

*Before the excellence of God,
the creature, overcome and enthralled
by the beauty of His face
and inebriated by the nectar of His Divinity,
surpassed by and collapsed from love,
in reverent prostration adores!*

* * *

*Lucifer's "I will not serve You"
opened an Abyss
for him and those who, like him, obstinately
rebel against the God three times Holy*

* *

*In hell and without God,
what would my poor soul do?*

*

*At the end of the life's Journey
lies the Abyss that sin opened
and that has to be crossed with large wings
of golden eagle*

Mother

Enimadaol de la Santa Madre Iglesia

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
SÁNCHEZ MORENO

Foundress of The Work of the Church

*Before the excellence of God,
the creature, overcome and enthralled
by the beauty of His face
and inebriated by the nectar of His Divinity,
surpassed by and collapsed from love,
in reverent prostration adores!*

* * *

*Lucifer's "I will not serve You"
opened an Abyss
for him and those who, like him, obstinately
rebel against the God three times Holy*

* *

*In hell and without God,
what would my poor soul do?*

*

*At the end of the life's Journey
lies the Abyss that sin opened
and that has to be crossed with large wings
of golden eagle*



Ediciones La Obra de la Iglesia

NOTE.- Due to the elimination of the blank interior pages there might be some page numeration breaks in this digital edition.

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 31-8-2006

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia Sánchez Moreno, and of her published books:

“FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN” (“Fruit of prayer”) and
“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (“Experiences of the soul”)

First Spanish edition published: June 2001

© 2006 EDITORIAL ECO DE LA IGLESIA

LA OBRA DE LA IGLESIA (The Work of the Church)

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

www.laobradelaiglesia.org

www.clerus.org *Holy See: Congregation for the Clergy*
(Library-Spirituality)

ISBN: 84-86724-88-0

Legal deposit: M. 40.294-2006

Printed in Spain by: Fareso, S. A.

Paseo de la Dirección, 5. 28039 Madrid

19-5-1975

THE EXCELLENCE OF GOD

Under the proximity of the Holy Spirit and the impetus of His fire, are perceived as though myriads and myriads of battalions of being in the loving and infinite murmur of God's passing who, in the might of the Immense One, approaches, with the breeze of His flight the human creature who, in reverent prostration, awaits adoring and loving the Infinite Being, so that He may rush to possess and to inebriate it with the silent and sacrosanct murmur and tasteful knowledge of His pace and the tasting of the nectar of His Divinity;

and the human creature, from the limitation and baseness of its nothingness be a total and unconditional possession of Him who created it in His infinite thought, solely and exclusively to introduce it into His bridal chamber to live drinking, in the most blissful participation in His infinite and coeternal perfection;

and there, inside, in the innermost of the Being, may contemplate it translimited in loving wisdom under the burning and sapiential luminaries of the faith, full of penetrative luminosity, watching it with His Eyes, singing to it

with His very Word and aflame with the gladdening love of the Holy Spirit; who, in the substantial and sacrosanct murmur of His fiery passing, invites it to receive Him owing to the silent and sacred proximity of the breeze of His flight.

Whereat, the week preceding Pentecost I have perceived the proximity of the Infinite One who overwhelmed me, keeping me as though in tension in the savoury prelude to the impetus of the Holy Spirit who, approaching in His passing by, made me sense His coming.

Wherefore, being unable to say how it has happened, as days were passing, I felt that the Holy Spirit got closer with the might of His outpouring, by a mysterious force that had me under pressure, filling my spirit in penetrative and joyful possession, of loving wisdom replete with hope, in my tireless search, rushing in swift flight to the encounter of the Infinite Love.

And, when the day of Pentecost came, for which the Holy Spirit was preparing me in loving enthrallment of insatiable waiting for His possession; when placing myself in contact with God, I began to perceive the proximity of the Eternal One... remoteness from everything created... need for the living God... contact with His mysteries... depth in His bosom and pen-

etrative savouring in the infinite immensity of God's excellence...

And successively, to the extent that my soul, being lifted as in flight, was getting deeper in loving contemplation, slowly and silently attracted by the melodic company of the fiery passing in the sacred breeze of the Holy Spirit; owing to the loftiness of the excellently immense excellence of the Eternal Being, I felt that I was moving away from all earthly things; comprehending in a profound, secret and transcendent way the infinitely different and distant distance that exists between the human creature and the Creator, between the All and the nothing, between the Infinite One and the created.

And in a deep penetration, immersed in the fires of His Eyes, under the burning luminaries of His eternal wisdom, I surprised God so great...! so different and so distant of all that He is not...! in a loftiness of excellence so plethoric and infinitely divine...! that all that was created, due to my experience, became as though a non-being...

I understood that nothing is; that nothing is apart from the Being, been and possessed in Himself and by Himself in His intercommunication of familial and Trinitarian life, without beginning and without end, without frontiers and without decline.

Wherefore, from the deep and intimate concavity of the core of my spirit, I repeated without words:

What comparison is possible between the human creature and the Creator...!! Only God *is Himself** in His infinite *Being Himself* of sovereign majesty...!

And feeling every time more penetrated and immersed, full of the savouring of the Infinite and Subsistent Being, I was exclaiming:

What is a human creature that has been brought forth from the non-being, which at one time was not and now, just by an act of God's will, is...? What can a human creature be, however excellent it may be, that had a beginning dependent on the Infinite Being in the eternal realm of His consubstantial *Being Himself*; who with just a breath of His mouth gives the being, and with just a breath of His mouth can sweep it off the earth's face and make the whole creation cease to exist...?

What a distance I understood to exist between He Who *Is Himself* by Himself and what is no more than a real manifestation from the One who has been and is by the will of the Eternal *Being Himself*...!

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

And full of love and surprise, translimited and sublimated and having got deeper into what I was grasping of the sublime reality of the Infinite Being, *being Himself* and pouring Himself outwards in creative will, I was repeating without words in the recondite spaces of my heart:

But how can the human creature be compared to the Creator...!! And how and when will I be able to explain the most excellent excellence of what God *is Himself* by Himself, and the dominion of His reality...?!

It was so much what I was understanding under the divine thought and penetrated by His infinite wisdom, that, when looking at the creation and all that, within the limits of the plenitude and exuberance of its greatness was created, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry... to tremble or to die... since my possibility of adoration was so exceeded, that I knew not even how to adore as the crushing limitation of my nothingness needed before the Infinite Creator three times Holy, in deep and reverent veneration, prostrate and enthralled by His majestic magnificence.

Because, due to the splendid magnitude of the excellence of the Infinite Being, everything became as though a non-being, everything was left like the little straw which, in a forest, on a day of a terrible hurricane, is swayed by the strong wind, without being noticed due to the smallness of its reality...

There was nothing but the Being...! Nothing was necessary...! All things appeared insignificant before my spiritual gaze, overcome under the light of the splendour of Yahweh's glory in His divine magnificence, becoming as though non-being...!

Such was the excellence of God, so immense the greatness of His infinite Being in the plenitude of His strength, so infinitely different and distant from all that He was not, that everything that He was not, before my spiritual gaze, practically became non-being...

There was nothing but God! because God *was Himself* all that was in the excellent plenitude of the might, of His infinite consubstantial and coeternal divine Being.

The penetration of my spirit into the excellence of God went so far, that I was afraid to say aloud all that I understood. Because, when looking at the tight containment of the creation in the so exuberantly plethoric and overflowing greatness with which God Himself created it –a reflection of the exuberance of His own perfection, and that our gaze discovers in it–, I saw it so tiny... so much, so much... that I decided never to say to the very bottom all that I had understood.

For perhaps some twisted minds and mean hearts, not having ever suspected the excellent

excellence of the Infinite Being, could think that I despised in some aspect those human creatures which, within the creation, are the most wonderful expression in manifestation of the coeternal and infinitely transcendent might of the One who *Is Himself*.

And due to the knowledge of this reality, I was again as though introduced even more deeply into the excellence of God.

And from there, enthralled and full of surprise and love, I saw the majestic magnificence of Christ's humanity. Contemplating it so immensely great, so much! that it alone is richer than the whole creation; a tight summary of all of it, because "in Him, by Him and for Him all things, were made and created,"¹ in splendorous and enthralling manifestation of His own perfection; and so capable in His humanity, that this one has no other Person than the divine, Christ being able to say, through His human voice, because of the plenitude of the mystery that it contains: I am God...!

And despite all this, owing to the distance that exists between the human creature and the Creator, between the divine and the human, between the One who Is by Himself and that which has received all from Him, I had to cry

¹ Cf. Col 1: 16.

out loud in the innermost and recondite space of my spirit, exceeded and translimited, by the transcendent transcendence of Him Who *Is Himself* His own reason for being been and possessed in the subsistent and infinitely sufficient plenitude of His Divinity:

But how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

Praising Jesus, the Only Begotten Son of the Incarnate God, who, by virtue of the union of His divine nature and His human nature in the person of the Word, is as much God as He is a man and as much a man as He is God. And that in His humanity adores, prostrate in reverent veneration, the infinite Highness of His divine Person; being the perfect, finished and infinitely glorifying and atoning adoration of the human creature before the Creator: before the subsistent excellence of His very Deity.

And thus, transcended and translimited by love, inebriated by the nectar of the Divinity, and exceeded by joy in the Holy Spirit, under the breeze of His softness and the fluttering of His divine passing above my poor, tiny and trembling soul, appeared Mary, Queen and Mother of the beautiful Love, with the unimaginable greatness of Her divine Motherhood.

And I saw Her so great...! so elevated...! so sublimated...! so extolled...! above all the other

creatures...! above the Angels of Heaven! for being the Mother of God, Queen of the universe, Virgin, Mother and Lady...! being, after Jesus, as pure creature, the greatest expression of the Infinite One.

Whereas I went on repeating in the most secret part of my spirit and in the most recondite part of my heart palpitating with love owing to the passing of the Holy Spirit who, enlightening my spirit, was uncovering to me the sublime and subsistent sublimity of Him Who *Is Himself* by Himself and the infinite distance that exists between the Infinite One and the creature, which came out of the hands of His co-eternal and infinite power:

But how can the creature be compared with the Creator...!

Understanding, seeing and going on penetrating, in an intuition of profound respect, Jesus, as High and Eternal Priest, adoring the Infinite Being, overcome by joy, because He is in Himself and by Himself, as Man, the reverent response of perfect adoration what the Infinite Holiness of the One who *Is* deserves in response of loving return by His creatures; because how can the creature be compared with the Creator...!

The Creator *is Himself* in Himself and by Himself what He is, for having in Himself His

own reason for being by His subsistence in infinite and coeternal possession of Divinity; whereas the human creature, however excellent it may be, is, by the splendorous manifestation of the magnitude of God in His eternal *Being Himself*, veneration that adores enthralled and translimited in infinite distance; filling up the capacity of its being as creature before the Creator; of the one who has received everything, before the Eternal *Being Himself*; of the one who had a beginning, before the Without Beginning; of the one who is nothing but the realization of God's creative will, in splendorous manifestation of the infinite power of the Coeternal Being, before He Who *Is Himself* by Himself.

And gradually, the more I penetrated into the excellence of God, the more I was comprehending, at the same time, the transcendent greatness of the humanity of Jesus, created by God to have no other person than the divine, and the almost infinite distance that exists from the other human creatures. So exalted was He by the infinite magnificence of God...! so elevated by the Subsistent Being! so much! that He can say as a man:

I am God; being able to call God: Father, right properly, being "Light of His same Light and Figure of His substance."²

² Cf. Heb 1: 3.

But between His humanity and His Divinity the distance is so great, so much, so much...! that He Himself is in Himself He Who *Is Himself*, and He Himself is in Himself the infinitely adored and the infinite Adoring One...

And despite all this greatness, as my spirit went deeper into the excellence of God, being raised to His bosom and apart from and out of the earthly; I was leaving all things created behind, and I repeated in my canticle of supreme praise before the excellence of God:

How magnificent is the splendour of the power of the glory of Yahweh when creating His human creatures and, among them, when pouring Himself out so splendidly over some of them for the praise of His glory, under the majesty of His infinite power! But, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

And I repeated it and repeated it... taken by Him to contemplate Him, to live Him in most blissful savouring of Eternity. Perceiving that, the more I deepened it and the more I repeated it internally, the more deeply I entered into the excellence of God and the more I had to repeat it; understanding that I was in the truth: in the clear truth! in the unique truth of the human creature before the Creator...!

The same happened to me when I looked at the Holy Mother Church, who as the Bride of

Christ and due to Her royal Head, had in Herself the plenitude of the Divinity: full of holiness and beauty, of freshness and youth, capable of saturating all men with the fullness of Her Springs received from God by Christ through Mary and resting in Her Motherly bosom; but who, in turn, embraced in Her bosom so many men who are also sinners; since the Church is divine and human in the plethoric and tight compendium of Her reality:

But, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

From the height of the excellence of God, I looked at the whole creation, which for me was, in light of the divine thought, so beautiful and glorifying of God Himself; and once more turned up the tiny blade or the little drop of water lost in the immense immensity of the innumerable seas that creation contains...

But, between the little drop of water and the immense seas, or the small leaf of a tree amongst millions and millions of small leaves of trees that earth contains –all different among themselves by the overabundance of the plethoric and exuberant wealth that creation contains, as expression in a finite way and reflection of the Creator Himself–, there was only a distance of quantity, but not even an infinite distance of quantity.

Between a small drop of water and the immensity of the seas there was not an infinite

distance; because after all both were created creatures which, however plethoric and exuberant, they might be, turned, before the excellence of God, in the intuition of my spiritual gaze, to be as though non-being and to have no other distance than to be creatures which one day were not, and that today are dependent on the Infinite Being, infinitely different and distant from His plethoric excellence, and that tomorrow perhaps they will cease to be...

And the excellence of God will go on being just as excellent before all the creatures that are by Him, that by His will continue to be and that, dependent on His same will, will continue to be or again cease to exist...!

How well I understood that only God *is Himself*...! How immense the distance of the Infinite Being, from all that is not He...!

And during all this Pentecost morning of 1975, being my soul immersed in prayer, I repeated as though a melodic praise in a hymn of glory before the majestic magnificence of the infinite power of He who *Is Himself*:

But, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

It seems that God took pleasure therein; for the more I repeated it, the deeper I entered, the more I soared up, and the smaller I saw creation, and the more excellent appeared be-

fore my spiritual gaze the coeternal and the transcendent Being...

And also, in my ascent to the presence of the Being, before my spiritual gaze, appeared a diversity of creatures: the rebellious Angels... Adam... Eve...

How, could they, if they knew some of the excellence of God, rebel against Him...?!

How could they believe themselves to be like God or wish to be like Him, if at the moment when they rebelled they had some knowledge similar to the one that I, in my limitation, have had today...?!

How is it possible that, in this truth that I live today, one could desire anything other than to be praise of glory before the magnificence of the Coeternal Being...?!

What knowledge did they have of Him, and how far did the penetration of their knowledge go, that they were capable of saying to God: "I will not serve You,"³ or to crave for something apart from adoring Him...?

I was afraid to say what I was seeing; comprehending with clear certainty that, in the glorious partaking of the Eternity, before the mag-

³ Jer 2: 20.

nificance of God and enthralled by the beauty of His Face, when contemplating Him without veils, there remains no other possibility than to adore in a reverent hymn of praise before the Infinite Being in His Trinity of Persons.

Wherefore, trembling with reverent veneration and in profound adoration, bursting into the deepest part of my heart repeating in my song of Church and as Echo in proclamation of the infinite canticles that She holds in Her bosom, as a “tower of strength,”⁴ Queen and Lady, having as head and crown of glory the Only Begotten Son of God:

But, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

Because, owing to the magnitude of the knowledge which I had about the excellence of God, at that instant, according to my poor understanding, I was left without the capacity, not only to desire to be like God –because that idea alone, due to the sublimeness that I conceive of His excellence and magnitude, would make me be contempt for myself, becoming to my spiritual gaze the poorest and most abominable creature of creation, in a deep and continued outburst of mocking laughter in contempt for my atrophied mind–, but not even being able to desire or crave for something that

⁴ Ps 61: 4.

were not, in my act of pure love, to glorify the Infinite One for what He is in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, and without me...

To be like God...! What a darkness of the mind...!: To desire something against God...! To seek something that is not to adore Him...! To want something that He does not want...!

I grasped, so much, so much...! that I realized I could not expressed it... furthermore, that prudently I ought not to say all I had seen and heard, this being another of the great secrets of my life...

I recalled the year 1960: "Soul of mine, look not at yourself..." I was afraid of myself... I wanted to fly to Heaven with all my strength due to the lowness and smallness of my nothingness and due to the sublimeness of what, without understanding how nor why, I was contemplating.

Dumbfounded and without wanting to express it, I burst into my song of: Who like God...! having in Himself, by Himself, and for Himself, the power to *be Himself* by Himself and *standing in being of Himself*, by virtue of the infinite excellence of the infinite power of His sublime Being, all that He can be, been, infinitely enjoyed and possessed in a most blissful and most glorious joy of Eternity.

And under the light, the impulse, the fire and the truth of the Holy Spirit, I also saw that my spirit was in the truth, remembering the phrase of Jesus: “I came into the world, to testify to the truth”⁵; and that I was introduced into the plethoric reality of the infinite Truth.

I felt possessed by this same Truth, which lovingly and freely, because of the sapiential wisdom of all that I was penetrating, made me see more and more deeply the infinite distance of being that exists between the Creator and the creature, between His greatness and our nothingness, His *being Himself* and our being received and dependent on the loving will of the Infinite Being.

I was so conscious of this double truth, that I repeated constantly due to the magnitude of God in infinite distance from all that is not He:

But, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...!

And understanding also, full of terror, that I could not tell on earth, in its very depth as long as I live, what I had understood on that day of Pentecost in 1975...

Powerless, translimited and overwhelmed by God, exhausted and weakened, enthralled and

⁵ Jn 18: 37.

dumbfounded by the light of that Pentecost, burning in the fire of the Holy Spirit, before the excellence of God, I reverently adored...!

How great I saw, full of joy, Jesus in His humanity, who is different and distant from the whole creation and from all other creatures, and who was able to adore God as He infinitely needed to be adored by man...!

Marvellous mystery of the Incarnation, that gives God in His creature everything He expected from it...! Unimaginable greatness of the most sacred humanity of Christ...!

Carried away by the excellence of His adoration, as man, to His own Divinity, with Him, I adored!

Being engraved on my soul, as though with fire, by the breeze of the Holy Spirit in swift passing that has made me know, intuit and live something of the most excellent excellence of the Infinite Being, exceeded by joy and prostrate in reverent and humble adoration, the loud cry of the Archangel Saint Michel:

“Who like God...?!”

Because, how can the human creature be compared with the Creator...?!

21-7-1982

SATURATED BY THE ETERNAL ONE

God does not fit
into the depth of my chest;
everywhere He brims,
and in my inside I hold Him.

His flames are like volcanoes
that set me ablaze inside,
making me burst
into fullness of the Eternal One.

I feel Him inside of me
burning me in His fires,
kissing me with His Mouth,
giving me His thought.

He is mine and I am His...
inside... deep... secret...!
where, in sweet compliments of love,
He uncovers His mysteries to me.

Words of eternal life
God says to me without concepts,
in the infinite wisdom
of His Word *being Himself* Utterance.

He loves me... I love to Him...
in a deep silence,
without there being anything
that can interrupt this dream.

How sweet God is when He kisses...!
in His murmur, I sense Him,
when He approaches joyful
in order to get me into His bosom.

All as if it were not...
when, the Immense One goes past,
He alights in burning flames
inside my confinement.

And there, deep, in the depths,
we burst into love words,
in a mutual giving and returning
without words or concepts,
away from earthly things,
in the manner of the Coeternal One.

O how sweet it is to find Him...!
And how terrible it is to lose Him,
to look for Him again
with new fruits of encounter...!

My nostalgias, today oppress me
for possessing Him whom I yearn for,
as in the blissful day
when He introduced me into the Heavens

to sing there His life
within His concealment,
kissing me with His Mouth
and embracing me in His bosom.

God is near me,
deep, profound, and secret...
in sapiential teaching,
with a kiss of understanding,
with words of pure love,
in order to ask me once more
to devote myself unreservedly
to be His “Echo” as a cautery.

Word of the blessed God,
without words, I feel inside,
in loving loves,
in recondite secrets.

I kiss Him and He kisses me
away from the manner of the time,
in the perfect way
that God does it in His bosom.

Thanks, my Infinite Love!
because in tenderness today You have put
my hurting chest,
with kissings of consolation.

Thank You for everything, my Bridegroom!
Thank You for everything, my Master!

Well do I know that You do not forget me;
today I grasp it once more.

How good it is when God goes past...!
and how short the time becomes!
because it is life of the Glory
which is given to us on this soil.

GOD'S WILL

O coeternal sublimeness of the Infinite and Subsistent Being...! By Your sublime power of sovereign Majesty, on account of Your *Being Yourself* in Yourself, by Yourself, and for Yourself the reason for Your coeternal Deity, You are capable, not only of rejoicing in what You are, been and possessed in familial intercommunication of Trinitarian life, but also of rejoicing infinitely and eternally, for being good, in making happy other beings which, created in Your image and likeness, live by participation the same life that You live in most blissful delight of eternal enjoyment.

That is why God, who does not need anything nor anyone to be all He is, been, possessed, enjoyed and savoured in His immutable act of loving wisdom, under the consubstantial luminaries of His infinite pupils; in loving manifestation of His will and by the splendour and for the splendour of His glory, in the magnificence of His infinite power, looks outwards in creative will and makes beings exist who are by Him; which demands correspondence, in reverent and loving returning, of the rational

creature to the Creator; the creature being also a voice in explanation and in return of response from the whole inanimate creation.

O how well there remained engraved on my soul what the Lord, on the 1st day of April of 1959, made me live, penetrate and comprehend, full of surprise, in deep loving wisdom and transcendent intuition, about what God's Being was, majestic...! terrible and subsistent! breaking as though into cataracts and cataracts of being, setting Himself in immutable motion in a creative will and willing to realize outwards things infinitely different and distant from His subsistent and divine reality, to reflect and manifest Him...!

Because it is not that God, when He wants a thing outwardsly, desires to realize something aside from what He is. But that, God *is Himself* all that He can infinitely be, being able to be all that is infinite in infinitude, been, possessed and encompassed by His infinitely sufficient subsistence; and in Him there are no parts.

Because in God acting identifies with being; and when He wills something it is all of Him in His intercommunication of Trinitarian life, the one who desires it; setting Himself in motion, without moving, His whole immutable being in creative will, so that there may be realized all that He wants according to His infinite thought.

That is why, the 1st day of April of 1959, I expressed, in the lowness and poorness of the limitation of my being nothing, able to do nothing and knowing nothing, as I could and full of surprise, what God made me understand:

1-4-1959

“The Being manifesting Himself in will”
(Fragments)

“O what God is manifesting Himself in will!

The Being...! The Being...! Oh, the Being manifesting Himself in will...! How awe-inspiring...! [...] ¹

O How frightening...! how terrible...! how horrifying the sin of a man is, created by a motion of the loving will of God, that is the whole Being of This One moved in will...! [...]

Not a thousand hells...! Hell, as terrible as it is, so frightening, so tremendous, so chilling, is the measure adequate for sin and even less...! There is no measure, however big it may be, nor punishment, for a created being who rebels against his Creator...!

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

And Angels and men: 'I will not serve You...!'²
[...]

To the awe-inspiring will of the awe-inspiring God: 'I will not serve You'...!

When the whole being of God has set Himself in motion desiring only one thing: 'I will not serve You'...!

When the whole Divinity, manifesting Itself in will, has willed something...!

Oh, how awe-inspiring...! [...] How frightening...! Awe-inspiring and frightening is to oppose in the least God's will...! [...]

God's being is awe-inspiring...! awe-inspiringly majestic...! Neither many waterfalls together, nor many earthquakes together, nor many storms together... –I do not know what to say...!– nor a great deal of peace together... nor much happiness together... nor much goodness together, nor... I do not know... I have no words to express God's being who, manifesting Himself in will, has created men to bring them to His bosom, to make them partakers of the divine life and blissful for all Eternity...! [...]

The will of God...! The will of God...! I did not know what God's will was... Neither any-

² Jer 2: 20.

one in the world knows it! For any reason they oppose the divine plan...!

[...] I do not know how to explain myself...! I do not see only the sin; for the mortal sin I do not even stop, I cannot even look at it, I would die...! I hardly take a peek at venial sin.

I regard having a voluntary act, no more, against God's will.

A movement of our will against God's will deserves Hell... Who are we to move against God's will?! who are we...? Let an earthquake start and the earth quake, when somebody opposes the God thrice Holy!!

O all what is God's Being manifesting Himself in will!"

Since the inanimate creation, when at some moment of its existence seems to leave the laws that his Creator has given it, all of it is upset: the earth quakes...! seaquake arise...! abysses open up...! and everything revolts that somehow frightens men, because the laws of creation in something, with more or less intensity, with more or less consequences, have been tampered with.

“Loyalty of the seas,
of the forests and the rivers,

of the celestial vault
with their immense might...!

All is ordered to His laws
without altering their destiny,
obeying the order
of the One who set their paths;

order that implies silence,
because all of it is fulfilled
according to the will of God
in His infinite design.

But, when something is turned
against the one who made it,
an earthquake is started
the abysses opening up.

Silence breaks into voices
of kindled clamours,
because it sees that the universe
alters its equilibrium:

Hurricanes, seaquakes
in howling protests...
mountains shatter
with awe-inspiring might...

O creation, what happens
when one strays from the right path,
for leaving in one instant
the divine thought...!

Man who follows your route
in such a great blunder,
do not you hear the lamenting
of your near destiny...?

Do not you feel the creaking
of your living always on tenterhooks,
surrounded on all sides
by cruel enemies...?

Bring silence to your life,
preventing a cataclysm;
ever follow the Creator
until fulfilling His designs.

Listen to God's voice;
He knows how to point your fate!"

10-1-1974

One wonders what happens when the rational creature, created by God under the will of the willing of His eternal power and who made us in His image and likeness and predestined us no less than to be His children in His Only Begotten Son Incarnate, co-partakers of His divine life and heirs of His glory; rebelling against its Creator says to Him: "I will not serve You," in a response of pride, ingratitude and contempt...?!

Since I have understood in an amazing way, overcome, trembling and frightened by the limitation of my littleness and the worthlessness and wretchedness of my nothing, that when You want something, O my Infinite and Eternal Power! it is not that You want it apart from You, as something that You think and You want in the manner that we want and we think; no. You are all of You in Your infinite and coeternal Being, been and possessed in Your intercommunicative act of family and Trinitarian life, the One who wants it, in the magnificence of the splendour of Your glory; which demands, by its own perfection, a response, to an adequate extent, of a returning of the creature to the Creator, of the nothingness to the Infinite Being.

Wherefore the soul who knows God, full of reverence, adoration and respect, as a canticle of recognition and praise cries aloud with the Angels of Heaven: Who like God...?!

faced with the rebellious Angels who, in the madness of their foolishness, rebelled with Lucifer and like Lucifer against God Himself in their absurd and chilling cry of: "I will not serve You."

For that reason an unfathomable Abyss opened into which Lucifer was hurled down like a flash of lightning, disappearing into the gloomy darkness of its chasms.

3-11-1976

SEEKING YOUR WILL...

The understanding knows not how
to do what You desire,
and that is why, stumbling,
we are journeying on earth,
searching for Your will
and without knowing how to do it.

If we grasped Your manner,
which lays down for us in a straight line,
in a simple way,
that which pleases You...!

But our complications,
always full of obstacles,
know not how to find your route
replete with lights.

We want, and we know not...!
It is so difficult for us to see it
when we seek to fulfil it
not letting go of what we grasp,
when we want to find You
with our way and manner...

Your gaze is so clear,
so wide Your great wisdom

in eternal horizons
of infinite transparency,
that our twisted mind,
shrouded in dark fogs,
does not manage to see Your ways
of light in divine paths,

great like the open sea,
limpid in Your beauty,
transparent like water,
simple like Your excellence.

That is why, Jesus of the soul,
when, lifted up Your height,
I sense Your thought
and I grasp Your eternal science,

the ways of my earthly
disability disappear
and overwhelms me a sweet peace,
full of Your omnipotence,

of complete love and joy,
knowing, in Your sublime light,
that simple is that way
which Your will shows me,
it being I who complicates it
with my earthly ways.

Thus it remains darkened,
full of extreme poorness,

of great contradictions
and of immense afflictions;
because there is infinite distance
between that which You express,
being Yourself Divinity,
and my manner of understanding it.

Lord of infinite suns,
I want Your thought,
far from my human science!

1169. Death is the self-surrender of man to God, of man who, with the destruction of his being, tells Him: You alone are by Yourself, and what You are not, is nothing but what You want it to be, in time, reality and being. (8-5-70)

1170. A dead man, with his destruction, is saying to God, in a display of his total impotence: You alone are. (8-5-70)

1171. The pride of man ends with and in his destruction the day of his death, submitting to the One who Is, in manifestation of his nothingness to the All, who in order to be all, *is Himself* in Himself and by Himself the resurrection and the life. (8-5-70)

1172. Thank You, Lord, for the repose You give me, when knowing that one day, with my death, I will be a visible proof that You alone are, and that I am not. (8-5-70)

1173. The day that man said to God "no," he died; and with his death, in total self-surrender, he chillingly clamoured: You alone are, and all that You are not is subject to You. Today I prove it with my destruction and total failure, because, if You do not raise me from the dead, then I am capable of being or doing nothing. (8-5-70)

1174. Lord, You who are the resurrection and the life, give Yourself to me so that again I may be in You, by You and for You. (8-5-70)

1175. Death is the consequence of the “I will not serve You,” and the self-surrender of man, saying with his destruction: You alone are by Yourself, and I depend totally and exclusively on Your will; I admit it, I hope in You. (8-5-70)

18-5-1971

WHO CAN PREVAIL AGAINST
THE LIVING GOD...?

God looks down from on high,
in His eternal thought,
ruling over the created
and governing the universe.

Everything is subject to Him,
nothing breaks His concert,
creation fulfilling,
at each and every moment,
the laws that He laid down
on things and on time.

God looks down from on high,
with His immense power,
to rule over the sea,
to quieten down the wind,
calming the storms
with His eternal majesty.

* * *

Who can prevail against the living God,
who dominates the mind,
who has command over life,
on whom the Heavens depend,

the abysses and the seas,
the whirls and the wind,
the seasons of the year,
the vicissitudes of the universe,
the existence of the living being,
the maintaining of the times...?

Who can prevail against the living God...?
O foolishness of the proud
who turns against Him
in his poor understanding,
supported at each instant
by the power of the Immense One,
by His breath of life,
so that he may go on existing...!

* * *

God looks down from on high
without changing His thought,
supporting the created
and ruling the universe.

Rome, 10-4-1997

SOUL OF MINE, LOOK NOT AT YOURSELF...!

Full, overwhelmed and swept over by the holy fear of God, trembling and frightened, and with the sole desire to glorify the Infinite Being, who, like flag of love, flies in the most intimate and deepest part of my heart, I wish to express today [...] something about the terrible and frightening experience that I had on the 24 of January, 1960.

An incalculable grace that the Lord granted me, to keep me always in the truth of my nothingness, the lowness of my littleness and crushed by my wretchedness, before the unfathomable greatness of the infinite riches of He Who *Is Himself*, offended and despised by the “no” of the human creature to the Creator! [...]

[...] On the 24th day of January, 1960, during one of my times of prayer [...], suddenly, in one moment, full of expectant surprise, I began to sense, to penetrate and to grasp the

greatness of God's Angels, created with a most perfect nature to partake of Him in a very deep and very elevated manner; being raised to so high an exaltation to –exceeded and enthralled by the beauty of His Face, collapsed from love–adore Him in recognition of profound reverence, intoning canticles of praise to the infinite and coeternal Holiness of God.

And, suddenly! before my spiritual gaze appeared an Angel who, excelling among all in his beauty by the capacity for participation in God to which he was being lifted by God Himself in a glorious ascent to possess Him, was called “Beautiful Light,” received from the Infinite Light that over him so luminously was pouring forth from the infinite and torrential Springs of the Divinity.

Who [...], before the expectation of my soul full of surprise and admiration, soared... soared... soared! above the other Angels, in the participation in the divine life, up to an unimaginable height, as though in an ascent of predilection on the part of God.

So that my soul contemplated him full of respect for that ascent in which he was being lifted in a swift launching of such a lofty elevation, that I saw him ascend, exalted above the other Angels, towards the possession, in participation, in God Himself; being this one so

splendorous and so high, that there was no light like his light received from the divine Sun.

That is why that creature was called “Beautiful Light” full of the glares of the Eternal Sun.

My soul penetrating and comprehending that such a beautiful Angel was being lifted by the will of God and His omnipotent hand to so great an exaltation in participation in God Himself, so that he might possess Him, that there was no beauty like his beauty or a more shining beauty among the other Angels; because there was no one who might participate in and reflect the Infinite One like him, when the Eternal Love poured forth over that creature, embellishing it, ennobling it and taking it to participate to such a degree in His infinite perfections.

And he possessed God so much, so much! that, when seeing himself so beautiful, so exalted and raised by God Himself; in one act of disordered self-complacency, becoming arrogant when seeing himself so beautiful, all his angelical being, in a madness of incomprehensible and hair-raising foolishness, he exclaimed:

”Who like me...?!”

And, turning blatantly towards the Infinite Creator who had poured Himself forth so much over him, he said: “I will not serve You.”¹

¹ Jer 2: 20.

For which my soul, overawed by all it was seeing and grasping due to the cry of rebellion of such a Beautiful Light; full of terror, suddenly! contemplated that, in the face of the unimaginable and inconceivable foolishness of that: “who like me?!” “I will not serve You”; at that very instant, that so exalted a being, loosing all his beauty and becoming so monstrously darkened and blackened, fell from the height to which he had been lifted, with the speed of lighting and as though in a shrieklike cry of agonic despair, into a very deep and unfathomable Abyss, of terrible and hair-raising blackness; which opened at the same instant owing to that creature’s rebellion against its Creator who lifted him, in a loving outpouring of His power and goodness, above the rest of the other Angels to so much participation in the divine life itself.

Overcome by terror and fright, and all shaken up, I saw him disappear, full of desperation, with the speed of lightning in that deep depth of the crater of that open volcano which swallowed the blackened Light, that had been so Beautiful, in the depths of its tenebrosity; whereas Lucifer, turned into a horrifying devil, in an indescribable bitterness of eternal desperation, disappeared in that Abyss opened for him and for those who, like him, so wildly and foolishly said to God: “I will not serve You,”

being separated forever from the possession of the Infinite Good –with which they would have filled all the capacities that God placed in their being for possessing Him in the most blissful joy of the happiness of the Blessed–; living in the desperation of one who has lost everything and forever! because of the creature’s rebellion against the Creator.

Who, pouring Himself forth in the splendour of His infinite magnificence and for the praise of His glory, created them in His image and likeness so that they might possess Him being a hymn of acknowledging praise, giving glory to the Father, glory to the Son and glory to the Holy Spirit.

And when my spirit found itself overcome with horror and fright, all trembling and distressed on account of all it had contemplated, of Lucifer’s plunge into the Abyss which was created at that instant as a consequence of the “no” of the creature in rebellion against its Creator; full of surprise and overcome by fear! I began to see that my soul was being raised by God and led along the same path whereby I had seen Lucifer rise in participation in God, and from which I saw him fall for his arrogance, when rebelling against the Infinite Excellence of the God thrice Holy in his: “Who like me?!” “I will not serve You”...!

And terrified, horrified and shaking...! it saw myself go up... and up... and up... along the same path and in the same manner! in a transformation into God, to the participation in His divine life.

And when I attained to the degree of participation in God to which He had determined to raise me, there was engraved in the innermost depth of my spirit –leaving me overawed by terror– like a phrase without words, that was and has stayed inscribed and sealed as though branded for the rest of my life into the deepest marrow of my being:

“This I wish to do to you. But look not at yourself, because, if you do, the same way he fell, so would you.”

Understanding, in penetration and terrified understanding, that if I looked at myself become haughty and disorderly in complacency, I could fall into Lucifer’s foolishness, blinded by my madness, and I would come to the situation to which he came with all its consequences [...].

Oh, [...] how can I explain [...] what this poor, wretched, helpless, and despicable creature experienced in her whole being...?!

remaining sealed and as though marked for my whole lifetime, pervaded and saturated with

a holy fear of God, which I consider one of the greatest graces that the merciful love of the Heavenly Father has been able to grant my poor, sinful and helpless soul, to, as the Scripture says, “work out your salvation with fear and trembling.”²

And which makes me live, owing to the infinite loftiness of the One who created me solely and exclusively so that I might possess Him, in an hymn of praise; exclaiming [...], full of reverence, adoration, love and respect, for the excellence of the sublimeness of the Holiness of my Holy Trinity, from the baseness of my nothingness:

Who like God, who is at an infinite distance from all the created; Who is He Who *Is Himself*, the One alone to whom is owed all praise, honour and glory in Heaven, on earth and in the abyss...?!

Who like God...?! [...] Who like God, who has in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, the might of infinite power of *standing in being of Himself* all that He is in coeternal glares of consubstantial Holiness...?! [...]

Who like God, who makes the Angels of Heaven and all that is created tremble, because of the splendorous magnificence of the One Who *is Himself* the reason for being of His very Divin-

² Phil 2: 12.

ity, *standing in being of Himself* and *having Himself so** been, and the reason for being of all that has been, is and will be; *being Himself* the infinitely Different and Distant One from all that is not He...?!

Because... how can the creature be compared with the Creator, the human with the divine, the things created with the Uncreated...?!

Who like God, who has in Himself, in His *being Himself* eternal, the infinite and consubstantial capacity for *being Himself* and *standing in being of Himself* all that He is and His very subsistence, by virtue of the infinitude of His infinite self-sufficiency which makes Him be God, the one God in absolute possession of His uncreated and eternal being, for *having Himself* been and *being Himself* in Himself the infinite and coeternal power to *be Himself* His very reason for being...?!

Who like God who is, in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, all that He can be in His infinite dominion; *being able Himself* to be and *standing in being of Himself* all that, in infinitude, infinitely can be in the instant without time of Eternity...?!

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

Eternity that He Himself *is Himself* without time, without beginning, without place, without frontiers; without anyone being able to put on or take away from the subsistent excellence of His own being, *being Himself* God by the co-eternal perfection of His Divinity. Since, by virtue of His capacity and in His divine capacity, He includes, by His eternal subsistence, the power to *be Himself* God.

God is God for having in Himself, His very reason for being due to His sufficient being, in infinite self-sufficiency and subsistence in a co-eternal, perfect and infinitely encompassed act of Trinitarian life!

Who like God who, by His eternal *being Himself*, is capable of being the Creator of unending and unsuspected worlds and creatures, according to what may please His will for the manifestation of His glory...?!

Who like God who is the Creator bursting into creations that manifest the splendour of the power of the magnificent sublimeness of His infinite attributes and perfections; and who, in an outburst of loving wisdom, brings forth from the nothingness, beings created in His image and likeness, enabling them so that they may come to participate in Him, out of a benevolence in manifestation of His infinite power, in the most blissful joy of His di-

vine life itself: Angels, Archangels, Cherubim, Seraphim, men...?!

And all that He might will to do, He has more than enough power to be able to realize it solely by the wish of His will and the breath of His mouth in creative manifestation!

Who like God who has the plenitude of His *being Himself* Creator, not because of what He have wanted to create, but on account of the infinite power which, in His *being Himself* Creator, He *is Himself* and He has, to make finite things in the image of His own perfection...?!

A power that is just as rich, exuberant and plethoric, whether He created or He did not create.

Having God His greatness, not in what He has done, but in the creative power of His might that He *is Himself* by Himself for the manifestation of His glory. Because He has more than enough might to carry out all He may desire.

The creature is nothing but the expression, in existing reality, of a majestic will of the Infinite Being who, pouring Himself forth in creation, makes it in the image of His own perfection for the glory of His name [...].

That is why my soul has been left penetrated, overcome and swept over during my whole life by a holy fear of God, that makes me re-

peat from the deepest and from the most intimate part of my heart:

“Soul of mine, look not at yourself either for good or for bad. Because, if you look at yourself, as Lucifer fell, so could you fall.”

Remembering also the 8th day of March, 1956, when, in a very different way, when praying before the Eucharistic exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent of the Guardian Angels, Jesus showed my poor, frightened and helpless soul all He wished to do with me and through me, for the manifestation of the splendour of His glory; so that, even though I would appear, it would be He the one who blatantly, would realize everything, behind the poorness of my weakness.

Wherefore I live sighing, eager, in my tireless and insatiable search for giving glory to God and life to the souls, for the eternal Day when we will contemplate God without being able to offend Him or being able to lose Him forever.

Because, when contemplating Him face to face on the Day of the eternal Wedding, we will turn, due to the light of His countenance, from glory to glory into that which we contemplate.

9-9-1965

WAIT

In nostalgia I want, without knowing what...
Gasping I seek, without finding...
I call, without any response...
I sigh in my dull silence...

I long for, in my long wait...
I weep in my night, walking...
and, before my distressing life,
silence answers me in mockery:

“Wait, wait still in death...”

To wait...? To wait in the night,
hanging in the abyss without light...?
How hard it is to wait for the Love,
when This One calls to me with His gasping
voice,
in the face of my love that seeks, without tiring,
the water of the eternal Spring...!

Love, why, in order to leave me, you call
on me
in tortures that demand the wait,
in exile without Sun, in shadows of death...?

“Wait, wait still in trial...”

* * *

To wait, for my love that dies...?
for my spirit parched from calling...?
for my soul that, hungry, becomes weak...?
for my thirsty thirst that gaspingly asks
for the Water of the eternal Spring...?

To wait...? To wait for the secret love
that in my soul You opened for finding You...?
How hard my exile is in a wait
that cannot and knows not how to wait...!

“Wait... wait, bride... for it is still early...!”

3-8-1965

ONE MORE DAY...!

One more day
without You
in Your light
without veils...!

One more day in my night,
living, without living,
awaiting
it sighs for You,
in love...

How hard is my torment
in nostalgia that awaits...!

One more day...
one day...!
one more day without God in sun...!
in tortures of death,
in urges to see You,
waiting for the end;
in nostalgias that beg
the day of the encounter
in His eternal banquet...

One more day
without Sun...!
Finally, "one more day
in trial,"

will say those who know not
my depth,
when they see me sigh,
without light.

One more day
what is it...?:

A torture that makes me wait
day after day
in my night,
in loving nostalgia
for the day of the Love
in light.

How hard it is for love
to wait one more day...!

One more day, what is it?...

28-9-1972

LIFE'S JOURNEY

There is no compassion for my wounded chest!

Laughter... guffaws... contempt and incomprehension I hear around me, while my spirit, exhausted from so much grieving, feels collapsed by the overwhelming weight to the petition of God, who, inside me, becomes a torrent of inexhaustible springs.

Silences of death and mocking replies, of indifference and of contradiction, make my soul fall, fainting by its own weight, into the annihilation whereinto the apparent failure of the unreceived mission turns it.

I do not want to express with phrases that do not express what I have, I do not want to say again, in the way it is not, what I press into my spirit...! I do not want to be defiled, even by myself...! I do not want, because I cannot take it anymore...!

[...] My being is consumed in so much violence and my thirst and my longings and my cravings and my clamours and my nostalgia

and my requests and my melancholies and my waits... [...]

What loneliness in the land of life...! What a silence around me...! What mocking guffaws of incomprehension and contempt...!

What a mystery before the majestic discovery which the light of faith, full of hope and charity, received in Baptism through the life of grace, opens to my distressed heart...! What a dazzle of truth, plenitude and life...! What a communication of love and pouring forth...! What impulses of hope in swift soaring towards the encounter with the beyond...!

I am tired of struggling; I am exhausted, I feel weakening... I am running out of strength and I sink into the agony of my loneliness... I am with company and I feel lonely in the land of life, because I seek wide spaces of thirsty hearts, multitudes with immense yearnings in wait for Love, and my thirst for souls is consumed in clamorous nostalgia for the innumerable descendants that the Lord promised me, with clamours for death.

How much supernatural outlook I need...! How strong my spirit of faith has to be...! How immense my heart's confidence...! I die in sorrow for not finding resonance in the echo of my song.

[...] I know God, I understand His mysteries, I penetrate into His thought, I uncover His plan,

I know His way of being and doing, and I feel worn out by the confusion and the desolation that, in dread of darkness, shroud the Church...

I do not know if I explain myself, neither do I attempt to. Today all seems to me the same. I live in the silence of my heart the tightness of my distressed spirit.

In the distance, I hear mocking guffaws of contempt and of incomprehension that make fun of the New Zion... I sense proud hearts, darkened minds, bewildered thoughts, shaky steps, cowardice and human respect; I perceive concupiscence, humanism and confusion... and undercover betrayals, which, for thirty coins, deliver the Son of man with a kiss, like Judas, "it would be better for that man if he had never been born."¹

But, what does it matter what I perceive, if the "Echo of the Church" with Her has plunged into silence and, tearful, breaks, without strength, into prophetic lamentations that are distress in the tightness of its heart...?

What does it matter that the Church with Her "Echo" is collapsed, full of scars and hoarse in the infinite song of the Word who through Her spells out to men in tender, sweet and loving

¹ Mt 26: 24.

eternal colloquies of love His eternal perfections, or be restraining the inexhaustible affluent of the Fountains of His infinite and coeternal Springs...?!

What does it matter to those who have not discovered the luminous thoughts of God...?! What does it matter that the Church shroud Her weeping amid sobs, if those who are not Church, with a furious and sarcastic guffaw at an apparent triumph that today is and tomorrow will sink into the hair-raising failure of death and desperation, go about hastily in the baneful task of their destruction...?!

What does it matter that the Apostles are sleeping, if one of them, Judas, is very much awake; since “the children of this world are more prudent than are the children of light”²...?!

I watch frightened, seeking even do it be just one friendly hand which would offer me its shelter, compassion and support, and in the distance I make out a mocking guffaw, a distressing response to my torturing petition...

I'm tired... discouraged... I seek and I do not find, and the echo of my sobbing fades away in the silence of the immolating incomprehension of my bloodless journey.

What does it matter that the “Echo of the Church” weeps, if in the journey of life every-

² Cf. Lk 16: 8.

one has so much to do that there is no room
for listening to the lament, full of requests from
God with eternal clamours, placed into my
grieving chest...?

“Loneliness that frightens,
voices of the Immense One,
deep secrets
that I keep in silence...

Loneliness that frightens,
in quiet moans
inside the depth
that presses on the secret...

Loneliness that frightens,
because of its confusion,
contemplating the soul
weeping in its mourning...

Loneliness that frightens,
shrouds my flight,
with incomprehension
that pierces the chest.

Loneliness that frightens,
drowned in lament,
that, without saying anything,
is a winter's night...

Loneliness that frightens,
profound silence

with dumb response
to all I desire...

Loneliness that frightens,
in sayings without echo,
since, all I say,
increases the torment...

Loneliness that frightens,
desert exile,
with voices that invite
to fly to Heaven...

Loneliness that frightens,
secret moans,
torturing sorrows
that mystery seals...

Loneliness that frightens,
with much creakings
of slow agonies
and hurting laments...

Loneliness that frightens,
give way to my flight!"
18-4-1975

Today my being is sunken, and on the move
as though lost, collapsed and terrified, along the
hasty way of the encounter with the Father...

Yes... the way...!! My soul has surprised, in one moment, with the speed of a flash of lightning, penetrated by the light of the divine thought, a path that crossed before me: The path that leads all men to the blissful term of the light, of the peace and of love...!

My spiritual gaze has contemplated a wide path, prepared by God for all His children, so that all of us may pass through it in our journey and come to the blissful term of the Light... A wide path through which all of us run: the path of life, the path to the New Jerusalem, through the desert to arrive at the Promised Land...!

How well I understand it...! how well...! How clear and how penetrating is today for my distressed spirit the most delicious truth, and at the same time, painful, of the discovery of the path that takes us to the infinite and loving encounter with our Father God...!

The exile is the way that leads us to Eternity. God, in His eternal plan, created us for Him, solely and exclusively for Him! so that, possessing Him, we might enter into His life, we might live on His happiness in the possession of His infinite joy, in the most blissful participation in His plenitude. And, with the affection and tenderness of a Father, He placed us on life's journey, through which all, without interruption, would go to Him.

At the glorious and triumphant end of this journey through the path that takes us to the encounter of the possession of God, there lie the sumptuous and wide Gates of Eternity, opened to take through them all the children of God who arrive marked on their foreheads with the name of God and the seal of the Lamb... And at those Gates of the Heavenly and Eternal Jerusalem, the Infinite Love awaits us, waiting for the hasty arrival of all of us to introduce us into the feast of the eternal Wedding.

This it is the real sense of life's journey that God determined for each and everyone of us; but sin, rebellion, the "I will not serve You" of our first Parents in the earthly Paradise, stood in the way and brought about a "gap" in the term of our journey, between Heaven and earth, between the creature and the Creator, between life and death; where the Abyss lies, hair-raising consequence of the "I will not serve You" of Lucifer. An Abyss so unfathomable, so deep, and so insurmountable between earth and Heaven, which made it impossible for all men to introduce themselves gracefully, at the end of their pilgrimage along life's journey, into the sumptuous and glorious mansions of Eternity.

The Gates of Eternity, due to the Abyss that sin had opened, were closed, and then no one could possess the Kingdom of Light, towards

which all move, and the sole purpose for which we have been created...

But God, in His eternal wisdom, full of tenderness and compassion, wanted to establish again His friendship with men. The Infinite Love felt impelled in merciful compassion towards fallen man, in such a way that the Father sent His Only Begotten Son who, in and by the plenitude of His Priesthood, suspended over the Abyss, between God and men, extended His arms and, by the exercise of the plenitude of His Priesthood, letting out a heartrending cry of love and mercy, hanging between Heaven and earth, He exclaimed: "Come to Me, for I will introduce you into the Kingdom of Love"; not before opening wide again with the fruit of His bloody passion and His glorious resurrection, with His five wounds, the wide Gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

"We have a great High Priest who has passed through the Heavens, Jesus, the Son of God... So let us confidently approach the throne of grace to receive mercy and to find grace for timely help."³

And there lies Christ, suspended between Heaven and earth, inviting us with clamours of death, as the sole bridge and only salvation, to

³ Heb 4: 14. 16.

cross over through Him and with Him the unfathomable Abyss which sin opened between God and man, between the creature and the Creator...

Oh...! Today, full of surprise, replete with light, and from the divine thought, full of loving wisdom, I see and I discover how men, in a vertiginous race, run without knowing where, towards the luminous day of the encounter of love, justice and peace.

Oh...! All run at the same speed, all go through the same desert; but how many are those who reach the blissful and glorious day of the Kingdom of light in the conquest of glory as a triumph of the competition? All of them come to the end of their journey, but who crosses the border to get into the Kingdom of peace and happiness...?

“Enter through the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the road broad that leads to destruction, and those who enter through it are many. How narrow the gate and constricted the road that leads to life. And those who find it are few.”⁴

Today I have understood in no time, illuminated by the burning fires that faith gives us,

⁴ Mt 7: 13-14.

in a simple but profound way, full of loving wisdom in keen penetration which, like a sharp sword, has been nailed into the sparkling pupils of my spirit, a path through which all men ran in a vertiginous race towards the end of the exile, which is the encounter of the eternal happiness.

A path that, to my spiritual gaze, has seemed to me very short due the tight speed of those who passed through it, understanding this phrase from Scripture: “A thousand years in Your eyes are merely a yesterday”⁵; since I have seen battalions of millions of men, of all times, go through life in one moment, uncovering the speed and the swiftness of our journey.

O what a moment...! How much I have seen at this instant of light...! How tiny, pitiable, how short I have seen life’s journey...!

How little significance that of the unimaginable calculations of men...! How fleeting all that life contains... All the things as if they were not; with only one purpose: to run hastily to the encounter of the Kingdom of Light, as the Apostle says: “I continue my pursuit toward the goal, the prize of God’s upward calling, in Christ Jesus.”⁶

And all that happens is so fleeting in this hasty moving towards obtaining the prize, so

⁵ Ps 90: 4a; 2 Pt 3: 8.

⁶ Phil 3: 14.

much! that, before my spiritual gaze, as if it did not exist; so much! that the life of all men of all ages passed in one instant; so much! that all ages with all the fullness of their days and their realities, are embraced in the twinkling of an eye to the thought of God and the spiritual outlook of those to whom those same thoughts are uncovered under the burning and luminous light of the faith...

What is life...? A twinkling of an eye in the vertiginous race towards Eternity.

And what is Eternity...? The repleteness of existence that will saturate in existing reality, in a “forever” of happiness and fullness in joy of the Infinite One, all our capacities created and open to the possession of God by virtue of the fullness of the Supreme Good.

Only one meaning have I seen to the life of man: to run gracefully towards the goal in order to meet in the end with Christ and This One crucified and glorious by the triumph of His resurrection, and to be introduced by Him into the joy of the Father.

All of us run by a law of life and we are leaving room behind for others who also come running and as though pushing us due to the speed of those who pressingly force them in a swift race, running after them to occupy the

place which, in their passing, they are leaving to those who hastily are arriving in the crossing through the path of each man...

All of us come, some before, others after, to the frontiers of the infinite lights of the Eternal Sun...

When arriving at that border, towards which vertiginously we go hastily, at the end of life –O surprise full of astonishment!– I discovered that some stopped suddenly: they are those who still are in time to reflect, those who, at the end of their journey in their vertiginous race, have discovered a flash of light.

Others, O horror, in their vertiginous race, in their wild obstinacy, in their unconscientious wandering, fall into the Abyss –which was opened for Lucifer and his followers for their rebellion of “I will not serve You”– with the speed and shaking of a flash of lightning, disappearing in the chilling depths of the hollows of the open volcano, full of terrible howls out of the eternal desperation from knowing that they have fallen there without being able to stop, either to go back or to return, and forever!

And how they fell...! They fell...! They fell...! among anguished howls of death and of unimaginable desperation in that bottomless darkness... in that unfathomable Abyss, at which my soul, swift and terrified, tried to look; but could not see

the end thereto, on account of its tenebrous and profound darkness...

They were falling into the Abyss...!

Whereas those who went with their gaze set on God, those who ran looking for the certain and safe path of the divine will coming to the frontiers of the Abyss, crossed it under the shade of the Omnipotent and the breeze of His proximity, passing in lordly manner, as in flight, over the unfathomable Abyss which, lying in the way to the life's journey, separates us from the Light...

But to pass from desert to Life, from darkness to Light and to cross the unfathomable Abyss, one has to discover Christ hanging over the Abyss, with burning eyes, enlightened by faith and driven by hope, and listen to His clamorous "Come to Me!"⁷; and dash across to the void with the hope placed in the luminous passing by of His infinite mercy.

And this Abyss one has to cross it flying, with eagle wings that may ensure us a safe crossing to the mansion of Love...

How many are rushing without providing themselves with their wings...! How many are running wild towards the end...!: Surprisingly

⁷ Mt 11: 28.

some fall into the Abyss in their unrestrained and obstinate rebellion, like Lucifer, with the “I will not serve You”; others, who were in time to reflect, stop suddenly, faced with the helplessness of being able to cross it; while those who, purified and washed with the blood of the Lamb, who come out of the great tribulation, the children of the Light, cross the Abyss with the speed of lightning, because they are men with great eagle’s wings, who go hastily at the voice of Christ hanging over the Abyss to cross through Him, the frontiers that separate us from Eternity.

How clearly I contemplated, grasping it under the luminaries of the suns of the divine thought, that the Abyss is hell where foolish men fall at the end of their vertiginous race, for saying “no” to God in their cry of rebellion in inconceivable impudence against the Creator!

The eagle wings are the supernatural outlook, the search for God, the fitting into His plan, and charity, the Sacraments, the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit, that make us move through earth as though flying without getting dirty in its mud; enabling us to run above the created things, with burning eyes, capable of discovering the eternal wisdom. Because the wisdom of God in the soul that possesses it, is like lighted flames, like arrows driven by love and like a sharpened arrow that lodging into

the innermost depth of the being, penetrates the whole life of man, revealing to him the truth about the divine plan and providing him with the strength he needs to follow Him to the end.

How strange is my life...! Today has been shown to me in one moment a way quick, brief, through which all of us men ran fast. All at the same pace; none of us, even if he wanted to, could stay behind: they are the days of life. None of us went faster or slower; all at the same speed, in a simultaneous race and besides in a race that was vertiginous and, therefore, would soon come to its end.

But in this race some go rubbing and soiling themselves in the quagmire of the world: "They are waterless clouds blown about by winds, fruitless trees in late autumn, twice dead and uprooted. They are like wild waves of the sea, foaming up their shameless deeds, wandering stars for whom the gloom of darkness has been reserved forever"⁸; and who, when they come to the end run into the Abyss that separates them from their end, in their wild and baffling race, fall off unexpectedly in the tenebrous and unfathomable Abyss of terrible bitterness and eternal desperation, without stopping to reflect.

⁸ Jude 1: 12b-13.

Whereas the second ones, who go with their wings stretched out without soiling themselves in the quagmire, go ahead over the Abyss, they pass over it, they cross over it quickly leaving it behind, because they move driven by the voice of the Infinite Love who, hanging over the Abyss, nailed between God and men, calls out to them: "Come to Me." And with Him and through Him, they get into the mansion of Light, of Life and of Love...

There are also the third ones who, stopping suddenly on the edge of the Abyss, are in time to reflect.

We all race at the same speed, although not all will come to the same end, even though the end that God willed for all of us is the same; but only those can attain to it who, living on the supernatural through the life of grace and under the impetus of the Holy Spirit, have wings, and wings of golden eagles, that make them capable of crossing over the unfathomable Abyss that exists between life and death, between earth and Heaven.

Strange conception of life, the one that today, in one moment, I have discovered...! Strange intuition that has taught me again the fleeting nature of things, the hurried manner in which everything slides, and the need to seek only God in order to cross triumphantly in a

conquest of glory the Abyss obstructing the Light.

A steep Abyss, immensely deep, so much, that its end can not be seen! this is why only with immense wings of eagle can it be crossed.

I hear guffaws in the distance... the race of a crowd... the life's journey... Because it is life's journey through which all of us go, because the exile is the way that takes us to the Life, through which not all go in the same manner, although certainly all of us run at the same speed...

Eagle wings are the ones that my distressed heart needs, to run to the encounter of Love...! But I hear, in the progress of my vertiginous journey, mocking guffaws of contempt and incomprehension, that make me tremble, at all that has been revealed today to my spiritual gaze, in the deepest part of the marrow of my soul.

How short is the way...! How close is the Abyss...! How insurmountable without eagle wings...! And the wings only love, sacrifice, resignation and the life of faith, hope and charity, the Sacraments with the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit, are capable of giving them to us; eagle wings that may bring us to the hopeful light of Love:

“If your hand causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into Life maimed than with two hands to go into Gehenna, into the unquenchable fire. And if your foot causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into Life crippled than with two feet to be thrown into Gehenna. And if your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out. Better for you to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye than with two eyes to be thrown into Gehenna, where their worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched.”⁹

How short is the way...! What a speed that of its wayfarers...! What a foolishness that of the immense majority of those that walk through it...!

Beloved soul, open your wings and widen the spirit, because God is close...!

Life is a contrast
of sorrow and joy,
of day and night,
of cold and heat,
in profound nostalgia
that waits, in plenitude,
to calm the tiredness
of his heart.

⁹ Mk 9: 43-48.

Life is a contrast,
full of cravings,
in constant search
for a sunny day;
because nothing is so sad
as the frozen night,
of heavy clouds,
without feeling warm.

Wounding arrows
that go and that come
and that get
into the interior,
engraving on the soul
cauterizations
of joys and sorrows,
because of incomprehension...

Life is a way
that leads to the Immense One,
and gradually interweaves,
in its containment,
summer days
with calm nights,
and winter days
full of terror.

My soul, adoring,
contemplates the mystery
of Heaven and earth;
deep sorrows!

I live in the Immense One
inside His depth,
and I am in the land
of destruction...

Loneliness that frightens,
sweet company,
contrasts that shroud
our journey...

Nothing is so secret,
so sweet and sacred,
as a soul praying
in its loneliness.

God calls the bride
always and tirelessly,
with invitations
to His intimacy;
and this one soars,
loaded with love,
in quick replies
of faithfulness...

He blocks the way
when she rushes,
and whispers to her:
You have to come back;
pick up sheaves,
fill up your barns,
fill up your bosom to the brim
with fruitfulness.

And thus, with the fruits
of our love,
when the time of your journey
is over,
I will open my chest to you,
replete with gifts,
so that you may taste
my Divinity,
without anything preventing
the opening of the Gates,
now sealed,
of Eternity.

O! what a day, then,
divine Bridegroom,
when You call me
with such haste,
so that I may answer
replete with gifts:
I'm coming, Love of mine,
I will not make You wait!

Now Your heartbeats
touch on my soul
and weave romances
of a mutual kissing.

Rest, my Bridegroom,
in my loving soul
for I will give You respite,
knowing how to lean,
thus with my children,

my forehead on Your chest,
so that You may delight
in this reclining.

My glorious Jesus,
You and I look at each other
the One in the other,
profound intimacy...!

With tender loves
and swelling with joy,
we both tell each other
in your palpitation:

I love You, my Love...!
and in this way we glory,
Eternal Lover.

What a joy! What a depth! What peace!

31-3-1976

1-6-1994

IN HELL AND WITHOUT GOD
WHAT WOULD MY POOR SOUL DO?

Today I wish to tell,
even though I find myself tired,
what one day happened to me
unexpectedly:
something terrible and fierce
which was engraved in my life;
and into my soul was printed
that the Lord was showing to me.

Without knowing how this happened,
in hell I found myself...!

How terrible! dear children,
what a bitter bitterness...!
with what a desperation...!
hope was past.

Everything is over.
To free myself I did not manage
from that terrible terror
of those who were there.

And although I do not know how it happened,
there my soul ended up,
to be able to express
the dread that overwhelmed me.

O what desperation...!
with unsuspected blackness!
without being able to free itself
even though it struggled.

And I attempted to escape,
but I found myself captive
in a gloomy dungeon,
oppressed...! gripped...!
And so much anguish I felt
that to breathe I did not manage.

What blackness...! what darkness...!
How I despaired...!:
this was engraved very deep,
very deep in my innermost being.

And in my desperation
I struggled, should I manage
to escape from that terror
that enslaved all of me;
and with terrible horrors...!
with monstrous phantoms...!
that, though they had no faces,
very well did I glimpse them.

I could not escape...!
All was blocked;
as though with hooks I was held.

I did not find the way
to break those irons
which gripped me so much.
And I struggled in my eagerness
to find myself freed.

In a muffled silence
my moans remained.
Moans of despair!:
My soul lost the One it loved;
now never would it find Him.
For, into this place thrown,
never would I be released;
I was inside the Abyss...!

O what desperation
and darkness overcome me...!

In hell and without God,
what would my poor soul do...?
How could I have fallen there...?!

The way I could not explain to myself;
for I found myself there suddenly,
when I least expected it.

And however much I may tell you
so that you may grasp it,
you will never be able to understand
what I experienced,
when I came to hell
without knowing how I came;
but into it I must have fallen
in an unexpected way.

In my desperation,
my gaze turned fast to Heaven,
and in my bitterness I said:
Here I am locked up!
and I do not know how this happened,
or through which hole I entered.

But that was forever...!
no doubt remains in me!
I had lost God,
and there was no tomorrow
to run towards Him,
much as I longed for it.

My loss was forever!:
that is the way I experienced it.
I would not be able to get away,
no matter how much I struggled,
from that terrible place
where I was damned.

I had lost God
and I was desperate,
without knowing how I fell
into the place I where found myself.

And the most terrible thing was
that there was no hope left...!
That was forever,
for time did not pass;
even if time did not exist
in that strange death.

And however much I might tell it
and, straining, express it,
I shall not describe the place,
without being a place, where I was.

It was something so bizarre,
that in my agony I found not
the way to tell it,
however much I strained.

Because mercy
for those did not count,
for they had abused
all that God had donated to them;
and the time had passed by
for them to avail themselves
of the blood of the Lamb,
that on the cross was shed
to redeem man
who was cleansed therewith.

All had been lost!
hope did not exist!
only desperation,
in so much bitterness,
that never will I be able to recount it
however much I tried.

This was the most terrible thing
that in my life happened.
“Soul of mine, look not at yourself...”
smaller it became;
because I had hope,
if I did not disappoint the Lord
in the way He printed it
in the centre of my soul.

And even for a few moments,
I was already there forever...!
That was the experience
that went right through all of myself.

And it was like a long time...!
because time passed not by.

I found myself in hell,
and condemned I was there
with those damned
that in that place were.

Dreadful darkness
that overwhelmed all of us.
There nothing was seen;
all bumped into each other
out of the desperation
that so much drove one to despair.

And I was with the devils!
I thusly experienced it.
They already possessed me
with the hatred that they vented on me
to take revenge on me,
and finally they martyred me.

O what a terrible dungeon!
where I attempted to shout
to beseech the Lord
to come and take me out
by His coeternal power.
Nothing else was enough,
for, without knowing His motive,
in hell I found myself.

And even though I understood very well
that I was already damned,
I yelled very loud
in case the Lord would hear me,
and His divine power
would show me His compassion,

—even though it were not possible
to rescue me from there—;
and at the end His eternal clemency,
in tenderness was shown
and, when looking at His little one,
He found some way.

By an act of mercy,
that did not enter into this place,
I was taken out of there,
when I expected it the least,
by the infinite power
of the One that loves me so much.

I see that I freed myself
from what nobody managed to;
because now cannot get out
the one who hurled himself
into the unfathomable Abyss,
of unsuspected blackness.

For fierce hooks grip you
so that you may not go;
because the one who falls there,
will thenceforth stay forever.

I do not know how I came out
and I would tell you how.
Perhaps it was for this
for what I got there.

But however much I tell you,
I would never manage to recount it fully;
because it cannot be told
what I experienced

that day when I fell
into hell, and I had a taste
of the desperation,
that those who were there have
for knowing that they will
never thenceforth reach God,
and that they lost everything
when they least expected to,
for rebelling against the One who Is
in a deliberate way.

That is why, when I saw myself
that there inside I lay
and I could not get out
or stretch out my large wings,
because everything oppressed me
so that I might not manage it;
in the desperation
that my soul experienced,
I understood that in hell
there was no hope,
because those who fell
never again got free.

And I fell, dear children,
so that I might tell you;
and that is why I got out,
when I found no way to do it.

But suddenly I found myself
that I was already free,
even without knowing how I entered
or the way in which I escaped.

This lasted just a short time.
God willed that I go through
that terrible torment
and tell men about it.

And He freed me fast...!
He Himself did not bear
that I stayed there long,
since not long was needed
for me to know
and to go through it there,
and nothing remains hidden
that my soul failed to say:
anything of all He wanted
me to reveal
to men on this earth
before I went to Heaven.

This I never told you
as now I explained it,
because I did not know how to go about it;
for I could not find the way
to be able to describe it
with the created word,
deciphering the torments
of the one who rises up against God
and plunges into hell,
losing all hope.

I like so much to tell you,
child of my beloved Church,
the things of the Infinite One,

those that He Himself taught me,
but when I have to express to you
what I told you before,
I am reluctant, dear child,
in case I did not explain it well,
and they would think that it was little
that which happened to me
the day that in hell
I felt myself damned.

Every time I remember it
and its terrors frighten me,
I wish to leave it in silence,
without ever deciphering
the tenebrous torments
that my spirit came across,
with the desperation
wherein I despaired
wanting to free myself,
and even hope I did not find;
whereas I broke into cries
without there being anyone to listen to me...!

Child, however much I tell it,
I do not express what happened
when I found myself in hell,
whence I was rescued
by the hand of the Eternal One.

He could not bear anymore
that I remained there longer
in so much hopelessness,
because I had lost Him

and thenceforth nothing mattered to me;
only to be able to free myself
from the sealed dungeon
with hooks of hard iron
that inside gripped me.

But I do not want to repeat
what has no words.
They are not earthly things;
with their end, these are finished.
That will always last...!

And the Lord who brought me
so that I might tell it to you
and explain it to men,
with His infinite power
and out of His love freed me.

Without knowing how this happened,
I found myself liberated
from the dark darkness
that gripped hell.

Twenty-seven years old I was
when this happened to me.

Come along with me to the Weddings
that a while ago I explained to you.
Stretch out your large wings,
because you are still on earth
without falling into the Abyss,
for no one escapes from there.

The Lord took me there,
and He Himself liberated me.
This has been a great miracle

that the Almighty worked
with my tiny soul
which could not endure that,
and weeping turned to God
so that He would take it out.

And with His powerful arm,
full of so much tenderness,
He took me out of that place,
and lifted me to His bosom
an eighteenth of March
after that happened.

For it was before, children of mine,
when I went through this.
And in that way God prepared me
so that I might contemplate Him
in His jubilation of love
and get inside into His bosom.

Come along with me to the Weddings,
your soul is liberated.
While you dwell on earth,
You have to spend your sojourn carefully,
just in case you might fall
and all would be ruined.

Come along with me to the Heavens,
freedom demands for you
in the coeternal banquet
of the Sacred Trinity.

Rush to my soul, son of mine,
before I depart for Heaven,

and when I am gone
remember my teachings.

I need You at my side
in the place where I may go,
since you are my descendant,
the one that God entrusted to me
for fulfilling the mission
that in the Church He gave me.

Come with me to Glory,
and give up the vain things.

This experience that my poor soul lived through for a very short time so that I might reveal it, has left my life marked forever.

Today, the 28th of May of 2001, when transcribing it, there comes to my memory that to some Saints God showed hell in one way or another, with its terrifying torments and the hair-raising situation in which the damned find themselves, and revealed what they saw and heard there. Among them the Children of Fatima, Saint Theresa of Jesus and Saint Faustina, recently canonized.

Something that must move all of us to live full of the holy fear of God, for, although “many are invited, but few are chosen”¹; and to be on the watch because “at an hour you do not expect, the Son of Man will come.”²

¹ Mt 22 : 14.

² Cf. Lk 12 : 40.

3-10-1972

EAGLE WINGS

The way that leads to Life is short. It is short because the days of the men who walk through it are numbered. It is short because we are created for Eternity, for the luminous day of the Light, for the encounter with the Father, and this way that leads us to the Fatherland is only a path, a journey through the exile that brings us irremissibly to the frontiers of the great beyond.

It has been engraved in my mind, in my heart grieving by the hardness of life, by the incomprehension of men, by the betrayal of many who called themselves mine, by the guffaws of those who despise me and by the multitude of those who do not accept me... yes, there has been engraved, to my astonished eyes, a short way through which all of us walked hastily: they were the days of life in exile.

So swiftly we walked, that we ran vertiginously at simultaneous speed, without being able to stop or able to move forward, since time is a measure which is the same for all.

And when arriving at the end of the exile, when the days of our journey were finished, I

have seen a precipice next to a border; an unfathomable Abyss, whose end could not be seen in depth, in profundity. The one who falls there, falls forever; he will never be able to get away, because the profundity of its bottom is unfathomable, because the force of its attraction, therefore, is irresistible.

“There was a rich man who dressed in purple garments and fine linen and dined sumptuously each day. And lying at his door was a poor man named Lazarus, covered with sores, who would gladly have eaten his fill of the scraps that fell from the rich man’s table. Dogs even used to come and lick his sores.

When the poor man died, he was carried away by Angels to the bosom of Abraham. The rich man also died and was buried.

And from the hell, where he was in torment, he raised his eyes and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus at his side. And he cried out, ‘Father Abraham, have pity on me. Send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am suffering torment in these flames.’

Abraham replied, ‘My child, remember that you received what was good during your lifetime while Lazarus likewise received what was bad; but now he is comforted here, whereas you are tormented. Moreover, between us and you a great chasm is established to prevent any-

one from crossing who might wish to go from our side to yours or from your side to ours.’

He said, ‘Then I beg you, father, send him to my father’s house, for I have five brothers, so that he may warn them, lest they too come to this place of torment.’

But Abraham replied, ‘They have Moses and the prophets. Let them listen to them.’

He said, ‘Oh no, father Abraham, but if someone from the dead goes to them, they will repent.’

Then Abraham said: ‘If they will not listen to Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if someone should rise from the dead’.”¹

Yes, a vertiginous race and people who ran as a crowd hastily... And when they reached the deep mouth of the open volcano of perdition, some fell into the profundity of that Abyss that swallowed them with the force of a hurricane, being lost forever, forever! and as though by surprise before my spiritual gaze.

Others, stopped suddenly; maybe they still had time to think over...

Was this second group capable of passing above the Abyss? I do not know how; because,

¹ Lk 16: 19-31.

to pass above it, wings were necessary and large, strong and wings of eagle, accustomed to flying very high and to surmount immense Abysses and great dangers... because God cannot be possessed if one does not come with eagle wings that, raising us towards Him, make us capable of living by participation on His very life, being His children, and heirs to His glory.

How then would this second group pass above without being provided with their wings...? Who would give them eagle wings to fly...? Perhaps the Sacraments... an act of pure love... a ray of light to transform them, like the good thief, making them react to the dramatic reality of their situation so they can cross over the Abyss...

“As I live, says the Lord God, I swear I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked man, but rather in the wicked man’s conversion, that he may live. Turn, turn from your evil ways! Why should you die, o house of Israel?

And though I say to the wicked man that he shall surely die, if he turns away from his sin and does what is right and just, he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of the sins he committed shall be held against him; he has done what is right and just, he shall surely live. Yet your countrymen say, ‘The way of the Lord is not fair!’; but it is their way that is not fair. When a virtuous man turns away from what is

right and does wrong, he shall die for it. But when a wicked man turns away from wickedness and does what is right and just, because of this he shall live. And still you say, 'The way of the Lord is not fair!' I will judge every one of you according to his ways."²

Even though the immense majority, even after crossing over the Abyss, will have to purify themselves to be able to come to possess God. Because, in the course of the journey through the quagmire of this life, their tunics are not completely washed and purified with the blood of the Lamb, by means of which, "though your sins be like scarlet, they may become white as snow; Though they be crimson red, they may become white as wool."³

So, in order to participate in God according to the model of the One who, looking at Himself in that which makes Him be God, He created us in His image and likeness to introduce us into the familial intercommunication of His own divine life; we must become like Him. Because, "in His light we see light,"⁴ transformed from glory to glory into that which we contemplate;

being overwhelmed by the glare of His glory, and being, with all the Blessed, a response of reverent adoration, in an act of pure love,

² Ez 33: 11. 14-20.

³ Is 1: 18.

⁴ Cf. Ps 36: 10.

to the untouchable Holiness of the God thrice Holy; whom one can not possess entering into the eternal Banquet without a Wedding gown.

And this is such, that the soul, once released from the slavery of the body, penetrated by the divine thought, not being prepared and enabled to possess God, instinctively would seek its own purification, in its cry of: Who like God?! owing to the need for fulfilling the purpose for which it has been created.

Embracing lovingly that new present that the Eternal gives it by means of Purgatory, in order to be able to come to possess Him forever, become one with Christ, and This One crucified, who, through the glorious triumph of His resurrection, introduced us into the thresholds of Eternity.

That is why Purgatory is a new gift from God overflowing with mercy, full of compassion, love and tenderness; so that the creature be able to purify all that in its journey, for lack of love and correspondence, carried away by its own passions, full of distortions, disfigure it so much, that prevent it from its definitive encounter with God.

Purgatory being as though the “place of lovelessness” where lie those who, for not having tried to do God’s will, went astray and, even

without losing their way completely, did not respond in loving return to the infinite donations from the One who, “loving His own in the world, He loved them to the end.”⁵

I do not know how this group, that stopped suddenly at the Abyss, secured their wings to cross over it... since, without wings of golden eagle, one cannot cross over the unfathomable Abyss that separates this life from the luminous day of the Light.

And the third group, which walks through the exile without soiling themselves in the quagmire of sin, who pass over it rapidly, with their eyes fixed on God, with their heart possessed by the Infinite One, with their mind enlightened by the Eternal Wisdom and with their soul taken over by the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit; in a word: with a supernatural outlook that shrouds and penetrates all the ways of their ascent towards the encounter with the Father and that makes them live a life of faith that expects tirelessly, driven by love, the promise of the children of God; these are the ones who pass triumphantly, above the insurmountable Abyss of perdition.

Terribly impressive is the sight of those who fell into the Abyss...! But no less impressive that

⁵ Jn 13: 1.

of those who, coming to the frontiers of Eternity, at the end of their life, behind the Abyss, glimpse a sparkling light that, with the magnet of its burning flames, attracts towards itself irresistibly men who, with penetrating eyes of divine wisdom, discover the light of the eternal Day of the Love...

What a joy to see that glorious multitude of those “who have come out of the great tribulation,” living as though flying through the exile neither getting stained nor crawling on the quagmire of life, and stretching out their large wings, almost unwittingly, soar up and pass in a lordly manner through and above the Abyss; and in the end are introduced by Christ into that burning and infinite Light of joy, happiness, bliss and eternal possession...!

The Gates of Eternity opened up to the golden eagle that comes from the exile to introduce itself into the bridal chamber of the Bridegroom...! The Gates opened up which introduced it forever, forever! into the infinite joy which the Blessed possess by participation...!

What a contrast...! Among those too, who fall into the Abyss, one perceives a “forever,” without end, unfathomable, horrifying; a “forever” known only by those who, dragged into the depth of its bosom, find themselves, as though by surprise, in that endless ditch of terror...

Two different “forever,” to which a single way leads us: the way of Eternity. Because, when God created us for Him and placed us in the exile, He made us walk in the same journey through the footpath that leads us to His possession. But sin built a ditch and opened an Abyss between creature and Creator, between Heaven and earth, between God and men; an Abyss of wickedness, which can be crossed over only with eagle wings and burning eyes of ardent wisdom...

I want eagle wings for me and for all of mine; a heart of Church with wings of Holy Spirit for all men on earth...! I want wings of golden eagle to bring me to the Mansions of the eternal happiness; and I seek to walk through my exile with my wings stretched out to cross gracefully the frontiers of Eternity and to save myself from the Abyss that sin opened up between God and men...!

I am being consumed in yearning to cry out with Christ and together with Him to all men: “Come to Me.” I need, because I am Church and a pilgrim among my brethren with whom I go at the same speed through the same road, to discover and to show them that burning Light full of life and happiness. And that is why I cry out with dead throes in songs, that due to the tragedy of my spirit have turned into yells, in

order to show men the safe way to live in our journey towards the Kingdom of Light and Love.

My soul is deeply impressed by this dogmatic truth, ever ancient and ever new, of life, of death, of Heaven and hell... But the impression on me of those who fell into the Abyss is so hard for me, that it almost does not allow me to take pleasure on the ones who crossed the glorious and sumptuous frontiers of Eternity.

They fell...! They fell...! They fell into the Abyss...! I have seen them fall!! And they fell forever with the speed of lightning in stormy days, with the swiftness of a hurricane in windy nights, with the chilling sensation of death, disappearing into the unfathomable depth of the “open volcano” ...!

I hear guffaws in the distance... mockery... gibes... snubs... incomprehensions, calumnies and martyrdoms against the *soul-Church* who, with eagle wings, passes through the exile his vertiginous progress...

How impressive, how magnificent and terrible the vision of the multitude of men of all times, running through the life's journey in vertiginous race...!

And what a contrast at the end of the exile...! What a different end! what a different fin-

ish! consequences of a different going through the land of life...

“...So will it be at the end of the age: The Son of Man will send His Angels, and they will collect out of His kingdom all who cause others to sin and all evildoers. They will throw them into the fiery furnace, where there will be wailing and grinding of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Whoever has ears ought to hear.”⁶

What a terrible foolishness that of the confused minds, going through such a short, quick and such an uncertain path, in such an absurd and such a mistaken unconcern...!

Everyone who runs is seeking love, happiness, peace, joy, and possession. But not all are seeking it according to God's will and, that is why, many are dragged, in the twinkling of an eye, into the unfathomable Abyss of perdition.

Dear soul, provide yourself with eagle wings, widen the caverns of your heart, go through the path of love, faith, hope, open your eyes to the truth, so that you may be capable of stretching out your wings and getting into the blissful happiness of the joy of God!

⁶ Mt 13: 40-43.

24-2-1974

WHO WILL PREVENT MY PASSING...?

Who will prevent my passing
when I undertake a swift flight,
when I overcome the height
with urgent fluttering?

What power, of all that exist,
will interrupt my ascent,
impelled by the infinite voices
of the Eternal One?

Earth seems narrow to me,
the universe tiny;
seas look like lakes
in the rising of my ascent...!

My ascent embarks on
a vertiginous race
with the impetus of lightning,
burning all I come across.

Neither my ways matter,
nor the danger I face;
hurricanes are my steps
to achieve my attempt!

All seems distant,
only the memory a fact is;
and my stretched out wings
pierce the firmament.

Silence I feel in my depth,
of profound recollection,
alienation from things,
loss of feelings,

transcendence of the human,
contact with the Mystery...
Oh, what my soul feels
when taking its flight...!

Who could have cut short my journey,
had I not felt, on earth,
the voice of Jesus grieving
in a tabernacle prisoner?

if my experience of Church,
by the mission that I hold inside,
had not called to me in clamours
to tread on the ground?

I live the Life and the death,
I am a pilgrim in Heaven,
with infernal suffocations
that attempted to block my ascent.

But there is no power to prevent
the impetus of my yearning,

when I feel in His passing
the scent of the Immense One!

A voice clamours on earth
capable of cutting me short:
the voice of silent Jesus:
Join me in my mourning!

Who could have cut my passing,
if the moan of the One I yearn for
had not dwelt among us
in the nights of His imprisonment
in the hidden tabernacle
in sacrosanct mystery?

A struggle is my life in my journey
For the Fatherland and for the soil;
Heaven and earth call me,
that is why a struggle is my flight.

Mystery of Life and death,
mystery of earth and Heaven...!

PUBLISHING NOTE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Collection
Light in the night
The mystery of faith

No. 13



Ediciones La Obra de la Iglesia

US \$ 2.50

ISBN 84-86724-88-0



9 788486 724887