

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

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An extract from the book:

**"La Iglesia y su Misterio"**

**ALL OF CHRIST'S LIFE  
IS A MYSTERY OF  
LACK OF COMFORT**

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[...] They neither know You, nor Me! And, therefore, there is no comfort for Your pained and torn soul!

“I looked for comforters but I found none.” Because upon not receiving the eternal message that I came to communicate to them, the souls do not drink the divine water that, from Your bosom, is gushingly poured out on the Church, to plentifully quench all Your children, who abandon You, Who are the Fountain of living waters, and they dig broken cisterns that lead them to separate themselves from the infinite Happiness that You need to communicate to them.

You came into the darkness and the darkness did not receive You, and that is why, during Your whole life, from

the manger till the cross, ever since the first moment of Your conception, upon Your soul was nailed the deepest and sharpest thorn that could ever pierce the human soul: ingratitude.

"For God so much loved the world that He gave His only Son," in Whom He totally rests, the eternal Repose of the Father, the Happiness and the Joy of the blessed, the infinite Cantor of infinite love, the eternal Expression of the selfsame uncreated God, "came to His own and His own received Him not."

O, Word, infinite Utterance, perfect and fruitful, Who comes to bring the comfort of the blessed ones to the comfortless children of Eve, to those who, on sinning, by abandoning the Fountain of Life, "they dug broken cisterns!"

You, the Infinite Consolation of Heaven, find no consolation on earth: "I looked for comforters but I found none!" Mysterious words; for our understanding, twice mysterious. The eternal Comfort, the Word of Life, begging for comfort amongst His creatures...! What mystery...! Mystery of love, of self-giving and of self-forgetfulness.

Such was His self-forgetfulness, such was His self-giving and self-denial, so total was His victimhood, that there was no comfort for the comfortless soul of the Word Incarnate. O, sovereign and incomprehensible mystery...! Mystery of love You *are Yourself*, my Word..! "He came to

His own and His own received Him not," they did not understand Him nor will they ever understand Him on earth!

O, Jesus not understood...! Today, in silence, in prayer, placing my bride's soul into Yours, Fountain of life, I want to drink and to listen from Your divine lips, without wordy noises, as the Word You *are Yourself*, the substance of those very words that, on piercing me, have also wounded me, at the powerlessness I feel, to understand something of the deep mystery of that lament of Yours, and thus, to see if I can bring You some comfort: "I looked for comforters, but I found none!"

O, Love! How is possible...? I see so many thousands of souls: martyrs, doctors, confessors, virgins..., and above all of them, Your most holy Mother living only to console You, and having being created, to understand You, Immaculate, without sin... And the more I know Mary, and the more I see the immense greatness of my Holy Mother Church and the countless fruit of Her martyrs, who watering Her with their blood, only for Your love they have given up their lives amidst songs of praise, happy and blissful for being able to comfort You and follow You, the more mysterious these words turn to me: "I looked for comforters, but I found none...!"

*"All of Christ's life is a mystery of lack of comfort"*

Yet, by penetrating today something of the immense ocean of Your most holy soul, I have understood a little bit that there is no consolation for You, because there is no understanding that may be able to encompass You in the immense greatness of Your pain.

The soul that is not understood cannot be consoled. Your soul, o my Christ, mystery and wonder of divine love, for its being the soul of the Word, has an incomprehensible capacity for us of love and of pain, which on earth has never been embraced nor will it ever be. And since the soul is consoled insofar as it is understood, that part of the soul of Christ that is not understood receives no comfort either; and, since His capacity exceeds almost infinitely ours that mysterious, profound and transcendent part, whereto we will never be able to reach, is not consoled, and that is why: "I looked for comforters, but I found none."

O, soul of my Christ, what a mystery of love for God and for men is contained in You...! Mystery of self-giving, of victimhood. What pain that of Yours at the incomprehension on the part of men...! You contained within Yourself the utmost pain that a creature, on whom the selfsame strength of the most high God has been poured out, has ever been able to endure.

Who will be able to know the mysterious loves that made You be consumed out of love for the Father? And therefore, who will be able to glimpse such a profound

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pain that pierced You at the incomprehension, indifference and scorn of men towards God?

My Christ, I glimpse a little bit today, although I cannot explain it, the infinite-like love and pain that, as man, were burning in Your soul.

Jesus, pained Host of love, do You allow me – given the fact that I cannot explain the wonder of softness and capacity that took place in Your soul in order to love and to suffer – at least to pour out my whole life upon Yours just only to be able to grant You, o my God Incarnate, a little bit of comfort?

O, mystery of abandonment...! All of Christ's life, a mystery of lack of comfort.

Jesus, You are the Word Who comes to sing to men Your Divinity, and You are not received...! And You are the Christ, Word Incarnate, Who stay before the Father's gaze as sin representing that very sin, Whom the selfsame Father, Who is the Holiness by His essence, has forsaken; You Who were always received "in the bosom of the Father," aflame in the love of the Holy Spirit, in Whom You found infinite comfort at the lack of understanding, on the part of men, of Your most holy soul...! What pain for You, to see that "the Light came into the darkness and the darkness did not receive it...!"

*"All of Christ's life is a mystery of lack of comfort"*

During Your whole life, o my Christ, You were enduring, on one hand, the incomprehensible, sweet and mysterious burden of love that was burning in You and consuming You; and on the other hand, the unbearable burden of the sins of all men of all ages, which fell on You for Your being the Christ, the guarantor of all Your brethren; Your whole life being an "all is accomplished" to that loving will of the God-Love and to all His loving designs on You. Yet, the time where the abandonment and lack of consolation of Your soul is all the more reflected, was at the supreme moment in which You were nailed on the cross, alone and not understood by Your creatures. How would You look on all of Your children and see that nobody was able to comfort You, because to nobody had been granted to encompass the mysterious depth and the victimhood of Your soul...! And that is why: "I looked for comforters but I found none." There was no consolation for You on earth!

Jesus, poor dear...! How is possible so much pain...?

And if it were not enough, You turn to the Father looking for comfort, and You see that, on turning His face from the sin You represented, He has also forsaken You. Not because He did not understand You, since He, as God, totally penetrated You; but, for the fact that You represented sin, at that very moment He was pouring upon You His divine justice. And He turned His face from You, leaving You with no consolation in the most

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terrible and desolate abandonment.

Poor dear, my Christ...! With Your complete abandonment, You sheltered my soul with the infinite embrace of the Holy Spirit.

This was the most terrible and supreme martyrdom of redemption, at the moment of the manifestation of the greatest love of Christ for man: to see Himself forsaken by the Father, He Who has no other thing to do but to sing the Father.

Poor little thing, my Christ...! Not only there is not consolation on earth for You, but not even in the Father You find comfort. "I looked for comforters but I found none!"

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:

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