

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

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"La Iglesia y su Misterio"

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**HE WHO IS THE ETERNAL REPOSE
COMPLAINS:
"I LOOKED FOR COMFORTERS
BUT I FOUND NONE"**

*God is Himself the infinite repose
through His being and in His persons*

God...! [...] My adorable and delectable God...!

Oh, Being infinitely most simple and delicate...! Oh, calm Being, of unspeakable fineness, of inexplicable smoothness, of majestic silence...! What joy, to be able to love You, by participation, with the selfsame Holy Spirit, as You deserve!

Oh, Father, You who, in a Gaze of essential contemplation of peace and inalterable stillness, lovingly contemplate Your calm being in the Holy Spirit! Ah,

Father, You contemplate Yourself in Your essential Gaze of infinitely loving encompassment...!

What repose for the Father's heart, in His sapiential Gaze, to contemplate Himself in all that He is...! What repose for Your infinite contemplation, to see Yourself in all that You are! And so fruitful You *are Yourself*, oh Eternal Father! that, through the fruitfulness of *being Yourself*, Your whole infinite being springs from Your bosom in a Word that is all that You know and that You are, in Expression.

And what joy is the Word's joy, on seeing that He is all the Father's being! And what repose is the Word's repose, on seeing that He sings it in most simple infinitude!

How You rest, oh Word of mine! You are fully at rest on seeing that, in Your person, You are singing all the Divinity. And what repose for You, infinite Word, on *being Yourself* so much Word and on seeing that in You the infinite Deity is sung as it deserves! Oh, Word of mine, You sing, and how! on seeing that You are the repose of the Father's heart, who rests through You, when He speaks Himself as He is!

Ah, infinite Love, my Holy Spirit, repose of the Father and of the Word, paternal and filial Love springing in loving spiration in the infinite Kiss of both!

Holy Spirit, You who are by virtue of Your being, which

You have received from the Father and from the Son, infinite Perfection in repose of paternal and filial love!

What joy and what contentment God *is Himself* because, in His very bosom, He is known and loved, as He in His infinite being deserves!

How contented is the Father in seeing Himself, by virtue of the overabundant fruitfulness that He *is Himself*, that He has a Son in whom He rests because He sings His full Deity, and because of His fruitfulness, from Him and from the Word, the Love in Person has risen. All His love has spilled out from Him and from His Word through loving one another in the Holy Spirit.

What repose it is that, in God, there is eternally one Person to infinitely love Himself as He infinitely deserves, by virtue of His being and of His Persons!

*The Father is the eternal repose
in His begetting Gaze*

The Father rests when contemplating Himself in His person, because His Gaze is as equally infinite as His Deity; and thus, in His single Gaze, the Father rests, encompassing His eternal mystery.

Yet the Father has another repose; the repose of His infinite fruitfulness that begets, breaking forth into fatherhood. And how infinitely does the Father beget! So infinitely, that His whole infinite and fruitful being has

become exhausted, in His fatherhood and capacity to beget. Because the Father has kept His whole being for Himself; and, despite this, He has no more capacity to beget; in His Son it has been totally exhausted, because He has given Him everything as Begetter. And thus, the Father's fruitfulness rests eternally, because He eternally begets His Word.

How the Father is at rest! because, *being Himself* infinite in His eternal instant of begetting, He *is Himself* repose; since what makes Him beget is the fruitful, all-embracing, eternal and infinite Gaze which, because of its very fruitfulness, is the very begetting of the Word.

The Father contemplates Himself in repose of unspeakable peace, and that very contemplation makes Him be Father; since, on being infinite and fruitful, He begets, and that which He contemplates is already His begotten Word in whom He eternally rests.

Ah, Father, what repose for Your infinite fatherhood that, infinite as it is, has to beget in its eternal capacity of fruitfulness! What repose to see that You have one Son whose unique Sonhood exhausts Your whole infinite fruitfulness; and this Son so infinitely is Your repose, that He is Your whole being, Your whole capacity and fruitfulness in begotten Expression!

Oh Word, what repose for You to be the Father's repose, and to know that through You the Father rests!

Oh Father, You now rest, because in Your Word You utter Yourself everything that You are in a silent, peaceful and inalterable Word!

And just as You, oh Father, contemplate everything, You are contemplating the very instant of Your begetting; and, at that very instant, You contemplate Your Begotten One and the Love proceeding from both, and thus You rest. Because that is Your repose, Father: in a simple, plain, timeless act, You *are Yourself* fruitful, You beget, and from both the Holy Spirit is exhaled; and You, in that eternal instant, contemplate everything. And Your repose consists, oh Father, in the fact that, due to Your simplicity, You have no other Gaze but that which embraces in that instant, mysterious to us, the persons and the being, while You beget.

Oh mystery of the Father's infinite begetting! Because of its utmost simplicity, for those who are pure of heart, You cease to be complicated, and the soul senses something of Your peaceful Gaze, and then, lost and immersed in the mystery of Your contemplation, face on the ground, awestruck, it adores.

Infinite repose...! How great is Your repose, Father, because in a simple Gaze You embrace what cannot be embraced, and understand what cannot be understood...!

And in that Gaze of peace in which You see Your Word and the Holy Spirit, You beget that very Son whom You contemplate and who is the fruit of Your

contemplation.... Ah, mystery of love, I adore You...!

And the Father, it is not that He has rested; it is that, since in God there is no time, His Gaze is eternal, His contemplation is eternal, His embrace is eternal; and in that eternal Gaze, He begets what He has contemplated, and He contemplates what is begotten, and this is how He rests; and His rest is eternal, because His Gaze is eternal and His begetting is eternal.

And the Father rests in Himself for His *being Himself* He who *Is Himself*, who, in contemplation, begets.

Ah, Father...! Mystery of fruitfulness...! Ah, mysterious Gaze that, in infinitude, contemplates the fruit of Your contemplation by which You beget...!

Oh, mystery... mystery...! I can find no rest because I cannot utter You in Your simple infinite Gaze. Because, on contemplating You in Your Gaze, with Your light, through Your mercy, I know You, and on not being able to speak You, I adore You awestruck, under the infinite and overwhelming weight of Your begetting Gaze and of Your repose through Your peaceful Gaze.

I can find no repose, but I am very happy because You, oh Father! rest in Your begetting and in Your being. And my admiration grows even more because You are always to me a new surprise in Your *being Yourself*. Because I now see that You, oh Father, also rest, because in the fruit of Your begetting, in Your Word, You *are Yourself* a

new repose, since You are able to express Yourself as You are in Your very bosom.

Oh, Father, what repose for my soul that, even though I cannot speak You, You *are Yourself* Word for Yourself, in Your Word, to speak Yourself unto Yourself! What repose, oh Father! How Your Father's heart rests when You beget...!

*The Father infinitely rests
on saying Himself in His Word*

It seems that it was not possible to find any further repose for the Father, who has infinite capacity to beget, on begetting His Word...! But yes, eternal Father, You do possess a second repose in Yourself; and it is that You, in Yourself, possess a Word, that Word who is the fruit of Your contemplation, and that is eternally speaking to You the whole repose that You *are Yourself* in Your being and in Your person.

Oh, Father, how happy You *are Yourself* in Your eternal repose, in Your infinite contemplation, in Your expressive Song...! Now Father, You have a Son who, because He is good, has nothing to do other than to be Your repose.

The Word is the repose of the Father's fruitfulness, who rests on begetting Him; and He is the repose of the

Father's infinitude, who, on looking at Him, expresses to Him all that He is.

The Father has a Son indeed, who is telling Him about the utter Fatherhood He *is Himself*, the utter infinitude He *is Himself*, the utter fruitfulness He *is Himself*.

And the Father is not only at rest in Himself, but also, when He begets, His begetting is a Cry of being. The Word is the Cry of fruitfulness and of being of the Father who, on coming forth being begotten and expressing, is the double repose of the Father. The Father now has two reposes, and both are to be found in His Word and through His Word; Oh, Father, mystery of fruitfulness...!

*The Father eternally rests
by loving in the Holy Spirit*

But there is still a third repose for the Father's heart.

Since the Father *is Himself* fruitfulness that begets and the Son is begotten fruitfulness, the Father experiences a third repose, which is that, through His begetting and from His Begotten One there emerges, as a fruit of His begetting fruitfulness and of His infinite Begotten One, the love of the Father for His Begotten One and the love of His Begotten One for the Father. Repose of paternal fruitfulness which, on begetting a perfect Son, must love His repose and love Himself in His repose.

And there is indeed a third repose for the Father, who is the Holy Spirit! Complete repose of Him who, on begetting, has to love as Father and loves Himself in His Son as the One Begotten; because the Father loves Himself in His Son and the Son loves Himself in His Father, and the Two love one another in the Holy Spirit.

And what repose and what joy God the Father *is Himself*, on *being Himself* so fruitful! Because all is due to the Father *being Himself* so fruitful. And the Father is so fruitful because of His being.

The Father has a Love that is the eternal repose of His begetting fruitfulness, that loves His fruitfulness, His begetting activity and His Begotten One as He deserves; and then, the Father experiences this third repose, that is the Holy Spirit.

Oh, how much I see and with what joy I penetrate into all this reality which, making me break out into a song of loving repose, pervades me in such a way that, no matter how much I try, I cannot express the infinite richness that I discover in the eternal repose that the divine Persons are of Themselves and have of Themselves, in each One and in the other divine Persons...!

The Holy Spirit is the repose of the Father's heart in loving His deity, in loving Himself, and in loving His Word; and He is the repose of the Father's heart in loving His common Love, this being the Holy Spirit Himself.

Ah, Father, how happy You *are Yourself*...! oh, Father, how blessed You *are Yourself*...! oh, Father, how fruitful You *are Yourself*, and how happy...! Ah, Father, You *are Yourself* all repose indeed, a peaceful haven through Your fruitfulness...! Father...! The Source of the fruitful life, the repose of the Father Himself...! Father, You *are Yourself* Your own repose through Your *self-being*.

*The Word rests on being the Word
who together with the Father breathes Love*

Oh mystery, mystery of Love, of Knowledge, of Expression, You *are Yourself*, almighty God...!

Oh Word, infinite Word...! What repose You are on seeing that You in Your bosom, in Your being, are the repose of the Father, and that You are, oh Word of mine! the eternal Canticle, ever ancient and ever new, who sings in your sole Word the Trinity in the Unity and the Unity in the Trinity...!

Word of mine, what repose You are for the Father and for Yourself, because, by the very demand of being the eternal Begotten One, You are the repose of the Father and You have all Your rest in You being the repose of the Father!

This is Your first repose that You possess, by the requirement of Your being the good Son: that of singing

to Your Father all that He is in His eternal Gaze and all that He contemplates. You are telling the Father in Your Person all His divinity, all His begetting activity, all His Begotten One, and the very loving spiration of personal Love. Oh, Word of the Father, this is Your first repose as good Son!

But You also have a second repose, and it is that You feel the need within Your being, when breaking out, as a person, into Expression, to express all that God is in His being and in His persons. And You, Word of mine, speak it in one single, silent and peaceful Word. And You, in that single Word, exhaust the inexhaustible being of the Father and Your very inexhaustible being, which is the same of the Father and the same as that of the Holy Spirit.

You, oh infinite Word! speak in Your single Word the whole unspeakable being of God, and so infinitely do you speak it, that there is no space for anyone else to say it, and that no one can express or say it unless it is in You and through You. There is no other possible word that can adequately express God, either in Heaven or on earth, apart from the Word Himself!

Just as there was no space left in the Father's Gaze to beget more children, because the Word had exhausted all, there is nothing that remains unsaid in the Word uttered by the Word. He so infinitely says it, and He so exhaustively embraces it in His expressive Word, that

God's being has been exhausted in the Word uttered by the Word, and therefore there can be no other Word in God, because this Word says everything in one silent, hushed and infinite syllable of expression.

All words are over...! There are no more words in Heaven or on earth to speak the infinite fruitfulness of God's being...! The Word says everything so infinitely, that there is nothing to be said by anyone but Him. And thus the Father rests in His Word, because the Word tells Him all.

And the Word rests completely because He, in His majestic and infinite Word of infinitude of songs, in one single Voice, has expressed the whole majestic, impetuous and simple being of God.

Because of its simplicity, simpleness and peacefulness, all of God's being has been exhausted, all of God's inexhaustible being, in one Word so very much Word, that it is the entire infinite being the one singing through the Word.

Ah, Word of mine! You are eternally singing the Father to me, You are eternally singing God to me.... Oh, Word of mine, repose of the Father's heart and of Yourself...! Now the divine Persons are resting in Their eternal silence, in Their one Word...!

Ah Word of mine, repose of my bride-soul, who is thus at rest because in You, indeed, it is eternally singing the

being of God! Oh, my Spouse, how You make me fall in love with Your eternal Song! Allow me, in Your Voice, to sing You in You, Word of mine.

There is no one left who is able to sing, other than the Word. That is why all things sing in the Word and have their reason for being in Him: "All things were made – and said– in the Word."

Ah, Word of mine, how You repose in Yourself, on saying, in Your person, all the repose that God *is Himself*, and on seeing that You are the repose of the Father...! Oh, Word of mine, this is Your second repose, to *be Yourself* Word!

But You also have a third repose, like the Father, and it is that You, on singing in Your whole person what the Father is, what You *are Yourself* and what the Holy Spirit is, You love with the very Holy Spirit, who is the fruit of the Father's love and Yours, as Expression. And as a fruit of Your song and of the contemplation of the Father, and with Him, You exhale the very Holy Spirit whom You are eternally expressing.

Oh mystery of the Word's song...! Infinite mystery in which He is eternally singing the moment of the Father's begetting, the moment of His being begotten by the Father, the moment of His loving the Father, the moment of the Father loving Him and of the Holy Spirit proceeding as the fruit of the love of the Father and of

His Expression! The Word is also expressing, in His one and silent Word, the eternal instant of the Holy Spirit proceeding from the Father, on begetting Him, and of Himself, on being begotten.

My God, the more You immerse me in Your mystery, the plainer, the more simple and penetrating You *are Yourself* for me; but, because of the complication of the way I am, which clashes with the plainness of Your infinite simplicity, it is more difficult for me to express You with my poor and complicated words. Therefore, the more I know about You, the more admiring and overwhelmed I feel, and also, the more I am unable to express You. Because You are so infinitely simple, that in my complicated words I cannot find the way to express the infinite Perfection that You *are Yourself* and how You *are Yourself* so in the communication of Your divine Persons.

*The Holy Spirit,
the Repose-Love in God*

Oh Holy Spirit, what repose You are for the Father and for the Word...! You are the third repose of the Father and of the Word. Because if the Word, could not love the Father as perfectly and completely as He *is Himself* Word, even if He were to sing everything, He would not be happy, nor would He rest; but the Word is in repose

because He can love the Father with You. He is loving the Father so wonderfully that, through the infinity of love, the Father and the Word break forth in You, loving one another as infinitely and eternally as They deserve.

Oh, Repose of the fatherhood and of the filiation in God who, on loving one another, break forth in You! Oh Holy Spirit! how happy You *are Yourself* for *being Yourself* the repose for the Father and for the Word...!

The Word was fully at rest on singing the Father with His person and on loving the Father and on loving Himself with the person of the Holy Spirit. Now the Son, because He is infinite and most simple, finds rest in the Father's Gaze, in His expression and in the love of the Holy Spirit.

Oh, Holy Spirit, Love of Love itself, loving repose of the Father's fruitfulness, loving repose of the only Begotten One and of the infinite Begetter...! Oh, Holy Spirit, what repose You *are Yourself*...! You are the repose of Love...!

And You possess a repose, which is that the Father and the Son love in union with You. And what a repose You find on seeing that You are the Love that the Father has in loving His Son, and the Love that the Son has in loving His Father, and that You are the loving repose of the absolute Begetter and the supreme Begotten, as is required by infinitude itself. Yes, Holy Spirit, that is Your repose: seeing that You are the Love of the Father and the Love of the Word.

The Father and the Son, on loving one another, in that mutual loving of each other, make the Holy Spirit come forth. Therefore that “loving one another” –the Father and the Son loving one another– is already the Holy Spirit. Although in our case, when we have to express God, we must speak about the divine Persons in different times, in God it is not so, since He *is Himself* all at the same eternal time, although in diversity of perfect and complete Persons in Their Trinitarian activity.

Therefore the Father, on contemplating Himself, loves Himself; and this is You, Holy Spirit! The Father, on contemplating His Word, loves Himself; and this is You, Holy Spirit! On contemplating His Word, He loves Him; and this is You, Holy Spirit! And on begetting His Word, He loves Him; and this is You, Holy Spirit!

The Word, on singing the Father, loves Him; and this is You, Holy Spirit! And on singing of Himself, He loves Himself; and this is You, Holy Spirit! And on singing of Himself, He loves the Father; and this is You, Holy Spirit! And on singing You, Holy Spirit, the Word loves Himself; and this is You, Holy Spirit...! And on contemplating You, Holy Spirit, the Father loves Himself, and He loves Himself with You, Holy Spirit.

Yes, Holy Spirit, this is Your repose. And now You have another repose, which is that, because You are Love in God, You need to love eternally, infinitely and exhaustively, and in Your person, God fulfils His infinite

capacity to love, and in Him there is no place left for any other Person-Love. And so You rest, and so the Father and the Son rest in You, Holy Spirit!

This is also Your repose, Spirit of mine: that You, in Your person, are loving the eternal instant when the Father begets, the eternal instant of the Word being begotten and the eternal instant of Your being breathed.

Oh mystery...! Mystery of infinite love of Fruitfulness, of Expression and of Love in God.... Oh mystery! That all this infinite mystery, unspeakable and unexplainable for us, is explained in God in a simple, peaceful and restful most simple act of God *being Himself*.... That is why, in God, for Him there is no mystery; because God, due to His simplicity, eternity and infinity, *is Himself* in one eternal instant He who *is Himself* in His being and in His persons, without beginning and without end, without there being anything in Him that is before or that is after. And that is why God, because He *is Himself* the simplest Being, *is Himself* the eternal Repose. And the three divine Persons rest each in each other and in Themselves, and the Three rest in Their only being.

The Holy Spirit is the Love that enfolds, as in peaceful rest, in His infinite cooling flames, the whole of God's being and is the Love of the Father, of the Son and of Himself.

The Holy Spirit is the repose that closes –without closing up– the mysterious life of the Trinity, that enfolds it; and

He is, through the being He has received from the Father and from the Word, the loving repose in the Trinity.

All of God is repose, a haven of peace. The three divine Persons repose in Themselves through Their essential being, and They repose each in each other for *being Themselves* what They are; and all of God's life is peace and eternal repose.

"Eternal rest grant unto us, O Lord, and let perpetual Light shine upon us!"

*Mary, repose on earth
for the Word Incarnate*

Grant unto us, O Lord, your rest...!

And the Repose of the Father, the infinite Word in whom the Father and the Holy Spirit rest, came to bring us the repose we had lost through sin.

And the Word of the Father, becoming incarnate, is impelled by the love of the Holy Spirit. Because if the Word gives Himself to us, it is because the Father gives Him to us aflame in the very love of the Holy Spirit, since God's self-gift to man was performed by the work of Love who is diffusive, in His infinite charity and through His eternal goodness.

And the Word makes Himself a new creation, a paradise

that might be His repose on earth, and that is Mary. Mary is the repose of God's Repose. Oh, Mary, Gate of Heaven, through whom the Word passes to come to earth, and through whom men must enter to go to God...!

The Word is now at rest in the womb of Mary! Mary is, on earth, after Christ, the most wonderful manifestation of the Divinity. So wonderfully is Mary God-by-participation that the Word rests in Her because She tastes like Heaven for Him. Mary is God's paradise on earth.

Now the Incarnate Word has a place of repose in Mary...! And not only a place of repose, but a comfort for His soul, lacerated by the lovelessness of men: "He came to His own and they did not welcome Him." And this sentence of Sacred Scripture, nailed like a living reality on Christ's soul, has so deeply pierced it through, that now He needs a comfort for His aching soul, and this comfort is Mary. And Mary is the repose and the comfort of God.

*"I looked for comforters
but I found none"*

And the Word, the repose of the Father, who is always resting "in the bosom of the Father," comes to earth and, from the very first moment of His coming into being, is faced with incomprehension, ingratitude and scorn from

those very persons to whom He had come to sing to and to bring His repose to, giving them His love.

Christ asks for some comfort. He Himself complains with these painful words: "I looked for comforters but I found none!"

Oh, Word of mine, repose of the Father's heart and of the Holy Spirit! how is it possible that You, who *are Yourself* repose, seek for comfort?

And pouring Himself through the Holy Spirit in love for us, crying out with inexpressible groans through that very Holy Spirit who loved us in Him to the end, He says: "With a baptism of blood I must be baptised, and how my heart is in distress until I see this fulfilled!"

And it was accomplished, and He shed all His blood. And after having sung His love to us throughout His thirty-three years, and after having brought us His peace, He continues to cry out: "I looked for comforters but I found none!"

What mystery...! Oh my Christ, is it possible that there is no comfort for you? And yet, so many souls follow You?: "I looked for comforters but I found none!"

When You look for somebody to be consoled, You always find one. All souls are ready to be comforted by You, and then all souls surrender themselves, all souls give themselves, all forget about themselves, all fall in love. But when You cry out looking for comfort and

leave them in abandonment so that they may comfort You, You look for comforters but You find none.

Many are the souls who are ready to follow You to Mount Tabor, but few to the Cross. At the foot of the Cross, there stood only one of Your Apostles, and yet many were those who followed You...! On Palm Sunday everyone exulted: "Hosanna to the King of the Jews!" and on Good Friday, "the sheep were scattered because the Shepherd had been wounded."

Oh my Jesus, how many followed You, proclaiming You as a King! And yet, You looked for comforters but found none. And even more, so they can see that You love the Father and lay down Your life for Your sheep: "Rise, let us go." And a short time later: Father, that they may know You, and may not be eternally abandoned: *Fiat, Thy will be done!* And at that very moment the Father accepts, and Christ exclaims: "Father, why have You forsaken me?" "I looked for comforters but I found none!"

How little we penetrate into the deep pain of Jesus. He saw Himself forsaken by all, even by His own Father...! We don't know Christ, nor have we penetrated into His mission or into His pain.

*Let us comfort Christ
singing His song with Him*

If we want to live out our reality as Christians, we have to embrace the cross; we have to stretch out our arms on it and be forsaken by everyone, even by the Father Himself, being together with Christ apparently despised and forgotten.

Priest of Christ, consecrated soul! Do not forget that your Bridegroom is a “Bridegroom in Blood.”

Ah! we, who have sinned so many times, we are afraid because we suffer in our own flesh and in our own soul the purification of our own faults.

Priestly soul, how can you wish to be a father of souls with Christ if, at the first sign of pain or of the absence of Jesus, perhaps you search for other loves?

Priest of Christ, on the day of your ordination, of your consecration, you happily surrendered yourself, joyfully and ready to do anything in order to follow Jesus: “Whoever wants to follow me must deny himself,” his pleasures, his way of looking at things, his treats, his will, his selfishness...; “take up his cross daily;” the cross God sends him, the cross of desolation, of solitude, of abandonment, of incomprehension, doubt, of confusion, of struggle, of trials... “and follow me.” Where to?

– Now to Calvary and afterwards to the eternal Repose,

to the infinite Light.

In order to follow Christ, the indispensable condition is to carry your cross and to deny yourself.

The priest has been anointed to glorify God, giving divine life to souls, and this life is found on the cross.

Priest of Christ, if you, instead of being a living word with Him, are “a clashing gong,” a dead word, what will you give to that handful of sheep from the flock of the Good Shepherd who have been entrusted to you, and whose salvation perhaps depends on you?

Ah, priest of Christ, you are fruitless as a result of your lukewarm life! don’t you tremble at the thought of millions of souls who are in mortal sin? Won’t you decide to become an apostle through your life of immolation, sacrifice and assimilation of Christ? See, life is short, the end is approaching, the reward is great, the punishment is terrible, souls don’t know and don’t love God, “the children of darkness are more clever than the children of Light!” And while the sheep of the flock of the Good Shepherd go to other folds, priest of Christ, what keeps you occupied? Ah, priest of Christ, how terrible it is if you are not holy, if instead you lead a lukewarm life...!

People consecrated to God, you consecrated yourself to be Christ; every minute of your spiritual life that you squander may bring harm to souls, perhaps forever. We, through our negligence and coldness, are to be blamed

for the fact that many little sheep are leaving the flock of the Good Shepherd. Because we are not Church enough, because we don't sing: Church, fruitful Church that sings of God! And that is why many souls don't know Him and go after "ravenous wolves." And do we want to go to Heaven with empty hands, with our Church-bosom infertile?

We have been called to sing throughout the earth the infinite life of God who, dying on the cross, released the cry of supreme love to men. And if He gave this cry dying and forgetting about Himself on the cross, bathed in His own blood, then we must live, in complete self-forgetfulness, solely for God and for souls.

Each infidelity from the consecrated souls pierces through Christ's soul like an arrow, making Him groan "with inexpressible groans through the Holy Spirit," looking for comfort for His heart and for His soul; but not a comfort of words. There is no other comfort from us for Jesus than to stretch out our arms on the cross and sing like Him, with a supreme cry of love and pain, the "all is accomplished." Because spiritual life is not found only in words, in pretty sentences! Because the life of the spirit, the life of self-giving, is found in becoming Christ and in being crucified with Him to save men and lead them into the bosom of the Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church, that is the bosom of God on earth.

Soul-Church, why you and why me, why have we been

called to sing the infinite riches enclosed in our Church? Why is it we who have been anointed, predestined, called, chosen...? when we continue to disappoint God's heart...!

Soon the Father of the household will come and call us to account regarding our possessions, and if He finds us with our lamp empty, unfruitful and barren: "Truly I tell you that I don't know you who you are." And the door will be closed, because we were distracted and we did not keep our lamp prepared for the moment when the Bridegroom came, we did not have within us the fruit He expected from us.

We must raise our voices with a cry of alarm. We must wake up from our slumber. We must sing out to the furthest ends of the earth: God...! We must live and die in order to make known our God-Love, our Christ. We must die to our own selves in complete immolation, in total oblivion, so that all souls may know God. Because the Church is crying out: Unity...! She is calling out, with a cry of alarm, to all the little sheep, that they may come to her Motherly bosom...!

Let us rise from our half-heartedness and from our lethargy. Let us be fruitful, let us not disappoint the heart of God nor that of the Church. If we are Church, let us sing: *Church*. If we are Christians, let us sing Christ. And if we sing Christ, we will gradually "transform ourselves from clarity into clarity into Him whom we contemplate"

and we will bring to His bosom, to that eternal peace, to that mansion, to that imperishable light, all the little sheep of the flock of the Good Shepherd.

All the little sheep in the world are called to the flock of the Church. They have all been created to contemplate with the Father, to sing with the Word and to be aflame in the love of the Holy Spirit. And we, because we are Church, have been called to give with Christ that life of God, to sing the reality of that warm bosom of the Church and thus manifest to all the ends of the earth the Most High God.

Souls are lost because God is not known. See, the heart of God has been disappointed by men, and Christ continues to be unknown, His message is deposited in the bosom of the Church, and, after twenty centuries, it still remains buried there...! Twenty centuries have gone by and the Christ continues to clamour, with His soul torn apart by pain, His voice faltering through His weeping, His eyes glazed over with tears: Father, they know neither You nor Me..! and that is why, "I looked for comforters but I found none."

Let us sing in the bosom of the Church, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic, all consummated in unity, sheltered under Her wings, forming that single flock and being under that single Shepherd, through whom the Church is crying out: Unity...! Unity...!

Let us all, united, say "yes" to Love in everything; and

thus, with Mary, we will be repose and comfort for the soul of Jesus, and become a paradise on earth for that Word who, coming from the bosom of the Most High, penetrates into those souls who are in a state of grace, and who, through the love of God, by transforming them into Himself, makes them partake of that eternal rest, so as to give them one day, in light, what they already possess here by faith.

And we will be God's repose insofar as we will be, with the Father, contemplation that contemplates that which He contemplates; with the Word, expression of God; and with the Holy Spirit, love that loves His being and His Persons.

Let us sing, in the bosom of the Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church, the Unity in the Trinity of Persons, so that God's children may find their rest, their repose and their solace in being repose for God Himself and in reposing in His Father's bosom.

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.

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