

*God's speech
in Himself and for Himself,
and in outward manifestation
of loving wisdom*

*

*The voices of Silence
that in silence speaks*

* *

*To pray is to love
prayer is all-powerful
to the child of God who, sitting on His knees
with Christ, through Him, and in Him,
under the impulse of the Holy Spirit calls God: Father*

* * *

*Church of mine, beloved Church,
Bride of the immaculate and unblemished Lamb,
the hour of the power of darkness has fallen upon you*

* * * *

Street cleaners in the Church

Mother

Enimadao de la Santa Madre Iglesia

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

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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, 8-9-2006

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia Sánchez Moreno, and of her published book:

“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (“Experiences of the soul”)

First Spanish edition published: June 2002

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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: 84-86724-89-9

Legal deposit: M. 45.094-2006

Printed in Spain by: Fareso, S. A.

Paseo de la Dirección, 5. 28039 Madrid

6-10-1974

**GOD'S SPEECH
IN HIMSELF AND FOR HIMSELF,
AND IN OUTWARD MANIFESTATION
OF LOVING WISDOM**

Under the impulse of the Holy Spirit and the vehement request of Him who sends me; crushed by the poorness of my nothingness and extolled by the sapiential wisdom that penetrates my soul, enlightening me so that, under the savouring of the proximity of the Being in the profound reality of His mystery, I may express it;

I want to manifest today in a simple manner, but as profoundly and clearly as possible to me, not only what God is in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, but the manner and the way, whereby He communicates Himself to the soul which, inebriated with love by the savoury nectar of the proximity of Him whom it loves and seeking Him with a simple heart and an open spirit, finds Him in the unfathomable reality of the transcendent and enthralling mystery of His being and of His doing.

Wherefore, after so many years of intimate and loving communication with the Infinite One in the recondite depths of my spirit and

in my long and profound times of prayer next to the God of the Sacrament, lived in priestly attitude at the foot of the tabernacle; my soul knows savouringly, in profound and transcendent mystery, penetrated by the sapiential, consubstantial and eternal wisdom of Him who Is, the speech of God in loving spellings out of infinite coeternal and sacrosanct communication, in His ways of being inward and of manifesting Himself outwards, replete with intimate and unprecedented sayings.

For, having been introduced by Him into the profound and hidden depth of His eternal conversation, I have perceived, enthralled by love, alien to everything earthly and beyond created things, that intercommunicative and familial conversation which, in the Trinity's bosom, is a copious flow of infinite Wisdom in singing Explanation of inexhaustible, divine and coeternal perfections...

And "there," transcended, I have known, in a knowing not knowing of limitless understanding, that trinitarian intercommunication that "tastes of eternal life and all debt pays."¹

The life of God is a mystery of infinite conversation uttered by the Father, where everything is said in the plethoric exuberance of the Expression of the Word, so savourily, delightfully and restfully, that all the power been and possessed of the eternal Being by Himself

¹ Saint John of the Cross.

breaking into fecundity of infinite and loving fatherhood is spelled out and savoured, without words from the here, in the substantial Word that wells up from the Father's bosom, in glares of holiness, in an inexhaustible spring of conversation.

God *is Himself** to be able Himself to utter in His infinitely perfect, eternal and encompassed need to express Himself. But a Word that, by virtue of the perfection of His infinite explanation, has it all said in the outburst of wisdom which, flowing from the Father's bosom, breaks into eternal and personal Saying through the Word: the Singing Word in consubstantial spelling out of infinite infinitude of attributes and perfections.

Wherefore the Uncreated One is Himself a joyful communication and intercommunication in the interreturning self-giving that the Three Divine Persons *are Themselves* in and by their relations, and they possess and enjoy one another in the personal manner of each one.

But what a Word the Infinite Word is in Himself! explanatory containment of encompassing perfection, that, in a concert of unheard of melodies, goes on spelling out, in a diversity of attributes, the inexhaustible, unfathomable and infinite spring of His divine and eternal perfections...

* See Publishing Note on page 115.

All is already said in the Bosom-Love through a Word, eternal and infinite, of so much affluence that, being a Person, is Speech of God...

Sweet melodies of conversation...! Sacred concerts that are all the being by Himself sublime and infinite of the Begetter breaking into a Saying that is all Song...!

Song, because His expressive Voice of unheard of accent is sweet, owing to the high and eternal melodies of His Explanation...

O if I were to say somehow, with my poor accent and in my coarse voice, what I glimpse when, transcended, God breaks into voices within my grasp...!

I do not know in what way my soul is capable of perceiving that eternal generation of the Word... I do not know how it is, since, without anything to see, anything to hear, I hear and see that Affluent in infinite current of life that God *is Himself* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, in His manner of *being Himself so*, by virtue of the profound profundity, profound! of that sacred point, in the unheard of concavity of His consubstantial mystery...

As I also know God's speech in my interior; that is why His doing, inside my spirit, is perceived by my poor grasp in that mysterious manner that, without knowing how is it, I know what He Who *is Himself* is telling me inside my heart by the way in which He is working in me.

For I perceive the action of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, in the perfect oneness of their acting and in the personal and particular way of each one of the divine Persons.

Wherefore I do know well, in savourable wisdom of unheard of and supernatural grasping, when and how it is the Father who acts in my interior placing in the marrow of my spirit His infinite thought in loving will of eternal commands; when it is the Son the One who speaks to me in melodic and consubstantial words of singing explanation in loving spelling out; and when and how it is the Holy Spirit the One who, in His fiery passing, under the sacrosanct brush of the touch of His Divinity, in bridegroomly flapping, caresses me with the breeze of His flight, inebriating me with love.

Since the personal touch of the Three and of each one is unmistakable to the soul that, knowing, overwhelmed and immersed in the mystery of the Being, the divine acting in savouring of life, knows the personal way of each One of the divine Persons in their being and in their doing.

For, although God always acts in common and the soul thus perceives it, it also savours, enjoys and knows how to distinguish the personal way of each one of the divine Persons in a touch of sapiential divinization or of loving request.

And as marvellous the action of the Eternal One is in the marrow of the spirit, so marvel-

lous also is the grasp that He instils into the profound and recondite depths of the soul in order to distinguish what the divine Persons say or do in the interior, each one in His way of being, of doing and of manifesting Himself.

In the passing and the alighting of the Eternal One in loving fashion communicating Himself to the soul, I experience, quietly and clearly, the “breathing,” with throbbing, of God in my chest; being conscious that He is the God alive and living! who penetrates, in His breath of life, “breathing!” down to the most profound and sealed recess of the marrow of my spirit.

And I know it because God manifests it to me and tells it to me, without words and without conversations of the here, in a saying whereby all that He is, lives and wants to communicate to me is worked and realized within me.

When I perceive the God alive and living “breathing!” in the containment of my spirit, I know His loving throbbing in communicative repose of eternal self-giving.

God is settled in my interior. I experience Him, and perceive His “breathing” restful and continuous, and the ringing in throbs of His chest, so that I may live, by participation, in Him and in me, all that He is and how He is so in loving song of eternal gift.

And this “restful” and “continuous,” to me is to tell me that He is settled and feeling at ease

in my soul; it is to tell me that He is not a dead God, but the God alive and living inside of me, in the most profound and recondite depths of my spirit... so alive, that I perceive His “breathing” ...!

“The loving soul perceives
the breathing of the Eternal One
in its times of tabernacle,
that are romances of Heaven.

The Breathing of the living God
is unprecedented concerts...
is melodies of glories...
is savours of the Immense One...

The Breathing of Jesus
is secret and is silence,
is sweet penetration
into the depth of my chest;

recreation of my soul,
cravings to take Him
and eager desires to palpitate
to the sound of His accent.

The Breathing of Jesus
is known in the silence,
is tasted in the tabernacle
and is lived in the secret.”

28-1-1973

And this God being in me living His life at ease, without haste and in gentle rest of love,

to me is not always an invitation to Eternity, but a request for company, inside, in the depth of my being...

Since, when God's speech is communication spirit to spirit in loving repose in manifestation of His mysteries, this one rests calm and rested, without any need other than to receive, to adore and to respond to the Beloved of its soul.

The action of God in the soul is a conversation that, penetrating us with His wisdom in the marrow of the spirit, gradually teaches us His way of being and of doing, enabling us to grasp Him.

I know how God's passing by is in call to Eternity, because He puts the spirit to fly and as though in separation from the body in swift hurtling towards Him after the breeze of His passage.

God does not say anything in the way of the here; He makes Himself felt in passing by of Eternity.

“A wound so profound
I have in the center of the chest,
that God Himself is wrenching
my soul from my body.

I am enthralled by the infinite
voices of His accent;
impelled, I run to Him,
and He sustains me
in my attempt.

He calls me to leave me
in the prison of my enclosure;
and between life and death,
by the invitation that I feel,
I fly driven after Him,
and His voice cuts me short:

Wait, for it is still early!
I do not take you to Heaven yet;
I did not come to take you
out of the exile yet;
I only wanted to kiss you
and detach you from the ground,
so that you may know how to know,
in your well directed journey,
what My *loves* taste of
behind thick veils.
I seek you for Me alone,
without anything to cut down the flight
that you undertake, when you hurtle yourself
in journey of ascension.

That is why I come to seek you,
even though once more I leave you
so that you may live waiting for
My encounter,

so that you may be waiting
when I return anew,
and find you always alert,
in vigilant concern.

Of you I want all that you have;
not even one fibre to anyone do I leave!

because I am the gentle Hero of *loves*
Who with jealousy I desire you.

Do not hand over to creatures
what is only My trophy,
for I always seek to have you
waiting when I return.

And, even if I leave in the night,
and I conceal My desires from you,
I like, when I come to you,
for you to await me longingly,
without falling asleep, even if I am late
on My return, if I arrive.
Never sleep, My bride,
I will come to take you to Heaven!

Lover of my conquests,
rest, I always keep vigil!"

1-6-1974

The one who understands the ways of the divine doing in the spirit, will understand well this that I say; for I distinguish His footstep amongst thousands passing by; as I know the kiss, in eternal virginity of infinite and Heavenly *loves*, of the Holy Spirit in Bridegroom recreation and in self-giving of love; experiencing and living what, in His passing by, He wants to tell or to teach me in throbbing, living and vivifying experience, that turns into reality.

How many times God wants to have His colloquies with the soul...! And He kisses it in the

transcendent way of His coeternal and virginal perfection, infinitely distant and different from all things of the here... He feasts it... loves it... penetrates it... beautifies it, bedecks it... bejewels it... shrouds it, ennobles it and saturates it... rocks it in His lulling and caresses it in His bosom...

And how many times the Holy Spirit goes through it in cauterization of love, to make it incandescent, to extol it in His charcoal fire, to go deeper into its depth like an arrow of Infinite Love, getting into it in a cautery that is wounding like jealousy and piercing like love...!

And the soul knows what it is and what God is doing in it and why He is doing it; for the penetration of the sharpness of this dart of love is piercing, and introduces itself slowly into the concavity of that deep point of the marrow of the spirit as though going through the innermost depths of the soul in painful cauterizing.

And this is so enjoyably savourable, which is a penetrating piercing of the Infinite One in burning dart of love; this working of God in it is extolling and raising the bride so marvellously, that they are kindled arrows which arise from the innermost being of God Himself to the innermost being of the soul in darts of loving wisdom of secret conversation.

“O silent breeze!
O passing by of Immense One...!:
sacred murmurs,
concerts of Heaven...

sweet melodies
in faint accents...
profound courtesies,
recondite dream...

quiet images,
nostalgia in mystery...
tireless wait,
murmurs in fire...

smooth harmonies,
soft requests...
silences of Glory...
images of Heaven...

Oh, what I press
into the savourings
and into the relish
that in my chest I have...!

It is God Himself in breeze,
in secret passing,
in sweet murmur,
in internal contact!

Oh, what I enclose
in my captivities
when God settles Himself
inside my bosom...!"

6-2-1973

Mysteries between God and the soul, between the human creature and the Creator,

between the All and the nothing...! But mysteries of love that go through the spirit with the arrows that, like darts, being drawn from the quivers of the Infinite Being, are penetration of loving wisdom to the bride of the Holy Spirit.

And these “footsteps” of the Being in the mystery of His passing by, kissing and alighting, that are most divers in their ways, manners and styles; are always a communication spirit to spirit in lovingly known wisdom, that gradually teaches the bride the saying, in mysterious acting, of her divine Consort...

It is the Holy Spirit also, with the kiss of His mouth, with the penetration of His dart, the one who, not only brings about the union between God and the soul in these divers ways of cauterizing it progressively, bedecking it, bejewelling it and beautifying it in the feasts that it perceives in its interior and lives in familial enjoyment with the divine Persons; but the Holy Spirit Himself progressively fecundates the *soul-Church*, according to God's plan and His infinite and eternal designs upon it within the Church herself...

Wherefore, in the breeze of His flight and in the piercing arrow of His love, He fecundates it, introducing into its interior the souls that He, by a design of His infinite will, wants to unite, in a mystery of compenetration, for the glory of the Eternal Love Himself.

“Flutterings of the living God
I hear in the depth of the chest,
at His passing gentle and kissing
in romances of mystery.

I heard the living Silence
breathing in His innermost being,
to *utter Himself** in His *Being Himself*,
in canticles of good love.

Silence! children; God kisses,
and the Word breaks into concert,
expressing without words
the eternal springs.

Silence! for God pronounces
His Word, without concepts,
in a saying that is to be Father
in fruit of begetting.

How the Father utters His Word
in His concealment...!
So much, that He is the infinite,
consubstantial and coeternal Son,

the Fruit of that saying,
in love so everlasting,
that, from God loving Himself so much
in the innermost being of His bosom,

there arises a personal Love
in consubstantial mystery;
there arises the Holy Spirit,
who is flame, in tongue of fire.

* See last paragraph of Publishing Note on page 119.

Listen, children, God passes by;
I perceive His fluttering;
make silence in the depth;
you already know how good that is!

Silence! God is close
in a passing by of cauterization
that, the more He gives, the more He asks,
for *loves* are His jealousy.

Listen, children, God passes by;
answer and make silence,
for I feel His glance
and I perceive His fluttering.

What do distances matter now?;
your soul is in my center,
because the love of the living God
incrusts them into my chest.

Listen, that God kisses you;
answer and make silence,
because nostalgia is to love,
and to love is comprehension.”

13-2-1975

Well does the soul know that it has heard
the infinite conversation of God in Him, through
Him and for Him, and knows His speech in the
diversity of gifts and ways of doing, what God
Himself gradually tells to it, imprinting Himself
in it, in the diversity of His ways of being and
of doing in the marrow of the spirit...!

That is why, what a torture when it has to express the uncreated manners of the divine acting, with forms and words, without these “footsteps” of God getting defiled under the expression of human concepts...!

And thus, only in the silence of its interior, the soul rejoices, knowing the infinite conversation of the Eternal Being taking place in it according to His personal and particular way of acting, and bringing about in it the realization of His plans according to His infinite willing in His coeternal will.

Poor soul accustomed to living on the Infinite One before the Infinite One Himself... to perceive the beating of His heart... the palpitation of His chest, the breathing of His life and the mystery of His reality...!

Poor soul...! since, having listened to the infinite Conversation in His being and in His doing, knows the Saying of God in Himself and in explanatory communication in the depth of the marrow of its spirit...

Poor human creature who, penetrating the saying of God's divers touches in explanation of savoury wisdom and in comprehension of intuitive penetration; and understanding, seeing and penetrating the mystery of the Eternity, of the Infinitude, and even having penetrated and savoured that of the divine and coeternal Subsistence; has to avail itself of its tiny and poor way of being in order to utter the Being in His

being inward and the Being in His doing outwards...!

Each word of God uttered in the spirit is a dart of love which, in acute and piercing cauterization, goes through from side to side in the communication of His burning, infinite and eternal wisdom...

And when God's wisdom manifests itself in will, introducing itself with the penetrative sharpness of the burning dart of His speech in request inside the soul, and irresistibly impelling it to the realization of His desire; this one, when feeling driven by the divine might, launches itself to carry out all that, being imprinted on it by God's passing, God Himself asks it in relation to itself or to the others.

“Why do You place all You want
in the bottom of my chest,
as a kindled coal
of cauterizing yearning...?”

Why is Your doing to tell me
Immense's conversations
with stamps of tasks
that I must fulfil for You promptly...?

Wounding are Your words,
as engravings in fire,
that slowly print on me
Your infinite desires!

Your will is in my depth
profound like jealousy;
and, although I attempt to resist,
Your love breaks my insistence,
for being all that You ask me
as constant as Heaven,
that does not change in all it seeks,
for being Your saying eternal.

Useless that I be reluctant;
Your Word is like fire!"

25-11-1974

I wish, my Lord, to listen to Your infinite conversations in You and in me... to perceive the palpitation of Your chest in You and in me... which is communicative conversation of eternal love!

And I wish, my Lord, to listen in my times before the tabernacle to Your Infinite Word, among veils, in this sublime and Heavenly manner in which You have willed to communicate Yourself to men...!

For also, in this way, the Incarnate Word gives Himself to us in perpetuity of love, under the sacramental species of bread and wine, in the diversities of His inexhaustible utterance. Since His savours, His fruits and His graspings, on the part of the soul, are reception of the Infinite One Himself.

Because it is God who speaks to it –for in the tabernacle lies the Being–, and well does it perceive Him... for it is God Himself become man and hidden in the mystery of the Eucharist...!

Wherefore is also perceived the breathing of Christ in the tabernacle, the rumbling of the throbbing –without throbbing– of His heart and the sound of His voice, different and distant from all the throbs, the breathings and the speeches of men; because it is the penetration of His divine wisdom that, with the God-Man nuance, is uttered to us and is given to us with Father's heart and Holy Spirit's love...

I know the gaze of Jesus without having seen His eyes; and I do not need it to know how He gazes!

I know His sadness and His smile loaded with mystery, with love and with self-giving.

I perceive the request of His thirsty thirst, and the deep drill of the wound of His heart bleeding out of love for men.

I know all that He wills to tell me in teaching, in request or in self-giving, demanding my surrender. And I neither ever heard with my senses the echo of His voice, nor contemplated His gaze... But I do not need it to know His gazing and His saying in divine and eternal conversation of Infinite Love for men!

He looks at me... I look at Him... and, in His self-giving of surrender and in my response of adoration, everything is said under the silent

and delightful breeze of the Holy Spirit in the mysterious murmur of the silence of the Tabernacle...

Because the calm gaze of Jesus is stabbing with the sharpness of the love dart that, coming out of God's chest, bursts by His gazing of profound penetration, incrusting itself in the marrow of the being.

“When I look at You, Jesus,
it is the Infinite One who speaks,
breaking into wisdom
through your profound gaze.

For Your eyes are sapient,
so much! that, to my soul,
they mean Eternal Being
in sapiential teaching.

When I look at You, I see,
behind the fires that burn You,
the Eternal Wisdom
flowing through Your gaze.

Through the eyes of Jesus
God Himself breaks into Word,
uttering Himself to the loving soul,
who, transcended, grasps Him.

I do not know His colour,
for I never saw His gaze

as it is seen here on earth
with human perceptions.

But I know how God gazes
from His sublime watchtower
through the eyes of Jesus
in sapiential blaze.

That is why, when I look at Him
into His sacred pupils,
it is the Infinite Being
the one who reveals Himself to me in Word.

Jesus contains everything
in His profound gaze!"

4-9-1975

God's speech is to do what He says in the depth of the spirit in wisdom of sharp penetration. God speaks without words, and that is why the Word is uttered by the Father in a silent and consubstantial Saying of being.

Eternity is communication of all the Blessed with God and with one another without words and without concepts; since, penetrated by the divine wisdom, they break into a savouring of explanatory loving communication.

And the *soul-Church* that lives on faith, full of hope and kindled in the burning and delightful flames of the Holy Spirit; in the recondite recesses of her heart, where God dwells in

secret of mystery, and in savouring of loving communication in intimacy with the God of the Sacrament, close to the foot of the tabernacle; listens to eternal conversations at the proximity in passing by of the Infinite One in divine silences... that launches it, full of hope, into its tireless search towards the encounter with Him whom it loves.

My soul also knows the saying of Mary, Virgin and Mother, through and in the mystery of the Incarnation in the proximity of Her motherhood, in the lulling of Her caress, in the brilliance of Her Majesty, in the whiteness of Her virginity...

Because Mary is the expression of the Infinite in reverberation of the Eternal One; being She through whom is revealed to us, is given to us and is manifested to us the mystery of the Incarnation, brought about in Her womb by the loving, consubstantial, divine and transcendent touch, of the virginal kissing of the Holy Spirit.

I know the “saying” of Mary when, in the savouring of Her proximity, without uttering words, She reveals to me: Divine Motherhood... Motherly heart... majesty and virginity; when She reveals to me shelter and protection; when She caresses me in Her chest, taking me with inexpressible tenderness and with motherly embrace to Her heart.

It is Mary the one who bowed to me on the 25th of March of 1962 and, without uttering any-

thing, told me everything with the strengthening infusion of Her motherly and loving contact:

“VIRGIN, MOTHER, QUEEN AND LADY...

(Fragments)

White was the Lady...!
that one I saw that day,
like flashings of glory,
of majesty so divine,
that She reflected the Immense One
in His infinite harmony...!

To me She came and approached...!
In whiteness She shone...!
She was so white...! so white...!
that Her whiteness revealed,
in the way that so simple
a human creature can do it,
the infinite loftiness
of divine transcendence
in glares of glory,
where God lives His life.

What a majesty enclosed
Her transparent whiteness,
reflection of the eternal Sun
in substantial company...!

And I have seen Her on earth...!
but not with these pupils
wherewith one sees down here
the small things of this life;

being the eyes of the soul
those which in my depths look,
and wherewith God wills
that I introduce myself into His life.

Nothing She said with words,
with Her presence, Mary;
but everything was said
to my distressed soul
with the sweet protection
that the Virgin offered me.

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

A twenty-fifth of March...!
How will I forget that day!
when I came to understand
that God Himself told me,
in the simple heart
of His Mother and mine,
with sweet motherhood,
the way in which He loved
this poor "Trinity"
whom, He on earth had...

Was it God, or was it the Virgin...?
It was He who told me
in the chest of His Mother
how much He loved me...!

and He wanted to caress me,
as my Jesus did
day by day in the tabernacle,
when in His chest I laid
my small little head,
because I felt like a child
when I came closer to Jesus
present in the Eucharist...!

She was white...! She was Mother...!
what gleams surround
Her sublime motherhood
plunged in virginity...!

That is why the figure of Mary
remained on my soul
imprinted with so much light,
that, without words, said
eternal Virginity
that the Sublime One in Himself had,
being Himself so in His inner being
by Himself and in Himself possessed
in bursting waterfalls
of divine fatherhood.

A twenty-fifth of March...!
sublime and terrible day...!
that forever left imprinted,
on my distressed soul,
the figure of the Virgin,
so Queenly and extolled,
so brilliant and so pure
like the midday sun.”

30-4-1993

And when God shows me the Church in Her reality as divine as She is human; owing to the beauty of Her face and Her fullness of Divinity, my soul, penetrated and swept over by the might and the impulse of the Holy Spirit, proclaims Her in a delirium of love, breaking into melodic and poetic songs, seized and enthralled by the beauty of Her face, full of holiness, youth and divine beauty, capable of maddening God Himself with love for the New, Universal, Eternal and Heavenly Jerusalem.

Church of mine! how beautiful You are...!
how much I love You!

But, when the New Zion appears before my spiritual gaze dressed in black, thrown to the ground and tearful, breathless and stooping, covering Her rich jewels with a cloak of mourning, and with Her inner being torn; asking me for help, of me, the smallest, last, most miserable and poorest, of the daughters of this Holy Mother;

I groan with groans that are inexpressible by the Holy Spirit with my shaken lament because of the grieving of the Daughter of Zion:

Help me to help the Church! who, like a fortified tower, strong, invincible, incorruptible, unshakable! pouring Herself forth upon me from the height of Her greatness to the tiny smallness of my nothing, like the "ointment running down upon the head of Aaron, running down upon the collar of his robe,"² soaks me

² Ps 133: 2.

and penetrates me with the fullness of Her divinity and the tears of Her breathless and distressed weeping.

“Because the Church is wounded
and Her sufferings She recounts to me,
I collapse fallen in love
in secret self-givings.

Agony of my Bridegroom,
plunge in my chest Your complaint!
for I will seek, in my ways,
solace for Your sorrows.

Christ... distressed Church...
weeping of great transcendence...
for, if the Church is wounded,
what will Her Head feel?

Blessed Christ of the Father,
receive thus our offering
for the glory of Your Name
and of Your Bride, the Church!”

3-2-1976

And my soul, without seeing anything, without hearing anything with the senses of the body, contemplates Her with the eyes of the spirit in the diversity of manners that God deigns to show Her to me; remaining engraved in my spirit with more sureness, more certainty, than all that can be seen or heard with the corporeal senses.

Since the graspings of the soul are as though infinitely different and distant from the earthly perceptions through the senses of the body, accustomed only to perceive earthly things; whereas the spirit, enlightened and illuminated by the wisdom of the Eternal One, surpasses all understanding, comprehension and discourse.

That is why, give me, Lord, Your Thought to know You, Your Word to express You and Your Love to love You; and thus I will be able to fulfil, under the light of the Holy Spirit and the power that invades me, Your command inscribed in my soul and engraved, marked and sealed as though by fire in the deepest recesses of my heart:

“Go and tell it...!” “This is for all...!”

No longer does my *soul-Church* need –after so many years of loving contacts in my long and prolonged whiles of prayer– created conversations, or human means to taste God in my savouring of silent life...!

Now, between the human creature and the Creator, God brought about a mystery of so perfect an intercommunication, that, introducing us where He is, He made us grasp Him in His communicative wisdom by the participation of our human nature in His divine nature Itself!

I know what God tells me because I know His voice and the murmur of His footsteps amongst thousands passing by; and, in the breeze of His flight, I perceive the acting of His

being in the most inner being of my spirit, knowing what He wanted to tell me in the sonorous softness of His passing by, in a saying that was brought about in me by the kiss of His Mouth with the touch of His divinity; as the manifestation of the might of Yahweh, kindled in zeal for the glory of His Name, in burning request that demands reparation to His offended infinite Holiness.

I know Christ's speech in the tabernacle, behind the sweet silence of the Eucharist, and the motherly conversation of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation sheltering my soul in Her loving bosom; as the song of the Holy Mother Church, immaculate Bride of the Lamb, in Her splendour full of holiness and refulgent with beauty, and the heartrending lament of Her painful sorrow piercing the inner being of my soul in the depth of my chest.

But what I do not know how to tell to others is how these communicative "conversations" between God and my soul are, because the infinite action of the Eternal Being does not fit into the human word...

That is why, the repose of my life is havened silently in my priestly posture, for, prostrating myself in reverent adoration, it makes me receive God; and, responding to Him, to repair for His insulted and offended infinite Holiness and to communicate Him to others in a repose of love; returning, in my universal mission, with the men of all times who have been, are and

will be, to the Infinite Being as a hymn of praise and of glory that rejoices in that God *is Himself* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, all that He can be, been, enjoyed and possessed, in infinite Conversation in copious eternal stream of flowing happiness.

“Of my times before the Tabernacle
I wanted to tell the mystery;
I wanted to explain in some way
the palpitation of my chest,
when I feel quietly
the Eternal One in my innermost being.

I wanted to explain without words
the kissings of the Immense One,
the touches of the Infinite One,
the touchings of the Silence.

I wanted to break, no matter how,
what stirred in my chest,
and I only managed to remain
in so wounding a cautery,
that my inner being bleeds
in the mysterious depth of my bosom!

The more I say, the more I suffer,
but be silent I cannot
in my saying without words,
in my clamouring without concepts,
in my adoring what I live
for drawing back my secrets.

If I keep quiet, I break into clamours
in my mission as Echo

of my Mother Church feasting,
of my Mother Church in mourning;
but, if I speak, I defile
the depth of my mystery.

That is why, I do not know what to do
when the Eternal One surrounds me,
when His voices invade me
telling me His mysteries;
since everything is to me more torture
due to the breeze of His fire.

How can I keep quiet without telling
the ardours of the Sublime One,
when, in murmurs of *loves*,
with the breeze of His flight,
He lets feel the sound
of His vibrant concert?

And how can I speak, if I interrupt
the colloquies of the Eternal One,
if I defile, in some way,
what lies in my innermost being?

How hard it is for me to live
when everything to me is torment;
because, when I have God,
I know that soon I will lose Him
because of the oddness of His passing by
as long as I live in exile...!

I wanted to say somehow
the depth of my secret,
when God makes Himself felt
in kisses of mystery;

but I have no words
due to the helplessness that I feel.

That is why, however much I say,
I have not succeeded in my attempt,
and I remained without telling
the passings in alightings
and kissings of the Immense One!"

20-12-1971

2-4-1972

THE VOICES OF THE SILENCE THAT IN THE SILENCE SPEAKS

When, silenced, the soul perceives the voice of the Eternal One, it breaks, in its clamours, in quiet breeze and in flames of fire, the silence.

Silence speaks as though in melodies of faint concerts... Silence speaks in its sonorous and secret ringing, in mystery.

It is something profound what the soul listens, I do not manage to tell, when, transcended, it hears in prayer the voices of the Word in silence.

Nothing explains so much God's speech, as this mystery of nothing to say that, in its touchings, silence contains in concert.

It is conversations... sweet melodies in breezes of fire... eternal romances... unprecedented words... voices of cauterization, in secret;

something which escapes... something that is so great shrouded in veils, that it is a saying of God, silent and sacred, that it is the Immense One Himself in His fires.

O if I managed to express the voices that I press in my chest...! which come and go, when the soul manages to remain in silence, very quiet.

Three classes of silence are perceived, in sacred savouring of eternal mystery, there in the depth of the spirit, in the inner contact, sacrosanct and silenced of the soul with God, and in the times before the tabernacle, immersed in the mystery of the Lord of the Sacrament Who hides, silenced behind the nights of mystery, waiting should someone come to visit Him.

One –the silence of well-being, of savouring, of sweetness, of peace, of rapture–, the one that the soul experiences which, savouring somehow the proximity of the Eternal One, seeks, led by the soft and silent desire that it perceives in its interior, the solitude;

in which it rests lovingly, reposing in the proximity of Him Whom it loves; as though leaning on the chest of Jesus Who waits for it tireless so that, after the search for Him who hurtles to His encounter, it may perceive His delightful, savoury and silent presence, which somehow speaks to it, in the mystery of Jesus' proximity, so silently and supernaturally that, without knowing how it is, is separation from earthly things and sapientially loving and communicative union of the spirit with the God of the Sacrament.

The one who seeks God behind the doors of the tabernacle or in the recondite recesses of his heart, persisting, finds Him in a repose of peace and a secret and delightful savouring that makes him rest, without knowing anything, without wanting anything, without seeking anything and without hearing anything, under the

smooth and savoury wisdom of something supernatural that makes the spirit rest in a relish of silenced silence that for nothing of this world he would want to lose.

Wherefore, very still, the soul rests in a savouring that is life, proximity of the Beloved; being as though transcended in that which alone perceives and will know how to express the one who, next to the foot of the tabernacle or in the recondite and deep recesses of his interior, knows something, in loving tasting, of the proximity of the Good sought and found, in the mysterious secret of the recondite arcanum of the spirit: "I will lead the soul to the solitude and there I will speak to its heart."¹

Into the solitude in the things of the here, and to the search of the encounter with God Who waits for us tireless, under the sacramental species, become Bread out of love, century after century, without tiring, behind the doors of the tabernacle, should someone come to visit Him so as to be with Him in colloquies of love, in sweet and intimate loving company.

Wherefore one must seek times to be at the tabernacle in silence. And next to Jesus, in loving, peaceful, silent wait and gradually one experiences in a secret, but profound and silenced manner, the proximity of the God alive, living and palpitating, Who says to our heart: "And behold, I am with you always, until the end of the age."²

¹ Hos 2: 16.

² Mt 28: 20.

Jesus likes to be sought by those whom He loves, to manifest to them His secret of love behind the silenced notes of the quiet breeze of silence.

“Near distance...
nostalgia for the Eternal One...
sweet melancholy
of God...

Long hours of wait
call me to silence,
where the Love of *loves*
loved me.

Mysteries of the Tabernacle
that the loving soul senses,
in silent days
of Sun...

Luminary of my eyes!
fire of my volcanoes!
dawn of my life
in heat...!

I run seeking anxious
the safe end
that to brim in my struggles
my gift.

Secret is my race
in search of the Love.”

5-1-1974

Behind this silence, lived in intimacy with Jesus in the Eucharist or by the presence of God in the recondite and intimate recesses of our heart, where the *soul-Church* through grace, by

means of its life of faith, participates in the mystery of God in His Trinity of Persons dwelling in it and being communicated to it in participation in loving life, under the silent and sacrosanct murmur of the Holy Spirit;

persevering in the search for the God of its heart, quietly and gradually, is being introduced, and as though transcended, into another silence which is not earthly; that, rather than silence, is a silent... profound rumour... that is a likeness of faint concerts that fill the soul with recollection, feeling near the Eternal Love, but without possessing Him in the right way that the love rapidly needs it, in the bridal chamber of the Infinite Being, immersed and penetrated into His sacred silence.

The silence of the things of the here brings the soul into contact with God; and this inner silence fills it with life and makes it capable of listening to the Word, of receiving Him, of grasping Him, of perceiving His conversation, of tasting His mystery, of feeding on His joy, on His life, on His perfection and on His secret...

And what a marvellous profundity, so secret, so tender, so mysterious, so savourable, so near, and at the same time so distant and so different from the silence of created things, this silence has, that, in its created way, brings us into contact with the Uncreated One and is speech of God spirit to spirit...!

*“What does silence have,
in the melodies*

of its sweet notes,
that speaks of Immense One...?

What does silence have,
that it invites to adore,
all transcended,
before His mystery...?

What does silence have,
that it wounds in the soul
and leaves it anointed
in breezes of Heaven?

What does silence have,
that it permeates, in its gift,
all that is life
with its quiet touch...?

What does silence have,
that it speaks of God
only in the touching
of His tenuous kiss?

What does silence have,
that, without saying anything,
with its deep breeze
speaks to me of the Eternal One?

What does silence have... ?
What do its notes have...?
What do its breezes have...?
What do its fires have...?"

22-4-1972

And there is a third silence that is different and distant from every earthly thing, because it is proximity of Him who is in possession of the mystery of the Eternal One, and that submerges

the spirit and silences it in the infinite Mystery of His profundity. And there, inside that depth, makes it listen to conversations in eternal voices of the Being.

Conversations that are not words, but that is savoury wisdom of secret silence. But a wisdom so lofty and silent and a silence so savoury, that the soul knows savourably and delectably –without knowing– how it is not precisely that it is savouring the sweetness of the earthly silence, even though it be spiritual, but rather that it is immersed and inebriated in the possession of the Silence that God is; that, in cloistral loving compliments, are voices of fire that communicate to the spirit something so mysterious, so unprecedented, so profound and so secret, that the Infinite Silence alone knows how to tell in the savoury conversation of His voices...

Because the Silence that God is, are voices! voices of wisdom in concert of peace and in romance of love; voices of eternal life; voices that the open spirit understands that are melody in proximity of Eternity... melody of Eternity that are communication of the Eternal One and manifestation of His attributes and perfections in savoury wisdom of divine and consubstantial Silence.

“When God immerses me inside into the voices that the Silence contains,
I remain submerged in the most profound depth of His concealment;

and there, without words, I answer in my style in the way I can,

without anything to say with earthly phrases
of all I understand.

Profound secrets of the eternal voice
of the Word in my chest...!
Oh, how much I discover inside the depth
that I press in my bosom...!:

They are cloistral voices, sweet melodies
of eternal concerts...
sonorous *loves* of the Being in my soul,
with tender accents...

It is so much and so sweet, so much in love
what I hold inside!,
that the Silence breaks into sacred speeches,
inside, in my cauteries.

How sweet! how deep,
how tender and secret
it is to taste the voices
that the Silence contains!"

13-3-1975

One thing is to feel the silence of creation that, with its inanimate voice, speaks to us of the Immense One or the sweetness of the spiritual silence, with its peace, its joy, its transcendence in our times of prayer or in the silence of the spirit; and another is to feel introduced into God, who is the eternal, consubstantial, subsistent and divine Silence. It is like a leap from the created to the Uncreated, from the human creature to the Creator, from the human to the divine.

It is true that, at the proximity of God, the soul, in one or another manner, is introduced into the more or less supernatural silence, or more or less transcendent; led by Him to the separation from the things of the here and submerged in the inebriation of the sapiential joy of His proximity.

But how can it be compared with what one experiences when God makes Himself live in the attribute of silence, which, breaking into voices of communication, spells out in delicate whistling the savoury wisdom of His infinite attributes and perfections...?!

Since, when the soul, lifted off every thing of the here and submerged in the sacrosanct silence of the Being, feels introduced into the Silence and attracted by Him; as it introduces itself, it perceives in the depth of the spirit a touching of unprecedented concerts, in a profundity and in a "something" fine and delicate; so deep inside, so secret and so supernatural! that is experienced in the deep depth of the quiet silence of the spirit.

And it discovers itself there, in the very depths of the being, there inside, inside...! in such a way that all the noises, the thoughts and the imaginations that might come, all that may be different and distant from that perception which is being experienced in the depth of the Coeternal Being in His consubstantial silence, everything, everything! tastes to the soul of breakage and impediment to that which it is living in the innermost and sealed space of its spirit.

When the soul, in its silence, brings itself into direct contact with God, spirit to spirit, it seems that all the noises on earth increase when feeling the touch of the Eternal Silence that is introducing it slowly, lifting it off everything of the here with the breeze of His passing and the brush of His flight, savoury and delectable, in that delicate savouring that brings it into direct union with God Himself.

Seeming to whoever lives this as if he experienced the separation of the soul and the body; increasing all the external noises up to terrible dimensions, and being all the things as though a very strong shock that painfully affect him in the marrow of the being.

What a martyrdom my spirit suffers at the contact with God in silence, and at His power that drives me irresistibly and heartrendingly to say what I have within me and the struggle of not knowing how to expound it...!

“In the silence I seek You,
in the silence I find You,
in the silence I live You,
and in thirst for silence I die.

There is nothing that says so much
as the voice of silence,
where God Himself reveals Himself
in silent mystery.

When I penetrate into the depth
of the silence of my Word,

I listen to the way God speaks
in kiss of Coeternal.

God is infinite Silence
who, in silence, is uttering
His silent Word
in silent fluttering;

fluttering of pure love
in His kissing in concert.

God is divine Silence...
Children, how profound this is!

Silence, in the Eucharist,
silence, in the high Heavens,
silence, inside the soul,
silence, when the fire burns...

because Silence, in His life,
is the Coeternal Being.”

13-2-1975

Three classes of silence does my being know,
the first two are a prelude to the third and prepara-
tion for it, but as though infinitely different and
distant.

To be introduced in the Silence of the be-
ing it is necessary that the soul has been pre-
viously totally possessed and captivated, in rap-
ture and loss of everything of the here, by the
savory silence that the proximity of God's
passing instils into the spirit.

After this silence, the Infinite Love takes the
Bride of the Holy Spirit and, bringing it into His
bosom, He makes it pass from the spiritual si-
lence to the unfathomable abyss of His *Being
Himself* Silence. And there, in the deep depth

of His mystery, in life of Eternity, tells it, in the conversation of His eternal wisdom, His *Being Himself*, in eternal melodies of infinite and co-eternal concerts.

And when, engrossed and seized by the silence in the proximity of the possession of the Subsistent Being, infinite and eternal, it begins to experience that this one is not the silence that it needs, even though it is to it so profoundly savourable; then it is when the soul is being prepared by God to be introduced into the bridal chamber, recondite and sealed, of His sacred Silence.

And it perceives as if some gates were opened which separate everything of the here from the Infinite; and that, without knowing how, in an instant of indescribable silence and in a flight of mysterious transcendence, it is introduced and kept into the Silence of the Being, leaving as though infinitely distant the silences which, for it, were a right and assured way that brought it to the sumptuous door of the eternal and the infinite Silence which is God.

And once introduced into that profound depth, the soul experiences that, behind it, the door was closed, and that an abyss of separation exists between the created silence and the Uncreated One, as it could exist between life and death, between earth and Heaven, between the All and the nothing, between the creature and the Creator; going from living, through the silence of the here, to the infinite Silence which is God in His being, in the eternal conversation

of His subsistent and consubstantial silence, that are unprecedented voices of divine concerts.

Today I have comprehended and lived, in a new manner, the complete and absolute separation between the created silence and the uncreated one, between the silences with small letter and the Silence with capital letter which God *is Himself*, under the silent and sacrosanct notes of the mystery at God's passing in kiss of the Eternal One.

My silence is God in cloistral voices of eternal mystery. And when my soul enters into the volcano of His eternal fire, it tastes –from tasting– the divine nectar of its captivity. And it feels imprisoned, and it feels wounded in its very center, all of it submerged in the deep crater of the open volcano.

Everything is a martyrdom for seeing that I do not say that which I feel that Silence is, and that cannot be said among veils; that which my word does not know how to say with these manners, phrases and concepts, however much I try with my poor accent!

Today I have comprehended in a new way that the Silence is God, in this silence which I perceive when I enter inside.

At last today I have broken with this mystery; for, when I said that I went to silence, I always perceived a deep secret that, in its transcendence, tasted to me of Eternal, without my knowing its deciphering yet... And the thing is that my Silence was not of the here, it was Heavens'!

And that is why I wander alone in my exile, because I always call in the way that I can, with my expressions, human that which is eternal.

My Silence is God...! It is voices of Heaven... it is conversations in unprecedented concert that my soul tastes when I have my God...

Today I have understood in a new way the profundities of my three silences: One that is repose in peace of solace; another proximity of the God of the Heavens; but another one is cloistral voices of the Eternal One.

The three are savoury, the three are very good; some are earthly, another one Heavenly.

One leads to the other. One is achieved by dint of efforts; another one, which is touch of God, kiss of cautery, sweet proximity, which brings the soul to soar up, which seeks in its demanding, with its relish, the fires of Heaven.

But the other one is God who speaks in secret, inside, in the substance, of His great mystery; it is explanation in voices of fire, communications in His very Bosom of the attributes that, in discovery, God gives us for free in sweet encounters! without man being able to have it by dint of his own favour and to taste the gift of the eternal Silence.

Today I have grasped the great difference that the mystery teaches. Today I have grasped, in a sweet way and in a new way, that Silence is life, so much! that it is eternal: it is the Eternity lived in exile.

6-12-1973

**TO PRAY IS TO LOVE.
PRAYER IS ALL-POWERFUL
TO THE CHILD OF GOD WHO,
SITTING ON HIS KNEES,
WITH CHRIST, THROUGH HIM,
AND IN HIM, UNDER THE IMPULSE
OF THE HOLY SPIRIT
CALLS GOD: FATHER**

God lives the unfathomable and transcendent mystery of His trinitarian life in the tight plenitude of His infinite perfection;

being and having in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, in His encompassed and coeternal act of life, all that He infinitely might desire, be and possess;

not needing anything outside of Himself in order to be and to have all that He is and all that He has, because He is, in infinitude, all that He infinitely can be;

and He is so, in His coeternal perfection of being so, by infinite infinitude of perfections and attributes, and has all He can have; being able to be and to have everything in encompassed, divine, eternal and infinite subsistence notwithstanding.

Man is what God has willed him to be, and has all that God gratuitously has willed to give him. God willed to create him in His image and likeness so that he might be the expression in reverberation of His infinite perfection, and so that he might possess Him by grace, participating in His same divine nature.

All that God is, in Him is infinite reality, been and possessed in coeternal adherence to Himself. Man is an image of God and possesses Him to the extent that he adheres to Him.

Wherefore, to fulfil the plenitude of His being and of His doing, the human creature, created essentially and exclusively to possess the infinite and supreme Good, has to tend irresistibly –and he tends although on most occasions without knowing it– towards God, the sole purpose for which he was created, and the sole means to fulfil all the demands and longings of his heart;

“As the deer longs for streams of water,
so my soul longs for You, O God.

My being thirsts for God, the living God.

When can I go and see the face of God?”¹
to satiate myself in the currents of His eternal springs, at the contemplation of the light of His countenance...

And when he does this, he lives in the fitting in his reality, he is happy and gives perfect meaning to his whole being and acting.

¹ Ps 41: 2-3.

Wherefore a man who does not tend towards God, is a deformed being in the creation, off-centre and withdrawn from his purpose.

When sin separated us from God and took us off our center, sending us forth along courses that moved us away from the supreme and sole Good, God Himself, leaning in merciful compassion towards the misery of our baseness, determined, in an infinite display in pouring forth of love towards fallen humanity, to become Man: Way of light who would lead us anew to His Life through the Truth which, as Infinite Word of the Father incarnate, He manifested to us in the co-eternal love of the Holy Spirit.

And so that this might turn into perfect and finished reality, He grafted us onto Him, “like the branches in the vine”²; making us one thing with Himself, inserting us again in His infinite plan in order to make us live in Him, through Him and with Him, in the perfect adaptation with the divine will, according to His loving design when He created us.

But, when incorporating us into His plan of Redemption, He willed to associate us to Himself, so that His will upon us might be fulfilled through our collaboration and adherence to Him as supreme and sole Good.

God gives Himself to us totally and unconditionally, He reveals and manifests to us through Christ, through Mary and within the bosom of

² Cf. Jn 15: 5.

the Holy Mother Church, the infinite and profound reality of His being and of His doing, and He asks us for our free and personal response to the infinite and loving donation of His self-giving.

He invites us to follow Him, becoming for us the Way suggestive of the happiness that leads us to His Life. He does not oblige us; His Infinite Love generously invites us to the plenitude of the possession of His life according to our capacity, and demands our collaboration in response, to come to obtaining Him as the sole end, for which we have been created.

It was God's plan to take us to Him, when He created us in His image and likeness; it is God's plan to incorporate us into Him by means of the Redemption; and it is God's plan –that He voluntarily respects– that His infinite self-giving be received with and through our collaboration; and that is why He gives Himself to us unconditionally, but we receive Him to the extent in which we open ourselves to His infinite and eternal self-giving.

Children of the Holy Mother Church, New, Universal and Heavenly Jerusalem, living and vivifying members of Christ's Mystical Body; what would God do in us and with us if we opened ourselves to His sanctifying action...! What a fullness of life and of happiness that of our possession...! What wideness of horizons would be discovered to us in the torrential springs of the eternal Sources...!

But not all of us will satiate ourselves with the waters of the transparent stream, save the one who sets about to receive of His infinite currents and to the extent that he opens up to the unfathomable and inexhaustible affluents that spring from the Father's Bosom through Christ's open side in loving pouring forth over humanity.

“Whoever drinks the water I shall give will never thirst; the water I shall give will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life.”³

How much God has prepared for us, and, sometimes, how little we receive, for not knowing how or not wanting to prepare ourselves for the passing of His eternal love...!

He created us and redeemed us so that we might be like Him, and so that we might live in the home-loving company of His Divine Family, but through our “yes” of collaboration with His loving self-giving.

How many things He wants to give us...! How many spiritual and even material goods that, because of lack of surrender, collaboration and response to the outpouring of His gifts and fruits, stay in the divine will without turning into reality...!

“Whatever you ask the Father in my name he may give you.”⁴ All! Giving such power to our prayer, that, through Christ, in Him and

³ Jn 4: 14.

⁴ Jn 15: 16.

with Him, under the might and the impulse of the Holy Spirit, we are all-powerful before the Father.

Why do not we accomplish almost anything? Because we do not ask as we must; and that is why most of the time our life becomes unfruitful and our prayers sterile.

“Since if we had faith like a mustard seed, we would tell that mountain to come here, and it would come. Nothing would be impossible for us.”⁵

God has innumerable graces pending and as though hanging on our requests, since, when grafting us into Him, He gave us a priesthood received from the plenitude of Christ’s Priesthood, capable of pulling out the infinite treasures of His chest, in a pouring forth for all men; and, in the particular exercise of our priesthood—official or mystical—, we make ourselves fruitful and vitalizing within the Church.

Royal and mysterious priesthood that brims our lives in the fullness of Christ’s possession, before God and before men.

To the extent that we have God, we communicate Him and, through our particular priesthood, lived “between the porch and the altar,”⁶ we glorify Him and we give life to souls.

What a spring of graces, of gifts, of fruits and of supernatural riches the Father has contained in the volcano of His open bosom, ex-

⁵ Cf. Mt 17: 20.

⁶ Jl 2: 17.

pecting of our simple, warm and familial prayer, to pour Himself forth in fruits of eternal life...!

How great, how omnipotent, how powerful is a man praying in priestly posture at the foot of the Tabernacle...! So much so that, before him, Heaven opens up to do its utmost for the sake of humanity.

This is the mystery of the Eucharist: the loving and unconditional wait of the Infinite Love seeking the simple hearts to hand Himself over to them totally.

“Hours of Tabernacle that are an encounter with the wounded soul in its wandering; loving encounter of the Love who asks for love him whom He loves, only to love...

Hours of Tabernacle... times of silence... sweet requests, tender intimacy... colloquies of love... friendly relation... manifestations of Divinity...

Hours of Tabernacle, tenuous melodies in tender nostalgia that invites to adore... God is so close, that the soul, in silence, there feels the beat of His breathing.

Hours of Tabernacle... hours of mystery... times of preludes in happiness... colloquies of Heaven, where man lives, with sweet accents, in journeying, sublime moments in the Immensity...

Hours of Tabernacle claim my longings, and today I ask the souls, after my claiming,

that they perceive, in tenders colloquies,
the deep mysteries of Eternity.

Hours of Tabernacle that are an abyss
where man enters to contemplate
the immense mystery of the God hidden
behind the humble form of a piece of Bread.

Hours of Tabernacle, in cries of loves
my motherhood begs souls for.

Hours of Tabernacle! children of my longings,
for the Love waits in His long days
without ever tiring, in tender waiting...

Hours of Tabernacle that are a “little piece”
of the eternal bliss of Eternity...!”

9-5-1972

How great it is to pray and how few discover it...! And that is why, so many graces are held inside and so much divine will without being fulfilled among men.

Wherefore, in the periods of the Church in which the christians pray more, their apostolic irradiation is more supernatural, more reliable, more extensive, more fruitful, since all that we ask the Father in the name of Jesus is granted to us. In the name of Jesus! That is, according to Jesus, according to His eternal and supernatural plan, who has willed to associate us to His infinite self-giving towards us through prayer. “Nor is there any other name under heaven giv-

en to the human race by which we are to be saved.”⁷

God determined, in His coeternal plan, to give us as many graces as we might need in common and individually in the Church’s bosom. And He deposited them in Her Motherly bosom and are communicated to us in gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit, in and through the Sacraments, instituted by Christ and entrusted to the Apostles and Their Successors; but He willed that we should seek them with a contrite spirit and a sincere heart. Wherefore, if we do not seek them, we do not find them and we lose them forever.

He also wanted to grant us all that we might ask Him according to His will, and He submitted to our prayer innumerable graces and gifts that would be pulled out of His blessed chest in the measure of our petition.

When we do not pray, we lose them. And that is why, how many lost graces...! how many things that God wills to grant us for us and for others through our petition, and, for not asking Him for them as we must, we do not obtain them...!

“Ask and you will receive; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks, receives; and the one who seeks, finds; and to the one who knocks, the door will be opened.”⁸

Today I have grasped in a manner as though new, in a luminous and enthralling flash of light

⁷ Acts 4: 12.

⁸ Lk 11: 9-10.

and in a sharp penetration of this truth into my understanding, that, when things go badly it is because, when not turning to God, we do not do as and what we have to do, that is why we do not obtain what we have to obtain; for, in prayer, one does not learn only what one has to do and to obtain what one must obtain, but rather the understanding is enlightened in the discovery of the mysteries of God and the eternal designs of His will for each and everyone of us.

How simply I have comprehended and with what certainty I have seen the infinite heart of our Father full of and overflowing with graces, gifts and fruits, waiting that they be pulled out of Him through our simple, expansive and loving petition, for the fullness of our being and our acting, regarding ourselves and the others...!

“He who did not spare his own Son but handed him over for us all, how will he not also give us everything else along with him?”⁹

At the foot of the Tabernacle it is where one learns to be what we have to be and to do what we have to do. Before the doors of the tabernacle, “the sumptuous Gates of Eternity,” where the living God hides, “Light from Light and Figure of the substance of the Father.”¹⁰ arises the vocation to virginity, to the priesthood; the missionary life blooms and our heart fills up with impulse, with light our understanding, with love our will and with strength our

⁹ Rom 8: 32.

¹⁰ Cf. Heb 1: 3.

acting, to carry out the divine plans with happiness and certainty.

That is why, when man loses his contact with God, sole purpose for which he was created, the darkness of the night shrouds him, he quits being what he has to be, and, acting accordingly, does what he must not do, or as he does not have to do;

then, vocations do not arise, the missionary life languishes, humanism seizes the hearts, confusionism invades us and the concupiscences carry us away and enslave us.

Because where will the human creature find the true meaning of his being and of his doing with the authentic wisdom to enlighten his existence, if he loses contact with Him who is the Light of his eyes and the Way of his journey?

“It is nightfall and silence is here,
that shrouds in the notes of an immolation,
sacred longings loaded with *loves*,
that wait calmly their victim-offering.

What does it matter that the world does
not understand the mystery...!
My soul rejoices in crucifixion,
with a “yes” that demands everything, unto death,
without other reward than to give glory to God.

Praise I want to be of the Infinite One,
repose of the Christ who, in His petition,
puts in the inner being of my wounded chest
a deep groan, asking me for love.

Divers ways does my Master seek
to recreate Himself with my self-giving:
loving compliments or silent sorrows
that are silenced by incomprehension.

The ways do not matter that in my loving soul
the Eternal One imprints inside in my interior!
I feel stifled by so many sorrows,
but I know that my Bridegroom is a consoler.

And that is why, every time I come
to the tabernacle,
He kisses me quietly and, in His heart,
I hear a lament that longs for a response
to the great tragedy of His Redemption.

Thus I have to listen to Him in long waits,
until He pleases to show Himself to me in sun,
for His eyes are always dazzling fires,
even though sadness may cloud Their splendour.

Wherefore, the tabernacle where
I wait for Him
is to my life, sealed by God,
eternal Gates that conceal, behind veils,
the excellent glory of the Being in gift.”

8-3-1977

How peaceful, how sweet and how calmly
I have comprehended today that the heart of
God does not change!

As I also comprehended it that day in which,
being with Jesus in the tabernacle, faced with
the terrifying confusion of most of the children
of the Church who wildly run seeking God

without finding Him through the path of their own will, bewildered by the uncertainty of the confusion that invades us and the obstinate “I” of their pride;

deeply afflicted, I asked the Bridegroom of my soul, concealed out of love in the mystery of the Eucharist, how was it possible that men changed so much their mind, their criteria, their attitudes and their conduct according to the centuries and the times...

And seeing how they did not know the true will of God, and, crazy, not only did they lived confused, but they confused others;

while, grieving, I presented to Jesus the hair-raising situation that my spirit perceived among the children of the Holy Mother Church, I said to Him:

“Jesus, and what do You think of the emptiness and the fickleness of the thoughts of men...?”

Perceiving His loving answer that replied to me:

“I always think the same, because my thought is eternal and perfect; wherefore it is not subject to changes nor different criteria.”

Wherewith, understanding that, due to the infinite perfection of the divine mind, immutable! infinitely encompassing! there could not be change, I comprehended that the diversity of our human and confused, personal and collective, fickle and imperfect thoughts, subjected us to be ever changing in the way we are, we think and we act.

And the communication of this truth, made by Jesus to my soul, was so luminous, profound, savoury and delectable that, resting lovingly on the Lord's chest saturated with Divinity, I said again to Him:

“Jesus, I do not want the thoughts of men. I want Your thought, which is perfect, in order to think always like You.

I do not want any thought other than Yours, in order to be perfect and to act always according to Your will.

Give me Your thought and thus I will never be mistaken, and I will act, with You and through You, always in perfection.

I do not want the thoughts of men, so empty, poor, confused and mean...!”

Penetrating the phrase of the Scripture: “The human thoughts; they are only puffs of air!”¹¹

“When I sink into the light
of Your infinite mystery,
my poor mind is lost,
being left without concepts;

and then, and only then!
I introduce myself into Your innermost being,
and I discover, with Your Sun,
Your thought
in the eternal transcendence
of Your Kiss.

And there I admire Your Truth,
and there I adore what I see

¹¹ Ps 94: 11.

with the infinite pupil
wherewith You *look at Yourself* in zeal
in the recondite depth
of Your bosom.

But, if I try to look at You
with my sight on the exile,
without knowing how will it be,
I lose You.

And so give me Your light
and Your fire,
which is to live You;
more I wish not.

When I look at You in Your eyes,
I shine.”

21-4-1970

The Love is full of eternal mercies, burning in infinite longings to pour Himself down in torrents of loving light over humanity; but He waits for the simple tendency of our lives towards Him, the clamorous petition of our prayers in order to do His utmost to grant us all that, in the name of Jesus, we ask Him.

“And we have this confidence in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us.”¹²

I have understood too that, if we do not ask Him for it in love, with faith full of hope, He does not grant it to us; discovering the reason

¹² 1 Jn 5: 14.

for the dreadful situation in which many of the members of the Church find ourselves.

The Evil one has managed to separate the children of God from the contact with their Father next to the foot of the tabernacle and in the depths and intimacy of their heart, where God dwells well settled, through grace, in intimate and loving communication: “Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our dwelling with him”¹³; wherefore we are living temples of God and Dwelling of the Most High.

“If the tabernacle were a being who
palpitated
and who comprehended what it holds inside,
it would crackle and blow up,
because it would not be able to contain its fires,
the fires that it has
inside its enclosure.

I am a tabernacle,
a living tabernacle who conceals the Eternal One
in glories of triumph and in the crackling
of my life in mourning.

And that is why I feel, in the ringing
of my poor chest,
a cracking explosion, by the immense strength
of the overflowing
of the living tabernacle
that lies in my innermost being.

¹³ Jn 14: 23.

I am a tabernacle that lives overcome
by the immense power
of what it contains
in its enclosure.

I am a tabernacle
and I blow up in fire!

I am a tabernacle!
A living tabernacle!
Not a dead tabernacle!!”
2-2-1973

The enemy has managed to play down the Sacraments; he is succeeding in leaving the tabernacles empty with the myth of putting man in place of God, relegating God, therefore, to the background, with the purpose of, gradually and cunningly, making Him disappear from the heart of man.

How great, how almighty is the overwhelming strength of a simple soul that implores adoringly the Infinite Love's self-pouring over humanity...!

At the foot of the Tabernacle the purpose for which we have been created is fulfilled, being what we have to be and doing what we have to do with regard to us and to the others; for we obtain all we ask, if we ask it according to God's designs, managing to become like Christ, protector of the orphan and the widow, love-enthraling, Sun of true justice, "Wonder-Counselor, God-Hero, Father-Forever,

Prince of Peace,”¹⁴ safe Way that leads us to the true and authentic happiness.

How great it is to pray...! So much so that, when I pray, I fill completely the incalculable dimensions of my being, carrying out the infinite plan of God when He created me to be His image and likeness and to do, by adherence and by participation in His infinite will, what He does.

How great it is to pray...! Because to pray is to be with God. And can there be anything greater for the human creature than to contact His Creator?

“Lord, teach us to pray...”¹⁵

Whereat, Jesus, turning His gazes up to the Infinite One, exclaimed:

*“Our Father who art in Heaven,
hallowed be Thy Name”*

and glorified, so that this may be fulfilled above all and despite everything.

“Thy Kingdom come,”

so that we may fit in with God’s eternal designs, living here in faith and afterwards in light in His Kingdom and on His Kingdom.

“And Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.”

This is the essential and the main thing that Christ willed to manifest to us, teaching us to

¹⁴ Is 9: 5.

¹⁵ Lk 11: 1 ss.

pray to the Heavenly Father, for the perfect fitting in with God's plan. And as a result of all that:

“Give us our daily bread”

for the sustenance of our lives in this journey.

And *“forgive us our trespasses,”* on condition that we *“forgive those who trespass against us”*; loving one another, according to the words of Jesus, *“as I love you”*¹⁶; since *“there is no greater sign of love than to lay down one’s life for the beloved person.”*¹⁷

And finally:

“Lead us not into temptation,”

being ready to lose one’s life, should it be necessary, rather than to offend God.

“Deliver us from the Evil One,”

who prowls around *“like a roaring lion looking for someone to devour”*¹⁸ by the temptations of the world, through the concupiscences of the flesh.

And finally, all united in the love of the Holy Spirit, let us be one as the Father and the Son are one, let the world know how we love one another, and let God be glorified therein.

Already Jesus, the Divine Teacher, taught His rising Church, the simple, loving and communicative manner, as the little one in his Father’s bosom, of contacting God!:

¹⁶ Jn 15: 12.

¹⁷ Cf. Jn 15: 13.

¹⁸ 1 Pt 5: 8.

“— Show us the Father, and that will be enough for us.

— Have I been with you for so long a time and you still do not know me, Philip? Whoever has seen me has seen the Father.’ ‘The Father and I are one sole thing’.”¹⁹

The attitude of our hearts should be, therefore, a loving and trusting look towards the Father in expression of evangelical childhood, that turns to Him so that, leaning on His bosom, He show His mysteries to us.

Jesus, full of joy, expresses the great happiness of His heart bursting out into a thanksgiving to the Father because He has revealed His secret to the little ones, concealing it from those who, thinking they are something, consider themselves the prudent and the wise of the world:

“I give you praise, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned you have revealed them to the childlike. Yes, Father, such has been your gracious will. All things have been handed over to me by my Father. No one knows who the Son is except the Father, and who the Father is except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him”²⁰:

to these ones who, without knowing, sitting on Your knees, call You Father.

The Apostles were small, and that is why they ask their Teacher the manner of praying.

¹⁹ Jn 14: 8-9; 10: 30.

²⁰ Lk 10: 21-2.

And when hearing Him say that they were to call God: Father! their hearts, jumping with joy in the Holy Spirit and swollen as though with infinite happiness, understood to what extent the Lord loved them: They could call Father Him who was the all, the fullness, the happiness of Jesus, and with which they would be satiated, desiring no more!: Father...!

With what joy the Apostles, during the life of Jesus and after the Divine Teacher in His glorious ascension went off to the House of the Father –"I am going to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God"²¹–, they would be eager to find a time in profound intimacy of savoury silence, in which, full of longings for the Infinite One and turning towards Him, they could, right properly, call God Father! using the same word, the same formula that Jesus used to communicate with Him...!: "Our Father in heaven."²²

Child of God, heir to His glory, partaker of the divine life, I do not know how to express to you, tell you and engrave on your soul how you are to pray.

I know that, in the life of the spirit, the key to coming to finding God, to know Him in loving wisdom, to discover His marvellous and eternal mysteries and designs about us, to penetrate into the unfathomable riches that He communicates to us in the Church's bosom, thus be-

²¹ Jn 20: 17.

²² Mt 6: 9.

coming “perfect, just as our heavenly Father is perfect”²³; is to know how to pray and to find, in the secret of prayer, the repose and familiarity with God that the soul needs.

To the extent and in the form that you pray, you will be happier, more fecund, you will give more life and you will fulfil the divine plan upon you.

“I am blissful when I pray,
because I fulfil the cravings of the hungers
of my thirst,
because I find the One Whom I desire
and I perceive the sweetness
that is enclosed in a silenced tabernacle
in red-hot rumours by the flames of Yahweh.

I am blissful when I pray, because
I get everywhere
in immense cravings,
that take shelter in my being,
to radiate throughout the world the infinite
luminaries
that in Your bosom I contemplated.

I am blissful when I pray,
because I fulfil in my terrible desire
all I am and all I seek
in my overflowing way of wanting.

I am blissful when I pray...
There are no frontiers for the soul that, adoring,

²³ Mt 5: 48.

collapses before a silent tabernacle,
in its delirious longings for having,
listening to the laments of the Immense One,
who, become Man, reveals Himself
to the loving people,
so human and so divine as He is.

I am blissful when I pray
and replete in my fullness,
in my hungers and in my thirst,
and in my nostalgias for Heaven
before the Being.

I am blissful when I pray.
God knows my reasons!"

20-3-1973

Wherefore it is necessary that we go to pray
in posture of evangelical childhood that springs
up from a spontaneous humility, when under-
standing the infinite heart of the Father in lov-
ing contact with the smallness of our soul that,
overflowing with jubilation, is able to call the
Infinite Being, three times Holy: our Father God.

Let the attitude of your prayer be a run to
repose on your Father's bosom. And there, in
the intimacy of your smallness, place your
problems in His heart, next to the foot of the
tabernacle or at any moment during the day in
the deep and recondite recesses of your heart
where God dwells by the life of grace; unbur-
den yourself to Him of your sorrows, explain
to Him your needs in loving petition of sub-
dued adoration that moans, behind the nights

Let our attitude in prayer be to place ourselves in the heart of Him who always loves us infinitely, embraces us eternally, understands us, and lovingly kisses us, in such a way that we hear His secret of love; since “the one who leans on the chest of Christ, becomes a preacher of the divine,”²⁴ giving glory to God and conquering souls for His Kingdom.

Wherefore, when you go to pray with a contrite heart and a humbled spirit, in reverent priestly posture; if somehow you perceive the rhythmic silence of God’s proximity who makes Himself present to you in the Eucharist or in the bottom of your soul, where God Himself speaks to your heart under the loving savouring of the touching sounds of the notes of the Holy Spirit, in the sonorous softness of His loving intimacy; do not seek anything that restrains you from getting in contact with your Divine Family. “I will lead her into the desert and there I will speak to her heart,”²⁵ since “silence is your praise.”

God asks us to enter into the interior of our house, “in the inner room” where He alone dwells; “to lock the door,” and there, in profound silence, to be with our “Father who dwells in the secret” and who seeks the solitude and the silence to communicate Himself.

“But when you pray, go to your inner room, close the door, and pray to your Father in se-

²⁴ Cf. Evagrius of Pontus. ²⁵ Hos 2: 16.

cret. And your Father who sees in secret will repay you.”²⁶

All the life of Jesus was a tendency towards the Father and a taking us unto Him, so that He might burn us in the love of the Holy Spirit. Whenever Jesus wants to teach you how to pray, He asks you to make yourself little and to throw yourself into the arms of the Father, for the Father already knows all you need.

To pray, as I have often told you, my son, is not to make life difficult for yourself seeking ways and manners to commune with the Infinite Love.

To pray is to go and come into contact as you can with your Father God.

To pray is to be more aware the presence of God, looking for Him in His silence and listening to Him in His intimacy, next to the doors of the tabernacle and in your heart of hearts; it is to tell Him all that which you have in your soul; it is to lie in His Fatherly heart such as you are.

That is why, prayer sometimes will be to speak with Jesus in the tabernacle; at other times, to listen to Him; at still others, to look at Him and to feel yourself looked at; to repose on the chest of the Friend and to make Him repose;

²⁶ Mt 6: 6.

to say yes to Him in a total dedication to His eternal love; to adore in loving prostration; to abandon yourself to His Fatherly arms; to sit on His knees so that He may tell you His secret;

to lean your head, like Saint John, on the chest of the Divine Teacher; to listen to Him on your knees like the Magdalene; to look at Him spellbound, like the little ones;

or to remain in silence, in smooth, silent and peaceful savouring of love.

To pray is everything that takes you to or brings you into loving contact with the Lord, to bring forth and to give love.

To pray is to make a grand silence in order to hear the Infinite Love in His loving silence, to listen to His speech without words. Since the Word, despite the fact that He was the infinite and consubstantial Word and the eternal Saying of the Father, communicates Himself secretly in prayer to the soul that knows how to seek Him in intimacy; that is enkindled in the burning flames of the Holy Spirit at the contact of the eternal Son of the Father, who gives Himself to it in self-giving in order to tell it His infinite secret.

The Father seats you on His knees to tell you His loving life; and as His saying is doing, He tells you His Word, kissing you in the love of the Holy Spirit.

*“What does silence have,
that it allows listening
to the voices of the Word...?”*

What does silence have,
that, in its strumming,
as a lyre of Glory,
removes the veils
that the mystery conceals...?

What does silence have,
the concealed silence
that shrouds in its cloud
the *Sancta Sanctorum*
of God in its bosom...?

What does silence have,
that it opens to the hungry ones
the Heavens,
and introduces them,
without saying anything to them,
into the secret melodies
of the Word...?

What does silence have,
that it tears the mystery asunder...?"

12-2-1973

When you go to pray and you do not have anything in your soul that unites you with the Infinite Love or urge you to place in Him, open the Gospel or another book that speaks to you about God and His mysteries to help you inflame your spirit, read some of it; and when you perceive a loving listlessness that invites you to rest or repose on the chest of Him whom you love, remain loving in silence.

If this is enough for you for the time of prayer, seek not any more, for the Lord will take you into the solitude to speak to your heart.

If you get distracted, seek again the means and the way to find Him anew. But once you perceive somehow the proximity or presence of God, leave everything and stay in silence with Him: “Forget your people and your father’s house, that the king might desire your beauty.”²⁷

If your imagination distracts you, try silence; and if you cannot achieve it, seek and look at Jesus in the tabernacle, open the Gospel anew, and make use of it again, to acquire recollection, with another point of short and brief reading.

Do this in prayer as many times as you think necessary to put aside the imaginings and to try to enter gradually into a smooth, profound and loving recollection.

But, when you feel in yourself the need for remaining peacefully and delectably in savoury silence in order to listen to God, to gaze at Him with love, or to stay savouring, knowing or comprehending any truth that may come into your mind and help you as a remote means to love; seek no more, for the Love is close, acting and working Himself in your soul.

“I adjure you by the gazelles and hinds of the field, do not arouse, do not stir up love before its own time.”²⁸

Many times I have told you that to pray is to love; wherefore the soul must go to prayer

²⁷ Ps 45: 11-12.

²⁸ Sg 2: 7.

in order to find Him whom it loves. And I will repeat it to you until I die, because I know that, when God speaks spirit to spirit in the recondite and very depths of the heart, the readings, the concepts, the forms and the words get in its way; for the Word, despite the fact that He is the infinite and eternal Word, when He gives Himself in the profound and recondite concavity of the spirit, He does so in an eternal and consubstantial silence of Being.

And thus, when the divine and loving Wisdom, which is the speech of the Infinite One, gradually instils Itself savourably in loving tasting into the recondite recesses of the spirit; this one feels or experiences somehow that it lights up in love; that it is being penetrated by the divine understanding; that God is communicating Himself to it in savour of eternal life; since the saying of the Word is of the same manner whereby it speaks to the Father: an infinite Expression of secret wisdom, that, in a returning of love to the Father who begets Him, tells Him, without noise of words, all the Infinite Being of the *In the beginning*.

Priest of Christ, consecrated soul, living and vivifying member of the Mystical Body of Christ; I know from experience in my contact with souls, that the one who seeks God without tiring, sooner or later finds himself in profound and delightful savouring with the God of the Sacrament.

That is why if you try to do prayer at the foot of the tabernacle, within a short time you will begin to relish the savouring of silence; and, after it and in it, the joy of the proximity and presence of God, for in the tabernacle lies the Being.

And then you will know –savouringly– the passing by of the Love in silent and sacrosanct breeze of Eternity.

“The Immense One passes by
in quiet breath,
in silent breeze,
concealed in His veils.

The Immense One passes by
with the melodies that silence exhales;
and I hear His voice,
and I listen to His accent,
and I discover anxiously the shadow
that He leaves
in His quietly passing.

The Immense One passes by
with breeze of fire.”

6-2-1973

God’s manner of speaking is as He is, “in Spirit and truth.”²⁹ That is why He communicates Himself spirit to spirit, as He is. And He is the infinite Silence, the sonorous softness in a thin whistle.

²⁹ Jn 4: 24.

Wherefore, when you feel the need for silence and in it you perceive something savoury, as though with relish that is not material but a taste of eternal life, or simply a tasteful and warmish silence where one feels at home because the proximity of the beloved person is perceived; this is speech of God to your soul.

Because it is to tell you or to make you savour, to feel, to taste, or to sense, what He is, without expressions, of the here but in communication of silence, where the Love sets you, in secret of intimacy, in order to speak, not to your ears, but to your heart.

To speak to the soul God does not need any word; so much so, that, when in prayer or away from it, one hears words, it is not directly God the one who communicates Himself to it, but rather that He does so through the creature word, by means of which He expresses His will.

But, when in the silence of the quiet prayer, a silent coolness in sonorous softness of eternal life is perceived, then it is when the substance of the Uncreated One is communicating itself to the substance of the soul, and it is when this one is really able to say, without fear of being mistaken, that the Wisdom of the Father, the singing Word in the Trinity, is speaking to his tiny being Church.

God is Himself the infinite Peace, the savoury Love, the peaceful Joy, the expressive Wisdom, the secret Wisdom...

Wherefore, when you are in prayer and you feel the need for staying in silence, because you

perceive or you savour a coolness of peace, a savoury love, a spiritual joy, a certain something of profound silence that invites you to remain quiet and still without thinking, only perceiving or listening to that savour which, filling you with peace and silence, without you yourself being able to give it form, you know, experiencing, in some manner, even though it be tenuous, that you are close to God;

listen, dear soul! do not be distracted!, for the Word, in the silence, is speaking to you without noise of words in your deep heart of hearts, telling you in your interior, in savouring, without either form or figures, what He is; since God's speech does what it says.

Sometimes we think that God's speech is like ours, that the communication of the Infinite One is humanlike by means of concepts and words; and no, dear soul, no. God speaks like He is, "in Spirit and truth."

And that is why, without noise of words, the Word Himself instils Himself into you burning you in the love of the Holy Spirit, enlightening you in His light, making you feel and live His spirit of fortitude, of wisdom, of science, of fear of God, of goodness, of love, of justice and of peace... in a silent and sacrosanct, savoury and delightful joy, fruit also of the divine speech, in burning and sonorous light of the Holy Spirit.

My God, take me to Your solitude and may I perceive Your silence in infinite saying, so that, becoming like You, I may know You and

communicate You to the souls in spirit and in truth.

“I feel the thin breeze
of Your infinite concert
behind the mysterious notes
of the kissing of Your Silence...

I feel murmurs of the living God
in the depth of my chest,
and stings of Glory
in preludes of mystery...

I feel God in the strange manner
that I have managed to possess Him
in the nights of the death,
while I live in exile...

I feel God constantly,
in my pitiful living,
behind the doors of the tabernacle
and in the depth of the chest,
in the struggle of life,
without having Him as I expect.

I have God secretly
among clamours in mourning!”

20-3-1972

Jesus, I want to be with You in order to be with the Father in the mutual and Infinite Love of the Holy Spirit, thus filling the plenitude of my being and of my doing, in the perfect and finished fitting in of your plans on me within the Church's bosom.

I am Church, and, in accordance with my particular priesthood, I need to be “between the porch and the altar,” receiving the Infinite One in order to communicate Him to men, and gathering humanity together appear with all of it before God, imploring, with simple and loving petition, the outpouring of His will upon each and everyone of His children.

“As long as Moses kept his hands raised up, heaven opened up, and the God of Hosts marvellously poured himself forth in conquests of glory by the power of the petition of his elect.”³⁰

How great is a man when he prays...! So much so, that he becomes powerful and almighty with the power of God, being able to live and to be by participation, what God is and lives by nature in the company of his *being Himself* Family.

“Today I repose on Your chest,
collapsing out of love,
longing for new suns of eternal glare;
I trust in the promises replete with mystery
that I heard in the innermost being
of Your Infinite Love.

I find myself collapsed because
of repressed trials
that I conceal in the secret of a slow dying.
Wherefore, when I pray sunk into my silence,
I repose resting without anything to desire.

³⁰ Cf. Ex 17: 11.

Your glories are the triumphs
of the grieving chest,
that represses a groan, when feeling itself
offended.

What do the worldly know of Your kindled zeal,
of Your hidden love, wanting to surrender...!

I conceal the laments that in Your depth
I perceive,
and I reply in my style, trying to grasp
Your secret crackling of a moved Christ,
to express in echo Your ardent regretting.

How well one lies in silence very close
to the Tabernacle,
after receiving communion,
without seeking more solace than to love
and to be loved!

That alone, nothing more...!"

13- 12-1978

**CHURCH OF MINE,
BELOVED CHURCH,
BRIDE OF THE IMMACULATE
AND UNBLEMISHED LAMB,
THE HOUR OF THE POWER
OF DARKNESS
HAS FALLEN UPON YOU**

And, after all I have just expressed, so profound, savoury and delectable, in view of the enthralling reality of the mystery contained in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, as divine as She is human, living, alive and palpitating prolongation of Christ's mystery in His Incarnation, life, death and glorious resurrection;

I wish to manifest, faced with the dramatic situations through which during all ages the Mother Church is going in this hard journey, leading us, in Her breathless wandering, to the Father's House; so that, "with fear and trembling, we may work out our salvation"¹;

the dangers that everywhere threaten us, with the diabolic attempt to separate us from the sole purpose for which we have been created and, with it, to be able to lose God forever.

¹ Cf. Phil 2: 12.

Wherefore I want to expound one of the things that the Lord has shown my soul regarding these most sad, dramatic and demolishing situations that the Church experiences because of the continuous attacks of the enemies of this Holy Mother and the unsuspected and innumerable infiltrations into Her bosom.

On October 18th of 1978, overcome by grief and overwhelmed by fright, I wrote in my spiritual diary:

“I am afraid of the enemies of the Church that are infiltrated into Her...

In the Church, I have also seen... something like a huge ‘squid’! full of horrible tentacles, that spread everywhere; and that, when one went to see where they were hiding, this one released its ink, shrouding everything, leaving no room for discovering its secret and diabolic tricks.

Darkness and confusion invade us, they penetrate us everywhere; so that, where one least expects and who most unnoticed goes, is a great enemy; perhaps holding an important and strategic position, to work like a ravenous wolf disguised with skin of a gentle lamb.

I saw such a horrifying huge squid...! And what tentacles spread throughout my Holy Church, hidden by the ink of this infernal monster...!”

And, reviving the memory of what, terrified and scared, at a moment of surprise and full of

hair-raising and dramatic amazement my spirit contemplated and so succinctly I left expressed that day;

making a call to be alert to the children of Holy Mother Church, living and vivifying members of the Mystical Body of Christ;

today I need to over-elaborate on the terrible! frightening! chilling and dreadful appearance! of that infernal huge squid.

It was as though flattened upon the ground, by the enormous weight of its heftiness; and even though it moved at the same time slowly, but ferociously, its horrible tentacles, it could not get up even a few inches from the dust of the earth; coming to my mind the words of Sacred Scripture: "On your belly shall you crawl, and dirt shall you eat all the days of your life."²

O what a monstrous squid my spirit contemplated; full of innumerable tentacles, strong! thick! with hairs like barbs! while some diabolic, round, bulging, big, repulsive and restless eyes that gave off terror, moving all around very rapidly and fiercely, gazed, and gazed at me wishing to pulverize me and to make me disappear, if it were possible; hiding, maddened, envious, vindictive, and destructive, to demolish all that was within its reach like a steamroller;

spreading stealthily and sneakily its terrible and horrifying tentacles to gradually infiltrate cunningly, trying to reach everywhere and to

² Gen 3: 14.

dominate all that would be possible to it with its wrath full of envy, spitefulness, desperation, bitterness and diabolical vengeance;

and trying deceptively, as in the earthly Paradise, to snatch away from souls the possession of the eternal joy that it had lost, falling forever into the unfathomable Abyss of perdition, opened for it and its followers, owing to its abominable and repulsive rebellion against the Infinite and Coeternal Creator.

It was the clearest expression of the devil, and he had insidiously and sneakily infiltrated into the luminous and wide bosom of Mother Church, full of holiness and shining with divine beauty and loveliness, as a mirror without blemish, through the possession of God Himself who penetrates Her, saturates Her, ennobles Her and bedecks Her; trying, maddened and furiously, to pulverize and to devour, flooding with the mud of its foul slough.

Whereat, terrified and scared, but extolled by the zeal of Yahweh and burning in *loves* for the glory of Him whom I love; I hurtled, running in spirit with the speed of lightning, to see and to surprise closely that repulsive monster, and what it was and how it behaved.

Which, when it saw that I was approaching, staring at me full of fear, furious and as though maddened with rage, wanting to hide itself slyly from my spiritual look, lest I discover down to the bottom its unsuspected and brutal wicked-

ness; terrified and scared, and quickly, it expelled from itself a black ink, shrouding itself in such a way that, remaining totally covered, one could not see it, no matter how many attempts my poor soul, frightened, tried to do to expose, in depth, the aggressive attempts, full of ruses, with all the evil that that terrible, terrifying and infernal monster caused full of frightening and hairy tentacles; attempting to invade everything in order to squeeze it with its strident, cutting and sharp claws which, like hooks, caught it, pulling it towards itself to demolish it and to be able to devour it.

On the 10th of April of 1997 I manifested:

“Today, terrified and scared, I need to say that the greatest attempt of the devil these days, is to desacralize everything, to take away everything divine, to confuse the dogmas, making disappear from the mind and the heart of man and of the Christians the thought of God in his being and in his doing; making man with his problems and thoughts –that ‘are only puffs of air’³– the end and centre of life, and even of Christianity.

Wherefore full of love for God, for the Church and for souls, I moan and I clamour, painfully and heartrendingly in the face of the rebellion of Lucifer and of man, become one with the Angels of Heaven: Who like God?! Who, full of mercy, tenderness, compassion and love, in order to save us, ‘gave his only Son, so that every-

³ Ps 94: 11.

one who believes in him might not perish but might have eternal life.⁴ Wherefore Jesus said: ‘No one takes my life from me, but I lay it down on my own. I have power to lay it down, and power to take it up again’⁵.”

Repulsive and hair-raising tentacles press and hide in themselves, under the tenebrous darkness of the black and thick ink that shrouds them, the diabolic deceits, full of machinations that fall upon Mother Church;

using the enemies of this Holy Mother, infiltrated insidiously everywhere, and, in a special way, there where one tries to seek glory for God and to give the divine life to souls;

not only to make the Church blow up from within, but to disturb, to corrode and even to corrupt by all sorts of means, more or less licit or illicit, more or less confusing, strange and aggressive that feverishly and diabolically are possible to them, the members of the Mystical Body of Christ and, especially the sharpest, most invigorating and revitalizing; making fall and relapse with lies and insidious and slanderous deceits, even the chosen and anointed ones of God.

So that the Mother Church, –holy and sanctifying, divine and divinizing, replete with motherhood and covering Her rich jewels with a cloak of mourning for the sake of the children who, for not knowing Her well, left Her Mother’s bos-

⁴ Jn 3: 16.

⁵ Jn 10: 18.

om— might appear denigrated and as though tarnished by the sins of many of Her very children; no less even of the “chosen race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a People of his own, so that you may announce the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his wonderful light”⁶;

presenting the Church—full of youth and sublime beauty— dark and distorted, making fall upon Her a guilt that in Herself She does not have nor can have, for being so divine owing to Her royal Head, as tough human because of the heavy and hard burden of the sins of Her children, which make Her appear, to the eyes of those who do not know Her well and for that reason do not love Her, full of deformations, old-looking, as though disfigured, and even tarnished: “a worm, hardly human, scorned by everyone, despised by the people”⁷ like Christ with His cross on His shoulders on the way to Golgotha.

Who, with His death on the altar of the cross, bedecked His Bride, the Church, with a royal mantle of blood; so that She might be able to forgive, to clean and to purify the sins of Her children; and with His glorious resurrection He immortalized Her, making Her the New, Universal and Eternal Jerusalem, founded upon the Rock of Peter; to whom He said: “You are Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of the netherworld shall not prevail against it”⁸;

⁶ 1 Pt 2: 9.

⁷ Ps 22: 7.

⁸ Mt 16: 18.

and giving to Him the infallibility in the Church:

“I will give you the keys to the kingdom of heaven. Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven”⁹; “Simon, Simon, behold Satan has demanded to sift all of you like wheat, but I have prayed that your own faith may not fail; and once you have turned back, you must strengthen your brothers”¹⁰;

and making him Supreme Shepherd of all of Her:

“‘Simon, son of John, do you love me more than these?’ he said to him, ‘Yes, Lord, you know that I love you.’ he said to him, ‘Feed my lambs.’ he then said to him a second time, ‘Simon, son of John, do you love me?’ he said to him, ‘Yes, Lord, you know that I love you.’ He said to him, ‘Tend my sheep.’ he said to him the third time, ‘Simon, son of John, do you love me?’ Peter was distressed that he had said to him a third time, ‘Do you love me?’ and he said to him, ‘Lord, you know everything; you know that I love you.’ (Jesus) said to him, ‘Feed my sheep’.”¹¹

And after this profound and most rich reality, Christ made Peter Rock and Fundament of the Church, He granted him infallibility and He constituted him Supreme Shepherd of all His flock.

⁹ Mt 16: 19.

¹⁰ Lk 22: 31-32.

¹¹ Jn 21: 15-17.

“Fear not, Jerusalem! He who gave you your name is Your encouragement. Look to the east, Jerusalem! behold the joy that comes to you from God.”

“Jerusalem, take off your robe of mourning and misery; put on the splendor of glory from God forever: Wrapped in the cloak of justice from God, bear on your head the mitre that displays the glory of the eternal name. For God will show all the earth your splendor: you will be named by God forever the peace of justice, the glory of God’s worship.”

“Up, Jerusalem! stand upon the heights; look to the east and see your children gathered from the east and the west at the word of the Holy One, rejoicing that they are remembered by God.”¹²

Wherefore, with regard to all that God shows for my soul to manifest, under the inspiration and the impulse of the Holy Spirit; on the 18th of February of 1975 I expressed:

“It is necessary that the Successors of the Apostles, assembled around Our all White Lady of Pentecost, ask the Holy Spirit to descend upon the Church, so that, enlightening their minds and inflaming their hearts, be revived, shining anew, the truth with all its truth which in the bosom of this Holy Mother is enclosed for all men.

And then, and only then! by means of the pouring forth and the might of the Holy Spirit,

¹² Bar 4: 30. 36; 5: 1-5.

the confusion will disappear, the clouds that shroud the Church will vanish, and Her most beautiful face will shine. The might of the Holy Spirit will strengthen the Pillars of the Church so that, raising Her up from Her prostration, they should present Her before men, as in a new Pentecost, after Her apparent failure, as immaculate Bride of the Lamb without blemish, replete with grace and with virtue with the possession of God Himself in self-giving of loving wisdom to men.”

Wherefore this morning, the 19th of May of 2002, feast of Pentecost, during the celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Altar, remembering what was previously mentioned, sheltered in the bosom of Mary, Mother of the Church, and become one with the Successors of the Apostles; in my breathless clamouring, and extolled for love for the Church, I repeated and repeated... full of love and of joy, under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, the antiphon of the responsorial psalm: “Lord, send out Your Spirit, and renew the face of the earth”; “and reveal to us the full meaning of the whole revealed truth.”¹³

And thus, with the power that Christ gave to His Apostles –to whom He entrusted His Church making them Shepherds of His Flock, and giving them, for that purpose, His same divine powers– the evil spirits that prowl around loose may be bound and restrained.

¹³ Ps 103: 30; Pentecost Mass. Prayer over the Gifts.

“Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven”; and “he summoned the Twelve and gave them power and authority over all demons.”¹⁴

Being curbed, therewith, the children of darkness who plot in the night instigated by the Evil one.

For “it is surely just on God’s part to repay with afflictions those who are afflicting you, and to grant rest along with us to you who are undergoing afflictions, at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven with his mighty angels, in blazing fire, inflicting punishment on those who do not acknowledge God and on those who do not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus. These will pay the penalty of eternal ruin, separated from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of his power, when he comes to be glorified among his holy ones and to be marveled at on that day among all who have believed, for our testimony to you was believed.”¹⁵

“Behold, I am coming soon. I bring with me the recompense I will give to each according to his deeds.”¹⁶

Whereas I, only as the poor, very small and tiny Echo of Holy Mother Church, in repetition of Her unprecedented and dramatic canticles, and full of lamentations;

¹⁴ Mt 18: 18; Lc 9: 1. ¹⁵ 2 Thes 1: 6-10. ¹⁶ Rv 22: 12.

become one with the Holy Father and my dear Bishops, whom I love so much, together with the priestly and consecrated people and all the members of the Mystical Body of Christ; groaning grievously and heartrendingly, with fear and trembling for those who, like Judas, for thirty coins hand over the Son of man and His Bride the Church, and there might come to fall on them the words of Jesus: “it would be better for them never to be born”¹⁷;

in unconditional adherence to the Successors of the Apostles and collaborating with them in the essential mission that Christ entrusted to them when founding His Church; experiencing within myself the “voice of one crying out in the desert”¹⁸;

vehemently and ardently I want and need to help them to prepare the ways for the day of the return of the Lord; repeating and reviving in my spirit the words of the Apostle:

“I charge you in the presence of God and of Christ Jesus, who will judge the living and the dead, and by his appearing and his kingly power: proclaim the word; be persistent whether it is convenient or inconvenient...”¹⁹

For “the apostasy comes first and the lawless one is revealed, the one doomed to perdition, who opposes and exalts himself above every so-called god and object of worship, so as to seat himself in the temple of God, claiming that he is a god.

¹⁷ Cf. Mt 26: 24.

¹⁸ Jn 1: 23.

¹⁹ 2 Tm 4: 1-2.

Do you not recall that while I was still with you I told you these things? And now you know what is restraining, that he may be revealed in his time. For the mystery of lawlessness is already at work. But the one who restrains is to do so only for the present, until he is removed from the scene. And then the lawless one will be revealed, whom the Lord (Jesus) will kill with the breath of his mouth and render powerless by the manifestation of his coming.

The one whose coming springs from the power of Satan in every mighty deed and in signs and wonders that lie, and in every wicked deceit for those who are perishing because they have not accepted the love of truth so that they may be saved. Therefore, God is sending them a deceiving power so that they may believe the lie, that all who have not believed the truth but have approved wrongdoing may be condemned.”²⁰

“That the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of glory, may give you a spirit of wisdom and revelation resulting in knowledge of him. May the eyes of (your) hearts be enlightened, that you may know what is the hope that belongs to his call, what are the riches of glory in his inheritance among the holy ones, and what is the surpassing greatness of his power for us who believe, in accord with the exercise of his great might, which he worked in Christ, raising him from the dead and seating him at his right hand in the heavens, far

²⁰ 2 Thes 2: 3-12

above every principality, authority, power, and dominion, and every name that is named not only in this age but also in the one to come. And he put all things beneath his feet and gave him as head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of the one who fills all things in every way.”²¹

Since the Lord Jesus, “while meeting with them, He enjoined them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for ‘the promise of the Father about which you have heard me speak; for John baptized with water, but in a few days you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit.’

When they had gathered together they asked Him, ‘Lord, are You at this time going to restore the kingdom to Israel?’

He answered them, ‘It is not for you to know the times or seasons that the Father has established by His own authority. But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, throughout Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth.’

When He had said this, as they were looking on, He was lifted up, and a cloud took Him from their sight.

While they were looking intently at the sky as He was going, suddenly two men dressed in white garments stood beside them. They said, ‘Men of Galilee, why are you standing there looking at the sky? This Jesus who has been

²¹ Eph 1: 17-23.

taken up from you into heaven will return in the same way as you have seen him going into heaven'. ”²²

For “just as lightning comes from the east and is seen as far as the west, so will the coming of the Son of Man be. And then the sign of the Son of Man will appear in heaven, and all the tribes of the earth will mourn, and they will see the Son of Man coming upon the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he will send out his angels with a trumpet blast, and they will gather his elect from the four winds, from one end of the heavens to the other.”

“Heaven and earth will pass away, but my words will not pass away.”²³

And “when the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, he will sit upon his glorious throne, and all the nations will be assembled before him. And he will separate them one from another, as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. he will place the sheep on his right and the goats on his left. Then the king will say to those on his right, Come, you who are blessed by my Father. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world...”

“Then he will say to those on his left, Depart from me, you accursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels...”²⁴

²² Acts 1: 4-11. ²³ Mt 24: 27. 30 ss. ²⁴ Mt 25: 31-34. 41.

“The Spirit and the bride say, ‘Come!’ Let the hearer say, ‘Come!’ Let the one who thirsts come forward, and the one who wants it receive the gift of life-giving water.

The one who gives this testimony says, ‘Yes, I am coming soon.’ Amen! Come, Lord Jesus!”²⁵

²⁵ Rv 22: 17. 20.

4-7-1978

STREET CLEANERS WITHIN THE CHURCH

Today, imbued with the coeternal and infinite thought, enlightened by the light from on High, I have received a new surprise in my life... a new consciousness, even more profound, of my vocation, my mission in the Church with all who, in order to help Her, the Infinite Love has given to me!

In the twinkling of an eye, a light beam of the eternal Wisdom penetrated me, as tough with the sharpness of a sharp sword, in the most recondite and very depth of the marrow of the spirit. And, by the flashing of His illumination, made me live, in one instant, the passing of all times... of all ages... with the new and surprising contemplation of the Holy Church of God, as the sole Way that leads us, through Christ and under the shelter and protection of the motherhood of Our Lady of Pentecost, Mother of the Church, to the Father's house.

And I saw myself, suddenly, with a broom sweeping my Church...!!

An instant of surprise, refulgent with light that invaded my soul with a sweet and savoury ex-

perience...! I was electrically charged like the atmosphere in stormy days, like a volcano that needs to burst into eruptions, or like the immense ocean when, shaken vigorously by a seaquake, overflows everywhere flooding everything;

holding back the sweeping impetus that invaded me by the strength of the communication of the Infinite One, who, in a simple manner but with a powerful arm, impelled me to sweep the Church with my big broom, to carry out a cleaning in Her in the efficient way that does it a street cleaner, in the simple manner of a mere broom.

Efficiency and simplicity! humility and courage! clearness and cleanliness! reaching with my broom all corners, to leave them the way that God willed.

And thus the luminous Way that leads to Eternity would be left transparent; a mirror without spot wherein God Himself looks at Himself and, in the splendour and brilliance of the transcendent transparency of His infinite and coeternal holiness, He is reflected in manifestation of loving, clear and dazzling wisdom, in the depth of His infinite and coeternal pupils, to the men who, coming behind us, when marching in a vertiginous race through the exile towards the infinite Home, should be able to discover, in that Way full of light, brilliance and shining with clarity, the sole way, the truth, that is Christ, Glare of the divine Sun, "Light from Light and Figure of the substance of the Father."¹ one with

¹ Cf. Heb 1: 3.

the Father and the Holy Spirit; who, with the enlightenment of His Truth, through the Church, leads us to the Eternal Life.

Captivated and enthralled by the impression of the ray of light that had enlightened my soul in the refulgent lightning of the fire of God sent forth over me with kindled impetus and powerful arm; I set about praying, as usual, during the prolonged hours of one of my mornings.

After Holy Mass, with Jesus inside the chest, I began to experience that strength of God's passing who shrouds me in His coals, penetrating my understanding so that I may see and impelling my will by His infinite will so that I may speak;

and thus I were to communicate gradually, the way that I can –during the time of these whiles of prayer in which I experience myself immersed in the silence of the mystery and totally taken over by God– what, through me, with fiery word, in loving, simple and profound wisdom, He wills to communicate to men.

As the impetus of Him who makes me repeat in “Echo” His will within the Church and for the Church was progressively and lovingly seizing my whole being with the profoundly simple enlightenment of the truth that invaded me; the need to express my experience was becoming, also, more and more impetuous by virtue of the load of knowledge that the divine Mind set into my poor and tiny understanding.

At the same time that my whole being experienced a taking apart of the body and the soul; that, by becoming dislocated (exhaustion), gets me into a sort of spiritual death, by the power of the might of God's passing that captivate me and throws me by the murmur of His flight into a fiery passage driven towards Him.

Since, at the experience that the natural perceives of the supernatural, being dominated and possessed by the breeze of the savourable impetus of the Divinity, the body trembles; and as though losing its physical strength, perceives, at the proximity of the Eternal One, a sort of death chill turning into supernatural life; for the eternal life upsets the earthly, making it participate in the supernatural in the way which, only he who lives it, will know how to know how to understand it in the sacred, savoury and divinizing savouring, in order to somehow be able to come to communicate it.

Once the marrow of the spirit was saturated with the light of the Eternal Love; the penetration of His clarity made me, due to the inflammation of His more and more ardent fire, in the rays of the infinite wisdom, discover gradually the reason for this new and profound petition of God to my soul.

I saw the Church as the Way refulgent with light, replete with Divinity, straight, firm, certain, clear, luminous, transparent, unshakable, un-touchable, incorruptible, invincible! that leads to the Father's house.

Understanding that this Way, like a mirror without spot which incalculable multitudes of men had passed through; in the course of time and with the passing through of every one, had been so dirtied...! so clouded...! so defaced...! that sometimes it was even disgusting to pass through it.

A Way which, normally, in our crossing, some in one way and others in another, we dust, we deface, we dirty and we defile...!

How many men have passed through the way of the Church...! Each and every one of them with their innumerable sins, with the concupiscence of their flesh, all of them with the pride and blindness of their befuddled hearts because of the warpedness of their thoughts;

with their personal ways and styles, with the attachment to their own criteria... with the blindness of their darkened minds, with the ill will of their sinful hearts, which, in the foolishness of their darkened lives, do not let them see in the transparent mirror of the Church the face of Jesus “and him crucified”² Who invites us to follow Him, after His apparent failure, by means of His glorious resurrection, to the eternal Wedding of Christ with His Church, under the might and the sweeping impetus of the Holy Spirit.

Wherefore they attempt to confront the infinite and sublime holiness of God Himself, carried way by pride, lust, envy, rancour, and by

² 1 Cor 2: 2.

all that which is not according to God, and in fact contrary and even repellent to His infinite holiness! and rebelling crazily against God in diabolic confrontation, they say to Him: “I will not serve you”³;

the God who created them solely and exclusively so that they might possess Him, and He restored them through the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb who takes away the sins of the world, shed on the altar of the cross!

But everyone passed by... and, when passing, they left their footprint; a footprint that is more or less marked, more or less dirty, according to the size and condition of the feet of those who pass by.

I also saw that those who were bigger in the Church, wore bigger and heavier shoes; and, if they had them stained, their footprints were deeper and more harmful... leaving the Church more stained and even cracked!

Whereas those who, together with the others in bloc, went by unnoticed, marked Her with a lighter footprint, although they too left theirs.

Between the ones and the others they had disfigured, defaced, dusted and stained Her...! defiling God’s holiness, when placing their smelly footprints on the mirror without spot where God Himself, in the beauty of His divine face, looks at Himself and is reflected in the majestic reverberation of the splendour of His

³ Jer 2: 20.

glory: the Holy Church, luminous Way towards the Eternity.

A Way that has as Head, with His crown of glory, the Only Begotten Son of God, the Word of Life Incarnate covered with a royal mantle of blood; who, in order to lead us safely towards the encounter with the eternal Joy, became one of us, traveller, pilgrim and exiled; and by the mystery of His Incarnation, life, death and glorious resurrection, opened with His five wounds the sumptuous Gates of Eternity in order to introduce us into the wide bosom of our Father God, closed by sin.

In the course of time I saw men with so many ways of tarnishing the Church when crossing Her...! Who when passing by a road, if he feels the need, does not spit? Who does not throw away all that is dirty that bothers him? Even on it there are left, often, hidden, even the faeces...!

What most clearly became engraved in my soul in this sparkling day of light and of truth, were these two things:

That the Church, as the luminous Way that leads us to the Truth and contains the Life, full of brilliance and beauty, of holiness and divine majesty and of plenitude, found Herself so loaded with wretchedness, with rot! that one could hardly make out in Her the beautiful face of Christ, divine and divinizing, in Her repleteness with Divinity.

And that those who had tarnished Her and disfigured Her the most, with worse consequences and larger blights, were many of those

who, for having occupied in their passing through life more important positions, of considerable responsibility and importance, wore bigger shoes;

which, if they had been laid previously on filth or were covered with rot, in their treading and rubbing through the shining and luminous way that the Church is, left very dirty footprints, very big, very marked and foul-smelling;

footprints that even made furrows and cracks along the Way, preventing others from running joyfully through it, without stumbling, to the longed for end; and that had turned the Church, apparently, into a sort of dump or dung heap.

How well did I understand in a short time, in the luminous ray that invaded my being penetrating me with love and pain...! With love for the Church, and with bitterness for having to contemplate Her in this condition. Since, due to the limitation and pettiness of my poor expression, I had to come down from the highest to the lowest, in order to explain with despicable comparisons the most sublime, the highest things that the Lord, at that period, also was communicating to me and making me live.

O what happens in a city when the street cleaners go on strike...! No matter how beautiful, luminous or pretty it may be, full of green prairies and rich and abundant springs, if it is not taken care of and well cleaned, it appears –not that it is– dirty, neglected, dusty, impoverished and even polluted. And if this comes

to linger, and something as apparently simple as a strike of street cleaners is not taken notice of, the rats come out... infections begin to appear... and even cholera...!

Poor Church of mine, so beautiful, so Lady and replete with Divinity Itself, covered, throughout the centuries, with that foul-smelling mire that many who crossed Her left on Her, and specially the biggest ones...!

“No more shall men call you ‘Forsaken,’ or your land ‘Desolate,’ but you shall be called ‘my Delight,’ and your land ‘Espoused.’ For the Lord delights in you, and makes your land his spouse.”⁴

How necessary and how impelled under the might of the divine impulse I saw myself with my broom sweeping my beloved Church, my Mother Church, my Holy Church, my Church of mine...!

How very simple and urgent was my mission...! Each day that passes without picking up my broom effectively to sweep, I collaborate to the plague’s propagating further, making some ill and even killing others with its contagion.

I comprehended that God asked me, me and my descendants, that we be as simple, but as efficient, as the broom of a street cleaner.

My descendants were the broom, and I had to hold it by its stick to sweep the filth with

⁴ Is 62: 4.

which, in the course of time, the Church had been dirtied and defaced.

It was necessary to present the brilliance of Her divine beauty, Her beauty, Her youth and Her untouchable holiness, Her inexhaustible richness and Her transcendent and suggestive impeccable virginity, before the sight of men.

Since the mirror without spot, which I saw that the Church was, in which God Himself looks at Himself, reveals Himself, reflects Himself and communicates Himself, in His loving self-giving through the participation in His very familial and trinitarian life, was so darkened! that a wave of confusion was aroused by the tenebrous cloud of one closed night that set the Church in a chilling and painful Gethsemane.

While I understood all this, I was seeing myself vehemently impelled by God, with my big broom, to sweep the Church hastily and without repose of all those human things that, in the passing of times, had disfigured Her so much, so much...! that many of the men end up, in the blindness of the darkness that shrouds us, being indifferent to or preferring any other way in their journey.

Since this one, not only appeared to them full of difficulties, but even of confusion and blights, with the styles of strange things that had been adhering to the Church; making Her so disfigured, that sometimes She came to appear, before the gaze of those who do not know Her well, as though full of putrefaction,

Her who is the immaculate Bride of God and of His Only Begotten Son Jesus Christ, Lamb without blemish before whom “the four living ones and the twenty-four elders... each holding his harp and golden bowls full of the perfumes which are the prayers of the saints, intoned a new canticle: ‘Worthy are you to receive the scroll and to break open its seals, for you were slain and with your blood you purchased for God those from every tribe and tongue, people and nation. You made them a kingdom and priests for our God, and they will reign on earth’.”⁵

Each century with its periods has had its customs more or less good, more or less confusing and tenebrous; which, by means of the men who have gradually passed through the Mother Church, have left in Her their footprints, with so much diversity of strange things that sometimes with difficulty and hardly can one recognize Her as the only true Church, founded by Christ, built on the Apostles and perpetuated throughout all times.

In view of all this, with the anxiety of a motherly heart, with the urgency that God placed in my inmost being and with the fire that burned me with zeal for the glory of the Bride of Christ, my Holy Church, I remembered my children and this presented itself to my mind: Are they all so humble and so simple as to be prepared to be within the Church’s bos-

⁵ Rv 5: 8-10.

om brooms to sweep together with me? Or could someone feel humiliated at such consideration...?

The one who feels so cannot be my descendant, because he doesn't have the effective capacity which God asks from me to sweep the Church, being together with me a cleaning tool and, maybe, due to the humiliating way of a broom, like Christ, the laughingstock and object of mockery to all who surround us.

The efficacy that I saw in the broom was so much, that I felt driven to pick it up; and so great its simplicity, that I experienced myself carried away and captivated by it. How well did I understand anew that God communicates Himself to the little ones and that, through these simple tools, He makes Himself efficacious in splendid manifestation of His glory!

Children of the soul, one desire arose in the most profound recesses of my heart: instinctively I wanted to be the last part of the twigs of the broom, the one that most directly came into contact with the rubble, with the rubbish that had been left in the corners of the Church... But my vocation was not to be a broom twig, it was to brandish the broom with its stick; and the twigs were the children of the great promise that God made to my soul; wherefore I repeated weeping:

Children, help me to help the Church; to sweep the rubbish that has fallen in the course of time on the transparent and unblemished

mirror, so luminous and shining of Mother Church, where, behind the brilliance of Her luminosity is reflected, revealing itself through the face of Christ, the face of God in Her...! And if someone feels humiliated, he is not one of my descendants and, therefore, he has no part with me; he may leave.

I do not want broom twigs with barbs that scratch and do harm and make noise; but simple, flexible, smooth, yet efficient broom twigs, that, all joined together, form a big broom so agile that it can get into all the corners, so that no dust is left hidden anywhere.

Children of my heart, you have to walk with canvas shoes, so that, when passing by, you do no harm to the Church, by the softness of your feet, in the silence and simplicity of the poor who do not leave their footprints by the subtlety of the graze of their steps.

How many times have I repeated to you that we have to walk through the Church without making noise, as though with canvas shoes, and so unnoticed that you are not heard...?! With how much need I repeat it again to you today!

Children of my heart, and if after having swept and left the Church clean of all that has been falling on Her in the course of time –with all that God has communicated for us to manifest, being living and vivifying witnesses in the midst of the world, with our word turned into life, as simple but efficient brooms– we were also dust cloths, and thus we would come up

to be able to give Her a waxing, making Her sparkle, so that God, when looking at Himself in Her, through the transparency of Her cleanliness and brilliance would reflect Himself to us so marvellously that, attracted by the beauty of the Divinity, men would see the face of God in the Church and would come hastily to the limpid and transparent Way, full of the true justice and peace, of love, of joy and of truth...?

The smallest, the simplest ones, you will be, together with me, the most useful in this job as street cleaners that has been entrusted to us today by God in the Church's bosom.

Children of my *soul-Church*, it is necessary that the enlightening of the mystery that, from God, in loving and at the same time clamorous petition, has been transmitted to us, also goes on leaving its footprint in our passing through the Church.

But, how can this be so with the efficiency that God Himself wills, in the midst of the dense cloud of confusion, materialism and concupiscences that are continuously falling upon the Church, setting Her in the chilling abandonment of a terrible Gethsemane?

If you want Her most beautiful face to shine, let men run through Her Way, attracted by "a spreading perfume, more delightful... than wine,"⁶ to inebriate themselves with the most delicious nectar of the Divinity; in this situation

⁶ Sg 1: 3. 2.

in which today Mother Church finds Herself, you must be small. The Fishermen of Galilee were the tools that Christ chose to found Her.

Do you want to be, child of the soul, together with me, a tool to help me to sweep off the Church all that is not according to God, so that the richness of His mysteries may thus be manifested in Her...?

“No one knows the Father except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him.”⁷ And the Son, explanatory manifestation of the will of the Father, full of jubilation exclaims: “I give praise to you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned you have revealed them to the childlike...!”; “Let the children come to me...”; “And Jesus embraced them...”; “No disciple is above his teacher...”; “and began to wash the disciples’ feet...”⁸

Do you remember, child of the soul, that you only have to be the tunic...?; that it is necessary to do something like a Christian revolution within the Church, because the life of God is for all His children; and that the Father’s Bosom is open expecting its fullness...?

And do you remember how the torn inner being of the Church is demanding the return of the children who left Her Mother’s bosom, leaving Her broken and covered with a veil of

⁷ Mt 11: 27.

⁸ Mt 11: 25; 19: 14; cf. Mk 9: 36; Mt 10: 24; Jn 13: 5.

mourning for not having been revealed to them
Her most beautiful and luminous face, replete
with Divinity...?

Do you remember when She asked me for
help thrown on the ground, tearful, breathless
and stooping, with the face covered with tears...?
And the cloud of confusion that shrouds Her...?

Do you remember the situation of Her Col-
umns, of the Angels of the divers Churches, and
how many times I have told you that God is
burning in zeal for the glory of His Beloved...?

And the will of Him who, with eternal com-
mands, has sent us only to help the Church,
presenting Her such as She is and, thus, to glo-
rify Him...?

And everything that you already know well,
and I, on behalf of God, have told you secret-
ly under the seal and the secret that you will
not be able to reveal publicly until after my
death; being everything that you know the most
sacred, most sealed with sealing wax secret of
your heart, as part of my descendants, member
of The Work of the Church...!

How will they be able, those who try to re-
form the Church, to achieve it presenting a hu-
man Christ and without Divinity?!

As, in the life of Jesus, the arrogant eyes and
the proud heart were not capable of seeing in
the face of Christ the Infinite Word and led Him
to the gallows; likewise the arrogant eyes and
the proud heart, under diabolic snare, now also

cry aloud pitilessly to the Church: “She deserves to die...! Crucify her...!”⁹

Child, I want you very small, very simple; as agile as a tunic and as humble as the twig of my broom:

If you want to be one of my descendants, now you know the greatness that I offer to you. And if this humiliates you, son of my heart, you may leave, “you will have no inheritance with me...”¹⁰

The Church will arise tomorrow wherewith, united in the cross of Christ, become one with our dear Bishops, firmly built on the Rock of Peter and, with them, under the light, the impulse and the might of the Holy Spirit, we work today, for the authentic, true and essential renovation of the Church.

⁹ Cf. Mt 26: 66; Mk 15: 13. ¹⁰ Jn 13: 8.

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 utter,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se lo dice”, “se dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He *has Himself so*,” “He *sees Himself so*,” “He *loves Himself so*,” He *knows Himself so*,” “He *utters Himself so*,” “He utters Himself.” etc...

NOTE:

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

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Collection
Light in the night
The mystery of faith
given in loving wisdom

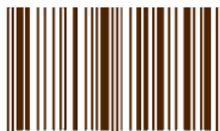
No. 16



Ediciones La Obra de la Iglesia

US \$ 2.50

ISBN 84-86724-89-9



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