

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

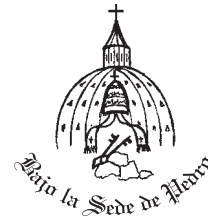
*The Lady
of the
Incarnation!*

* * *

*Mystery
of unprecedented tenderness*

* * *

*Nostalgia and melancholy...
In the tabernacle is the Being*



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THE LADY OF THE INCARNATION

O plethoric reality of the greatness of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation!

Today, impelled by the light and the might of the Holy Spirit, and swept over by the love that towards the Lady invades my soul, I need to spell out to the extent of my littleness and the poorness of my nothing, full of veneration, admiration and respect, something of whatever, in a romance of love of deep wisdom and under the sapiential light of the divine thought, I have penetrated, taken by the impetus of God who with “His left hand is under my head and His right arm embraces me”¹ about the transcendent and sublime mystery of the Incarnation; brought about by the will of the Father, who gives to us in loving spelling out His Only Begotten Son in the most pure inner being of the Virgin; who, by the loving lulling of the infinite kiss of sublime and transcendent virginity of the Holy Spirit, in immense passing and under the breeze of Its flight, breaks into divine Motherhood.

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¹ Sg 2: 6.

All the greatness of Mary comes to Her because of Her divine Motherhood; an incomprehensible greatness to our human mind blinded and darkened by sin.

Sublime mystery that of the Motherhood of the Virgin, because it contains the uncontainable mystery of the Incarnation in the veiled and sacrosanct concealment of the wonder that takes place in Her by the power of the Infinite Being, who created Her in His eternal plans so that She were the means through whom God Himself, in a romance of love, becoming incarnate in Her –“the Word became flesh and made His dwelling among us”²– gave Himself to man in a loving spelling out of infinite and coeternal canticles, in the most sublime and ineffable way that the human mind might suspect, through the virginal Motherhood of Our Lady of the Incarnation, all White! all Virgin! all Mother! all Queen! and all Lady!

There is no creature capable of containing in its bosom the mystery of God, if God Himself, with the sovereignty of His infinite power, when penetrating it with His wisdom, He does not sustain it with His might. And God created Mary so that She might actively take an active part in the mystery of the Incarnation...!

² Jn 1: 14.

O how awesome is Mary, for being able to contain in Her Motherly bosom the moment of the great mystery of the Incarnation...! Sublime moment of infinite transcendence that is not possible on Earth, due to its greatness, to the immense reality that it contains...

Look at the way God made you, Mary, when He made You capable of containing the uncontainable in Your womb, to sustain the unsustainable!

O Mary! I see that You are contemplating the mystery that in Your womb is taking place...! O Mary! Nobody can know it nor glimpse it if You do not show it to him...! O Mary! splendorous manifestation of God’s will, who made You holder of the mystery uncontainable by any human creature on earth: of the transcendent mystery of the donation of God to man, by means of the hypostatic union of the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word, realized in Your virginal innermost being, by the lulling of the Holy Spirit, under the shade and protection of the Almighty Himself, that made You break into divine Motherhood; in such a way that, in You and through You, God became Man without ceasing to be God, and made Man God without ceasing to be man.

O sublime loftiness of the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Virgin Mother of the Incarnation! where,

in loving wisdom, God, penetrating my soul with His infinite thought, is introducing me and making me glimpse in the way that only He knows, according to the design of His infinite will, into His divine and coeternal donations to man; since, in a sacred compliment of ineffable love, in Mary and through Her, God Himself gave Himself to us with a Father's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

In view of that, my poor soul, stunned, trembling, adoring, frightened and immersed in the mystery, utters as though in a hymn of praise:

Thanks, Mother, for having introduced me into Your womb to contemplate with You what is not given to any creature on earth to glimpse, if it is not taken by You to the profound and sacrosanct depth of the mystery that You contain.

[...]³ O... most sacred and secret mystery of the Incarnation...! Immense, sublime and unfathomable mystery of God with man...!

O...! But if God, by His infinite excellence, cannot be anything other than God...! And man, by his finite creation, no matter how sublime this one may be, cannot be anything other than man...!

³ This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed appropriate to publish in the authoress' lifetime.

Terrible mystery of the Incarnation...! Deep, profound, secret, unfathomable and incomprehensible to the human mind...!

[...] How surprising in its deep and loving reality...! Mystery of the Incarnation, that almost without being able to be, not even within the infinite possibilities owing to the infinitude of the perfection of God, the eternal Wisdom Itself draws from Its power the possibility of doing what is impossible so that God may be Man and the Man may be God...!

And if that were not enough, this sublime mystery, incomprehensible to the human mind, is contained, maintained and realized in the bosom of a human creature so marvellous, that neither is it possible for the human mind to know its greatness and its richness by the loftiness of Her creation that has made Her capable of being the Mother of the Incarnate God Himself, for Christ had no Person other than the divine; so that by Her, in Her and through Her virginal Motherhood, by means of the containment of the mystery that She holds, might be communicated to us, in the poem of love most appealing to man –motherhood–, the divine romance of God incarnate, and become Man out of love.

Oh! who will be able to approach the unfathomable mystery of the Incarnation, without being introduced by Mary...? Who will be able

to approach the instant-instant when the Father broke into fiery Word in the womb of the Lady, in the sacred impetus of the love of the Holy Spirit...? And who will be able to penetrate into that infinite mystery, without Mary introducing him within Herself...?

O Mary...! Ineffable wonder that of Your Motherhood, that makes You repository of the fulfilled promises of God to man through Christ, the Only Begotten Son of the Father, Emmanuel, God with us...! –“I shall make an everlasting covenant with you in fulfilment of the favour promised to David.”⁴– O Mary, so unknown and so defiled so many times by the human mind, because is not known according to the divine thought the wonder of wonders that You contain, so that You, as the only repository of Him, might communicate Him to all men...!

[...] How sublime, how profound and how lofty is the mystery of the Incarnation and, for that reason, how magnificent Mary’s Motherhood...!

[...] Only whoever approaches You is capable of being introduced by You into the bridal chamber of the secret of God Incarnate, and, curled up in Your maternal bosom, to surprise the infinite mystery, concealed, transcendent,

⁴ Is 55: 3b.

veiled from all ages and manifested in You, by You and through You to all men...

[...] Where is the human word to sing the sublime virtues of Mary...? There is no created word that can express them, because, when God created Her, He made Her in the image of His wisdom and as the manifestation of this same wisdom giving Himself in motherhood...

And who will be able to comprehend somehow the divine wisdom on earth, but That One to whom has been spelt out so surprisingly that the Infinite Word, the Utterance of the Father, breaking into unheard of melodies of eternal canticles, became incarnate in Her and within Her?

Mary is conscious of the mystery of the Incarnation by loving design of God who became incarnate in Her virginal inner being, making Her break, by the breeze of His flight and the might of His infinite power, into divine Motherhood...! [...] How great is Mary for containing in Herself the magnificent, sublime and enthralling mystery of the Incarnation...!

[...] Today, surprisingly, I have understood, once again, from the poorness, smallness and lowness of my nothingness, penetrated by the divine thought and enlightened by His loving wisdom, that there is no mystery which is not communicated to us in You, by You and through You...

Thanks, Lord, by having given me a Mother, by means of whom, I may be able to enter into the great moment of the Incarnation! and, through it, into all the other mysteries that, donated by You, are contained in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church replete and saturated with Divinity!

Thanks, Mother! for having introduced me into Your womb, the sole way and sole means through which I can glimpse and penetrate, to the extent of the powerlessness and worthlessness of my not having anything, my not being capable of anything and my not knowing anything, something of the mystery of God becoming Man; and in Him to understand, to savour and to live, in Your womb and from Your womb, the mystery of the Church, which is the perpetuation of the mystery of the Incarnation realized in Your bosom. And that is why, You, Mary, as You are the Mother of God, You are the Mother of the Church of mine as well, the holder also of all Her reality in the prolongation of the ages... "Woman, behold, Your son."⁵

Thanks, Lord, for having become Man! Thanks for having shown it to me today in the womb of Mary, and for having manifested to me that in Her alone, is it possible to understand the un-

⁵ Jn 19: 26.

fathomable arcanum of God in Himself, under the mystery of the Incarnation, which today, for being Church, I have discovered contained and maintained in the womb of the Lady and communicated to my soul with a Mother's heart and a Holy Spirit's love...!

Thanks, Lord, for having given me Mary as a Mother and thus to have on earth someone who might introduce me into Your mystery...!

O *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Incarnation! I, adoring, inside, contemplate the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit bringing about the mystery which is enclosed in the Incarnation... I see Mary contemplating, in collaboration with the divine Persons, the realization of that mystery...!

[...] O the moment of the union of the two natures in the person of the Word, this taking place in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Lady, by means of the donation of the Father who gives His Son to us by the love of the Holy Spirit...!

[...] The Holy Spirit, in a colloquy of love, of intimacy, in His infinite impetus, prepares the Virgin so that, in Her womb and from Her flesh, God may form one humanity who may join together with the Divinity in the person of the Word and bring about the Incarnation...

[...] The Incarnation is the union of God with Man... The Father gives us His Son and Mary gives God the humanity which God needed so that His Son might be Man...

Ineffable mystery that of the Incarnation, in which the Father acts giving us His Son, the Son becoming incarnate in Mary, the Holy Spirit bringing about the mystery in the Lady, and the Virgin giving Her flesh to the Word of Life so that He may become Man...! And thus, the Incarnation, like all the mysteries of the donation of God to man, from that moment, has been brought about among the Father, the Son, the holy Spirit and with the collaboration of Mary. And Mary's share in the mystery of the Incarnation is so important, that She becomes the Mother of God and universal Mother of mankind.

The Incarnation is the romance of love between God and man in the innermost being of Mary.

What a greatness my soul perceives today in the Virgin...! I have seen Her always very beautiful, very sublime, but never have I penetrated as today into Her greatness in relation to the Incarnation.

Due to this mystery I have understood that on earth there is no grace that has not been granted to Her in plenitude; because any grace,

no matter how great it may be, will always be almost infinitely smaller than Her divine Motherhood, which makes Her take part actively in the great mystery of the Incarnation.

What grace could there be –no matter how great it may be, always at an unimaginable distance from the gift of the divine Motherhood– that can be granted to a pure creature at any time of its existence, that has not been granted in plenitude during all Her life to the White Lady of the Incarnation, created and predestined to be the Mother of God, by the will of the Father who gave us His Only Begotten Son in the bosom of a Virgin –“and the virgin's name was Mary”⁶–; this being realized in the “full of grace”⁷ by the work of the Holy Spirit, in a romance of love of such high excellence, that He made Her burst into motherhood, and divine Motherhood...?

That is why, according to my poor and limited grasp, immersed in the divine thought in penetrating loving wisdom, all graces, fruits, gifts and charismas that have been granted to any saint at any time of his life, were granted to the Virgin, Immaculate by virtue of the anticipated merits of Christ, full of grace and Lady of the Incarnation, throughout Her whole journey, in the plenitude that the grace of Her di-

⁶ Lk 1: 27.

⁷ Lk 1: 28.

vine Motherhood called for. Since, by Mary and through Her, God donated His Incarnate Son to us, through whom all graces have come to us.

Being the Virgin “Mother of the divine Grace”; something that in a song of praise in manifestation of Her sublime virtues, we the children of the Church are proclaiming, full of joy in the Holy Spirit, in the litanies of the Holy Rosary.

How much has increased to my spiritual gaze the plethoric and exuberant greatness of Mary, and how much has decreased the smallness of the thoughts of men when, they set themselves at odds with the Lady, they deny Her some grace that may have been given to Her as an overabundance of Her divine Motherhood...!

How happy I am for having penetrated today into the Virgin thusly, and because in Her and through Her I may go on to live and participate in the mystery of the Incarnation...!

How will the sinner be able to get into the discovery of the divine realities without a previous cleansing of his spirit...? How do the minds blinded by pride, and perhaps by lust, dare to set themselves at odds with God, at odds with Christ, at odds with Mary, at odds with the Church, in order to try to discover, in a cold and blinded study, the thought of the divine Wisdom, in the mystery of His life inwards and

in the communication of this same mystery outwards by means of the Incarnation, where Mary appears with the great plenitude of Her Motherhood and where is contained the mystery of God giving Himself to man and the mystery of the Church, continuation and perpetuation of the Incarnation throughout all ages...?

How does the man, who is not penetrated by the light of the Holy Spirit and enlightened by His infinite thought, and without the loving wisdom of the Infinite Being, dare to get into the divine mysteries under the darkened light of his tiny understanding, full perhaps of human criteria...?

Oh greatness of Mary’s Motherhood, so unknown, and sometimes despised and outraged by the thought and the blindness of those who, without divine wisdom, dare to get into the *Sancta Sanctorum* where God dwells on earth, to glimpse, with the gloomy tiny match of their darkened understanding, the almost infinite splendour of the holiness, the plenitude, and the greatness of the Mother of God...!

Oh man, you who had, like the prophet Isaiah, to burn your lips with a kindled coal in order to pronounce the name of Mary, and who dare to get into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Incarnation, and attempt to discover the secret that it contains, approaching it perhaps with

your soul darkened and dirty by the mud of so many sins...!

How great are the realities of the revelation...! And the more light wisdom instils into the soul, the more increases to this one's perception the immensity and infinitude of the mystery of God and of His eternal designs... The divine light makes God Himself appear, to the mind who knows Him, infinitely transcendent, terribly marvellous, passionately appealing... And that same light opens up in the spirit unfathomable caverns in insatiable hungers of knowing more, in a savouring which is life, the Being in His infinite reality. And each new fullness makes arise in the very depths of the spirit a new capacity that makes one glimpse a greater greatness of the Infinite One, with a new increase of new wisdom to crave from Him more again and to know Him more anew.

In that same light the soul discovers the great mystery of the Incarnation, incomprehensible to the human mind and uncontainable by any creature, and through it and from the divine Motherhood of the Lady, the other mysteries. In it the soul surprises that God becomes Man and the Man becomes God. A mystery that seems to contradict the infinite reality itself, by the transcendent loftiness and the sublimeness that it contains in itself!

And, O surprise! when the soul finds Mary put into the great mystery of the Incarnation, as an integral part of the same... O surprise! when in that mystery it discovers that all the wisdom that man can receive, the plenitude of life, the possession of God, the greatness of the priesthood, the terribility of the mystery of the Church... all that was realized and was given to us in Mary and with Her collaboration through Her divine Motherhood...

The mind seems to break at the plenitude of the mystery that it contemplates, at the greatness of the Lady in the Incarnation, at Her collaboration in the eternal designs, at the active participation of Her Motherhood in the whole donation of God to man by and in the mystery of the Incarnation...!

With tremor and fear, but full of trust and filial love under the protecting shelter of Her divine Motherhood, from today on [...], I will always look up to Mary, due to the greatness that I have contemplated in the mystery of the Incarnation that in Her is contained and Her participation in it. With fear of getting closer to Her whiteness and being capable of clouding Her greatness with my blindness; and with love and trust, because God gave Her to me as Mother, so that, putting myself into Her bosom, the secrets of the Father which in Her are communicated to us would be unveiled to us...

I have learned today that everything that is given to me in the Church's bosom, that everything that has been given to me, that everything that will be given to me, has been through Mary, for which I, perhaps unconsciously, have not known how to appreciate nor how to return. But today, in the light and love of Her closeness, I have seen that there is nothing either in Heaven or on earth that is passed on to us outside the divine Motherhood of the Virgin, Mother, Queen and all White Lady of the Incarnation. The Church Herself is the gift that Christ gave to us through Mary and in Her bosom; and whereas the Church is the prolongation and perpetuation of the mystery of Christ in His Incarnation, life, death and resurrection, She is also the perpetuation and prolongation of the mystery of Mary's Motherhood.

[...] And because of this truth my joyful soul rests in the savouring and closeness of the presence of the Lady of the Incarnation, on this day of grace, of light and of love, that God has granted to me, as a new prelude on my journey towards Him.

Lord, shed light on my understanding, so that my soul may be able to enter, without defiling it, into the secret of Your intimate life and of Your Incarnation, put in the bosom of Mary, whence are perceived, are glimpsed and are unveiled, as though from a watchtower, the in-

finite mysteries of Your life in Your familial communication and in Your donation to men.

Thanks, Lord, for having given me today the possibility of knowing Your mysteries introduced into the bosom of the Lady of the Incarnation, all Virgin, all Mother, all Queen and all Lady!

Rome, 30-4-1993

**VIRGIN, MOTHER,
QUEEN AND LADY...**

My Lady was white...!
that one whom I saw that day,
as sparkles of glory,
of such divine majesty,
that She reflected the Immense One
in His infinite harmony...!

She was White...! She was Lady...!
and my soul saw Her as
Virgin of such majesty,
that God Himself shrouded Her.

She was Mother of the living God
who became incarnate, in this life,
in Her immaculate bosom
of sublime poetry...!

She was so beautiful...! so beautiful...!
so good was Her company,
that, when She came to embrace me,
in Her chest I felt myself
shaken in the depth
of my grieving soul...

She came to me and came near...!
in whiteness She shone...!
She was so white...! so white...!
that Her whiteness told,
in the way that can do it
so simple a human creature,
the infinite loftiness
of divine transcendence
in splendours of glory,
where God lives His life.

She was Mother...! She was Lady...!
Virgin...! extolled Queen...!
who, in the vault of Heaven,
in holiness shrouded Her
the Holy one who there hides
in infinite holiness.

And that one was my Lady...!
my Mother...! my Virgin of mine...!
in so great a queenship
who, as Queen, She possessed
by donation of Her Son
and participating in this life
what God *is Himself* *
in His divine loftiness.

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

And in Her virginal whiteness,
O what a possession had
my Lady, Virgin, Mother,
of the Word who shrouded Her
with His eternal canticles
of unheard of melodies...!

And how much the Father loved Her...!
In Her He *had Himself**
the delights of great contentment
in the way that He knew.

And the infinite Spirit
with His fire He kindled Her
in cooling flames,
as to Her dear spouse!

What a romance is God's
in infinite harmony,
for my Mother of my soul,
for my Virgin, of mine...!
who, on a twenty-fifth of March,
came down from Heaven impelled,
to caress my soul
that of sorrow now was dying
in a hurting grief,
which I could not tell.
She came and impelled me
with Her sweet company,

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

that to God I might now sing
His eternal melodies.

She came to me and caressed me...!
–how white was Mary...!–
and leaning towards me,
in Her hands She held,
in order to lift it to Her chest,
my helpless head;
in a caress that I manage not
to tell, no matter how much I might say.

How white was my Mother...!
what a tenderness there was in Her...!
I never saw myself so small,
I never felt such a child
in Her loving bosom,
and never so protected
by the sweet beloved Mother
whom God gave to me that day
when on the cross He handed over to me
Her divine Motherhood.

How white is my White Mother...!
how beautiful I saw Her that day...!
being Herself, in virginity,
the Mother of God and mine,
and a portent of the Heavens
who, in close company,
wanted to tell my soul
how much She loved me.

What a majesty contained
Her crystal-clear whiteness,
reflection of the eternal Sun
in substantial company...!

The Lady was Virgin...!
Virgin, Mother, Queen of mine...!
She was Queen, because God
gave Her sovereignty,
when incarnating Himself in Her womb;
being by Him so loved,
that He made Her His Mother
during all of His life,
and She is forever in the Heavens
next to Him extolled.

And I have seen Her on earth...!
but not with these pupils
wherewith are seen down here on earth
the tiny things of this life;
being the eyes of the soul
the ones that in my innermost being see,
and wherewith God wants
me to introduce myself into His life.
For they are shining bright stars
of deep wisdom
those that God Himself has given
to my soul in this life,
to be able to get myself into
His sweet company.

Now behind dense veils,
later with His divine light,

we will see Him such as He is,
in adherence that culminates
seeing Him in His very Eyes,
inside, in His wisdom.

The Lady was white...!
that one who, on that day,
a twenty-fifth of March,
when my soul was dying
in recondite silence
because I could not tell
all that in my chest I contained
in the way that God willed,
She came to me and caressed me...!

My grief was vanishing,
because, coming to my side,
my head She held,
and taking it to Her bosom,
in Her chest She laid me
with a caressing so sweet
that, in divine Motherhood,
my White Virgin told me
the way in which She loved me;
and She gave me Her protection
that, in consolation, She told me,
with impulse from the Heavens,
to rush myself to sing
as God of me was requesting.

Nothing She said with words,
with Her presence, Mary;

but everything was said
to my grieving soul
with the sweet protection
that the Virgin offered to me.

She was Virgin...! She was Mother...!
She was Queen in Her harmony...!
All this was impressed into me
in deep wisdom,
because I saw Her with the eyes
that, in my soul, I had.

Even after so many years,
that day has not clouded over;
and in the ferocious course
of my desolate life,
I always have Her imprinted,
into her pupils of my soul.

So clearly and deeply I enclose Her
in light of wisdom,
like the day when I saw Her,
being touched
forever in the exile...
And in my struggle,
I still feel Her sweet presence
and Her protection that encourages me
to go always ahead
with renewed happiness,
although it may seem that strength
is lacking to my wounded soul;
because night is falling

and my life approaches dusk,
intoning the canticles
for which God strongly asked
my spirit tired
by the struggle of this life.

The Lady was white...
I saw Her! With Her coming,
I feel steadfast and safe
for the rest of my days,
in order to be able to repeat,
in my daughterly affection,
that I have seen the Lady
in shining closeness
a twenty-fifth of March,
when I least believed it;
because the trial was tough,
and lonely I immersed myself
in a silent silence,
which no longer could I
endure within the chest
with the trial that I lived.

A twenty-fifth of March...!
How will I forget that day!
when I came to comprehend
that God Himself told me,
in the simple heart
of His Mother and mine,
with sweet motherhood,
the way in which He loved

this poor "Trinidad"
whom He had on earth...

Was it God, or was it the Virgin...?
It was He who told me
in the chest of His Mother
how much He loved me...!
and He wanted to caress me,
as my Jesus did
day by day in the tabernacle,
when in His chest I laid
my small tiny head,
because a child I felt myself
when I came near Jesus
present in the Eucharist...!

God willed to caress me
again, as He wished
when at the tabernacle I arrived
to keep Him company...!
That is why He sent me
to His Mother, who is also mine,
so that She might keep me curled up,
as He always did so.

A twenty-fifth of March,
I have seen, in wisdom,
the Mother of my God,
who came to console me...!

And She had me reclined on Her chest;
and in it I shuddered,

because She spoke tender words to me
in so divine a way,
that I understood that God Himself,
with tender wisdom,
my soul caressed
on the chest of Mary.

She was White...! She was Mother...!
what gleams shrouded
Her sublime Motherhood
into virginity plunged...!

For that reason was on my soul
the figure of Mary
imprinted with so much light,
that, without words, it told
the eternal Virginity
that the Sublime One had in Himself,
being Himself so in His inner being
by Himself and in Himself possessed
in gushing waterfalls
of divine fatherhood;

and so shrouded by God
in the infinite flames
of His shining bright stars,
that, from the ground transcended,
She lives lost with God
in His company forever,
in so transcendent a way,
that He alone knew
the way wherein, in His Bosom,
He had Mary inside!

The Lady was white...!
The same one that I saw another day
who, in Her Assumption to the Heavens,
in body and soul She went up
in the infinite lulling
of God who possessed Her.

The Lady was white...!
so Virgin, Mother, and so mine!
that now I ever have to live,
on my way through life,
shrouded by the memory
of all that I saw on the day
of the Incarnation of the Word
in the bosom of Mary:
of an all white Virgin
who, in divine Motherhood,
the Word Himself of God
in Her womb She conceived
by the sublime majesty
that, in kingliness, He put
into the womb of His Mother,
in order to become incarnate in life!

A twenty-fifth of March...!
sublime and terrible day...!
which left forever imprinted
into my grieving soul
the figure of the Virgin,
so Queen and extolled,

so brilliant and so pure
like the midday sun.

A twenty-fifth of March
Mary came to embrace me...!
the very Mother of God!
Mother of the Church of mine...!

19-12-1974

**MYSTERY
OF UNPRECEDENTED TENDERNESS!**

Christmas...! Mystery of unprecedented tenderness... surprising donation of the infinite Love for man... powerful explanation of the Eternal Power, which is given to us in a divine and human spelling out in such a simple way as befits the most simple kingliness of the Being.

Christmas...! God who tells us in a loving spelling out and in the most unimaginable and incomprehensible infinite romance, all His life in Song, in glorious manifestation and in joy of sapiential wisdom...

O thought of God who, breaking into redeeming will, gives Himself through His infinite Word to those whom He loves, in the affectionate lulling of the Kiss of His Mouth...!

Christmas...! Sapientially known amongst men, in adoring penetration, by Our Lady of Bethlehem who, in expectant contemplation, transcended as far as the chest of God Himself, gives birth to the world the infinite Light of the Eternal Wisdom, in a Child who, crying in Her arms, is the Son of God and Her Son...

The Infinite Word, by the transcendental mystery of the Incarnation, fulfilling the will of the Father, breaks into Word from the bosom of the Latter to the bosom of Mary by the caressing and loving lulling of the Holy Spirit. And He finds that the bosom of the Lady tastes to Him of Infinite Home, because all of it is a warm participation in the Father's heart with the tenderness and love of a Virgin-Mother...

And in the bosom of Mary, saturated with virginity, is realized the transcendent and enthralling mystery of the Incarnation in the loving poem of the infinite kiss of the Holy Spirit, who makes the Lady break, with the sacrosanct breeze of the smoothness of the passing of His flight, into divine Motherhood...

Mary, Virgin-Mother...!: Mother as the fruit of Her excellent virginity... and Virgin because Her divine Motherhood Itself, by the fruit of Her fecundity, made Her even more Virgin, for being this Fruit the Infinite Virginity Incarnate in explanatory Word to men, of infinite virginal holiness. Therefore Mary, the more She is Virgin, the more She is Mother, and the more She is Mother, the more She is Virgin; since She is a cry in Her whole being of: God alone! shrouded, saturated, penetrated and possessed alone, exclusively alone! by the Infinite Being, in a total and absolute possession.

Transcendent secret the one that Mary lived during the nine months of Her Advent in the most savoury intimacy with the Son of God who, contained in Her womb, made Her feel the beating of His heart in affection of filiation...! The infinite will of the Father shook Her, by the love of the Holy Spirit, in nostalgic and vehement need to give birth to the Son of God through the virginal and luminous childbirth of Her divine Motherhood...

Mystery of sacred silence between the creature and the Creator... between God and the White Virgin, who, in the containment of Her Advent, holds in Her womb the Only Begotten Son of the Father, with the love and the motherhood that the most tender mother could feel, owing to the infinite delicacy of the touch of the Holy Spirit in Her virginal innermost being...!

Nine months of tenderness... of donation... of self-giving... of response and of hopeful expectation, in the affectionate waiting of Her motherhood that yearns to listen from the mouth of the Infinite Word, as though in infinity of eternal melodies, to the word: Mother! in the palpable and palpitating reality, sonorous and delightful of the Son of God become Child in Her arms...!

The life of Mary, during Her Advent, is a mystery of unimaginable tenderness, always waiting

for the Infinite Word of the Father, turned towards Her, to express to Her the will of the Father Himself by the impulse of the Holy Spirit in sacred compliments of manifestations of love...

Advent of Mary, lived in the secret of the containment of Her womb, and known only by God and by Her in the most sacred embrace of the Holy Spirit; who, in the closest union, had the Son of God shrouded, being the Son of Mary, in the veiled concealment of the Lady's immaculate virginity!

The nine months that the Virgin lived with Jesus in Her womb, were contemplated by the Angels of God, in the sacred intimacy of rich colloquies of loves... in sublime and indescribable, silent and secret, mysterious and sacred, divine and divinizing tenderness of adoring silence...

Advent of Mary...! Unsuspected secret and only sensed by the *soul-Church* who, being introduced by the Lady into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of Her maternal virginity, is able to savour in burning surprise what is realized between God and the creature by the Holy Spirit, when the will of the Father wanted to give a Mother to His Incarnate Son and, by Him and in Him, to the whole mankind; and, He wanted to give a Son to Our Lady all White of the Incarnation, so that This One, might give birth to God among men under the simple and affectionate appear-

ances of a tiny Child in the arms of a Mother, fruit, in splendorous, divine and divinizing manifestation, of the Virgin Mother of Bethlehem, sheltered under the divine lulling of the Holy Spirit, covered and shrouded by the Holiness of the Almighty.

Christmas...! Mystery of donation of the Infinite One to men through Mary's Motherhood...

The Virgin-Mother of Bethlehem kisses with inexpressible tenderness, in a kiss of profound adoration saturated with mystery, the Son of God; who, arising from Her virginal womb as the fruit of Her divine Motherhood, is Her Son who becomes visible before the world in the surprising darkness of a closed night under the mysterious silence, veiled and surprising of incomprehension, known and penetrated solely in the deep depth of His reality by the infinite Holiness of Him who *Is Himself*.

Son of the Holy Mother Church, only the life of faith, replete with hope, enlightened with the gifts of the Holy Spirit and impelled by love, is capable of entering into this mystery of Christmas: In the silence of night and of ingratitude, the Love was uttered before the most secret expectation of the White Virgin.

What would they be to Mary all and each one of these splendorous mysteries which God

realized among men, by the donation of His Son Himself in loving spelling out of eternal love, breaking into infinite canticles through the moaning of a Child's tears...! How She must have lived them...! In what way She must have adored them...! What a reception that of the tenderness of Her Motherhood...! What a reply that of Her self-giving! What affection, in Her Motherly caress, full of sapiential and delightful tenderness for the Father's Infinite Word, Incarnate, who, being at the same time Her Son, was a tiny Child, fed by the most savoury nectar of Her virginal breasts, born in Bethlehem in the arms of "a Virgin that would name Him Emmanuel, 'God with us,' –'and the Virgin's name was Mary,'– 'of the House of David,' 'First-born among many brethren',"¹ and Promise of God made to our Father Abraham, announced by the holy Prophets in the Old Testament and fulfilled by Christ:

"For a child is born to us, a son is given us; upon His shoulder dominion rests. They name Him Wonder-Counselor, God-Hero, Father-For-ever, Prince of Peace...!"²

What delights of love and tenderness between the Mother and the little Emmanuel...! What secrets of surrender and response...! What embraces of affection of the Infinite Virginity

¹ Cf. Mt 1: 23; Lk 1: 27; Cf. Rom 1: 3; 8: 29.

² Is 9: 5.

for His Virgin-Mother, and what tenderness that of the Virgin-Mother for the Infinite Virginity of the Word Incarnate in Her arms...!

What a moment the one of Jesus' Birth...! Moment of surprise and expectation of reverent and adoring veneration! What an instant-instant of sublime and celestial transcendence of virginity in bursting divine Motherhood by the infinite fluttering of the burning breeze of the Holy Spirit, when the Virgin found Herself with the palpable and palpitating reality of Her God become Son of Hers, in an embrace of mysterious motherhood and in response of God Himself in a tiny Child who gazes at Her with His divine tiny eyes, like shining bright stars, in a secret of filiation, calling Her: Mother...!

What would the Holy Spirit do at this instant in which the Incarnate Infinite Word, arising from Mary's womb, shone before the world in the darkness of night, breaking into Light of infinite expressive wisdom at the mysterious concealment of the silence of incomprehension in the sacred night of Bethlehem...?!

"The light came into the darkness, and the darkness did not receive it."³

What would Mary say to Jesus, all of Her possessed by the infinite Love... shrouded and penetrated by His caress... kissed by His Kiss...

³ Jn 1: 5.

saturated with His love... pervaded by His eternal wisdom so as to penetrate, in the savouring of the Holy Spirit Himself, into that which, through His divine Motherhood, was given to men in the most simple mystery of a Child who, lying in a manger, among straws, burst into melodious tears of infinite songs of eternal loves...?!

What would the impulse of the divine Spouse be in the burning heart of Our Lady, that She might love and receive Jesus with the tenderness of Her divine Motherhood...?!

What sacred words of love between the Mother and the Son, by the force... the breeze... the silence... the peace... the sweetness and most blissful joy of the Holy Spirit...!

Oh mystery...! Mystery of surprising tenderness...!: God is now Man in the arms of His Mother...! And the Mother is Virgin with the Incarnate Infinite Virginity in Her arms, who calls His Virgin Mother, because the Virgin is His Mother...!

Mystery of Christmas, contemplated by the Angels who, due to the impossibility of their crying with love and amazement, break into a canticle to the God become Child out of love in splendid manifestation of the infinite mercy in an outpouring of tenderness and compassion towards fallen man!: "Glory to God in

the highest and on earth peace to those on whom His favour rests."⁴

Let the creature not attempt, with carnal eyes, to penetrate, to comprehend and even to glimpse the veiled mysteries of sublime transcendence which the Infinite Being performed in Mary, when He created Her for the realization of His eternal designs of self-donation towards man; uniting Her to Him so wonderfully, that He made of Her a marvel of grace known only in the penetration of the gifts of the Holy Spirit and savoured by the fruits of His possession...!

Let the tainted tongue not attempt to express the mysteries of God in Himself and in His donation of merciful love towards man in and through the all White Virgin of the Incarnation, breaking into divine Motherhood by the burning kiss of infinite virginity of the Holy Spirit, with profane comparisons that do nothing but tarnish the immaculate whiteness of Her incomprehensible and untouchable holiness...!

Mary is a cry of God alone! in Her being, in Her life and Her actions...!

The Virgin, saturated with Divinity and overflowing with divine Motherhood, conscious that

⁴ Lk 2: 14.

God became incarnate in Her in order to give Himself to men in the infinite Song of the romance of a Child, by the will of the Father and in the love of the Holy Spirit; anxious to fulfil the divine will that She has printed in Her being, She interrupts the recreations of love with the Son of God, arisen from Her bosom, and Her Son in Her Motherly arms, so as to give to the world, as the fruit of Her divine Motherhood and according to that same Motherhood, the Emmanuel, the High Priest who is in Himself and by Himself the union of God with man in the exercise of the plenitude of His Priesthood.

And when, as universal Mother, in manifestation of Her love, She is going to give God to all men, who also are a fruit of the kiss of the Holy Spirit in Her Virgin-Mother soul, She receives, in the incomprehensible delicacy of Her maternal love, the sword of such acute pain, that Her heart is wounded, unable to heal, due to the indifference of the “no” of all Her children to the infinite self-donation of the eternal Love who, by means of the Motherhood of the Lady, is handed over to us become a Child in the mysterious and sacrosanct night of Christmas... And how well Mary understood, in a comprehension of grieving insight, that “The light came into the darkness, and the darkness did not receive it...!”

And that is why, pierced by grief, fulfilling the will of the Father and under the impulse of

the Holy Spirit, She took the Infinite Word of the Father become Child and, in a tearing of Her motherhood, putting Him away from Her arms, “laid Him on the straws of a manger,”⁵ as a clear, palpable, and heart-rending manifestation that there was none to receive Him...

All of this was realized only under the adoring and reverent expectation of the Patriarch Saint Joseph, overwhelmed with ineffable joy in the Holy Spirit and sobbing at the same time, with His soul rent by the contemplation of the surprising mystery which, through the White Virgin of the Incarnation, was manifested in Bethlehem, under the shade and the protecting breeze of the Almighty.

Mystery of Christmas...! Secret of infinite tenderness...!: In the silence of night and of incomprehension, under the vibrant notes of the Holy Spirit, and in the tearing of the motherhood of Mary, in a manger the Love was revealed to us...!!

Silence, dear soul...! Respect and veneration! Adore...! With the Angels of God, respond with love...! Because God, become Child, any minute now is going to burst into tears for the first time on earth torn apart by solitude and incomprehension...

⁵ Lk 2: 7.

Silence, dear soul...! Respond...! adore...! love...! God is crying!!

Angels of Heaven, where are you...? Look for the simple ones of the earth and communicate to them the great news that in a manger, curled up by the tenderness of a Virgin-Mother God cries...!! Look for the simple ones, for the little ones... because they will discover the mysteries of God... because to them the secrets of the Father are communicated... “for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven”⁶ and because with them the infinite Love, lying among straws and shivering with cold, rests...!

And for that reason the Angels, in the chilling night of Christmas, rushed to the shepherds in fulfilment of God’s desire, to communicate to them the Good News of the Emmanuel.

Among the big ones, among those that sought the wealth of the earth, there was no place for the Virgin-Mother to give birth to the Infinite Light of the eternal Sun, bursting into twinkling splendours...

“There was no room for the Son of God in the inn...!”⁷

And thus, in a grotto... in the silence of night... midst the expectation of the Virgin... the adoration of a holy man... the warmth of

⁶ Mt 5: 3.

⁷ Cf. Lk 2: 7.

rude animals... and the contemplation of the Angels of Heaven, broke out among men the Infinite Song of the Father, in a nostalgic Canticle of deep and tragic incomprehension.

Child of Holy Mother Church, you who live on faith, who know, in the penetration of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, by your life of grace, the mysteries of Christ’s life, come along with me today, dear soul, child of my *soul-Church*... come, on this Christmas night, to the tiny stable at Bethlehem...! Stand next to the White Virgin... And there, in adoring expectation, wait for that instant-instant plethoric with light and with Divinity wherein, surrounded by the silence of the night and in the caressing mystery of the lulling of the Holy Spirit, the Eternal Word of the Father in the arms of Mary, is about to burst into tears of Infinite Song...

Wait prostrate, dear soul, and contemplate the enjoyments of the Mother and the Son in virginity of communicative tenderness...

Listen to the infinite lulling of the Holy Spirit, who shrouds the mystery of the Virgin-Mother who kisses God in a recently born Child, as His Son become Man.

Perceive, if you can, the kiss of God who, Incarnate, kisses the Virgin with the tenderness of a Son...

And wait... so that, after that colloquy of ineffable delight on the part of God, when Our Lady all White of Bethlehem would be about to give Her Son and the Son of God to men again on this night of Bethlehem which through the Liturgy becomes present to us in our time, She may find you waiting full of love and of unheard of tenderness, and She may not have to lay Him again in the manger, in some cold straws! because He would not find even on this new night of Christmas to whom to give Him in order to receive Him.

Pick up quickly from the arms of Mary the tiny Child of Bethlehem; the Emmanuel, God with us, who is born in a manger, who will die on a cross and will remain in the White Host for all times through the Sacrifice of the altar, to give Himself to you as Bread of life, and in loving wait in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, splendid manifestation of His infinite love who needs to be with those whom He loves all centuries enduring.

Dear soul, son of my *soul-Church*...! Take Him in, for God became Man for your sake, so that you might receive Him, love Him and embrace Him...! Caress Him with the greatest possible tenderness...! Kiss His tiny chest palpitating with love for you; kiss His feet that will become a path to life and, they will be pierced in order to bring you to the Father's House; kiss

His tiny head pervaded by eternal wisdom, that will be crowned with thorns for your own sins!

Look at His divine cheeks, bathed in tears and His tiny eyes which look for you waiting for the response of your love to His self-donation of infinite love.

Place on His hands a kiss that may taste to Him of reception of His eternal self-donation... Open your arms and your heart, and stretch them out to take Him; and ask Mary to give Him to you, not to leave Jesus in the manger, for you want to receive Him, because for your sake He became Man, and for your sake She was Mother of God and Mother of yours...!

Ask Our Lady of the Holy Spirit for the Fruit of Her Motherhood, who is yours, since for your sake God became Child...

Let not, dear soul, Our Lady of Bethlehem, on this night of Christmas, heavy with mystery, lay Jesus again in the manger because there were none to receive Him...!

[...] And united in the Holy Spirit, fulfilling the will of the Father, we are going to open our heart and our soul to take Jesus in our arms, the tiny one of Bethlehem, and to kiss Him with a kiss of reception... with an embrace of response... with a self-giving of donation... so that never could one say that "the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it...!"

[...] You already know, Lady of Bethlehem, that my nostalgias and the cravings of my heart are uncontainable... that the urges of my chest and the volcanoes of my love, as though unlimited... That is why I express today my feelings in the spontaneous and simple way where-with the little ones communicate their desires, leaning on the Father's chest.

In the uncontainable longing of my universal motherhood, I want, on the sacrosanct night of Bethlehem, with my mission of Church fulfilled, in a way mysterious but experientially lived, to prostrate myself at Your feet [...] and to say to You on behalf of the men of all times, by the dimension of my *soul-Church* in the plenitude of my mystical priesthood: Mother, give us Jesus...! and never should it have to be heard on earth: "He came to what was His own, but His own people did not accept Him"⁸...!

Because, in the splendorous magnitude of our reality of Church, my soul tiny but brim-mingly eager to respond to God, says to God Himself, due to my spiritual and universal motherhood in the burning flames of the Holy Spirit and in the mysterious way of our grafting onto Christ, with Him, through Him and in Him, a "yes" so glorious that it may be a re-

ply of love and reception by all men on the cold, silent, mysterious and sacrosanct night of Christmas.

⁸ Jn 1: 11.

28-12-1972

CHILD OF BETHLEHEM

I focused my eyes on the distance,
and, with the bright stars of Your brilliance,
Child of Bethlehem, sweet Melody,
I felt my soul lighting up in love.

And, in the stinging burns of a tender rejoicing,
within my chest I listened to Your voice
that, in the weeping of a Child, in faltering sobs,
He asks me in groans for my devotion
and my gift...

I was looking in the distance,
seeking my Sun at night...

29-5-1973

MY EARLY FIRE

Hides among shadows
the Sun of suns...
why...?

If only in Your Fires
finds sense
my being!

if only when looking at You,
Child of Bethlehem,
in Your brilliance
I adoring discover
Your being Yourself in Your being...!

Why don't You show Yourself to me
without shadows of death,
without long waits?
Tell me; why...?

I know that Your fires
my shadows dazzle
and You would blind me
when getting to see You,
Jesus of the tabernacle,
God of the Sacrament,
my Infinite Being.

But, even though I might die
owing to Your glares,
anxious I seek death
which would quench my thirst.

I already know that blinded
I remained when I contemplated You,
and, wrapped in Your shadows,
my faith wanders about;

but the sparkles
that I saw in Your gleams
opened the anguish
of my craving for,
Jesus of the tabernacle,
God of the Eucharist,
divine Emmanuel.

And I cry out today in my shadows:
Why did You hide,
my early Fire...?
Tell me; why...?

21-10-1974

I WANT THE BEING...!

I want the Being...! I want God alone, without further ado... because all that He is not, deeply tortures me...!

I need to get into the profound depth of the Eternal Affluent, where, bursts in the inexhaustible Waterfall of the infinite Wisdom into gushes of being...

I hunger to satiate my mind in that savourable science of the eternal Being in His Three. And I yearn for Him alone, without any more things that may torture the stabbing wound of my heart...

I want to drink in the Torrent of His Cascades, and to saturate myself in the rapture of the sapiential savouring that breaks out from God's chest...

I want to drink... to drink to calm my thirst... to saturate my hungers in the Eternal *Being Himself*... there... where God is!

I am tired of the earth with its creatures, with its concepts, with its emptiness of God, with the incomprehension that it contains in itself as

a consequence of sin; this is why the mutual understanding between men and me becomes so difficult...

I feel pressed by the groans of the heart, the choked tears of the spirit and the contained sighs of the soul...

I go through life tired of fighting in the fatigue of my path full of difficulties. I feel pierced by the secret of silence, by the lack of understanding of those who together with me walk vertiginously, many perhaps without knowing it, towards the end of this life; which, by falling into God's will, leads us to the most happy joy of Eternity, or, in our mad race, can bring us to lose it forever into the abyss owing to our pulling out of the plans of He who Is, who created us with immense capacities for happiness in order to satiate them in the possession of His infinite joy, in the domestic intimacy of His Divine Family...

I wish to live in the Land of life and of freedom... in the truth of the infinite Justice... in the rest of the true charity... in the comprehension of the perfect union...

I look for the Being... the Infinite Being in His being, just as He is...! and I find Him among those who are not He and in shadows of death.

My thirsty spirit moans for the Eternal Living One, in the free comprehension of His mind,

without earthly concepts, without created words to express Him. I want to love Him with the Holy Spirit, but not among shadows, but in the luminous light of His infinite pupils... I look gaspingly for the fullness of my capacity in the infinite Spring of the eternal perfections...

I am tired... torturingly tired of the littleness of the human mind...! To know not how to express my feelings tortures me... for having to avail myself of phrases and concepts that do not decipher all that I need to say...

I want the Being...! the Being...! And I want Him now...! And for that reason, when I am not able to possess Him as He is and where He is, in the infinite light of His coeternal clarity, I search for Him insatiably next to "the doors of Eternity,"¹ in my tabernacle, in breathless wait for the its sumptuous Gates to be opened for me forever... forever...!

Each instant of my life is a more torturing clamour for Eternity, a deeper wideness, and a deeper petition in need of God alone in what He is, without any things other than He...!

I love Him who *Is Himself* by Himself all that He *is Himself* in the infinite majesty of His eternal subsistence... in the eternal conversation of His singing Explanation... in the consubstantial

¹ Cf. Ps 24: 7.

paternal-filial embrace in copious overflowing of personal and spiritually loving Love...

I long to kiss God with the Holy Spirit... And I need it now...! But my desire does not withstand the shadows of exile in order to possess God. I clamour for the light of His infinite pupils... for the brilliance of His Eternal Sun... for the spring of His fountains... the copious overflowing of His conversation... and the flames of His volcanoes...

I need God now, without any more waits...! For I was created for the Life and only in it I know how to live... I do not find the way to live without the Life in the death of exile; since my journeying on earth is nothing but to be dying every day to everything earthly, soaring up towards the Immense Being...

The noises of this land hurt me... their mocking guffaws... the rush of their vertiginous race without knowing where they head for... The hypocrisy of the insincere hearts victimizes me deeply... the mockery of the triumph of the proud and the apparent failure of God among men...

I seek the Being...! And in the only place where I find Him the most is in the simple concealment of the tabernacle. But, at His contact, although I may meet the Eternal One, it is always among veils, wherefore my distress in-

creases and my longings for God alone! get bigger; because my pressed heart, at the contact of Its proximity, opens its capacity and, giving free rein to the need for living that the sight of God opened up in my spirit, makes me clamour irresistibly in torturing calls for Eternity...

[...] When I call for Eternity, I do not seek to flee from those whom I love... I claim, only I claim! the sole reason for being of my existence... I seek the purpose for which I was created, and I hunger for the fullness of my heart...

I do not wish to go to Heaven in order to separate myself from men, but to meet God, since only for Him was I created and for nothing else...! All that is not that is a consequence. And I need the total possession of the Being in His *being Himself* all that He *is Himself* for Him...

I seek my saturation in the rest that will give to me the adoration before the infinite excellence of Him who *Is Himself*.

All things increase my distress, because all of them unrestrainedly shout to me that they are not God, and they impel me irresistibly to the Infinite One.

I know what the eternal Being is in His Three... I know how He Who *Is Himself... is!* And that is why, the one who does not know the Being will not be able to understand my ur-

gencies sorrowing, my clamours being silent, my nostalgias dying, my grieving calls, in my insatiable search for silence and solitude next to the tabernacle...

It is not that I want to be with God, the thing is, either I meet Him, or I die...! I die in longing for possessing Him... in torturing urgencies for not being able to die so as to have Him now...!

The agony of my life, the illness of my exile, the cancer that is corroding my pitiful living along the path of this poor journey, is the torturing cry which presses my spirit in urgent need of: God alone!

I am tired of waiting without finding all that I long for in the loveless place. How to express the volcanoes of my chest in love for God and for all those I love...?!

The silence, due to incomprehension, is the cauterizing martyrdom of my spirit which presses into its very depths the urgent secret of God's request in the passing of the Immense One.

My language is more and more strange, my experiences more incomprehensible; this is why my urgencies are more irresistible in torturing need of the truth of the Being. He knows my whys and the martyrdoms that I conceal in the sacred silences of my heart... He knows the requests that He arouses in my soul, leaving it

sorrowing in the silenced mystery of my poor expressing...

I want the Being in His *being Himself* He Who *Is Himself*, in the complete possession of all that He Himself has...! And I also want Him in the perfect fulfilment of all that His petition prints into my chest... And I wish to do all that God wants me to do in the impulse of His burning conversation, and I need to listen to the Saying of His Mouth to carry out all that He commands me...

But, at His voice that sends me forth, and the "no!" of those who are not He, I love God alone...! And all the rest is lack of understanding owing to failure to adapt the conversation. That is why I seek untiringly the infinite Speech of the Eternal Being.

My life is a vertiginous race towards the Eternal One, and, in its sad wandering, is collapsing in its ever rising with a new and deeper torture in breathless clamours for Him who *Is Himself*.

The Being calls me to Him, and I run to His encounter in the insatiable search for my saturation...

I love the Being in what He is, without anything but Him...!

10-7-1970

NOSTALGIA AND MELANCHOLY

Nostalgia, melancholy and silence...! Tortures with cravings in urgencies for the Being, in torment...!

I seek God in my martyrdoms, in sufferings... in laments... I wait for Him day after day in breathless silence...

I perceive Him so distant... so strange, so exalted over all that envelops me... so eternal, so deep and so secret... so different, so distant...! so sublime, so infinite, so good...! that, to whom will I be able to tell the secret of my dream...?

If He conceals Himself, if He hides, what a romance, what a silence one perceives in my inner self, so delightful, so close and so secret...!

The Love's self-concealment, is nostalgia for His encounter... is sweet melancholy... is burning in His fires! is seeking Him where He is, is to find Him very deep inside, in a wait that is fullness and in fullness that is encounter.

I have God in a strange way... So strange, that I know not how I have Him...! for all that He is not, no matter how very intimate and very

good, or how close to me it may be, is a torment to me!

I long for His proximity, I yearn for Him like the thirsty one; I seek Him in my long hours, in my whiles of silence at the foot of my tabernacle next to the God of the Sacrament, in my constant work, in my terrible exile... All my hard wanting, all my continuous effort, all my sorrowful fighting, is in order to have Him contented...

Neither death, nor life, nor suffering, nor even being happy, remove from my being the urgency which the Infinite One has placed in me, to wait for Him without tiring in my nostalgia of Heaven...

O sweet melancholy that fills me in the exile, which penetrates me in the depth of the palpitating of my chest, which has me sighing at the night of the exile for the luminous and surprising day of the encounter...!

I wait for Him without doubting, because I know that He is sincere and He will bring me to His Home when I come out of this soil, as He has promised me in that certain day. I wait for Him, I don't doubt it! I have it printed into my center, that the Love will come after me to take me to His bosom.

That is why I live waiting and in a breathless effort to do whatever I could to have God contented.

Apart from this I seek nothing in my terrible exile. Only this sweet thought fills my existence: that God may look pleased, rested and satisfied at the land of indifference, when He rests in my chest...!

I look for nothing! I only want that the Love find in me, when He demands consolation, in happiness or sorrow, a rest for His torment.

O sweet melancholy...! O surprising secret...! My days pass swiftly, they slide like a flight... Breathless is my being in clamours for the Eternal One, in urgencies of fullnesses and in novelty of Him whom I await.

I seek God vehemently, every day with more fires; in my oppressed spirit I long for Him always again, waiting for Him in nostalgias owing to the dreaming for His encounter...

I have a romance in my depth...! I have a secret in my chest...! I have a life in the soul, a strangeness, a silence...! Something that I want to say, something that I want and cannot... something that is God who surrounds me, that is to die because I do not die; that is nostalgia for the living God, closeness to the Eternal One, bitterness because of the absence and the hope for His encounter...

I have a thing in my depth... a mysterious contentment... a sorrow, a bitterness, a happiness, a dream...!: Happiness, for having God

contented; sadness, because I do not attain, in rustling lament, the possession of the Love in the way that I seek Him...

What a strangeness I live in my life...! What a solitude...! What a silence...! What a proximity to God and how distant I feel Him...!: I hold Him within me in distances of the Eternal One...!

The more I have, the more I want... The closer, the farther... I bear Him inside the soul, I feel Him inside the chest... and at the same time, in His life, in His Three, in His mystery, in His face to face vision, in His shining bright stars, no matter how hard I try to look for Him, I do not find Him...!

I have God in a strange way but not as I want Him... How distant is death...! How distant is life from the encounter...!

I have God in a strange way in my sorrowful exile, in deep melancholy, in urgencies for having Him in the way that I do not have Him...

I have God in the hope of having Him without veils now, forever, forever! In the light of His mystery, in glares of glory and in sparklings of Heaven...!

I have God because I seek Him in my constant yearnings, and that is to have Him, well

do I know, because I feel Him, in a having that is nostalgia, that is longing, that is fire, that is cauterizing light, that is agony for Heaven...

I have God in the strange way that one has Him on earth, in a way that is nostalgia, that is mystery, in deep melancholy for His encounter...

I have God secretly in that way that I do not understand, but not as I seek Him! but not as I await Him on the day when I get into the eternal Spring and the infinite Ocean of the depth of His fire...!

What a sweet melancholy the one that I cherish in my chest...! What a sad desecration the one that I feel in my spirit, when I attempt to discover what I glimpse in my bosom, when describing with words that saying His kissing without a kiss, this expressing His burning without fire; this trying to decipher the way of the Infinite One, without concepts...!

For to feel the proximity of the Love, is to feel the remoteness of Its Fire... The closer, the farther... when I have Him, I love Him more... How strange are my words and my grieves, to be able to understand the proximity of God, without concepts...!

When the Love approaches, everything remains in silence: the creatures, the flowers, and the immensity that I contemplate... Everything remains far-off and, in the presence of the in-

finite Life, it appears as though dead. And what a conflict when the soul has to go on living between life and death, between earth and Heaven, amid the Heavenly Concert shrouded in this silence...!

But... what do I say...? How to express what I want...? All that is desecration of what I live in my chest...!

I would wish to cry very loud, to decipher what in me I have, but, no matter how hard I try, I only manage to say the opposite of what I feel...

Because what I say is life, is the life of the Immense One, and, if This One comes near, one has to remain in silence...

The poor mind does not know how to express with its concepts, something of what God does in secret; and when explaining what I live, I suffer a terrible torment, because to me what I express is desecration...

And thus my days pass wandering through the exile, waiting breathless, in my night behind my veils, behind my anguish and my travail, behind the struggle of this soil, in sorrowful walking full of terrible yearning, in my silent nostalgia, for the day of the encounter alone...!

I live silent in my life, concealing my yearning; and when I want to explain something of

what I have in me, in me remains such bitterness and so pitiful a pain in the depth of my being, not to speak of what I contain, for not being able to express it, that with my nostalgia I immerse myself again in silence, in breathless wait for that day of the encounter; for well do I know that God will come to take me to His bosom...

And then and only then, with His Mouth, with His Light and with His Fire, will I express to Him plainly what I have in my spirit...

But until the day comes to gaze at Him in His bright stars, however much I want to say, I will only manage to defile my secret more.

What a deep melancholy...! What a nostalgia...! What a silence...! What urgencies to possess Him...! What a craving for the Eternal One...!

But, the Love is near... very close! I feel Him...!

Nostalgia and melancholy in my chest...!

12-12-1974

IN THE TABERNACLE IS THE BEING...!

I clamour for the Being, for the possession of the conquest of the Infinite, by the proximity of the Holy Spirit's quiet breeze...

I sigh breathless for the Love; I call Him in a deep nostalgia that, impelling me towards the luminous light of the Eternal Sun, hurls me vertiginously after Him, without being able to contain the burning impetus of my heart.

I clamour for the Being in dying tortures of His possession, in continued impetuses of new impulses that make me sigh constantly, without uttering a word, in uncontrollable tendency towards Him, with the speed of lightning and the impetus of a hurricane, attracted by the mysterious strength of Him who *Is Himself*...

My living is the continuation of an act of love that God instilled in my chest the day He called me to Him, and that during my whole life is being uttered, to be perpetuated in pure love in the eternal day of the Kingdom of Light. That is why I hope that, at any time the eternal Being may come to fetch me, He will find me turned towards Him in the uttering of the act of pure love of my life.

The infinite Love kissed my soul, printing Himself into it so divinely, that this one is a repetition of response to the divine gift in a loving rush towards Him.

My life is to love the Love who, shrouding my soul with the breeze of His passing and in the fluttering of His warm caress, says to me quietly in a sacred uttering of infinite petition: “Come to Me, my bride.”¹

And this “come to Me” that the Infinite Being engraved by fire into my chest the day of my consecration as an enamoured Bridegroom petition, hurled me towards Him after the breeze of His flight in an impetus that, responding in gift as I can, tells Him: “wait, Love, that I go swiftly.”

The mystery of my life, that of my consecration, and all the tight nostalgia of my constant ascent towards God, is no more than a petition of the Love, answered through an unconditional response of self-giving and correspondence.

The voice of the Infinite is a stamp in my enamoured soul that, inviting me to follow Him, clamours to me with inexpressible groanings within my chest: “Beloved, come to Me.” And my spirit, impregnated with the Eternal’s breath,

¹ Cf. Sg 4: 8.

maddened by love, hurtles after the footprints of His passing in swift race of total donation to the penetrating petition which, like a sharp arrow, drills my soul in love compliments of Spouse.

The Love calls me to Him, and my love runs to the Beloved, because the light of His beauty enthralled me so wonderfully, that only on the day of His Suns my soul will rest quietly, leaning upon His chest.

That is why, when my thirst for Eternity burns me, when my impetuses for possessing the Being seem to snatch me from the death of this life, when all things threaten to separate my soul from the body in the flight of its rush towards God; impelled in the live coals of love, I run to the tabernacle, where, in a self-giving of love, behind the mysterious Gates that conceal Him, I meet the Being...! the Infinite Being!

And there, in a supreme act of love, of self-giving, of donation, of response and of victim offering, I remind Him that I am a mother; and I rest, become one with my own, next to my infinite Love on earth, prostrate in vehement and reverent adoration before “the sumptuous Gates of Eternity”²: Stop Your passing by, Lord, because between Your love and my love a mystery of fecundity was brought about that, having me on a flight towards You, puts pressure

² Cf. Ps 24: 7.

on me to be here with You and without You, for Your glory and the glory of all You gave me that burns me in thirst for souls, in ardent desires to bring them to You!

Sometimes, when it seems that I cannot take it any more, when coming next to the tabernacle, I stop in my ascent, and, falling down before my suffering Jesus, I love Him in loving repose with the need to be next to Him all ages enduring.

How well have I understood in this last season the necessity of Jesus being in the Eucharist...! If He would not have stayed with us for the sake of love, how could our love live without Him...?!

My times of tabernacle, lived day after day next to “the Gates of Eternity,” have my spirit pacified and support the vertiginous race that, on account of the voice of the Being who invites me to follow Him, my spirit undertook towards Him.

God is the All of my life, and the infinite All is in the tabernacle for my sake.

How many times I have experienced as though something inside that made me rush towards God, not being able to be any longer in exile. And, when arriving at the tabernacle, leaning and resting on the chest of Christ, little by little my soul was calming down in the

impetus of its swift race; until, finally, resting tranquil and calm in love of response to the infinite Love, I was seeing that, in the mystery of the Eucharist, God Himself, in silence of donation, said to my soul: “Come to Me...”

How well I understand, on account of the urgent experience that impels me towards the possession of the Eternal One and my fullness at the foot of the tabernacle, that in the tabernacle is the Being...!! Unexplainable mystery that the spirit knows how to comprehend when perceiving His secret. God calls Him, and, when the soul finds Him in the tabernacle, it rests.

When my tired life experiences that it cannot bear it any longer in insatiable clamours for the Being due to the yearnings for His possession, it rushes to the tabernacle. And there it finds, in the mysterious way that faith gives to her, the hope for the fullness of all that it needs. Wherefore I have managed to comprehend, through my impetuses satiated in the Eucharist, in a savouring of mysterious comprehension that the doors of the tabernacle are “the sumptuous and wide Gates of Eternity!”

In the tabernacle is the Being...! the Infinite Being who calls me with powerful voice inviting me to follow Him. Wherefore, when after so many years of consecration, it seems that my spirit cannot contain any longer His longings for God in light, it needs –and I know that my

life depends on that because God thus printed it into my soul—, long and rested times of prayer before Jesus Eucharist, to hold back the impetus that, in swift race, drives me to move on to Eternity...

How many times, feeling as though I were dying in longings for God, indifferent and as though separated from all that is created, without physical strength to go on living, I have run to the tabernacle, to the silent silence of the infinite Incarnate Word; and little by little I have been seized as though with a sweetness of peace, which, in sacred savouring, being fulfilment of my cravings, strengthened my agonizing life, in order to stay among men without flying definitively to the Being!

I find at the foot of the tabernacle, the strength of my life, the continuation of my journey, the fecundity of my spiritual motherhood, the fullness of my spirit so many times distressed... Furthermore, the comfort, the kiss of the infinite Love to my tearful soul, the caress of His compassionate hand, the gazing of His serene eyes in calm participation in my terrible nostalgia for Him, and even for my own in the solitude of my hard exile, all, absolutely all! finds full sense in my whiles of tabernacle next to the “majestic Doors of Eternity.”

I know, because faith tells me so and because I live it that way in a wisdom of savoury

experience, that the Infinite Being of the tomorrow of Eternity is the affectionate Jesus of my tabernacle...

How then can I egoistically want to fly at Its light, when He remained in my darkness for me...? Wherefore while my soul may be able to be for long whiles prostrate before the terrible mystery of a tabernacle in silence; I will wait untiringly for the day of the Lord.

In my tabernacle I have everything, because the infinite All is the transcendent mystery that conceals my tabernacle. If man knew the secret of the Eucharist, how would he not come to cool his thirst and to satiate his hungers, reverent and adoring, at the foot of the tabernacle before the God of the Sacrament...?!

I look for the Being... and, either I find Him, or I die...! Because He calls me to Himself with an irresistible force that, in a rush for a reply, makes me live in a torturing clamour for Eternity...

But, now I found the Being in the loving way that His infinite will wants today to give Himself to me in the sorrowful path of the pilgrimage of this exile in my insatiable search for God alone...!

Wherefore my whiles of tabernacle are so necessary for me, so much, so much! that my

life depends on it; since my soul, sustained by the silences of His mystery, savours, in loving donation, the secrets of Eternity.

How great is the Eucharist for the soul in love...! So much, that in it finds the reason for being in the fullness of its insatiable cravings.

I want the Being, and in the tabernacle I find Him!

3-1-1982

SHUDDERS...!

Shudders I feel in my depths
when I approach the sublime Sacrament,
where the living God hides away in a white Host,
to give Himself to my soul as nourishment.

Shudders of unprecedented tenderness,
for knowing that awaits me, as I yearn for,
the infinite Love with nostalgias to enter
into the hidden marrow of my chest.

Shudders of silent melodies,
that leave me transcending in clamours,
when knowing that longs for me in His
“madness,”
God Himself in living Bread of mystery,
burning up in the transcendent coals of His Kiss.

Shudders that leave me every day,
when the great moment of the encounter comes,
enkindled in the fires of the One I love,
with urgencies that press on me sweetly
in ardours for His embrace in my inner being.

Shudders today shroud the poems
of my soul in love with the Eternal,

when knowing that the Blessed God
of the Height
has come down in swift descent,
to be eaten by me,
being, as in a divine excess,
my Nourishment.

Shudders I have felt this morning,
because I know that God rests in my cautory,
in the silenced point of my soul,
where He has, enjoying, His dwelling.

Shudders seize my being,
because of the peace that penetrates me
in Its silence;
for God Himself whispers to me with His breeze,
when He alights, in His passing by, inside,
within my bosom.

Shudders that make
the flood gates of my marrow, creak at Its center,
in order to give access to the Being,
who wants to posses me,
He being, within me, my only Master.

Shudders of happiness,
in sweet peace of mystery,
because I know that in my sorrows,
by the hard wandering of this exile,
God walks next to me,
without deserting me even for a moment.

Shudders that leave me enthralled,
without allowing any room in me to suffer,
even if I die,
in the sad solitude in which I find myself.

Shudders of happiness,
in the deep marrow of my chest,
because I know that it is the Minstrel
of my loves
the one who has made this portent
that I remain alone among men,
so as to be He alone my Divine Companion,
the Master of my tiny and enthralled soul
without any body attributing to Himself
this trophy!

Shudders of pure love
in conquests of the good God,
in silenced loves
with silences of the Eternal.

Shudders that make
my spirit thirsty,
burning in the nostalgias
for finding myself now in the Heavens.

Shudders that force me
to want to go on living,
in order to help as I can,
in this way in which I find myself,
all those that God has donated to me
as the fruit of His Kiss.

Shudders if I look at you
hidden in the Sacrament,
behind the doors of the tabernacle,
and in my thirsty spirit
after I have received You
as sublime Nourishment.

Shudders of nostalgias,
are shudders of encounter,
that leave the loving soul
saturated with the Eternal.

Shudders if I find You...!!
Shudders if I encounter You...!!
Shudders at thinking
that I have to lose You again...!!

12-5-1974

HOURS PROLONGED

Mornings fraught
with secret depths,
when, awakening
from my long dream,
I open large windows that overlook
the tabernacle
and leave the Sun of Heavens shining.

Silenced hours
of recollection,
where, in the colloquies of the Being,
with my soul,
I perceive mysteries,
I palpitate with Christ,
I intuit His accent...

Nothing says anything to the one
who does not know,
near the tabernacle, how to discover the Word.
All utters the All,
when the open chest
calls for advice
from God in silence.

Hours prolonged,
unprecedented dream...
God is quiet and waits

in His concealment;
and my soul knows,
in a sure way,
the simple speech
of the Word in exile.

Communications
behind tenuous veils,
that are uncovering, in hours fraught
with dense encounters,
the face of the living God,
with sparkling bright stars of Heaven...

Is such the depth
of the peace that I contain,
that into conversations
my cauteries break;
since I feel wounded
like a fiery volcano,
because is, like a sword
that pierces the chest,
the infinite speech
of the Being at my center.

The less He says
aside from concepts,
the denser is His voice,
stronger the encounter,
more translimited
from everything I feel;
and, without saying anything,
in silence I stay.

Between God and me
springs of understanding are opened.

God kisses and waits,
I adore and contemplate,
without a word
in our encounter;
and, without hearing anything,
I comprehend it all;
and I hear words,
and I understand mysteries,
and I know that God speaks
without sensing His accent.

Hours prolonged
I live on the earthly ground,
looking at the tabernacle
in order to see Heaven.
Hours that comfort
my many rustlings,
fulfilling nostalgias,
calming torments,
because in the tabernacle
I surely feel,
without anything preventing
my premonition,
that I am staring
at the front of the thresholds
of Heaven in exile.

Days of tabernacle,
fulnesses of the Immense...

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be Himself*,” “*is Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. –allocating to them 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,” “to say,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He *has Himself so*,” “He has Himself,” “He *sees Himself so*,” “He *loves Himself so*,” “He *knows Himself so*,” “He *says Himself*,” etc...

NOTE:

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

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