life of grace, so that I may live the reality of the Supreme and Eternal Priest in the plenitude of all that He is, lives and manifests.

Furthermore. When I am conscious of my reality, I feel in me the pains of Christ that crucify me, the desertion at his Gethsemane, his life becoming my life; wherefore his feelings, his desires, his needs and even his glories, pass by participation to the marrow of my heart, being able to say with Saint Paul: "Yet I live, no longer I, but Christ lives in me."¹⁵ He lives in me and I in Him. That is why, his glory is my glory, his sorrow my dying, and, impregnated with the Church's palpitation, that, in the sum of all her members, is Christ's mystical Body, I need to be eucharist, thanksgiving, adoration to

¹⁵ Gal 2, 20.

God, donation to all men to be eaten by all, hungering to be everything to everybody and that we may all be one in the charity of the Holy Spirit himself.

And as, in order to participate in the divine Persons, I do not have to go to eternity, because God came to me bringing me in to Him, who is Eternity, thus, in order to live Christ, I do not need to move to his thirty-three years, because He, overcoming time through the Church's mystery, came to me with all the tight summary of his mysterious reality.

Where is there a soul which time may be capable of separating from me? The spirit, united to God, embraces all these realities; wherefore, in the participation of the Infinite himself, I am in God's bosom, living with Christ in the union of the Holy Spirit, with all men.

"I have given them the glory you gave me, so that they may be one, as we are one, I in them and you in me, that they may be brought to perfection as one."¹⁶

O if we men lived on God... if we transcended the created concepts... if we savoured the eternal ones, making ourselves capable of grasping the transcendent transcendence of all of them...!

¹⁶ Jn 17, 22-23.

Let us see where is there a creature, time or distance that can separate me even one bit from the Incarnate infinite Word, in what He is, lives and does? Only my “no” to the divine plan would open a distance and maybe an unfathomable abyss between Him and me; but, to the extent that I adhere as perfectly as I can to the infinite outpouring down of his divine will on me, to that same extent He and I are one in the union of the Holy Spirit.

Beloved soul, whoever you may be within the wide bosom of the holy Mother Church, live your reality of member of Christ’s mystical Body, assimilate all the movements of Jesus’s soul, and be sure that, in the tight summary that your *being-Church* gives you, you will be discovering the overwhelming, invigorating and intelligible simplicity of all of God’s plan, through Christ, for man.

I feel that I am the “Echo of my Church,” because all the palpitation of her heart –which is Christ living in her- is stored up in my chest and repeated in the tiny capacity of my vibration by the impulse of the infinite Love, who, being my divine Spouse, makes me also break, as fruit of his love, into a pouring down of spiritual motherhood.

Son of my *soul-Church*, listen to my heart’s moan: enter into the profound depth of Christ’s

chest, receive the palpitation of his painful Gethsemane disregarding time and the circumstances that surround you. Because to the Christian, to the extent of his capacity, neither time nor distance exist, being, with Christ, universal, in the image and reflection of the perfection of God who manifests the attribute of the eternity in Christ, and who, through Him and in Him, makes it have repercussion on all his members.

10-9-1976

**MY LIFE IS
TO SEEK THE LOVE
WITHOUT TIRING**

I seek You in my yearnings to love, my Lord, because I long to have You without any veils, in your innermost being; resting on your blessed chest during my nights; which are long, profound, secret, silent...

If silence enshrouds me, my Master, I call You from my depth in your bosom, and I find You.

Your voice in my ear is so sweet, with burning words...!

Your face is serene, so divine and sacred, without my being able to express it with my accent...!

If I perceive your passing by, when You come to me captivated, my fires are enkindled in sealed romances.

My dear Lover, if in the bleeding wound of your chest, I rest with You [...] ¹, adoring, pleased

¹This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed opportune to publish in the authoress' life.

You look at me, because “like that” You ask me to approach the tabernacle, united with You.

I seek You in my hours silent and loaded with gifts, and I call You in tendernesses of sweet clamours; and I enkindle myself in nostalgias, which are petitions of encounters, in kissings of glory with the light of your Suns.

Many times I heard You, Fighter loaded with conquests, pronounce in my soul your eternal words, demanding my gift without looking at it; without thinking which one this may be, whether I like it or whether it’s hard for me to obtain it...

You don’t ask, my Master, more than that which You give delivered in love!

If I approach your blessed bosom, in the sublime abode of your infinite height, You bend down to me; and there inside, from the *Sancta Sanctorum* of your immense excellence, You ask me to enter into your Bosom, relying on your strength; and You show me mysteries that it is not given to any man to know, without climbing the unattainable height of your being, in coeternal fires of excellent secrets...

To the sublime ocean of your immense power You took me, without my knowing how it happened, after a flight.

And there I learned, in no earthly way, with your heavenly way, the profound knowledge of your retreat: a Sapient Expression You uttered, oh Father! in your sole Word of divine songs...!

What sweet romances I heard on your thresholds...! Eternal melodies in flowing loves of filial delight, triumphal!

Oh what a Love resurged in Coeternal kiss, in familial loving rest, in a Kiss...!

It no longer matters if I remain in silence down here; since, after knowing You in your height, I am racked, waiting, without tiring in my sorrows, for You to take me, in the day of your eternal will, there inside, again.

If I approach the tabernacle and I see You breathless in nostalgias of loves, You invite me to rest with You, my Eternal One; and there I hear the same Harmony that, in divine accents, refulgent with glory, I would live in my days of heaven...

And if I look at my Christ wounded, on the cross dying out of love, I understand that He is the Glory of adequate Response to the Sublime, responding to the infinite Height from the ground...

And I also perceive that the Love expects of me by dying: that I surrender myself, without wanting anything, without seeking anything

other than to be next to Him, “like that” one with Him, like the Church who cries in exile.

My Church is the blessed Christ of all times, embracing in her bosom God himself and all men, in such a beautiful manner, that, in romances of eternal conquests, repeats to me, with the notes that the mystery enshrouds, the life of the living God, bursting from love, and dying hanged out of loves.

If I seek You, my God, I also find You, in secret depths of divine fantasies, there inside in the motherly bosom of the blessed Virgin; who, for being so much Virgin, was kissed in her innermost being with a Kiss so good, divine and eternal, that made Her become the Mother of God’s Anointed; whom She calls my Son! most rightly so.

My life is to seek without tiring, waiting, racked in my flights, the encounters of tender loves that befall to me randomly when I least expect.

My life is to call in yearnings loaded with and sealed by profound silences; and it is to know that the living God listens to me and leans towards me, to raise me up to Him, bringing his height down to the ground...

And trembling out of love, knowing the mystery, I cry and laugh, in loaded contrasts, on my way to heaven.

I am strange and different from all those who walk with me become one, without wanting anything other than God, without seeking anything other than being to Him his rest and comfort.

I am happy in my wait, because I live “like that” where I want; since I only desire to be always at the centre of my Sun’s will, even though it may be in exile...!

If I call Him, He answers me; if I seek Him, I find Him; if I rush to the Being, He takes me inside his bosom; and if I go to the Tabernacle or to my Christ on the cross, I always reach Him whom I expect...!

And if I call my Mother with unheard of tenderness, as the little one would do, She has me curled up in her innermost being and tells me, with rhythmical words of profound accents, that She is Mother because She is Virgin and for so being, in the infinite Kiss which, with pleasant words of loves, the good God has given Her.

Today my wait is to ask and to have, is to seek and find in nostalgias resting in the struggle of my long journey; because God is my All,

and, by having Him in his life, I long for his encounter in the silent manner in which, with clamours, I call Him and have Him.

Lover of my gifts, to seek You, with my disposition, is encounter...!

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

991. I feel that I am more Church than soul and more soul than body, experiencing in the depth of my inside something like a new life that flows from God's chest to my spirit; a life that makes me exclaim with the Apostle, "Yet I live, no longer I, but Christ lives in me."¹
(25-4-78)

992. As a member of the Mystical Body savouring of the fecund Church, I experience how my life is Christ and this One crucified; He being the Word who teaches me, the Way who leads me and the Truth who permeates me. (25-4-78)

994. God's life is a loving communication of tasty mutual understanding in a kiss of love.
(13-11-78)

995. Our union with Christ demands that we think and act like Him; and only to the extent that we are embodying his living, He rests on the compenetration of our understanding with his. (29-4-73)

¹ Gal 2, 20.

“ PLENITUDE OF EXALTATION

In my poor comprehending
I glimpse, behind the Mystery,
unsuspected greatnesses,
plenitude of exaltation
in the eternal possession
of He who Is in his inside.

I understand, without understanding,
with my small concept,
the immense action
of the Infinite and Eternal One.

The greater I conceive
the plenitude of the Coeternal One,
the more I rejoice before the Tabernacle
when looking at his self-abasement.

God is great for his *being by himself*
of inexhaustible marvel,
who can be all He wills
—and his will is eternal—,
who does not need things,
nor creatures, nor time
to *be by himself* of himself
his subsistent Mystery.

God possesses the reason for his existence,
having, in his *being by himself* so
an infinity of attributes
and a capacity for being all of them.

When my small soul
penetrates the *Being by himself*
in his bosom,
comprehends, without comprehending,
in simple understanding,
the greatnesses of He who Is
in the eternity without time,
for having his subsistence
in himself and without effort.

Power of the One who Is!!
who embraces, at one sole time,
all He is and all He can,
all He knows and all He wants,
in one sole thought...

How great I grasp today
the Tabernacle in its mystery,
Jesus nailed on the cross,
the Incarnation among veils,
Mary, Mother of God,
creature of this earth...!

How great does the Being appear,
for being able, by his power,
because He *is by himself*
so much the Sublime,
to be creature, to be Bread,
and, in Mary's bosom,
to establish his heaven!

Secrets of the eternal Being,
who can, because He is Immense,

be God and Man at the same time,
marvel of marvels!
One has to know what God is,
to sense what this is.

The Eternal One who becomes flesh!
silence of ascent,
Mary, Mother of God!
And I, who sense the reason
for these hidden mysteries...!

Long times of Tabernacle
before the doors of heaven!! ”

28-5-1974

“Fruits of prayer”

1001. The cross is the great mystery of my whole life. But I love my Christ, and this One crucified, and I know well where and how He awaits me in everything and always! (13-11-76)

1003. My *soul-Church* needs to be Christ; wherefore, in resembling his life, I live on his living in the presence of God, rejoicing in the infinite holiness of the Coeternal, and victimizing myself with Him, through Him and in Him, in the dimension of his double facet: God’s glory and the spreading of his Kingdom. (15-10-74)

1005. When I am on the cross, I am with Christ; when I am on Mount Tabor, I am with Him; and, as my life is Christ and my heart-beating, his will, I am happy always and in each moment; because having Him, I have all that I could possibly need in the great universal dimension of my *soul-Church*. (15-10-74)

“ WHY LIKE THIS?

One day I felt that You called me
by my name;
and in my being your Word was impressed,
which was eternal.

I sought You in my solitary life,
and I found You.

Your Kiss was embedded me forever,
and made me fecund.

I felt I was mother of innumerable souls
for your glory.

Your light inundated all my life
in your fire,

and, in your delights, I took pleasure
by day.

But night fell and with storm,
which shakes.

I sought You in your light and in your fire,
and You were not there!

I called You by your eternal name,
and You did not answer me!
The hailstorm fell and, with its ice,
I was frozen.
I groan for the day of the encounter,
and it does not arrive!

And today I want to ask You:
why, Love? and how long like this...? ”

26-4-1967

“ IS IT YOU...? ”

Is it You who shrouds my night?
Is it You who orientates my life?
Is it You?

Is it You who lengthens my wait?
Is it You who asks for my struggle?
Is it You?

Is it You who prolongs my trial?
Is it You who lengthens my days?
Is it You?

If it is You, my Lord, if it is You,
I wait for You serene and tranquil! ”

12-9-1966

“Fruits of prayer”

1008. For being engrafted onto Christ, I am called to sing with Him his eternal song, and through Him and in Him, to live with the Father and the Holy Spirit in the congregation of God’s children. (14-4-67)

1009. The *soul-Church* has the same life and universal mission as Jesus: to give the divine life to all the souls of all peoples and of all times. (31-11-63)

1018. My song is love that goes from the bosom of the Father to the Word, and from the Word to the Father; and in both of them I burn in the Holy Spirit. My song is love that goes from God to Christ and from Christ to Mary. My song is love that goes from Jesus to men, with a Church’s heart and a Holy Spirit’s love. (20-9-74)

1023. I am “the Echo” of the Church of mine, that has to be always repeating the Voice that it receives in itself; Voice that the Church has in her bosom, which is the Word. That is why I do not need nor have anything new to say or teach, no; I am only “the Echo,” that allows itself to be heard in repercussion of the Church’s song. (20-4-64)

17-9-1972

ECHO OF THE CHURCH

Your requests are in my wounded chest, like stinging burns which, in tender moans, penetrate the depth of my heart...

I hear to your laments, like an open volcano, that manifest to me their desolation... I listen to rumours... laments of anguish... slow deserts... deep immolation...

It is my Church who, shrouded in her sorrows, uncovers to my soul, like a loving Mother, the immense depth of her great mission...!

Oh, if I could break the tightness and the narrownesses of my bosom wounded by the screams which I cover with sobs and I hide in the depth of my heart...!

God has become inside my chest deep moans of a request. Secret is his speech and tender his accent, but it is piercing as a sharp iron, wounding my innermost being in the slow cautery of an immolation!

His requests are hidden words, disclosures of his thoughts and of the immense plan of Redemption... His tender cauteries are wisdom,

which fill the depth of my open bosom, in tender colloquies that are a request.

Woe, if I should express in some way these aridities of what I hold inside...! Woe, if I should say with my expressions the immense tightness that I shroud in pain and, in silence, hidden, beneath my clamour...!

My wounded bosom is like an open volcano and like springs that run over flowing in love.

The waterfalls of my chest in jealous zeal are so uncontainable! so irresistible! that I live dying for the captivities of a still clamour.

The voice of the Eternal is Word sweet and in tender colloquies; but the wisdom of his Explanation is so sharp! that today, because of the utter dryness of his springs, my innermost being burns with the immense fire of God's power.

He asks in silence with a sharp clamour, with deep cauteries, like a volcano opened by the wounded jealous zeal of his heart.

Be silent, beloved soul! do not try again to rend the secrets of your immolation!

If silence is life that shrouds the mystery, what does it matter that man does not understand your gift...?

Be silent, beloved soul! live in your silence only for God...

I would like to express my anguishes, to utter my clamours, to manifest in some way this tight tightness that strongly binds the marrow of my spirit...

I would like to break the chains that press on my soul; to give freedom to the burning word which, in cauteries of fire, I hold inside my being...

I would like, if I could! to break into songs that are screams of the request of the immense Love; deep screams in clamours of fire, that would express the torturing bitterness of my heart lacerated by the overwhelming request of the immense Power...

“Woe to him who falls into the hands of the living God,”¹ and is chosen to proclaim the immense ardors of his requests...!

Woe to him who receives the overwhelming, infinite and eternal impulse, of the lighted flame of Yahweh’s Mouth, and perceives eternal words as a communication of a Friend... and is chosen to be the receiver on earth of the mysteries of the Eternal One...!

Woe to him who discovers the mysteries of the Immense, and is sent by the infinite Power to communicate them, as a manifestation of the singing Song of the Word among men...!

¹ Heb 10, 31.

Woe to him who keeps tight in his chest the secrets of the Love...! Woe to him who, on account of the fullness of He who Is, of He who *Is by himself* of himself the eternal Being, feels utterly moved, overcome, translimited and unable to contain the unfathomable fullness of the Immense in his tiny heart...!

Woe to him...! Woe to him...!

If I should express what is the constant, profound, prolonged, penetrating, wounding, piercing, torturing and brimming fullness of the Being's infinity, in request for the manifestation to those who, having eyes, do not see, having ears do not hear, having senses, do not feel...!

If I should manifest the tight tightness of the closed volcano that I live in my depth...! If I should make out somehow the bleeding immolation of my racked bosom...!

If I could spell out, or at least let be revealed, the martyrdoms of my silence on account of the constant request of the Love, that impels me with eternal power to launch my song of living and palpitating Church, to break out into utterances, to describe, to manifest the secrets of the eternal Wisdom, communicated day after day, years after years, to the palpitating "Echo" of his bleeding song...!

But no...! Because I do not have words to reveal my volcanoes... because I do not find

the way to break with my silences... because I do not come upon the open hearts that I need in order to entrust to them the bleeding message of my mission...

And therefore, my immolation, my silence, my torture, my clamours, my cravings, my gleams, my expressions, my manifestations are every day more closed, more bleeding, more wounding, more shrouded in the mystery.

And for that reason, perhaps, I may find myself more misunderstood, walk more lonely, more exiled; experience myself more immolated and more hidden, with more yearnings for eternity due to the clamorous request of the eternal Love, that turns inside my being into a torture of silence, of scorn on the part of those who are not He, and of expectation...

Always, when I try to express my yearnings and manifest in some way the profound lights of my thoughts, I remain sadder, more without exposing it...

more profound is the wound of my captivity! more bleeding in affliction! and in more tightness I walk in life towards the eternal Day...

God knows the yearnings of my open chest, and the screams that I hold deep behind my laments... He knows the sorrows that I shroud

in my accent and my expressions, though I may be in silence...

He knows I die after the requests of his thoughts, that are like arrows that go piercing the depths of my wounded bosom, of my chest in jealous zeal!

But, when God passes by and I feel Him in kiss, in sweet caresses and in tender colloquies; all my sorrows are impregnated with the clarities of a premonition...

His passing by in my bosom are sweet premonitions, that speak to me of glory, that speak to me of heaven, leaving me full of immense joys!

And so I wander in life among the rustling clamours in jealous zeal; that are powers of God's mighty strength; that are fires, that are requests, that are stinging burns and are volcanoes open in cracks...

But at one same time, when the pressure on my wounded chest puts me near death, God, as a good Father, manifests himself to me in a loving kiss in the springs and the freshnesses of his eternal love. And then my sorrows turn into joys, in days of glory, in lights of heaven, in suns of life and in feast of the Eternal...

For that reason, in contrasts, I wander in my exile, living the ways that Love imprints inside my chest.

Ways that are life, even though they may be death or heaven to me... Ways so different! ways so diverse, which is Christ glorious and is Christ dying, in the realities of his eternal plan...!

And so, in my ways, I am manifesting, because I am the “Echo,” the deep sorrows of my Church, of Christ dying, and the clarities of his immense triumph...

I am “Echo of the Church!” and for that reason I hold, in the burning dryness of my ardent yearning, voices of the living God, clamours of hell, martyrdoms of death and glories of heaven.

I am the wounded “Echo” of the Church in mourning, and I express her yearnings in the way I can, and sing her glories inside my bosom in God’s passing by and in kiss of the Immense...

I am “Echo” of the Church...! What mystery I hold inside of me...!

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be by himself,*” “*is by himself,*” “*being by 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 by 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 by himself, or God is by himself being, or the being by himself of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

First: I see how God is by himself of himself; how all that He is He is being by himself so; I see the eternal instant of the eternity, in which God is by himself of himself and in himself; I see how He is by himself so, and why He is by himself so; and I contemplate Him being by himself so in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, being by himself One, is

Three divine Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity *is by himself*.

Second: I see in that same word: the being by himself or God is by himself, the Father *being by himself* Father of 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 by 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.”

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:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

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Light in the night
The mystery of faith
given with loving wisdom

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