

*God is Himself  
the Infinite Virginity  
in Himself, by Himself  
and for Himself, been and possessed  
by the adherence to His coeternal  
and consubstantial perfection  
in His intercommunicative act  
of Trinitarian life*

*Fruitfulness of virginity  
Consecrated people, live your vocation*

*In the tabernacle  
Jesus waits for you always*

*Mother*

*Comunidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia*

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

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MADRID - 28006

ROMA - 00149

C/. Velázquez, 88

Via Vigna due Torri, 90

Tel. 91.435.41.45

Tel. 06.551.46.44

E-mail: [informa@laobradelaiglesia.org](mailto:informa@laobradelaiglesia.org)

[www.laobradelaiglesia.org](http://www.laobradelaiglesia.org)

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## GOD IS THE INFINITE VIRGINITY

God, by the perfection of His very nature, *is Himself\** the Being infinitely and eternally separate from all that it is not His Divinity, in perfect and finished adherence to Himself, in Himself, by Himself and for Himself; since between the creature and the Creator there exists an infinite distance of being;

adherence in coeternal Holiness of transcendental infinite Virginity that, in God, is to break out in such an so overabundant fruitfulness of being and so plethoric with life, that it makes Him be a Father of exuberant fruitfulness due to the loving adherence that He has to Himself in His act of life.

God is the eternal Virginity, infinitely separate from all that is not He; since, that which makes Him break out into fruitfulness begetting, is not His union with anything outside Himself, but the adherence which He *has Himself\** in Himself and to Himself in the con-

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\* 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; for the sense of "*has Himself*" too.

substantial loving separation, recondite and veiled of His *being Himself* the Uncreated.

O refulgent splendours that flow in a torrent from the chest of God in infinite waterfalls of eternal Conversation...!

O “Light from Light” and “the very Imprint of the being”<sup>1</sup> of the Father, perfect Emanation of His very nature, burning Breath of His mouth! draw that veil of untouchable Virginité that conceals, behind his splendour, the infinite copious outflow of the Father’s begetting, and spell for me, o eternal Word, in Your singing Conversation, the flowing Spring of that divine begetting in the shining brightness of His transcendent Holiness breaking out in fruitful Virginité.

O *Sancta Sanctorum* of the eternal Wisdom, that hides the infinite Virginité, infinitely distant and distinct from all that has been created, in the most blissful concealment of his *being Himself* Fruitfulness, bursting into a most bright begetting of explanatory, recondite and returned Word...!

God is the eternal and exuberant Perfection, and, therefore, the sole reality capable of fulfilling the infinite exigencies for perfection in

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<sup>1</sup> Heb 1: 3.

the possession that He is and has in Himself; being His adherence to Himself an act of life plethoric with infinite perfection and to His infinite perfection.

To the extent that God is adhered to Himself, in His act of eternal virginity, to that same extent He is fruitful, and, therefore infinitely fruitful; so much so, that the fruit of His fruitfulness is all that He is, in Expression, in a Son who utters, in a Canticle of eternal and returning love towards the Father, the whole inexhaustible plenitude of subsistent Wisdom.

And as, by virtue of the infinite adherence that the Father has to Himself, on account of the perfection of His very nature, “in holy splendour”<sup>2</sup> He breaks out begetting the Word; at that very instant without time in which the Word is begotten, This One is, by the being received from the Father, an act of infinite adherence to the Father Himself.

Being the union in adherence of donations and loving returns which the two divine Persons *have Themselves* between Themselves so mutual, so tight, so perfect and of such plethoric virginity, so much, so much...! that, in an embrace of paternal-filial virginity, they break out into a so perfect and consubstantial Love, so eternal and infinite, so mutual and so inter-communicative, so for Himself, so for Himself...! in the mutual adherence of their pater-

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<sup>2</sup> Ps 109: 3.

nal-filial intercommunication, that this Love is the infinite Person of the Holy Spirit; who, in the perfect adherence of His personal reality, is the loving and finished rest that the Father and the Son *have Themselves*, when loving each other, in adherence of paternal-filial embrace of infinite love.

Being the Father everything in Himself and for Himself, and for the Word; and the Word, everything in Himself, received from the Father, for Himself and for the Father. And both of them –the Father by Himself and the Word by His being received from the Father–, in the consubstantial embrace of their mutual donation and return, are for the Holy Spirit; and the Holy Spirit is, by the Father and by the Son, for Himself, and for the Father and for the Son, an adherence of eternal love in loving returns.

That is why the three divine Persons are each one as much for Himself as for the others, the ones being in the others. And in the intercommunication of the three Persons, God lives, in the separation of His infinitely distinct and distant being from everything that is not He, in a Trinitarian and communicative act of eternal virginity.

Because all that God *is Himself*, lives and has, He is so, essentially and substantially, only in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, in perfect, comprehended and finished adherence, in infinite separation from all that has been cre-

ated, in His Trinitarian act of plethoric and con-substantial Virginity.

God is adhered only to Himself in the infinitely distant separation of all that is not He; that is why the life of God, in the perfection of His intercommunication, is a single act of eternal Virginity in finished perfection.

Perfect virginity is the adherence to the Supreme Good, and the complete and absolute separation from all that is not He. Therefore, when the creature discovers the bright light of the eternal Wisdom, enthralled by it, it leaves all that is creation to rush irresistibly to the untiring search for *God alone!*

God, since He *is Himself* in Himself the Infinite Perfection, due to the perfection in holiness of His own nature, adheres only to Himself, in such fullness and plenitude, that He Himself in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, *having Himself* so everything been and being all what He is in the subsistent instant of *being Himself* such on account of the plethoric and exuberant sublimeness of His perfection, is the infinite Copious Outflow of His eternal fruitfulness.

O Virginity, unknown Virginity!, because the Supreme Good is unknown insofar as He is, and unknown, therefore, all that we are able to be in the participation in His fullness...

O Virginité, Virginité, transcendent and infinite, equivalent to adherence of God to Himself... Virginité equivalent to *God alone!*, capable of making Christ, in His humanity, such a perfect adherence to the Word of the Father, that it makes Him have no person other than the divine.

Christ, in His humanity, is such a perfect cry of virginité, so much of: *God alone!*, so much, so much, so much...! that He does not have any person other than the divine; being all the movements of His humanity a total adherence to His Person, a cry of *God alone!* that manifests itself throughout His whole life, acts, gestures and words.

How will be able the most holy humanity of Christ, created to be a total adherence to the Word of the Father in a hypostatic union of eternal and indissoluble spousal, to long for, want, say or seek anything other than the inexhaustible, plethoric and infinite Perfection...?!

O maddened heart of man!, mind blinded and clouded by its own passion...!, how will he be able, with his poor and limited thought without knowing the divine thought and without adhering to it, to know about transcendent Virginité and to feel enthralled in order to tend to that same Virginité and so as to live, manifest and communicate it, in accordance with the perfection of the creature, in its highest possible degree?

O virginity, virginity...! precious pearl and hidden jewel, discovered only by the penetrating eyes that, soaring into the air, full of wisdom, towards He-who-Is, and seeking perfection, gets somehow into the “enclosed Orchard, flowery and sealed Garden where the infinite Word browses among the lilies,”<sup>3</sup> Bridegroom of the virgins, who, in sacred words of love, invites us to live and follow Him throughout the exile...: “Come from Lebanon, my bride, come from Lebanon, come.”<sup>4</sup>

How could Jesus, being, in His person, God, desire anything other than Himself and His greatest possible glorification! How could Christ, who is the infinite and eternal Perfection on account of His divine person, seek anything other than living in the possession and enjoyment of Himself, communicating to us all that He lived and had in fullness?! Christ did not look for His own pleasure. –“I live for the Father–.”<sup>5</sup>

Christ is the perfect union of the humanity and the Divinity in and through His divine person, in a transcendent mystery of such sublimeness, that, in that same hypostatic union and in the adherence of His humanity to His Divinity, it makes Him God and Man in the person of the Word Incarnate.

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<sup>3</sup> Cf. Sg 4: 12; 2: 16.

<sup>5</sup> Rom 15: 3a; Jn 6: 57b.

<sup>4</sup> Sg 4: 8.

Christ in His whole humanity is the expression of the Father's Virginity in a spelling-out to men; it is a relation of God to men and of men to God; being, because of His person, God, infinitely separate from all that is created, and a human expression to men in a self-giving of eternal *loves* through the Incarnation.

O Virginity, Virginity, so transcendent and unknown, so holy and sanctifying, so desired by loving souls...! grant me to know how to live You so that I may be able to express You in my desire and nostalgia for You; since to the extent that I discover You, drawn by Your inexhaustible fruitfulness, rushing to You, I will possess You, being able to go living on *God alone*, in the diverse tendencies of my heart.

O Virginity, Virginity...! grant me to know how to discover You in order to know how to appreciate You, to know how to adhere to You without wishing anything other than: *God alone!*

How will the soul that has glimpsed the infinite and eternal Perfection, be able to seek something that is not His possession for itself and for others?

The man who trails, seeks the fullness of his being in earthly things that cannot satiate him; the one who discovers God with eyes burning with penetrating loving wisdom, soars high and renounces, by exigency of the possession of the very God, to all that is not He.

To the extent that we unite ourselves to the Supreme Good, we become virginized, because we gradually adhere and become similar to Him, and separate ourselves from creatures.

That is why when, in His infinite plan, God determined to pick up man from his prostration and draw him to the depth of His blessed chest, He worked on earth such a perfect miracle of virginity, so much, so much, so much!, that He was able to make, out of Man, God, in the perfect adherence of the humanity to the Divinity in the person of the Word.

O *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Incarnation! through which is realized, in the innermost being of Mary, the unsuspected mystery of the union of God with the Man for the redeeming restoration of fallen mankind... O virginity of the all White Lady of the Incarnation...!

Mary was such a perfect adherence to the infinite Virginity, so much, so much!, that the fruit of Her fruitful virginity was to break out into divine Motherhood only by the power of the Holy Spirit; the Spouse who, in the touch of His infinite perfection, made Her so wonderfully fruitful, that, through Her and in Her virginal innermost being, the Word of the Father became Man.

O virginity, virginity of Mary! so plethoric, that, by the infinite kiss of the Holy Spirit in fiery passage over the Lady, She breaks out into

motherhood and divine Motherhood; in such fruitfulness, that She is not only capable of being the Mother of the Incarnate Word, but, out of the overabundance of that same Motherhood and in the repleteness of Her virginity, She is the universal Mother of all men.

What a degree of virginity, of a tendency towards the Infinite and of possession of *God alone*, must have been that of Mary, Immaculate from the first instant of Her conception, by the anticipated merits of Her Son Himself, that made Her capable, according to the divine plan about Her, of being Mother of God Himself in the full right of Her Motherhood...!

O virginity, virginity!, that makes it possible for God to call a creature: Mother, and for the creature, in full and perfect right, to call God: Son.

Only perfect virginity is capable of working such prodigies, because it is a cry in total adherence of the being to the Supreme Good in the tight enjoyment of His perfection.

In Mary, Her virginal tendency towards God is the consequence of the most luminous knowledge that she has of Him; being this knowledge so sapientially and sacredly permeated with loving wisdom, so vital in Her and so plethoric, that it makes Her be in all and each one of the moments of Her life, in Her capacities and exigencies, an overflowing cry of: *God alone!*

That is why, whoever may want to know the transcendent transcendency of the infinite Virginity introducing himself into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Trinity, has to enter into the most pure and maternal inner being of Mary, from where God gives and communicates Himself to men in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the transcendent virginity of the Lady, through the mystery of the Incarnation.

To the extent that God wanted to make Mary fruitful, He made Her Virgin, He had Her adhere to Him so that She might live only on His infinite being, in such an intimate adherence that She would be capable of breaking out into such a plethoric Motherhood, that the infinite Word of the Father, Incarnate, would be the fruit of Her fruitful and plethoric virginity.

Virginity, or consecrated chastity, when it is perfect, it seeks the fullness of its perfection in the glorification of God and absolute surrender to Him. And to the extent that man lives on *God alone*, adhering, in so far as he is and possesses, to the Supreme Good and to His plan, he is, according to his capacity, in the possession and fullness of the Supreme Perfection, in such a way that he makes himself conform to It, breaking out into fruits of eternal life for himself and for others.

Therefore, in Heaven, we will all be like the angels of God, since, insofar as we are united

to Him, the only purpose for which we have been created, we will be happy with the joyful fruit that the fullness of His glorification will bear for us.

He who tries to keep himself virgin in memory, understanding, will, desires, tendencies, etc., lives adhered to *God alone* and for *God alone*, and then his life is full of the Supreme Good, possessed only by Him and impregnated by His infinite thought.

Men are able, even after having broken their physical virginity, to give themselves so unconditionally to God in body and soul, that they may live in transcendent virginity with fruits of sanctification for themselves and for others.

Not everyone is capable of comprehending this mystery the way the divine Master manifested it to His Apostles and much less of living it, because of the obfuscation of their hearts. But blessed be the one who discovers this “precious pearl,” that “hidden treasure” of the Gospel: “Blessed are the clean of heart, for they will see God.”<sup>6</sup> Blessed is the one that is capable of adhering to God in body and soul so perfectly, that all that is not He and His glory, is considered by him as emptiness and fleeting. Blessed are the transparent eyes that, when they discover God, make the heart capable of breaking the slavery of its own passions, ruling

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<sup>6</sup> Cf. Mt 13: 46. 44; 5: 8.

and taking over them in order to live, on earth, like the angels, a prelude of Eternity, in the fullness and possession of *God alone* by means of the life of faith, full of hope and enveloped in the love.

How great is the virgin soul that enjoys Heaven during exile, and that turns the earth into Heaven with the witness of its life and its word before the others...! The virgin soul is a canticle in expression of Eternity and a patent manifestation before the world of: *God alone!*

Not all men understand this mystery due to the hardness and clumsiness of their heart, to the slavery wherewith their own passions have them dulled. And that is why, guided by that same slavery, not being able to supernaturalize themselves, they come, in their folly, not to understand the mystery of the infinite Virginity breaking out into fruitfulness, either that of Christ, Incarnate Virginity, or that of Mary, maternal virginity. By the clumsiness and roughness of their minds they want to remove perfect fruitfulness from virginity, without comprehending that complete, perfect and supernatural fruitfulness is the fruit of the virginity.

Virginity that has its beginning in God, in His adherence to Himself; virginity that is manifested to us in Christ, in an expression of God with us; and virginity that approaches us with a Mother's heart in Mary, by the adherence of Her whole self to God, that makes Her break

out, by the power of the infinite love of the Holy Spirit, into divine Motherhood, bearer of deification for men, by the excellent Fruit, unprecedented and transcendent of Her marvelous virginity.

The most virgin is the most fruitful. That is why, who is more Virgin than God, adhered infinitely only to Himself, which makes Him break out begetting the Word?

Who is more virgin than Christ, who in His humanity is united with the Divinity so wonderfully that He has no person other than the divine one by means of the surprising, enthralling, divine and deifying mystery of the Incarnation; and in the hypostatic union of the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word, is God and is Man?

Who is as virgin as Mary, who is capable, through the adherence that She has to God, and by the power and the grace of the Holy Spirit, of giving birth to the Incarnate infinite Word?

Oh unknown and, therefore, underestimated virginity...!

May God enlighten the intelligence of the exiles, so that multitudes of men may discover this "hidden treasure" of the Gospel, give themselves to living on *God alone* and for *God alone*, in fruits of eternal life that make, the virgin soul, as in Mary, bear fruit and give birth, through Her,

to Christ in souls. "My children, for whom I am again in labour until Christ be formed in you."<sup>7</sup>

Let the crowds arise that "follow the Lamb,"<sup>8</sup> because "Your name spoken is a spreading perfume, that is why the virgins love You, and more delightful is Your love than wine!"<sup>9</sup> so that the world may glimpse the face of the Word and, drawn by the scent of His perfumes, run to become inebriated with the infinite banquet that God offers gratis to those who surrender sincerely to Him.

The man who discovers God, rushes irresistibly to meet all his brothers in order to introduce them into the eternal joy of the infinite perfections. Therefore the priesthood, the missionary life and the consecration to God, arise from the dazzling discovery of the infinite Virginity that, captivating us, impels us to be, with Christ and Mary, a returning adherence to the Supreme Good.

Only God can fulfil our lives, only in Him will we be able to fulfil ourselves in the fullness and the greatest possible perfection of the being and of the task for which we were created. And that is why, he who discovers Him, seeks Him passionately, renouncing all that has been created for the total possession of His fullness.

However, when men lose sight of the face of God, their eyes become obscured, wanting

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<sup>7</sup> Gal 4: 19.

<sup>8</sup> Rv 14: 4.

<sup>9</sup> Sg 1: 3. 2.

to extinguish the greatness of virginity due to obfuscation of their own passions that enslave them separating them from their sole and true end. How will the carnal man be able to understand the spiritual man...!

O virginity, unknown virginity!, you are so sublime, that the fruit of your conquests is God alone for you and for all those who surround you.

O virginity, virginity, you that have your beginning in God, and the expression of your fruit is the mystery of the Incarnation by the maternal virginity of Mary!

O virginity, virginity, as great as it is unknown...

21-6-1974

## LOVER OF *LOVES*

Strange and silent I walk in life,  
without harbour to anchor my navigation;  
I wait untiring my day of Glory,  
to saturate myself with the light  
of the Sun.

Deep are my sorrows,  
replete my joys,  
serene and tranquil, full of hope.  
God knows the centre of my requests  
and the agonies of my containment.

I long, in clamours, for immense fullness;  
I sigh, in wait, the return  
of The One who, in colloquies of deep secrets,  
calls to me in sacred love words of tender song.

Slow and deliberate are the silent steps  
of my route in gift.  
I seek, untiringly, the serene eyes  
of The One who, long ago,  
revealed Himself to me.

I know that God is sweet as I perceive Him,  
tender and compassionate, overflowing love,  
full of tenderness for the loving soul  
that knows how to surrender to His request.

He is also fearsome when, in the volcanoes  
of His opened bosom, He springs up  
in eruption,  
arises in blazes that ignite my chest  
full of splendour.

Live coals are the zeals of his wounded chest,  
when, extolled, demands impelled  
all the creases of my heart;  
nothing yields to anybody of all that, dying  
for me, He conquered!

He demands everything because He is  
the Gift of gifts,  
the famous Fighter, the great Battler;  
therefore, he whom He manages to catch  
in His live coals,  
is His trophy that He never gave up.

Lover of *loves*, come and get Your conquest!  
My soul is Your gift!

15-9-1974

HE *IS HIMSELF* THE DELIGHTFUL  
HERO OF *LOVES*

I have in my chest a depth  
of so sublime a mystery,  
that in nostalgias for the Infinite  
my spirit is dying.

I long for Him in the experiences  
of my cloistral encounters,  
and sigh for the infinite voices  
of the Eternal.

He shows Himself to me zealous  
by the force of His rule,  
and He invites me to get into  
the depth of His bosom.

I feel the touch of God  
like clamours in fire,  
like red-hot arrows  
that pierce my chest.

There is nothing so deep and certain  
as the touch of the Immense  
in passing of power  
with the triumph of His flight.

He is Himself delightful Hero of *loves*,  
just as I wish Him,  
conqueror of hopes  
and winner of trophies.

That is why, my life is His,  
a conquest of His tourneys.

2062. O my infinitely spiritual God, let me drink until I satiate myself, in saturation, with the eternal virginity that You *are Yourself* in Your intimate life of Trinitarian communication by Your subsistent being of supreme perfection. (28-4-61)

2068. God alone! without further ado, is the palpitating cry of my enamoured heart. (15-10-74)

2071. I am happy because, not having in my heart anything other than God and His will, I overabound with joy in the midst of my incalculable tribulations, which make me in the likeness of Christ and, with Him, I am sheltered in the bosom of the Father by the love of the Holy Spirit. (5-11-75)

2077. Priestly soul, all that is not God is not; live in such a way, that you seek only Him and His glory, in a complete oblivion and detachment from yourself. Be prepared, because the Lord will come to take you with Him forever, forever! and He will come soon..., and that will be tomorrow..., now! (6-1-64)

2086. Who are the ones who go more safely along the way to the Kingdom of Heavens? Those who do not seek anything other than God and, when reaching their term, all they

had has been left in order to meet Him. Therefore the one who has nothing walks more agile and, at his term, has nothing to leave, only to possess. (14-9-74)

2092. If I have God, I have everything in the fullness of His possession, in the plenitude of His life, in the plenitude of His happiness, in the richness of all He is. And, when I lose Him, I find myself with my parched longings, in the emptiness of all that the creatures contain for me. (14-9-74)

2094. Apart from God, I do not have any desire; and this is not because of an emptiness of my being, which in God finds everything, but for the fullness of the divine will that repletes me completely and makes me have everything in it, not needing anything, due to the repleteness of my yearnings which seek only the savouring of God's will fulfilled. (4-7-69)

2095. When I did not want anything earthly and sought the infinite richness from above, I found everything in the wholeness of God; and, in its possession, I satiated my torturing yearnings for happiness, richness, love and fullness which the infinite Being had shaped in me, only to possess Him. (14-9-74)

28-5-1975

WHAT SWEETNESS  
THERE IS IN MY SOUL!

What sweetness there is in the depth  
of my sore chest...!  
what a divine spring  
in its flowing freshness...!

Nectar of rich perfumes  
is the chest of my beloved,  
where my being, captivated,  
rises from the ground to the height.

Let all the things pass  
without disturbing the rest  
of my soul with its Spouse,  
in intimate joyous union!

He kisses me... I kiss Him...;  
and, in sweet returning,  
both of us say love  
without saying to one another anything  
but that.

But a love that is, in tenderness,  
of so much beauty,  
that has the soul captive  
by its infinite beauty.

Leave my chest resting,  
for God kisses on His passing  
with such a tender capturing,  
that His whole being is in joy.

Depth of my mysteries...!  
Let the silence break out into songs  
of sacred *touchings*  
by the flying of my flight.

Because my soul runs so much  
when it hears its Lover,  
that it undertakes a fast flight  
after the pace of Him whom it loves.

Silence, keep the secret  
of my affected chest  
that feels all swollen  
in tenderness of the Immense.

*“Fruits of prayer”*

2100. So many consecrated persons have lost the true sense of the supernatural, and, for that reason, they have turned into a source of scandal and the ruin of souls...! (17-12-76)

2101. What a pain I feel when I contemplate that a great part of the consecrated people, losing their supernatural outlook, has become disoriented filling with bitterness the heart of men, presenting to them a very weak and material Christianity which, making them seek only earthly goods, separate them from the infinite Good! (17-12-76)

2102. Do you say that you love God and men, and you do not try to put in the hearts of those who surround you the desire for the supernatural, alone capable of filling with peace and charity, so that they may surrender to God and through Him to others? (17-12-76)

2103. Priest of Christ, consecrated soul, if you separate from the contact with God, you lose the supernatural outlook, and then you lead those that surround you to live only on perishable goods, without showing them the supreme Good who will make them happy for all Eternity. (17-12-76)

2104. Because you separated from the familial contact with Christ, your life was darkened, con-

fusion invaded you, your chest was filled with bitterness; and, perhaps, without realizing it, you do the same to those that approach you. (17-12-76)

2105. Do you say that you want to give God to men...? How will you give them a God that you do not know because you did not try to find time to be with Him and, thus, penetrating His mind, know how you ought to live and act? (17-12-76)

2106. Are you consecrated to God? Think it over, because the treasure that the Lord has placed in your hands when He called you “that you might be with Him”<sup>1</sup> and to send you to the others, is communicated to the small ones, specially at the feet of the Master in long times whiles of prayer. (17-12-76)

2107. You, who consecrated yourself to God, rise up from your spiritual lethargy, look at the Father’s Christ who asks for help, do not let yourself be dragged by the confusion that invades us, be brave, do not be afraid of the proud ones; God will come out in your defence, putting in your mouth all that you ought to say, if, living on Him and for Him, with a sincere heart and a clean soul you seek Him. (17-12-76)

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<sup>1</sup> Mk 3: 14.

3-5-1973

WHY, IF I PRAY,  
I FEEL FULL...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
I feel full,  
and I yearn for nothing  
and seek nothing  
that I have not inside myself...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
I fill the longings  
of my waits,  
I satisfy my hungers,  
I relieve my sorrows...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
my soul Church  
spreads out much,  
that it fills the world  
with the splendours  
of Your presence...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
I do not need  
to say in phrases  
Your experiences,  
because I extend  
everywhere  
with Your influence...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
the soul feels  
with deep urgency  
for being humble,  
for being better,  
for being perfect...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
I feel men  
so close to me,  
that it is You Yourself  
whom I discover  
behind their presence...?

*Why, if I pray,*  
my whole sight  
which is so vile,  
becomes divine,  
and understands everything  
with Your ways...?

*Why, if I pray*  
and here on earth  
my soul wonders,  
when I rest  
by Your doors,  
I find the Heaven  
that repletes me...?

Why, God of mine,  
why at Your doors  
I feel full...?

7-12-1962

## **THE FRUITFULNESS OF VIRGINITY**

O Virginity, transcendent Virginity! been and possessed by God in the coeternal perfection of His infinite being; and shared, through Christ and by Mary in the bosom of holy Mother Church, replete and saturated with Virginity, by the human creature which, feeling itself chosen by the Infinite to be part of the consecrated people and to live in order to glorify Him, seeks untiringly crowds of souls, with the purpose of fitting them into the plan of God who created us solely and exclusively in order that we might possess Him.

Being the torturing cry of my soul-Church and because I am within this holy Mother the Echo in proclamation of Her songs, since the Lord chose me for Him in my untiring and insatiable pursuit fulfilling His will in each and every one of the moments of my life:

Glory for God! souls for His bosom!

O Virginity, Virginity! as unknown as it is loved and yearned for by the loving souls that, enthralled by the splendour of the Father's infinite Word become Man out of love, and Spouse of the virgins, discover the precious pearl of the Gospel and renounce everything in order to pos-

sess it, following the Lamb wherever He goes, for “Your voice is sweet, His face is beautiful, and more delightful is Your love than wine.”<sup>1</sup>

The true virginity or perfect chastity of the consecrated soul, has the reason for being in the total and unconditional adherence of the soul to the supreme Being, in separation from all that is not God, with the effective tendency to live on the infinite Being, who chose and predestined His consecrated people, as the Gospel says, “that they might be with Him and send them forth to preach.”<sup>2</sup>

That is why, to the extent that we live on God and for Him, we are fulfilling the predilection of Him who created and chose us to be the confidants of the Master, who, leant against Jesus’ chest, like Saint John in the last Supper<sup>3</sup>, become preachers of the divine. Therefore we have to tend to the transcendent Virginity, to fulfil the purpose for which we were created, adhering, like the angels of God, giving glory to the Father, glory to the Son and glory to the Holy Spirit, to Him who is the supreme Perfection, and who, by the infinity of His very Virginity or adherence to His eternal perfection, breaks out into fruitfulness.

The infinite Virginity is the adherence of the supreme Being to Himself, in such separation

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Sg 2: 14; 1: 2.

<sup>2</sup> Mk 3: 14-15.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Jn 13:25.

from all that is not He, that, in His Trinity, He has satiated all His eternal capacity for perfection.

God, for being Himself the uncreated Virginity, cannot adhere but to Himself due to the fullness of His being and the perfection of His divine nature itself.

O Virginity, transcendent Virginity! which makes the Father, for being so fruitful in infinite adherence to Himself, through the inexhaustible fullness of His ineffable perfection, break out into a Word, so divine, so plethoric, so infinite, so exuberant, embracing and finished, so like Him! that He is all that the Supreme Begetter is, but in a Singing Expression of consubstantial and unprecedented melodies, that, in a romance of love, turned towards the Father, expresses to Him all His life in Song ...

And the Father and the Son, in a coeternal embrace, paternal-filial, of loving self-giving and returns, break out, without breaking out, into a flow of love so divine and rested, that the love with which they love each other in loving spiration between Themselves, makes the Holy Spirit arise: a Kiss of personal love of the Father and of the Son in loving rest of Trinitarian Family.

God being three divine Persons so much adherent to themselves and between each other due to their being of transcendent Virginity in infinite Holiness, that, despite His being three

divine Persons, He is only one God in one sole perfection in infinite infinitude, by the infinitude of being, of infinite perfections and attributes; in which and to which the three divine Persons so consubstantially adhere, that they identify themselves with it; being the ones for the others and being the ones in the others in eternal, consubstantial, infinite and subsistent unity of its being.

God, despite His being three divine Persons and His not being able to adhere but to Himself, is so One that, because the Persons are adherent to each other, they adhere to their very reality and to Themselves, but in different and personal manners of adherence. Therefore the Trinitarian life of God in His untouchable Holiness, is been and possessed by Him in His act of eternal and unfathomable Virginity, in the exuberant sublimity of His plethoric perfection and in the total and absolute detachment from all that is not God Himself in Himself, by Himself and for Himself in His immutable act of intercommunicative and Trinitarian life.

O my infinite Being! my soul perceives You in a savouring of glory, immersed in the mystery of Your sapiential Wisdom that, extolling the marrow of my spirit, makes me burst out proclaiming the greatnesses of the transcendent Virginity, been and possessed by You; and participated by the man of transparent eyes, simple soul and clean heart, who, transcended from all

that is created, perceives the very rich nectar that arises from the infinite Virginity in torrential springs of divine life, which spill out from God's bosom, through the open side of Christ, to the consecrated people; in order to make His elect confidants of Jesus, donors of God in manifestation of His eternal designs and of "the mystery hidden from ages and from generations past. But now it has been manifested to His holy ones."<sup>4</sup>

The true Virginity is that of the supreme Good, who, for *being Himself* the eternal Holiness, cannot adhere but to Himself; transcendent Virginity to which the consecrated soul ought to tend because it has been created to participate by adherence in the infinite Virginity breaking out in fruitfulness.

O transcendent Virginity...! what a need for fathoming the profound profundity of the deepness of Your mystery, and for contemplating the infinite fruitfulness that You hold inside Yourself... and that through You pours itself out to men in fruits of divine life!

God Himself, the infinitely spiritual Being, the Untouchable, the Unfathomable, the infinite Holiness, *is Himself* the uncreated Virginity in such fullness, that the fruit of that eternal Virginity of the Father is the Word, in Him and "through Him all things were made."<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Col 1: 26.

<sup>5</sup> Col 1: 16.

Divine Virginity, You are the Fountain that gushes out in infinite springs of eternal charity. Plunge me into the profound savouring of Your mystery, so that, in silence, I may taste that divine nectar that in You is contained; making me so virgin, so adherent to God alone! so much! so much! that I may plunge into the virginal and eternal innermost being of the Begetter, where the eternal Virginity has its beginning without beginning and without end, its spring and fruitfulness, and thus, I may live in the veiled concealment of the divine life.

Give me to drink of the torrents of Your infinite richness, o unknown Virginity, so that I, chosen by the Holy Spirit to be only God's, may know how to sing in the bosom of the holy Mother Church and through Her, as the Echo of Her songs, to all men, the riches that in You my soul enamoured of the divine Spouse has discovered, myself being for Him all virgin: "As a lily among thorns, so is my beloved among maidens;"<sup>6</sup> after whom, the other souls lured to "the scent of perfumes of her beloved,"<sup>7</sup> run to inebriate themselves with the divine must which His words exhale "sweeter also than honey or drippings from the comb."<sup>8</sup>

Spouse of the virgins, o lover of mine, "He who browses among lilies," "where do You give rest Your flock at midday?"<sup>9</sup> to enter Your gar-

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<sup>6</sup> Sg 2: 2.

<sup>8</sup> Ps 18: 11.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Sg 1: 3.

<sup>9</sup> Sg 6: 3; 1: 7.

den, there where You, and to perceive “the Father’s eternal generation giving birth to You from His Light through splendours of Holiness?”<sup>10</sup>

O uncreated Virginity, You who have our beginning in that divine begetting of untouchable holiness...! Let the thirsty virgin soul come, whosoever may want to satiate himself with the holiness of God. Yes, let him who may want to virginize himself come and drink at the mouth of the source of divine begetting where the eternal Virginity *is Himself* in His Trinitarian communication, in the silent, subsistent, coeternal and substantial secret of His eternal fruitfulness.

The transcendent Virginity is the absolute unnecessariness of all that is not God Himself –the Being in His divine fruitfulness– who, because He is exuberant and perfect, has to break out in fruitfulness.

God *is Himself* the eternal Fruitfulness, Fruitfulness that in God *is Itself* His very Virginity. The greatest possible fruit of the fruitfulness has its root in virginity.

Therefore, the Father, Source of infinite and eternal Virginity, begets a Son who is His whole Virginity in loving filiation.

The Father begets a Word that is His whole being in Explanatory Virginity, the Holy Spirit

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<sup>10</sup> Cf. Ps 109: 3.

being the Love of the Explanatory Fatherhood, that by the perfection of Virginity, in a loving embrace between both, is another Person; the Three having one sole Virginity in personal perfection.

The eternal Virginity is the exuberant infinitude that, by its perfect, fruitful, and sufficient perfection, known by the Father, makes Him break out into fruitfulness; and thus This One begets as the fruit of His loving knowledge or infinite wisdom. That is why the Word is the Father's Wisdom in Expression; being this Wisdom the Father, and Known Wisdom the Word, in a so sapiential love, that from both arises the third Person of the infinite and adorable Trinity in personal Loving Wisdom, being the three divine Persons adherent in eternal Virginity to each other.

There is no fruitfulness like the divine one, nor is there a virginity like that of the Eternal, God being *the Virgin One* who, in divine fruitfulness, begets, and being the divine begetting an infinite current of eternal virginity. Oh, how happy is God, how fruitful and how virgin...!

Christ's humanity, created to be united hypostatically in the person of the Word with the divine nature, is the very fine lyre that compiles in itself all the infinite perfections which, in His most simple perfection, God *is Himself One* in His Trinity.

Predestined from all of Eternity to be the humanity of the Incarnate Word, it was given to It the unique capacity to snatch and to draw to Itself the Divinity in order to be united hypostatically to it in the person of the Word.

So great was its perfection, that, when God created it, He gave it such a capacity and made it so virgin, that it could only be the humanity of the Incarnate Word; since by its creation it demanded –not because any creature could demand anything of God, but because it asked on itself for the fulfilment of the divine plan—the hypostatic union for which it had been created; and of which it was conscious from the first moment of the Incarnation by the perfect and finished plenitude of that same hypostatic union between the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word in eternal and indissoluble spousals.

And the Incarnate Word, in and by the plenitude of His Priesthood, united God with man; being Him this same Union in infinite reparation to the offended Holiness of God.

God made Mary so Virgin in the image of His eternal and infinite Virginity that, by the sublime power of His untouchable Holiness, sheltered under His shade and by the work of the Holy Spirit, could only be Mother of God Himself; since the virginity that God poured out on Her when predestining Her from all the

Eternity, was so sublime, that She had to break out into divine Motherhood, giving as fruit the Incarnate Word of the Father. Her maternal capacity, in the image and in participation of the divine fatherhood, only one fruit could She give according to the coeternal thinking of the infinite Being about Her: the divine Word become man in Her womb, under the lull and the breeze, in passing of fruitful love, of the Holy Spirit.

God made Himself a Mother who, in the image of His fatherhood, would demand to be Mother of God Himself; and God made Himself a Virgin, so much Virgin! that, in the image of His eternal Virginity, would claim for such a fruitfulness, that it had to break out into divine Motherhood.

Transcendent Virginity, You are the precious pearl for which the merchant of the Gospel sells all whatever he possesses to buy it.

O virginity, virginity...! When God wanted to make Himself a Mother, He created Her to be fruitful, so fruitful, that from Her womb would spring the very God Incarnate; being this fruitfulness of Mary the greatest fruitfulness that any pure creature would ever have or will have in Heaven or on earth.

Mary's fruitfulness is called divine Motherhood, which, raising to the very chest of the Most High, attracted to Her, through the peculiar priesthood of Her divine Motherhood the Word of Life; who, becoming incarnate in Her

womb, made possible what it is impossible by the union of God with the Man.

Tell me, Motherhood of Mary, what made you so fruitful?, what richness does Your womb have so that God Himself were to become incarnate in it?

O sublime Virginity! You are the secret of Mary's Motherhood, since I know, in a savouring that is life of transcendent light, penetrated of the divine thought, by a grace of the Holy Spirit, that the spiritual fruitfulness has its root in virginity. And I know this because, introduced into the Bosom of the Trinity, I have surprised the Eternal One giving birth, as a fruit of His uncreated Virginity, the infinite Word; seeing arise from this paternal-filial Virginity the Kiss of coeternal love that, in Holy Virginity, the Father and the Son give each other in their loving intercommunication of Divine Family, in the veiled concealment, secret and mysterious of His eternal life.

Perfect Virginity is the total possession of the infinite perfection; and God *is Himself* the eternal Perfection and the One Possessed infinitely by Himself, in a total detachment from all that is not He; since, He who Is, is what He is, in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, being what He is in the subsistent instant of *being Himself* so and *having Himself* so always been.

The utmost fruitfulness in infinite virginity is God. And after Him and the Incarnate Word,

Mary, who reached so much virginity, so much! and made Her so fruitful, so much, so much! that the Father's Word, the very uncreated Virginity, making Her fruitful, in Her became incarnate.

There is such a great and penetrating Mystery in that what I am so poorly manifesting, but which I penetrate so delightfully and savouringly, that, no matter how hard I try, I cannot give it form.

I will only know how to say that Mary was created to be Mother of God, and that the most important prerogative of the Virgin is Her divine Motherhood, by which and by means of which, all the other graces have been granted to "the full of grace"<sup>11</sup> for the Fruit of Her blessed womb. But I know also that it was necessary that Mary were Virgin in order to be Mother of God; since, in the divine order, fruitfulness needs virginity, to give the fruit that the infinite Holiness demands.

Mary was created to be Mother of God. As an indispensable consequence, God created Her Virgin, because if this had not been so, Her womb had not been able to have nor contain the sublime fruitfulness of being Mother of God; since, in the divine order the greater the virginity is, the greater the fruitfulness, as we have seen previously in the beginning of the eternal begetting in God.

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<sup>11</sup> Lk 1: 28.

And thus we see Mary, in the image of the Father, giving birth to one only Son as fruit of Her almost infinite fruitfulness. And such was this fruit, that, in both, it is the divine Word: in God, as the Only Begotten of the Father, and in Mary, as that same Only Begotten Incarnate, fruit of Her maternal virginity.

When God created Mary as Mother of the Word, He gave Her such a virginity, made Her so Virgin, so much, that She had to break out into divine Motherhood; since He created Her to be Mother of his Word, and He fashioned Himself in Her, making possible that, in a cry of: God alone, the fruit of the virginal Motherhood of Mary were the very Incarnate Word.

Mary is Mother of God according to the eternal design, for being Virgin, for having God given Her to partake on the eternal Virginity that makes Him break out into divine fruitfulness.

There is no fruitfulness like Mary's, because there is no virginity like hers; since, the greater the virginity, the deeper, more exuberant and more plethoric the fruitfulness!

O Virginity, Virginity! I stammer and defile You...; I would like to explain Your mystery, and, perhaps, I may confuse him, who reads these pages, due to my rude expression and to his human grasp...!

God, in His mysterious and divine begetting, is covered, enveloped and hidden by the veil

of His eternal Virginitv. And there, in the very depths of the Being, in its quiet depth, entering inside that *Sancta Sanctorum*, introduced by Him where He, the veil of its eternal Virginitv being raised for us, only there can we surprise that eternal Father's begetting, which, in Word of fire, my holy Trinity, breaks out into the veiled concealment of His *being Itself* Family.

The great mystery of the Incarnation had to be enveloped and covered by the veil of virginitv too; neither could the soul be introduced into that *Sancta Sanctorum* of the hypostatic union. And, as well as God in Himself is enveloped and covered, in His untouchable Holiness, by the veil of His eternal Virginitv in the veiled concealment of His divine life, being Virginitv an attribute in God, Mary is thus like the attribute of virginitv that covers on earth the great mystery of the Incarnation. Mary is the veil that hides the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the great mystery of the hypostatic union; She the Virgin who envelops this mystery of indescribable surprise; it is the Lady all White of the Incarnation who can introduce us to contemplate the great mystery that is brought about in Her womb; and it is by Her through whom we will surprise God becoming Man, and Man being God.

A cloak of eternal Virginitv shrouds the great mystery of the Divine Family, and a mantle of transcendent virginitv covers, on earth, the great mystery of the Incarnation.

Mary is so much Virgin, that She is as though the attribute that covers the awe-inspiring mystery of the hypostatic union; She is the see of the eternal Virginity who, in Her womb, God becomes Man and Man becomes God.

Oh Virginity, who holds in Your mystery the divine Word in His beginning without beginning and in the awe-inspiring mystery of the Incarnation...!

Oh Mary, full virginity, who, breaking out into fruitfulness, conceives the very Word of Life Incarnate, who makes You be, by your virginal Motherhood, Mother of all souls...! Because You are Virgin, you hold in your womb God become Man; and because You are Virgin, You are Mother of the Church, the New Eve, universal Mother of all men.

God made You His Mother so that You would be His rest and the means by which He came to men. But, as the indispensable fruit of this Motherhood, He made You Virgin, in such way that if You had not been Virgin, God's alone! You could not have been Mother of God Himself, because the divine Word Incarnate alone could be a fruit of the virginity, since the greatest fruit of fruitfulness is in the transcendent virginity by the infinite separation between the divine and the creature.

And this is the reason why God, who is the Virginity by essence, *is Himself* the infinite Fruitfulness, and when He created Mary to be His

Mother, He had to make Her in His very image: fruitful Virginity that has only one fruit: the Word, “God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, one in Being with the Father,” and “the very Imprint of His Being.”<sup>12</sup>

But “the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it” being “Israel’s Glory and Light for the Gentiles.”<sup>13</sup>

O Virginity, who robs the heart of the purest souls; who has your root in the very chest of the Most High, enveloped and covered in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of His eternal Holiness breaking out in Fatherhood; You are so fruitful, that God Himself, in His infinite subsistence of total adherence to Himself, breaks out into fruitfulness begetting His Only Begotten Son! And the Virgin was Mother as the fruit of Her cry of “God alone;” which made Her so fruitful, that made Her break out into motherhood and divine Motherhood!

These mysteries took place hidden to the carnal eyes, which, because they do not penetrate the exuberant brilliance of the consecrated soul’s virginity, replete with fruitfulness, sometimes, in their mistake and madness, even believe Her barren...

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<sup>12</sup> Nicene Creed; Heb 1: 3. <sup>13</sup> Jn 1: 5; Lk 2: 32.

“You have ravished my heart, my sister, my bride; you have ravished my heart with one glance of your eyes, with one bead of your necklace. How beautiful is your love, my sister, my bride, how much more delightful is your love than wine, and the fragrance of your ointments than all spices!

Your lips drip honey, my bride, sweet honey and milk are under your tongue; And the fragrance of your garments is the fragrance of Lebanon. You are an enclosed garden, my sister, my bride, an enclosed garden, a fountain sealed,”<sup>14</sup> says the Bridegroom in the Song of Songs.

Who, enamoured of the virgin soul, chosen by Him and consecrated to His infinite Holiness to glorify Him and –through her virginity’s fruit breaking out into fruitfulness– to give life to souls; enjoying lovingly in the intimacy of colloquies of love and overwhelming it with the nectar of His Divinity, He also expresses in the Song of Songs: “I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles and hinds of the field, do not arouse, do not stir up my beloved before her own time.”<sup>15</sup>

Because, just like the enamoured virginal soul seeks long times of prayer in order to live in intimacy with the divine Spouse, exclaiming in its innermost: “My lover belongs to me and I to

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<sup>14</sup> Sg 4: 9-12.

<sup>15</sup> Sg 2: 7.

Him;” Jesus, “who browses among the lilies,”<sup>16</sup> needs to communicate Himself to those whom He loves, since the Love is weary of not finding whom to communicate His secret: “I looked for comforters, but found none,”<sup>17</sup> because I searched he who listened to me and who understood me and I found none. And “whoever wishes to come after me must deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me. For whoever wishes to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for my sake will find it.”<sup>18</sup>

The divine Teacher, the God of the Eucharist, during a time of prayer and penetrating me with His divine wisdom at the foot of the tabernacle; while prostrated and adoring, I leant on His chest –like the Apostle Saint John at the last Supper– perceiving the beats of His heart full of wailings and loving moans; exercising the peculiar priesthood in the priestly posture that He Himself taught my soul: receiving Him in unconditional openness, responding to Him in loving return, taking His eternal donations to souls, and putting men together in order to bring them before Him;

quietly and pantingly, full of loving wails, He penetrated the marrow of my spirit with these deep, sacrosanct and mysterious words that were engraved in the innermost of my heart:

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<sup>16</sup> Sg 2: 16.

<sup>17</sup> Ps 68: 21.

<sup>18</sup> Mt 16: 24-25.

“My whole self is love and souls do not love me.”

A lament that, kindling in live embers the marrow of my spirit, hurled me again in my untiring, piercing and vehement cry of:

Glory for God! Souls for His bosom! That alone! The rest does not matter!

Piercing cry of the consecrated soul that was chosen to be with the divine Teacher and to send it in order to communicate the secret received in His divine Chest; which, like a kindled volcano, impels the heart of those whom He loves in torturing thirst for souls, to quench His lament:

“Let the one who thirsts come forward, and the one who wants it receive the gift of life-giving water.”

“Let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink. Whoever believes in Me rivers of living water will flow from within him.”

“Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood has eternal life, and I will raise him on the last day.”<sup>19</sup>

Therefore the soul, priestly or consecrated to God, listening to Jesus and receiving Him, impelled by the piercing request of His blessed chest and penetrated by the divine thought, has to seek untiringly the way to show God’s countenance in the beautiful face of holy Mother

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<sup>19</sup> Rv 22: 17; Jn 7: 37-38; 6: 54.

Church, where God Himself *gives Himself* to us, in a delirium of love, full of infinite mercy, with the heart of the Father, the song of the Word and the love of the Holy Spirit. Because the men who lose God have lost the purpose of the reason for being since we were created solely and exclusively to possess Him and to live by participation, the same life that He lives in Trinitarian intercommunication of Divine Family.

And it must also be, through its life and its word, its modesty and outer composure, and its inner recollection, full of enkindled love for God and for men, a radiating proclamation of its vocation of living and consecrated Church in the midst of a world corrupted, gripped and enslaved by its passions and concupiscences.

O Virginité, Virginité, where all fruitfulness springs from, splendid manifestation of the infinite splendour of He who Is, allow me to sing my poems of glory to You in Your beauty; since attracted by the scent of Your perfumes like an enamoured bride of the spotless Lamb, running after Him –since “Your name spoken is a spreading perfume” and “Your love is more delightful than wine!–,”<sup>20</sup> I was introduced into the divine banquet of the virgins’ Bridegroom.

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<sup>20</sup> Sg 1: 3. 2.

Robbed by Your richness and beauty, o transcendent Virginity, I renounced human fruitfulness, because I had a premonition of a great mystery that, without understanding it, tasted of “eternal life, that pays all debts;”<sup>21</sup> notwithstanding that, when I consecrated myself to God, I would have to renounce that sort of general law that we all have of being fruitful, of giving life.

“Listen, my daughter, and understand; pay me careful heed, forget your people and your father’s house, that the king desires your beauty:”

“Instead of your fathers you will have sons; you shall make them princes through all the land.”<sup>22</sup>

And today, when God in His infinite Holiness of transcendent Virginity has enveloped my whole being, when I feel imbued with His scents, when I am totally happy, and as though anointed, possessed and bathed by the nectar of the excellence of the infinite Being, that makes my soul perceive: “Your voice is sweet to my mouth,”<sup>23</sup> sending me to manifest Him; I have to sing, o beloved Virginity, a hymn of glory to You, because, by participation in my God, and under the maternal shelter of Mary, my fruitfulness has extended so much, that I

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<sup>21</sup> St. John of the Cross.

<sup>23</sup> Cf. Sg 2: 3. 14.

<sup>22</sup> Ps 44: 11-12a. 17.

feel, see and experience myself, participating in the Church's fruitfulness, and being within Her the tiny Echo of Her songs, universal mother of all the souls.

Let him who feels sort of an infinite need for spiritual fruitfulness come to drink in the un-created Source of virginity, which is given to us by Christ, the virgins' Bridegroom, through Mary in the wide bosom of holy Mother Church, replete and saturated with virginity, as the Immaculate Bride of the Lamb; who was be-decked by the Holy Spirit with all His fruits, gifts and charismas the day of Her eternal spousals at Pentecost, to saturate all men with Divinity!

Soul who listens to me, you who needs to give life and to have descendants, if you want, if you feel called, if there is in you a longing for the Infinite, renounce that fatherhood or human motherhood that will give you children whom you can count on the fingers of one hand, and embrace this state of virginity or consecrated chastity which will make your fatherhood or spiritual motherhood so fruitful, that your descendants will be, in the likeness of our Father Abraham, "as the stars of the sky and the sands of the sea."<sup>24</sup>

I feel impelled to announce to him who intends to set up a home in order to be sur-

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<sup>24</sup> Gn 22: 17.

rounded by children and thus be able to give glory to God by means of that same fruitfulness, manifesting to him, that there is a fruitfulness above that which his human sight knows, and which has the reason for being in the very infinite Fruitfulness of the eternal Virginity.

And although not everyone is able, as Jesus said, “to accept this word –virginity–, but only those to whom that is granted; whoever can accept this ought to accept it,”<sup>25</sup> living on earth, like God’s angels, a prelude of Eternity. Since in Heaven, “those who are deemed worthy to attain to the coming age and to the resurrection of the dead neither marry nor are given in marriage. They can no longer die, for they are like angels; and they are children of God, being children of the resurrection;”<sup>26</sup>

living in an act of pure love, on: God alone in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, and possessed and shared in eternal joy by each and everyone of the blessed.

However, most beloved child of holy Church, if you do not feel called or capable –since “it is better to marry than to be on fire–,”<sup>27</sup> and you feel inclined to set up a home, consider that, no matter how large the number of your natural offspring be, ahead of you is a spiritual offspring that expects life from you. Since the *soul-*

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<sup>25</sup> Cf. Mt 19: 11. 12d.

<sup>27</sup> 1 Cor 7: 9.

<sup>26</sup> Lk 20: 35-36.

*Church*, through its engraftment onto Christ, being a living and vivifying member of its Mystical Body, must be universal; so that its irradiation may extend to the men of all times, people, race and nation.

O virginity and perfect and sublimated chastity, replete with fruitfulness, so beloved, longed for and craved for by my soul consecrated to Christ!

This word, "virginity," contains a mystery of fruitfulness sort of infinite. Look, child of Mother Church, whatever your status may be, how fruitful virginity is, that, even among souls consecrated to God, the most virgin is the most fruitful; not the one who preaches the most, nor the one who is seen the most, but the one who, becoming one thing with the uncreated Virginity, becomes so virgin, so much of God alone and only for Him, so much, so much, so much! that it breaks out as the fruit of its virginity, in spiritual fruitfulness, receiving the gift that the divine Bridegroom makes to His chosen ones: to be like the Apostles, fishermen of men, sending them to preach the Gospel.

He who shares in the divine Virginity the more, the more will he be fruitful. For the virgin has his utmost fruitfulness in the void of all that is earthly and in the fullness of God alone; since virginity itself has its beginning, root and depth in the divine Virginity; that is why, the greater the virginity, the greater the fruitfulness.

Insofar as you live on God alone, will you be able to give life, and thus, your descendants will extend from one generation to another, getting your spiritual irradiation, replete with fruitfulness to have its complete and replete rest, only by being universal Church, in Eternity.

Soul who listens to me, perhaps a priest or a bride of Christ, man or woman consecrated to Him, do you want to know to what extent you are father or mother of souls? The virginity that you possess will be the measure of your union with God in a cry of He alone and, therefore, of your spiritual fruitfulness; since virginity or perfect chastity is a cry of: God alone! which points out to you the way to follow in order to be fruitful and thus give life to souls.

O virginity, virginity of the people consecrated to God! men believe you are not fruitful because they don't know you, not knowing that all spiritual fruitfulness is in you and through you.

O Virginity, let my soul, even without being able to express You and what I may say about You tasting to me of defilement, sing to the Infinite a *Magnificat* of my whole being who needs to manifest the love that it feels for You, —O Virginity vehemently sought and coveted, since I discovered You in irresistible yearning for possessing God—, and the gratefulness that it feels to God Himself owing to the received gift!

“My soul magnifies the Lord,”<sup>28</sup> because the Bridegroom of the virgins set His gaze on me, to be wed “in right and in justice, in love and in mercy,”<sup>29</sup> to His infinite Virginity; “and my spirit rejoices in God my savior,”<sup>30</sup> because the divine Bridegroom has made me His virgin, so fruitful, that my spiritual motherhood extends to all times and to the far ends of the earth.

I need to be virgin, wholly and of God alone, knowing that, insofar as I am such, I will become one thing with God Himself and, in imitation of Mary, a sort of an incarnation of the Word will be take place in me. And thus, being a living temple and the dwelling of the Most High, I will give God to souls and divine life to the world; since my virginity, making me the bride of the adorable Trinity in its eternal Virginity, asks me, being by participation that same Trinity, from my soul and in my soul, in the same Bosom of God who dwells in me, to give Jesus to souls and take, in my priestly posture, the fruit of my fruitfulness to God Himself.

O Love...! I need to be fruitful and give You descendents “as the sands of the sea and the stars of the Heaven;” and this I will attain on account of my virginity and insofar as I live on it.

Children, come to the table...! “Let anyone who thirst come to me and drink,” and anyone who hunger, come and eat, for in the bosom

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<sup>28</sup> Lk 1: 46.

<sup>29</sup> Hos 2: 21.

<sup>30</sup> Lk 1: 47.

of the Holy Mother Church, by the wonder of the sublime Sacrament will be given to you “the living Bread” and “the spring of water welling up to eternal life.”<sup>31</sup>

Children, come to the table and “inebriate, most beloved ones,” living in a prelude of Eternity like God’s angels in the divine banquet of the eternal Virginity, of the infinite Happiness, of the eternal Fruitfulness...!

Come, yes, all my beloved souls, come to drink. Come “to my garden, to gather my myrrh and my spices, to eat my honey and my sweetmeats, to drink my wine and my milk. Come, friends, drink and inebriate”<sup>32</sup> with me, because the banner that the virgins’ Bridegroom “raised over me is a flag of love;”<sup>33</sup> and that is why my soul, running after Him, will sing the eternal glories of His infinite love.

O Virginity, Virginity, the more I utter You, the more I defile You...! For, how will the human tongue be able to sing Your virtues that spring from Your infinite and coeternal Being?

In silence, immersed under the abyss of my wretchedness, the Love made me so virgin, that He sank me into His mystery and, penetrated by His eternal wisdom, launched me into manifesting Him.

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<sup>31</sup> Jn 6: 51; 4: 14.      <sup>32</sup> Sg 5: 1.

<sup>33</sup> Sg 2: 4.

17-9-1972

## ADORE, SOUL OF MINE

*Adore, soul of mine,*  
in tender mystery,  
listen to the heartbeat  
of God that is inside,  
and in tender *loves*  
and in sweet cauterly,  
kiss the bride-soul  
with immense love.

Suspend not God's passing by  
in silence;  
adore and wait,  
keep your secret;  
silence the voices  
of Him, who in your inner being,  
tells you romances  
in flames of fire.

*Adore, soul of mine,*  
adore in your bosom,  
for the sweet breeze  
of the eternal Breath  
is breathing  
within your chest.  
Do not make any noise,  
be quiet,  
for God is very deep  
and *gives Himself* to you in a kiss.

Poor explanation,  
vile concepts!,  
human words,  
clumsy thoughts...!

How am I to say  
with my poor accent  
the smooth passing  
of God, without concepts?

How am I to explain  
this slow living,  
this perceiving  
of the Immense, inside...?  
Within my innermost being,  
inside my chest,  
in the deep depth  
of my captivity,  
at the fine point  
where the Word dwells,  
where the Father begets  
in His concealment  
and both of them burn  
in immense Love!

*Adore, soul of mine,*  
for God is inside  
living His life  
in your open bosom.

Adore prostrate  
and listen to the Eternal One,  
because He speaks to you  
in flames of fire,  
in sweet martyrdoms,  
in slow cauteries...

Plunge into your depth,  
you will see what a mystery...

When God comes close  
to my wounded chest,  
there in my inner being  
all is silence,  
and all noise  
tastes of a torment to me;  
all that is earthly  
is as though a lament  
that leaves me pressed,  
that pushes me inside.

*Adore, soul of mine,*  
and listen in silence,  
because God passes  
in a breeze of fire!

*“Fruits of prayer”*

1920. The passage of the Immense One over the soul is perceived as an army which, in myriads of imposing strength, utters, in its overwhelming impetus, a delicate whistle of gentle softness in abysmal depth of Trinitarian union. (28-6-62)

1921. Silence! the Love passes over the soul of the bride with His quiet utterance of infinite softness. (28-6-62)

1922. The whisper of Your passing through my soul sounds to me as a delicate whistle of sacred anointment that, saying to me a Father's heart, it tastes to me of Eternity. (28-6-62)

1923. How great it is to feel that one is the spouse of the Holy Spirit! There is nothing comparable, since His touch is so delicate, that it has a deep savouring of Eternity. (18-9-74)

1924. When God in His passing or His settling acts burningly in the marrow of the spirit, the heat of His fire is perceived: “Your cheeks are like a half-pomegranate,”<sup>1</sup> reddened by the kiss of the mouth of Yhaweh. (11-5-76)

1925. God passes or settles. And the soul accustomed to His passing or His settling, hears Him coming; and that hearing to Him stirs its

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<sup>1</sup> Sg 4: 3.

spirit in love of reception... He is its Beloved who comes, like the tiny deer, running all over the hills of Gilead, to visit His beloved bride; and she becomes inflamed with the closeness of His passing. (11-5-76)

1926. The request of the Eternal to my being is like an all-consuming fire that drives me to do what I have to do and to say what I have to say. (30-9-74)

1927. God *is Himself* the awesome God who, when He rushes to the soul to work on it to try it, He pulverizes it, purifying it with His powerful hand. (7-4-67)

1928. How good it is to feel the Immense in the soul, although it be tearing the latter to pieces in order to immolate it! But, how good is God always! (7-4-67)

1929. The Love kisses the interior of the spirit. Silence... and inwards, for the Love passes with a touch of divinity...! How deep, how sweet, how tender, how cauterising, how penetrating, how infinite and how eternal the Holy Spirit is...! (15-2-76)

1930. The touch of the Holy Spirit is yearnings for Eternity, desires of perfection, urgencies for the Infinite, search for the loved Good. (7-4-67)

1931. How sweet it is to feel kissed by God on the substance of the soul, in silence! (17-3-63)

19-5-1975

## THE LOVE IS SURROUNDING ME

The Love is kissing  
with impetuous kiss,  
in silence.

Like a romance of *loves*,  
He is saying words,  
in secret.

Deep is His heartbeat,  
in my marrow I feel it,  
without concepts.

Since the living God “breathes”  
where He dwells, therein,  
in my bosom.

Inside is my Lover,  
in piercing cautery;  
like a fiery arrow,  
this I notice.

Kissing are the volcanoes  
which short arrows at my chest  
with sharp penetration  
of mystery.

The Love is surrounding  
the silenced encounters  
of His silent passing,  
in cauteries.

Moved heart,  
beat inside the chest!  
in beats of pure love,  
for God conceals Himself with fire  
in your enclosure.

Infinite Majesty  
in infinitude of Immense,  
You pass kissing upon kissing  
from Your height to this earthly ground,  
behind the veils.

Conversations that invite,  
by the voices of silence,  
to adore the Infinite  
in the everlasting way  
of the Heavens...

Let my chest break out in songs!  
burst out, in his quiet way,  
uttering the excellences  
of the Infinite One in His *being Himself*  
on earth!

Burning flames of pure love,  
fill my chest with live coals!  
because God passes kissing  
inside, with His eternal way,  
at my centre.

Leave me, creatures,  
go straight past this enclosure!  
Do not interrupt the *loves*  
between my soul and my Master,  
in words of love!

Leave me, for God kisses me,  
deep, very deep inside,  
in the chest...!

17-12-1981

## SMALL PARTICLES

Until now I did not know, O Jesus of my *loves*, another new wonder of Your love among men...

I approach the Holy Eucharist reverently, with tremors every day, almost without wanting to brush You with my clumsy mouth, because I know, in my poverty, the eternal perfections of Your sublime sublimeness, in Your divine fires...

It is with surprise that today I have known, that particles which fall from the hands of Your anointed without anybody noticing it...: tiny...! so small...! that, although he who loves may not want this, they fall off inadvertently, like a kiss that You give from Your height to my baseness, in order to kiss this earthly ground with infinite mercy...

Like a beggar, You shower thousands of pardons with the breeze of Your flight, when the great wonder of the sublime Sacrament takes place by the loving, reprehensible or trembling word, of one of Your elect who, in powerful will, was chosen by Yourself...

It does not matter how the one who consecrates is! in order that the great wonder may be

brought about, namely that the bread turn into You and the wine change into Blood, since in Your love You have wanted to replete, as Food, by means of this wonder, whoever may want to eat You with love, scorn or negligence...

But my soul in love, has become enthralled by ardours that rumble in the depth of my chest, at the knowledge that particles fall off, after You have come from the height of Heavens to the consecrated Host, which was transubstantiated by the efficacy which You have put, through the Sacrament, in the mouth of Your anointed...

That You fall, Jesus of mine, from the altar to the ground...?! That You vanish without anyone noticing it, and perhaps You are stepped on, for being so hidden and forgotten by all...?!

May be, Jesus of my soul, that perhaps I, too, have walked over across my ways, at that enormous moment when You had fallen off, and my foot, full of mud, inadvertently, had landed upon You...! And thus You may have kissed me, telling me in this way, so humble and so simple –but of such excellence in Your sublime dignity– the *loves* of Your chest: of that enkindled volcano! which burns in burning flames for telling me in a thousand ways Your kisses, Your tenderness, Your conquests, Your affections...

What a surprise this has caused me, when I knew, in Your wisdom, this new gift of Your

sacred designs...! Powerful manifestation! that, by being Love who is able to and being Love who loves, in Your love You have managed, without him who loves You knowing it, to be stepped upon, and who knows if, perhaps, You have even been spat upon...!

I know my blessed Jesus, that, in You, Your self-giving is oblivion. O if it were possible for You to forget the excellent excellence of Your infinite and possessed *Being Yourself*...! Since Your glory was to surrender, when, in Your eternal design, You decided to save me, in order to take me to the spousals of Your divine banquets.

Nothing surprises me coming from you! Because what I learned most of whatever in me You have instilled, is to know that, all that I know is nothing, if I compare it with the plethoric fullness of Your *Being Yourself* been, having in You the great power, in Your indefinite way, of *being Yourself* all that You *are Yourself*, and to do all that You want manifesting outwards the powers hidden from the eternal ages in Your en-kindled volcano.

Today I kiss You, like an enamoured bride, trembling and adoring, in the passing of the ages in all those particles that have fallen on the ground; in order to tell You, in the tenderesses that from my soul have arisen, when discovering the mystery that has afflicted my spirit in *loves*, so that I may love with this new nuance of my wounded heart...

I loved You at the heights and in the hidden tabernacle, after You *gave Yourself* everywhere in divine Food, through the hands of Your anointed, in the Sacrament...

I Loved You in my heart, when I had received You...; in the chest of men...; in the soul of my children...; and I repaired lovingly and painfully, in the way that I could, for the great profanations that always have been committed by those who do not discover You, for not having known You.

But never, beloved Spouse, I had caressed within the uproar of men who, when passing by, because You had fallen down, had stepped on You, without knowing that they made such a mistake...!

Your *loves* are so great and mine so small, that I cannot comprehend the splendiddness of this gift, which has rumbled in my whole being!

But, if I have now discovered this new gift, so many ways will be left aside, without ever being discovered, while I dwell in the exile, to my stifled living...!

Today I also want to kiss You, with my touched chest, in so many and so many ways that are unknown to me, by the eternal gift of Your love for me...

Thank You for loving us so much...! and in so many different ways that You infinite excel-

lence determined to carry-out, because being Love that, being able, manifested His *loves*, according to the sublime might of His divine powers...!

Today I kiss You, loved Spouse, next to the hidden tabernacle, with my adoring spirit and my touched chest, when I grasped surprisingly so many ways! so sublime and divine, of the love wherewith You love us by Your eternal power...

Come, children of the Church! Kiss Jesus with me!; let us adore reverently the God who has fallen on the ground; being all of us one sole response, as He has always requested of me, towards His Gift which is hidden deep inside the tabernacle...

“Work of the Church,” do not delay! I am your Mother... Today I beg you so!

9-5-1972

## MY TIMES BEFORE THE TABERNACLE

*My times before the tabernacle are*  
the preludes of the Eternal,  
my joys of Glory,  
my cravings for Heaven...

*My times before the tabernacle are*  
where, in mourning grieves,  
I cry with my suffering God,  
I collect His sorrows,  
I perceive His martyrdoms  
and I am consumed in His fires...

*My times before the tabernacle are*  
where my open spirit  
receives the omnipotence  
of the immense Powers;  
it is there where I feel fruitful,  
where I embrace the universe,  
where I reach everywhere,  
in order to fulfil the mission  
of my thirsty spirit...  
giving souls to God  
by my mission as Echo  
in the holy Mother Church,  
immersed in Her mystery.

*In my times before the tabernacle,*  
permeated With the Immense,

I radiate throughout the world  
the songs of my Word.

*My times before the tabernacle are*  
yearnings in torment,  
for not finding the One whom I long for  
behind the light of His mystery.

*My times before the tabernacle are,*  
whether in Heavenly clarities,  
or in the sad darks,  
those that fill the torturing  
caverns of my chest.

\* \* \*

I seek God in the strange way  
that He is given to us in the exile:  
in the happiness of glory  
or in winter solitudes...

But it does not matter to the one  
who loves  
with nostalgias of the Eternal  
to wait day after day,  
knowing that a tabernacle  
is the gate of the Heavens!

That is why I search in my life,  
in my nights and my sorrows,  
in my tortures of death,  
in my bloodless martyrdom,  
in my prolonged waiting

and in the night of winter,  
when the frost covers me,  
when hell attacks me,  
behind the doors of the tabernacle  
the opening of the Heavens...!

What does it matters to me that  
I do not feel  
in the presence of my open tabernacle,  
if the torch of the faith,  
as a lighted star,  
utters to me that that Bread  
is the glory of the Eternal...?!

Therefore, search, son of mine,  
with untiring efforts,  
with death agonies  
and even with hell tortures,  
for long moments before the tabernacle,  
although you only perceive,  
in your pitiful suffering  
within the darkness,  
the tragedy of the dead God...

Seek times before the tabernacle,  
without looking for anything else  
but the Eternal,  
waiting for nothing but Him;  
knowing through the hope  
that, eventually, the Heavens  
will be opened...!

Do not get tired, because love  
does not know discouragement!

Therefore, pray untiringly  
before your open tabernacle,  
where the Lord has remained  
in a small Sustenance,  
so that you may seek Him  
with hopes in fire...

Pray untiring, son of mine,  
for my heart, wounded  
by the voices of the Eternal,  
today lovingly begs you  
with my outcries in zeal...!

Pray untiring, son of mine,  
so that you may taste Heaven!  
And pray untiring, son of mine,  
giving consolation to Jesus.

*“Fruits of prayer”*

1495. The most precious gift for the enamoured soul, is the cross of Christ, where He gives His glory to us. (6-4-67)

1496. The cross is the kingdom of the love for those of us who seek and love Christ crucified. (22-4-75)

1497. How can he say that he loves, he who, in the presence of the pain of the beloved person, gets frightened and leaves Him in His dying solitude? (16-8-77)

1498. The love needs to give the Lord the utmost, and this, while we are on earth, is demonstrated by remaining on Calvary with the divine Crucified. (1-2-64)

1500. The triumph of love is the cross, since only in it is demonstrated the love to the beloved person. (16-8-77)

1503. The greatest joy of the enamoured soul, is to be able to suffer something for and with the loved person. (6-4-67)

1504. Do you say that you love and you flee from pain? Pardon me, beloved soul, you are confused. Love requires crucifixion, and suffering will increase love. (30-10-61)

1506. The bread of those who love is on the cross, where the infinite Love was given to us in bloody manifestation to take us with Him. (14-4-67)

1507. Thank You, Lord, for making me participate in Your agonies, solitudes, incomprehensions and sorrows of death. Thank You, my Jesus, thank You! (22-4-75)

1508. When the water reaches as far as my neck and I cannot touch the bottom, when I am overwhelmed by sadness, fear envelops me and pain crushes me, I give a cry of joy, I hold fast to my Crucified, and sing on the cross empty of all consolations, the infinite and the unknown richness that my Christ shed over my Church when He, dying, gave Himself to Her. (1-3-61)

1510. The cross is Love's gift to loving souls; that is why, on it, my soul finds a deep savouring of spiritual joy. (27-5-71)

1512. How easy the cross becomes for the soul that knows how to suffer for love's sake, and how difficult for the one whose love is so little, that he does not even know how to long for the cross! (27-11-63)

1514. The cross is the assured prize that the Bridegroom offers me today as a token of His love for me. (10-9-63)

1516. The cross, whichever it may be, was so sublimated by Christ, that now, whenever it is borne with love for Him, is a path to glory, an encounter with God and a love of response. Thus, the cross is pain, but in love for whom we love. (1-5-76)

1517. The soul that suffers with the crucified Christ is a seedbed for the Church, a bearer of souls for Eternity. (7-3-67)

1518. Soul of mine, do not cry. God is truthful! Soul of mine, suffer, be quiet and smile while dying, if it is necessary, for the sake of the Church... Rejoice in your death; and, when you cannot bear it anymore, do not forget that God is your eternal rest. If, when going to Him, He requests from you something which brings about your death, do not flee from it, for thereafter you will find the resurrection and the life. (25-4-75)

28-4-1975

## HEART, GO ON...

I seek God in the nostalgias of my soul,  
and the voice of His infinite power  
responds to me in silence,  
inviting me to follow Him with my cross  
along His way.

Is sincere the loving chest  
which urgently demands with groanings  
the Love whom, in His inner being,  
by the brush of His kiss, He had wounded it;

it is a mystery of unprecedented conquests  
in which it has known how to overcome  
the Lover who, in love, seals its soul  
with His passing and noiselessly.

Expressions that escape  
with restrained laments,  
yearning in his nostalgias for the encounter  
with Him who seeks with the soul  
become groanings...

Heart, do not torture yourself, launch  
into the air  
the repressed desires of your chest,  
that God knows the reasons for whatever  
you enclose  
behind the veils of silence hidden in your nights.

O mystery of inexplicable surprise...!  
a tabernacle, with its so simple ways,  
enclosing the *Being Himself* in His being  
the Word,  
and it appears as though mute and soundless...

Heart, do not get confused, run to the  
encounter,  
because the Love, in your nostalgia, is hidden,  
having you soar up on His wings after His  
passing  
and knowing the moanings of your  
innermost being!

Do not get frightened, heart, go on your way!  
for although the Lover is silent,  
He has not fallen asleep;  
He is on alert to the desires of your chest,  
since He knows the rumbling of its beats.

Do not worry, heart, go on in your yearning!  
Do not stop, heart, soar up high!

*“Fruits of prayer”*

653. How good it is to lean the head on the chest of Christ and, resting on Him, to thus give Him repose! (1-2-64)

654. Rest only on the Love and thus you will give Him repose. Seek rest for Him in your soul and souls that make Him rest. (26-3-64)

655. The Lord wants you to listen to Him and in order to give you His secret of infinite love and, as a result of this, open into you a thirst for souls. (1-2-64)

656. Lord, those who console You in the midst of Your desolation are the ones who only seek to console You even at the cost of their crucifixion. (28-11-59)

657. How faithful are the souls when You console them...! And the very same ones, how unfaithful when, on trial, You ask them for consolation! (28-11-59)

658. Because I demand a pure love of immolation and self-oblivion, I saw myself alone, and “I looked for comforters but found none.”<sup>1</sup> (28-11-59)

659. Now I know, my Jesus, that the place where one reposes to sleep, is one’s own home;

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<sup>1</sup> Ps 68: 21.

therefore, sleep in me, even though I do not experience in my life anything but the breathing of Your sleep, thus knowing that I comfort You in hard journey. (20-3-62)

660. Lord, are You tired?, don't You have where to sleep?, everybody asks You for feasts...? Come, Beloved, sleep, for I, watching Your sleep, will not wake You up, because I am in Your hard journey a bed where You may repose and find Your rest. (20-3-62)

661. The one who loves knows how to wait for Jesus to repose asleep in his soul; but the one who does not know anything about love, at the first sleep of the Bridegroom, runs away to look for other *loves* that do not sleep. (20-3-62)

662. Does Jesus sleep in your soul? You are a trustworthy bride when He has laid His rest on you. (20-3-62)

663. Lord, I give you this, and that, and all that You ask me; but, tell me that I make You rest! (26-3-64)

664. Jesus, if I am not of comfort to your hurt soul, I will die of painful love. (11-11-59)

665. How hard it is to see Christ so lonely and unknown, being so much love and so unloved...! Jesus, we do not want You to be so hurt by the

lack of affection, and that is why, we love You with the Holy Spirit and Our Lady. (21-1-75)

666. Jesus of mine, we want to love You with the tenderness of Our Lady of Bethlehem, the protection of the Father and the fire of the Holy Spirit. (22-12-74)

23-4-1977

## YOUR REQUEST IN MY CHEST

To listen to You... to receive You... To get into Your hurt chest and to know that You are wounded in love, for loving me so much; and that You conceal in Your hours of silence, cloistered behind the doors of the tabernacle, the agonizing mystery of pierced heart, choked by Your grieves of pent up wails.

In a moment penetrating by cautery You have shown to my *loves*, my Master, that You are lonely in solitudes of repressed secrets, for not finding who may listen, thus, adoring, in Your chest, to Your heartbeats.

I have known that You, puffing search for us, and that You want confidants who may give rest to Your ever loving soul, overflowing with enkindled *loves*.

In no time, I have understood so much...! In an instant when I looked towards the Tabernacle, You have inflamed me with the fires of knowledge, sharply permeating my senses; and I have known that, if You wait for centuries in prolonged silences without humans knowing Your groanings, You are not comfortable being

left hidden and without “sounds” after the notes of silence.

It is due to our poor grasp, which does not know how to comprehend, in the so divine way that You have of explaining, “thus,” to the souls, all that You hold tight in the depth of your stifled chest...

I have seen today, in a moment of loving romances, something sweet and painful which has wounded my heart: The beloved Master of my afflicted spirit is alone...!

pressed by urgencies of nostalgias and in melancholic oblivion of those He loves so much and who were chosen to be His confidants and to send them to show Him throughout the ages...!

waiting untiringly, in case one day, remembering Him, they would listen to Him, and know the *loves* so divine, that burn His innermost being, towards the consecrated people, due to the contained zeals of the Love of *loves*, who calls without being heard...!

You have told me, beloved Spouse, without words and without noise, in the so secret way that You have, to enter through the senses of my soul:

To console Your sufferings...! to love You together with those of mine...! to listen to You in Your silences of stifled nostalgias...! Since

You wish to disclose to me the secrets of the depth of Your pierced chest, which, wounded by so much love has bled, on account of Your sufferings...!

And to enter into secret; for You want, with the notes muted by the *touching* of mystery, reveal to me all that You contain in Your open heart, should someone want to enter in order to taste Your holdings...

But, if You keep silent, beloved Master, Jesus of mine, it is not for lack of words or desires of saying Yourself to the poor, tiny little and simple ones! it is because they are absent-minded without knowing how to grasp Your yearning, and “thus” make You rest while they repose for long hours, becoming one, there, in Your Bosom!

You have stolen my heart, extolled, when You have told me, my Bridegroom, without words or sounds, in the piercing depth of my wounded heart, to, adoringly, console You, “thus,” become one with those of mine, calling for me in Your chest;

and to listen to Your groans and assimilate Your heartbeats, and the ringing of Your chest, and the blazing of spirit burned by the fires of the Eternal.

You are God! Jesus of my soul, sweet Bridegroom and Master of mine, who bursts, like a

volcano that in Himself is been, in eternal blazes through Your open heart in sapiential groanings...

Groanings of eternal love, that are left unknown for not finding anyone who will listen quietly to Your heartbeats...!

How much, in no time, have I understood so much...!

And I say: "in no time have I known," because time did not count when, in a single second, I have understood Your mystery:

That You ask for consolation from me...? That I make reparation for the oversights of those who do not love You, and that I perceive the groaning of lacerated soul, leaning "thus" on Your chest, become one with my children...?

Do I look for anything else, apart from You, my Beloved, other than to introduce myself into Your depth, and there to live the reasons why that in You it is concealed after centuries, hidden...?

If I could express what today I have comprehended, when seeing Your sacred eyes looking, in the distance, for anointed ones, waiting for confidants who may gather Your groans...!

I love You...! You love me...! in *loves* so known which mutually we give each other,

without myself understanding how that has always been my constant union with You, Jesus...!

You made me Your confidant, a receiver chosen by You, containment of Your mysteries, so that, in my waiting, You *give Yourself* to me, according to my style, telling me all that You hold inside in petition of affection...!

You are, my sweet Lover, so conqueror to me! that my whole life is Yours, without wishing anything but to love, giving my children to You as a fruit.

How much I knew in one instant next to You, dear Jesus...!: I knew that my God wept through the groaning of His Anointed!

25-6-1982

## I LOVE YOU, JESUS

I love You, Jesus, as in my early years; without the brilliance of that youth, but with the unconditional surrender of a life loaded with mysteries and sealed by the lack of understanding and the contempt of those who are not You.

I love You, Jesus, because You are the centre of my existence, the whole of my life and the breathing, although now puffing, of my heart.

I love You, Jesus, because You are all that I desire and my sole reason for being. Without You, without my times before the tabernacle leaning on Your chest, without the vibration of the marrow of my spirit which has me only and always centred on the untiring search for Your glory, and without the nostalgia of Your definitive encounter, what would become of me...?!

I seek You because I have You, but not in the way I long for You. I need Your pervasive closeness, gaze of loving explanation, Your silenced smile that shows to me the tortuous paths of my journey, ever seeking the fulfilment of Your will.

I sigh for You, Jesus of my soul, because only when I am in You, I find myself in my

centre. You are the happiness of my enamoured heart, the fullness of the love of my extolled chest, the craving of my life enthralled by the contemplation of Your face penetrated by infinite splendours.

I love You, Jesus of mine, because You are the Spouse of my soul of virgin-mother, saturated and pierced by pain in the land of incomprehension, of sin because of the absence of God.

I look for You everywhere and, if I always find You, it is because there where I call for You, You are waiting for me with Your cross in a Gethsemane which speaks to me of Eternity...

You know, Jesus of my tabernacle, how and how much I do need You, and how and how much I do have You, and how and how much I do miss You, and how and how much I do call You, and how and how much I do loss You, and how and how much I do call for You and I do have You in the nights of my terrible desolation...!

You now, because You are the Infinite Wisdom, the most recondite reality of the marrow of my being, and penetrating the whys of my life almost annihilated by the incomprehensions of my silences, You offer me, from Your Silence, the understanding of Your love in the transcendent mystery of the Eucharist...

I love You, Jesus, in a love that is my entire life in *loves* of self-surrender, in renunciations

loaded with sorrows, in nostalgias sealed by the secret, in urgencies that demand the extension of Kingdom by the conquest of Your eternal plans fulfilled throughout the ages by means of all those whom you chose for Yourself.

My existing, my living, my remaining silent, my struggling, my waiting and even my dying, is only love for the Jesus of my tabernacle, for the Spouse of my heart, for the Master of my youth, of my maturity and of my old age.

He is the whole in my life, and my life is solely and all for Him... That is why, when I lose Him, I get lost and I cry out like the hind torn and parched for the cooling waters of the crystalline stream...

I love You, Jesus, as only You know and as, somehow, I also know it. And because I love You I am ready, with Your strength, to follow You always, and even to wait for You, if due to an impossibility You should thus ask me, however long the ages endure, in light or in darkness, in triumph or in apparent failure, in the company of those whom I love or in solitude without them all.

You alone are my all and, for me, in You and by You, all things have their strength, their sense and their reason for being. To seek in You and in all whom You have entrusted to me, to do Your will and give You glory, is the sole exigency of my enamoured heart and consecrated in total and unconditional self-surren-

der to Your infinite love from my youth, doing all that You request for me.

I do need Your light, because I am parched waiting for Your encounter...; but I wait for You calmly for as long as You wish, because the love that I have for You is above my experiences regarding the way You act on me.

I love You as You may love me and as You may want to give Yourself to me, because I seek not my glory or my joy, but Yours.

I understood, from my early years of consecrating myself to You, that my life had only one meaning: to give rest to You, to make You smile; to make others happy with the fullness of Your life, and to end the race of my pilgrimage, exhausted by a life loaded with travails, after the conquest of being in everything and always only glory for You.

I already know, Jesus of my *loves*, about my struggles and conquests, about clear days and prolonged nights, about splendours of Glory on Tabor and devastating Gethsemanes. I have already enjoyed what is to rejoice at Your Life and to die for sake of being Church in constant destruction for the conquest of Your Kingdom. And I already know, above all, that my way of giving glory to You, which is the only thing that I seek after in my existence, is to cling in all and always with the greatest joy and the strength that I can, to that with Your will may be pointing out to me in my disposition, my

posture and my life-style. Therefore, from the depth of my being, in the marrow of my spirit, I seek nothing but Your glory how and where You want me to be, even though I may die in the irresistible nostalgia for Your definitive encounter...

I only yearn for and need, in order to be happy, to be as You want me to be and to know that I am the way You may want to keep me.

I love You, Jesus of mine, and today it comes out of my soul to tell You so, because I need to listen to it and I also need You to listen to me so. Although You and me already know it...!

Thank You Jesus, because I love You this way, which is the glorious triumph of love in the destruction of a life as a loving response of my gift to Your love...

15-1-1974

## MY PEACE

Peace is like the breeze of the sea  
on a calm day,  
in the resounding of its serene waves  
that come and go  
without letting them reveal their task,  
because they are calm  
in their being and in their doing,  
according to what they are.

Peace is something deep, secret,  
that is contained in the depth of the chest  
and is lived in mystery  
of quiet silence.  
And, in its breeze of going and coming,  
their savours impregnate with joy,  
in their being and in their doing,  
like sweet nourishment.

Peace is a living  
of such tenuous accents,  
that, in divine and eternal savourings,  
one feels Him who Is, unknowingly.

Peace is such a sure why,  
that it leaves, in its centre replete  
him who lives comfortably established  
and is founded

on the savoured taste  
which surrounds the Immense.

Whoever lives on God,  
seeking only to keep Him happy,  
willing nothing but that,  
that one finds the secret  
that contains the peace  
in his being and in his doing,  
which is God Himself,  
living in his centre.  
Since the peace is *knowing himself*  
to know what has to be  
and have it attained,  
and, even more, possessed deeply inside.

Peace is like the sea  
with its tranquil waves  
in the serene days,  
when, though they come and go,  
nothing disturbs the calmness  
of the sweet mission  
that has been assigned to them.

Like a silent breeze is  
the peace in my chest,  
in rumours of Glory  
and in Heaven's silence,  
in sublime sweetness,  
like an infinite kiss  
of God at my centre.

God Himself is the Peace  
mysterious, divine and secret,

that impregnates my being with His breath;  
it is God Himself who kisses my soul  
with the silent breeze  
of the volcano that has Him locked up  
in His concealment.

It is God Himself,  
who, being infinite sweetness,  
rocks me with the gentle radiance of His  
flight.

God Himself is  
the sweetness of infinite peace  
that I feel!

## PUBLISHING NOTE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## NOTE:

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

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia  
Sánchez Moreno

*Collection*  
*Light in the night*  
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