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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,”<sup>8</sup>– 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.”<sup>9</sup> 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

<sup>8</sup> 1 Pt 2, 24.

<sup>9</sup> 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."<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> 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."<sup>11</sup>

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

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<sup>11</sup> 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”<sup>12</sup>–.

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.

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<sup>12</sup> 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.”<sup>13</sup>

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

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<sup>13</sup> 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 that 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."<sup>14</sup>

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

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<sup>14</sup> 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."<sup>15</sup> 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

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<sup>15</sup> 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."<sup>16</sup>

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...!

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<sup>16</sup> 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 [...] <sup>1</sup>, adoring, pleased

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<sup>1</sup> This 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."<sup>1</sup> (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)

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<sup>1</sup> 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 desertions... 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,”<sup>1</sup> 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...!

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<sup>1</sup> 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