

How sweet it is to have You without
earthly things,
feeling your touch in silence!

“Fruits of prayer”

961. The infinite Love loves us with His whole inexhaustible being, since in God there are no parts, and when He pours himself out on us, it is the whole Trinity which gives itself to us, to make us God’s children and heirs of His glory; but the measure of our divinisation depends on the measure of our surrender to His sanctifying love. (26-6-61)

962. How far God went in the excess of His love that, wanting to be my Father, He made me His son...! (25-9-63)

963. God makes me His son, so that I may love Him and may have to call Him Father. (25-9-63)

964. The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit are my Father God in His Unity and in His Trinity. All God wants to communicate himself to my soul; all God is mine, for me, because I am Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church; and, to the extent that I am so, I will live my divine filiation. (15-9-63)

965. Jesus came to make us children of God, and how...! He gave us the Father’s look so that we might look at Him; His song, as Word, so that we might sing to Him; and the Holy Spirit’s

love so that we might love Him and love one another. How great is to be Church! (25-1-75)

966. To the extent that you live your divine filiation, you will be Church, Christ's member, receiving His mission in order to communicate it to all men. (15-10-63)

967. My Father God gives himself to me in wisdom and love, so that I may know Him lovingly. (26-9-63)

968. God is wisdom and love in His divine life, and when He creates me to be His child, He calls me to live His same life of sapient love. (26-9-63)

26-12-1974

INEFFABLE SWEETNESSES

Ineffable sweetnesses, in steps
of the Immense One,
that silently wound in slow penetration...
It is God who, in power, rushes to
the loving soul,
sweetly kissing in tender burning.

Sweetnesses of the living God which,
in faint sounds,
invite to silence, to be able to act
with steps of mystery in wounded spirit
which cries quietly in nostalgic love...

God is Love and Lover, and there is no one
who can liken to Him
when He passes by in fondness, wanting to stay.
My chest is a romance of tender melodies,
which answers, in its own way, to the divine
Minstrel.

Songs of He-who-Is He says
in my innermost being,
and, in His divine accent, expresses to me
His Deity.

My soul is now a conquest
of the glorious Fighter,
His Blood's trophy, that makes Him rest.

Jesus of my toils, listen in my innermost being,
vibrant of nostalgias, to one sole throbbing:
your glories are my glories and, in battle order,
prepared to defend You, my army is on guard.

Dispose, as it pleases You, of all that
You handed over me,
my life is giving itself back without
anything to claim;
all that I possess is yours, Love of my loves,
and nothing in it do I seek: Only your rest!

If I had something that You had not given me,
I give it all back to You in total donation!
Mystery of secret in hushed hours,
deep thoughts that pass at random...

There is nothing so sweet and tender
as to feel the kiss
of God who is passing by with kisses of peace.
How sweet is the caress from the close
contact with His chest...!
What an unprecedented mystery is lived
in front of the altar...!

Bowed down in front of the tabernacle,
listening to the Silence
of the immense Secret in eternal expressing,

adore, beloved soul; do not try with words
to express the Ineffable One in the way He acts.

Answer as you can!
for God is passing by in kissing...

“Fruits of prayer”

545. God, Who *is himself* by himself, creates creatures so perfect, that they are capable of possessing Him because He gave them a being in his image. And the creature, on seeing itself so perfect and that it is, says when it sins: “I do not want to submit my ‘I’ to anything.” With that, it loses the reason for its “I” dependent on the divine “I” and, remaining eternally without a reason for being, not being able to live on the Infinite One, the only one capable of making it happy, everything turns for it into an eternal torture. (15-9-66)

547. God is the supreme Good, wherefore man, created with freedom of choice, when he does not see Him in supernatural light, seeks his own good apart from the supreme Good and, for this reason, he falls. (9-1-65)

549. Hell is for those who willingly do not want to be with God, but not for you who eagerly seeks Him. (21-4-67)

550. Terror...! What a bottomless Abyss that of damnation...! He who falls in it, will never be able to get out of the deep depth of the crevices of its bosom! (1-10-72)

551. Time is finished... the end has arrived... you are at the gates of the Abyss! If you were to fall in it, you would never be able to get out... Watch the way you live, because the end is near! (1-10-72)

552. Do you doubt that the Abyss exists and that is why you live as if it did not exist? What will you do when, for the unconsciousness of your voluntary forgetfulness, perhaps you may see yourself in it? (1-10-72)

553. Is it convenient for you to think that the Abyss of the open Volcano where those who separate themselves from God fall does not exist, so that you may live, as if it did not exist, under the slavery of your own concupiscences? What will you do when, discovering that you were wrong, you are no longer in time? (1-10-72)

556. What a poor and absurd reign is that of the devil! As much as that of those who, in darkness like him and blind, follow him. As clumsy and noisy is his action and that of those who follow him, so is delicate, silent, sacred and profound on the souls, that of God. (27-3-76)

557. God’s plan is that you do not go to purgatory; if you go, it is His permissive will, but not His delight. (29-9-65)

30-1-1973

NOTHING SAYS ANYTHING...
MAN IS BLIND!

Everything, in the exile, shrouds in its shadows
the great mysteries.

Everything, after its nights, remains darkened
and shrouded among veils.

Everything, including those that are
most sublime,
even though it be Heaven.

All, because man,
in the universe,
broke, when rebelling against the Infinite,
the eternal plans.

And, on falling prostrate, man has clouded,
with his confusion,
the light which burst out
from his thought,
with which he ruled,
with great dominion,
the created world
in accordance with the Immense.

And thus, darkness
covered man's mind;
and he has confused
all that is good,

giving it a profane and despicable
meaning,
being silent
the voice of the Eternal,
which is manifested in the creatures
and in creation with voices of fire.

And this is why the world
wanders in the mystery,
since, blind, man
blinded the thought
that God instilled into him so that
he might express,
in wisdom, with His immense gift,
all that is created,
in an accurate manner;
and from that day in which the shadows shroud
what is earthly,
all that is infinite
remained in secret.

Only thus can one understand that
a tabernacle remain
plunged into silence,
as though imprisoned, with great chains,
the radiant light that shrouds the Sublime...!
A tabernacle in shadows that does not
say anything
to the profane man who has not discovered
the burning flame, hidden amongst shadows
behind the little door of that captivity...
Not even creation

with its voice of thunder,
with deep seas,
with immense forests,
in the variety
of its great concert...

Nothing says anything,
all is in silence
for him who has not entered,
with his thought,
with the eternal light, into the varieties
of the great universe.
Nothing says anything,
not even Heaven...!
Nothing says anything, perhaps not even death
with its confusion,
to the blind man who has separated
from the open path.

Nothing says anything...!
regardless of how deep the great mysteries
may be
that life shrouds; nor even a tabernacle
in shadows
which presses in its depth the Heaven's Glory...

Nothing says anything...!
Man is blind!

11-7-1974

THE CIRCLE OF CREATION OPPRESSES ME

I am created for Eternity, for the immense immensity of the Being, for the perfect life of the eternal He-who-Is, for the possession without time, without limits and without frontiers of the inexhaustible Perfection.

God made me for Him, for His ways and styles, for His manners and forms; to enter with His understanding the plethoric light of His light, the containment of His immense suns, the embracement infinitely embracing of His Divine Family.

I was created to know what God tastes like in wisdom of tasty understanding, and in intuitive penetration of His simultaneous and eternal joy; to sing with the Song which, in infinitude of manners of being, the Word *is himself*, and to enter the concert of His infinite perfections; to love with the substantially perfect love of the Holy Spirit.

“What eye has not seen, and ear has not heard, and what has not entered the human heart, what God has prepared for those who

love Him,' this God has revealed to us through the Spirit. For the Spirit scrutinizes everything, even the depths of God.

Blessed be God... who in His great mercy... gave us a new birth to a living hope, to an inheritance that is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you"¹.

I have not been destined to drag myself on the ground, but to live in the coeternal elevation of my Divine Family. And I have as though eternal yearnings to soar up and fit myself in the centre of my reason for being.

That is why the earth, and even more, the crushing immensity of the universe, proves to be narrow for me, tight! making me perceive the sensation that it presses me into its circle, that it locks me up in the prison of its limitation... that it does not let me come out of the finitude of its walls! to fly to the free freedom, to the possession without limits, where frontiers do not exist, where there has never been a beginning nor will be an end, and where one breathes with the lungs of the spirit, open in immense *widenesses*, in the possession of the immense Being in His *being himself* by himself He who *Is himself*, without needing anything or anyone, time or place... there! where He *is him-*

¹ 1 Cor 2: 9-10; 1 Pt 1: 3-4.

self all that He can be and all that He could need, in a most simple act of infinite subsistence of Trinitarian life. "Whom else have I in the heavens? And with You, none delights me on earth. My heart and my flesh are pining away: my portion, God forever."²

Sometimes, when I find out the demands of my spirit and the cravings of my poor being, I myself am perplexed, with fear of expressing my feelings. Because, to whom will I be able to say that the universe proves small for me, that the limitation of its frontiers presses onto me and that the tightness of its containment restrains me? How can I manifest that I feel myself oppressed and as though imprisoned at the contemplation of the sea's immensity, at the plenitude and exuberance of the forests, with a need to jump and to get out, freeing myself of all that is created, and to find freedom only in the infinite Mansion of the Infinite Being?

Thank you, Lord, for living in yourself without any mansion, without limits and without frontiers...!

Thank you because You are in yourself the Eternity and the Possession, the Fullness and the Immensity; because You have in yourself

² Ps 72: 25-26.

the power to *be yourself* what You *are yourself*, without there existing in yourself a beginning, without an end to control You, without anything to embrace You that is not yourself in your eternal and perfect embracement...!

Thank you, Lord, for making me experience, in the circumscribed circle of creation, the eminent need for my approaching liberation...!

Thank you for making me in your likeness, instilling into me the needlessness of things, that You have in order to *be yourself* by yourself what You are...!

Thank you, Lord, for this experience as though of claustrophobia that I feel on earth for the locking up I experience because of the oppression of all things, which imprison my soul created for the Eternal Perfection...!

Everything on earth proves small for me; everything increases my distress, oppresses my liberation and clips the wings of my upward race.

Sometimes I am afraid of expressing my experiences, because man's comprehension is also confined within the limit of its tiny understanding. And, how can I tell him the torturing cravings of my heart, yearning and seeking the lib-

eration from the prison in which creation has me locked up? How can I decipher, to those who live captivated by the plethoric immensity of the universe, my feelings towards it?

If men knew what all the small creatures in their diversity of species, in their plenitude of beauty, mean to my spiritual look, all of them reflections of the Infinite Perfection...! If those who accompany me in my pilgrimage on earth perceived the concert which, in its exuberant explanation, I intuit in all the tiny creatures...!

Because each and everyone of the small things created by God hold in themselves and express to the soul who enjoys the gift of science, how they are a reflection, not only of the Being in His diversity of infinity of nuances, but also of the divine Persons in their personal way and manner. Because, when man deeply penetrates creation, he discovers in it the hand of the living Being, who, outpouring himself in wisdom, made it a singing expression of His marvellous perfections, being all of them a manifestation of His eternal concert. And both the entire creation, in the immensity of its ensemble, and each of the smallest atoms, contain in themselves, in their own way, form and style, the Father's wisdom, the Word's expression and the Holy Spirit's love.

God has the possibility of creating immense worlds in a diversity of manners, ways and

styles. Because He is great, not for what we see that He has made, but because of the possibility He has, not only of being, but of making creatures and things. And when, in His divine mind, He turned towards the creatures which, within His possibility of creating, He wanted them to exist, the most sapient wisdom of the Father poured itself over them, making them an image of His singing Word with the Word, and being realized by the coeternal love of the Holy Spirit.

Through the Father's will, in the Word's expression, and through the personal Love of both, who is the Holy Spirit, God performed, in an outpouring of His splendour, the magnificent and splendid magnificence of creation. And therefore, all creatures "He clothed, as He passed, with His beauty,"³ each one in themselves containing the plethoric richness of the Word's song; and appearing, before the spiritual look of him who possesses God, the simple reality of the small leaf of a tree, as rich as the overwhelming immensity of the containment of the universe. Because God is in essence, presence and power giving His breath of life to all that is, and maintaining in its existence all that exists.

But man's soul, created with the capacity to possess the Infinite, yearns to soar up towards

³ St. John of the Cross.

the possession of the eternal He-who-Is, who *is himself* by himself; being in its way everything that tries to imprison its freedom or cut off its flight in delirious ascension towards Eternity.

Today my soul feels full in need of being completely filled by the eternal He-who-Is. I irresistibly clamour for Him, and I express as well as I can the feelings, the needs, the cravings of my heart, which, overflowed, seek the freedom of the Land of Life; waiting day after day in my times of Tabernacle, next to the most wide gates of my Eternity on earth, the time of my total liberation.

I live calm and I wait. But my hope, sometimes, becomes as vehement as the need that God has placed in me to possess Him, as the urgency that my spirit, created by God, has to live solely on He who *Is himself*, and with Him and through Him, in the possession more or less savourable of all that He may want to give me.

"At night my soul longs for You, and my spirit within me keeps vigil for You."⁴

How beautiful is the inanimate creation, made by God for the manifestation of His perfections...! But, how immensely greater and more transcendent is man's soul, which has, imprinted in itself the overpowering need of living on the Uncrea-

⁴ Is 26: 9.

ted; and which was created to palpitate, in its real experience, in unison with God's heart, entering into the communication of His life and living, to the extent of its finite and created capacity, on the Infinite himself...!

How great is all I have, how immense what I hope for, and what a pressing need that of my poor little being of achieving what I long for...! Because I have been created only for God, and only with Him and through Him, will I find the plethoric and finished joy of the perfection that I yearn for.

For that reason, Lord, the day that I find You in the bright light of your eternal pupils, I will have everything in You, forever, forever...! in the perfect possession of your being and in the complete fullness of all that I crave.

Thank you, Lord, for having made me in your likeness, to live by participation in the perfect satiety of your infinite capacity.

18-7-1974

YEARNINGS FOR A NEW ENCOUNTER

They are as though infinite yearnings
those which in my depths I have
to find my Lover,
to dwell with the Eternal;

Yearnings for silent nights,
yearnings for long silences
and for prolonged days
in experiences of mystery,

for transcendent secrets
with tastes of cauteries,
tasting what God tastes like
in my chest's depth.

Intimacy of the living God
in spelling outs of Heaven,
in silent conversation
with expressions of the Word...

Experiences of my volcanoes...
fancies of my dream...
Nostalgias for possessing
and for embracing the Immense...!

I earnestly and breathlessly hear
rumours of a new encounter.
And, when I perceive the touch
of the Infinite in my centre,
I painstakingly soar up
to embrace Him whom I await.

Mystery of my manifold fullness
that I live in re-creations,
in long times of wait
for divine encounters!

God comes and leaves again
without leaving me, although I lose Him,
in the secret possession
that I hide in my concealment.

Glory of my hopes!
Conqueror of my zeals!
I only crave to have You!
I only desire to make You out
in the infinite lights
of your eternal thought!

Possessed penetration
of He-who-Is in spelling out...
Conversation of the living God
in a kiss of perfect love...
Luminary of my eagerness...!
Brightness of the Sublime...!

Communication of life
by He-who-Is in my concealment...!
I need in my yearnings,
with impetuous desires,
to enter your depths,
away from all that here I have!

I want to look at You in your fires
and sing to You in your Concert,
being word in your Song,
which, in loves of recreation,

kisses with my loving Spouse,
in the flames of His Fire,
the Innermost Being, always begetting
in divine concealment!

The begetting of the living God
is of so much subsistent majesty,
that it is shrouded in the sendals
of His virginal prodigy.

Who will dare introduce himself
into that sacred temple,
without being invited by the enthralling glory
of the Coeternal?

Who will be able, without being borne,
to introduce herself into the bosom
of the Love that sustains her,
and enjoy in savouring

the feast which, in a Family,
God lives in eternal mystery?

Desires come and go
inside the soul in exile;
nostalgias to possess
the Powerful in mystery.

Clamours of my manifold poorness...!
Sighs of my dreams...!
Show yourself to me again,
even though You leave again!

Don't You see that, if You do not come
to visit me on earth,
my living among men
is such a strong torment,
that either You come to fetch me,
or my being flies to your encounter?

For this reason, come, do not be long!
calm my ineffable desire!
if your desire is that I live
contemplating You behind veils.

Lord, why did You hide yourself?
When will You show yourself again to me?

28-1-1974

THE SOUL AND THE BODY

Why do You alienate me from everything
that shrouds me,
leaving me alone hanging on to You?
Why do I feel myself only a soul in my life,
lost to the things that are and that were,
alien and absent from them without me?

Why nothing of all that surrounds me
is anything,
and all things are nothing
but a far away echo fallen into oblivion
and without gift?

Estrangement which terrifies I feel
in my surroundings,
alone and detached from creation,
alien to its things and out of place,
without anything to check
my journey to the Sun.

Sweet and calmly my spirit flies
urgent towards God,
my mind being lost and clouded,
and as though asleep, in separation.

Life, death, day and night,
shadow and light, earth, Sheol...

The soul and the body, follow different
and strange paths
when the Lord passes;
mystery in secret, when the Infinite
sways in the depth of my heart...

Life is not life neither is it death;
It is separation of the body and the soul,
without the great rupture that death implies
when it lets its voice be heard;
power of the living God, like a burning magnet,
which attracts the spirit like strength
in conquest
with fast pace...

The body feels itself swayed
without life and heat,
left and lost in depths
of alienation.

Sleep without falling asleep, sacred nostalgias
in premonitions of something that stole
the capacities of its energies,
being left like a ship without a crew,
and shaken by the swell,
alone and without rudder.

The soul is its strength, and it ran attracted
by the charges of God's passing;
and, flying, after Him, lost its way,
going on aimlessly towards the Sun.

Nothing any longer matters to the soul!
it is immersed and runs fast,
wholly captivated by the brightness
of Him who stole it.

Sacred mystery of God's power!
Everything has remained hidden in the shadows
which the soul left behind;
nothing, not even the memory
of all that happened,
cuts off its fast frigate's race,
because nothing of all that it forgot is nothing.

There is no struggle at its centre,
everything is calm around it:
The soul, the earth, the body,
Heaven... the Lord...
A great separation takes place in my centre,
when I hear the rumour of the potent passing
of the Immense in gift.

Cadent estrangement, sleep of senses,
alienation,
loss of things...
everything is in silence and in adoration,
because the Infinite, passing by very silently,
very slowly, very softly, stole the soul.

How sweet it is to feel myself swayed,
held and rocked in the arms of God...!

2-6-1962

TO LOVE YOU FOR YOUR SAKE

Love...! I need You without me...! You, in You and for You...! Because I am created only to rejoice eternally in the fact that You are happy, that You are blissful, in the fact that You are...! Yes, Love, in the fact that You *are yourself*!

I need to rejoice in Eternity only in the fact that You are the eternal Happiness in infinite communication of glorious light and happy love...! to immerse myself in the abyss of your infinite happiness...!

I need, because I love You, only to rejoice in the fact that You are the uncreated Happiness in blissful communication of Trinitarian life. My love demands to be always contemplating You in your jubilant joy of eternal happiness...

I need to rejoice only, only, in the fact that You are God, that You are happy, in the fact that You *are yourself* so glorious that You yourself *are yourself* your glory; and for *being yourself* so much, You not only satiate the infinite demand for your *being yourself* so eternally, but also, because of the infinitude of perfection of your being happy, You will infinitely surpass in

happiness all the creatures created with an almost infinite capacity to possess You.

You are so blissful... so much... so much... so much! that You will make our most essential joy consist in rejoicing in the fact that You are so happy; since You exceed, due to the contemplation of your eternal jubilation, the capacities of all the rational creatures in such a way, that they will have their essential joy in seeing You so happy; because there they will be in the centre of the pure love and in the complete fitting-in of that same love.

Yes, You are so happy, so infinite, so glorious and so Being... so Being...! that, in Heaven, that perfection of yours demands in the blessed that they be always in the highest possible degree of pure love according to their capacity. You are so perfect and so glorious, that, when contemplating You, our capacity will be so stolen, exceeded and surpassed, that it will not be able to desire anything, most essentially, apart from glorying in the fact that You *are yourself* so happy and so pleased for *being yourself* who You *are yourself*; having all souls their first and most essential joy in rejoicing, oblivious of themselves, at seeing You so blessed.

Your eternal happiness of infinite perfection will captivate them so transcendently, that what is not to contemplate You for yourself, re-

joicing in the fact that You are God, will be second accidental joys that they will possess as a consequence of this. The joy of joys, that will make the soul be in Eternity in the centre of its love and in an act of most pure love, will be to rejoice in the fact that God is God, that God is what He is by himself and in himself.

As the soul is created to glorify God according to its degree of love, and in heaven all will have it in the highest possible degree of their capacity, the most essential glory of each one, according to their degree of love, will be to rejoice in the fact that God *is himself* so glorious.

That is why, Love, I wait for You...! I clamour for loving You eternally in my centre of love... at that point of love's purity that You instil into my soul...! I do need my love to be as pure as possible, according to my capacity, and to love You where I may love You the most, where my purity of love may be more perfect...!

I know that this will be in the region of the perfect ones, where one lives in absolute perfection of love. That is why I demand with urgency to love You in Eternity; and I need it now! because each second that passes I have not loved You, being here, in that perfection that my soul hungers for.

I am thirsty and I seek You heartrendingly without satiety, because I long to rejoice only in the fact that You are God, that You are happy, that You do not suffer, that You are the un-created bliss of most happy perfection... in the fact that You *are yourself*... that You *are yourself*...! that You are who You *are yourself* and I am who am not...!

I need to rejoice in the fact that You *are yourself*, and only in that, without occupying myself with anything else; and in that is the centre and the perfection of my love. And I know that this demand for pure love that You have placed in my soul, I will only be able to fill it in the place of the pure and perfect love: Eternity.

Love, I do not clamour for Eternity in order to be happy, since although my whole soul is created to be so, there is something that surpasses almost infinitely this urgency, and it is to rejoice solely in the fact that You are happy, that You *are yourself*, that You rejoice in yourself, that You love yourself, that You are the glorious Life in Trinity of Persons.

How really marvellous that You *are yourself* so blissful...! that You *are yourself* so happy! that You *are yourself* by yourself, without me...! What a joy, that, when I offended You, my Un-created, I did not grieve You, I did not take your joy away, I did not take away your essential glory...!

Love...! What a very joyful jubilation that You *are yourself* so Being, that what is not You, means nothing to You...! that You *are yourself* so immutable in your infinite joy, that nothing troubles You, that nothing touches You... that with all my imperfection, before You, I am as if I were not...

Love...! What a joy that of my soul the fact that You are like that...! What a joy that of being able to enjoy eternally the bliss of seeing You so happy...! How really marvellous that your glory is essentially the same with the love of your creature as without it! What a joy so complete that, because of your incapability of suffering, in order to do so, You had to become incarnate! and even so, You suffered in your humanity, but your divinity was impassive.

Oh...! Let him who knows of love come, to see if he can love with the purity of love with which one loves God...! Let us see if he loves the beloved as God is loved...! Let us see if there is any being who has in himself such love, such happiness, and that he is so being in His perfection, that he infinitely exceeds the desire to love of all lovers!

That is how God is...! He is of such glorious perfection, that exceeding our capacity for all that we may crave, He will make us have our greatest possible glorification in rejoicing in what He is.

Tell me, what do you love and why do you love it...? What do you occupy yourself in when your love is not God...? In loving because they love you in return, which after all is to seek yourself; in loving for you to rejoice, which is selfish love; in rejoicing in the good of the beloved because you find joy... But do you know what God is, and of what perfection He must be, and what glory He must have in himself, that the happiness of seeing Him so joyful and so happy will be your eternal bliss...?

What must God be, soul created by the Infinite, that He is capable of satiating infinitely every demand for love and happiness that you feel...! And this demand He will fill to such a degree that you will not remember yourself; the happiness of the Infinite exceeding so infinitely your capacity for love, that because of your powerlessness for not being able to rejoice in the fact that God is God as He deserves, your eternity will be to adore, crushed by the glorious glory that He *is himself*.

Love...! My whole eternity giving You thanks for Your being who You are, thanking You because You *are yourself* ...! Not because I enjoy it, but because You are so! All my eternity rejoicing, always, always, always! most essentially, in the fact that You are happy, that You are blissful, that You are who You *are yourself*, and in the fact that You *are yourself* by yourself,

and that You have for yourself your happiness in yourself, and that You *are yourself* so, enjoy it and possess it for yourself in yourself and without me.

My God, how very glad my soul is because You are so happy...! My whole being, a joyful praise of your glory...! All of me a song of thanksgiving, for your being so happy and so blissful; all of me a canticle of jubilation, that in an ecstasy of love says to You: Thank you, Love, because You are who You *are yourself*. Thank you, Love, thank you...!

My whole soul, in a pure act of love, being stolen only by gratitude to the happy God, rejoicing in the fact that He *is himself* so happy...!

How happy God is ...! How happy the Being *is himself* in His being, in His Three...! How very glad I am that God *is himself* so happy, so Being...! So Being...! that God, from so much *being himself* the uncreated Happiness of infinite perfection, is One and is Three.

[...]¹ Love... whence to me that I may know how happy You *are yourself* for yourself in your

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

bosom...? My love is happy, it is in its centre rejoicing in the fact that God *is himself* happy, that He *is himself* the uncreated bliss, the infinite joy, the eternal happiness...

Love...! I do wait for You...! I do anxiously seek to be in Eternity to fill the demand that You, when creating me, shaped in me, and this need for pure love that, as a bride of your divine being, You have given me. Not because here I cannot love You, since my life is all of it an act of pure love; but because I know and see from experience that this degree of love is not always at its centre as my love for You clamours for; because I need to love You with the perfection of the blessed, and I see that I love You with the love of the exiles which is many times imperfect. Only to be able to love You rejoicing in the fact that You are happy and that You are God, only for that! I yearn to be in Eternity, and thus to love You in the highest possible perfection according to my capacity...

Love...! I don't know if I explain myself... I know that I don't know how to say You in You, but I see that neither do I know how to express what I feel for You and about You. I only know that, when I desire You in your glory, that when the urgency to glorify You in Heaven captures me and the demand for rejoicing in the fact that You rejoice makes me groan with groans that are inexpressible for Eternity to glo-

rify You in my greatest possible purity of love; then, according to my personal capacity as an exile, I am in the highest possible degree of pure love that I can have for You.

"I live for the Father –Jesus says–... I love the Father... Father, glorify your name!"²

I do not need to go to heaven except to rejoice in seeing You rejoice without occupying myself in anything else. And since I know that here I cannot do it so purely and constantly as there, that is why I want to be there; as I desire to love you where I most purely can, and rejoice in the fact that You are God where I may have the utmost purity of love.

Love, if I can love You here and glorify You with the purity of love that my soul yearns for, it is the same to me whether here or there, as I need to love You in the place where my love is purest; not so that I may enjoy, but to see You rejoice, even though I might not rejoice; not because I may be participating in your joy when seeing You rejoice, but because there, will it be where most purely I will be able to rejoice in the fact that You are God...

Is it that I do not want to enjoy You...? But it was for this purpose that I have been created...! But my soul yearns to live on your Trinity and immerse myself in your being in order

² Jn 6: 57; 14: 31; 12: 28.

to enjoy Him...! However, due to the almost infinite urgency that has stolen me to rejoice only in the fact that You are God, it is as if everything else were not.

Love, I need, by the demand of having been created to enjoy You, to be happy... I have imprinted on my soul the need to possess You and to enjoy You, the need to know You and to express You, the need to love You and to be loved with my participation in You... I clamour in urgencies to live only for You, to steal and to capture You for me, to rejoice in the fact that You are You for me to enjoy it.

But, on account of the distance as though infinite of this purity of love that You instil into my soul, of loving You only for being who You are, everything that is not this purity of love, to me it tastes of desecration; since my soul, when it is in its centre, needs to love You for Your sake, without me, in You.

Yet, although the need to rejoice for Your *being yourself* He who You *are yourself* makes me live dying, I know that to increase this degree of love, only here on earth can I achieve it. Since each second, living in this state of love in which the Love keeps me, I reach an increase of love for me and for all the members of the Church until the end of time; and living like this, I can achieve the pure love of each

soul to be increased, through which and for all Eternity, they will rejoice solely in the fact that God is God.

And faced with this program which appears before my sight of my glorification of God and of my spiritual motherhood, what is more perfect for me, to desire Heaven or earth...? "To do your will is my delight; my God, your law is in my heart!"³

And all this, oh my One Trinity, for your glory and your joy, which is my joy and my glory.

This writing, oh my One Trinity, I dedicate to You, as a hymn of supreme praise and maximum glorification that on earth I can give You, since I seek to make You known and loved, for your sake, without me.

³ Ps 39: 9.

11-8-1974

DO NOT CALL ME SO URGENTLY!

I call Eternity,
and the Eternal calls me.
I call for His contacts,
and my being burns in them.

God hurls me to possess Him,
and walks to my encounter.
Both of us live seeking
what one only longing demands!

God needs to have me
in the lights of His fires,
to show me His glories,
to put me into His bosom
and to illuminate me in the forges
of His infinite silence;

because His zeals are strong
like the volcano of His chest,
and He does not resist the sorrows
of my pitiful grief.

That is why, when He shows himself
to my thirsty spirit,
He always says to it in loves
inflamed by His fires:

Wait! My glories
are what I keep you here for.
It is not my lack of love,
because I burn in my zeals
of introducing you into my suns
removing for you the veils.

But it is your glory and my glory...
The songs that I have placed in you
so that you may show my life,
they are brakes to my desires
of getting you into the depth
of my eternal concealment.

Sing your song, Church!
Wait in your captivity!
that I fill completely your triumphs
in fruits of extension.

Reappear, bride, and intone
the song of your mysteries!
Do not keep quiet because they oppress you
those who do not understand your echoes!

Do not fear, beloved Church,
the hosts of hell
when they try to suppress
your glorious ascent!
for I have you imprisoned
in the depth of my bosom.

Do not let your arm hesitate,
nor your chest break into mourning!
Bride, I take pleasure
in your pitiful struggle.

But do not clamour so strongly
in your sincere lament,
because your clamour is sweet,
so much, that I soar up
because of the lighted zeals
which, on account of your sorrows, I feel!

Do not call me so urgently,
for restrain myself I cannot
at your voice which calls for me
among sobs of confinement!

Wait, Church, that, finally,
I will rush to your encounter
and I will take you to the wedding
of my infinite secret!

Do not suffer, beloved bride,
because I am consumed in zeals
and in impetus to get you out
of the exile's jail!

Do not call for me, so strongly,
because the time has not come,
and my glories are to have you
yet on this ground,

so that you may gladden the Church
with songs of mystery!

Do not forget, beloved bride,
in your pitiful moaning,
that in the Church I made you Mother
and you are to give life dying.

Wait, because it is still early!
I already know of your torments!

PUBLISHING NOTE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NOTE:

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

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia
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God is himself in himself, by himself and for himself His very reason for being in a coeternal and infinite act of Trinitarian life

Madre Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

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