

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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