

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

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MY MISSION IS TO BE ECHO

On the 19th, during the holy Sacrifice of the Altar, bleeding from pain in my spirit, I have looked at Jesus and I have understood as never before the reason for the depth of his life, of the helplessness of his sorrows and the tragedy of his heart... I have seen the greatness of the perfection of Christ's soul, capable of embracing all the men of all times, giving them love and receiving betrayals... I have glimpsed the penetrating sensitiveness, the perfection and the profound depth of the love with which He loves us.

It seems as though I had penetrated into what took place in Christ's soul during his crucifixion: the pains of his body were no more than a tiny manifestation of the deep pains that overcame his spirit...

What bleeding wounds, open and without healing, his most holy soul had within it...! What neglect on the part of men...! What agonies those of his heart! What love...! What a capacity, to be able to embrace us all and each one of us, at that same instant of his life, with all

and each one of the loves or the ingritudes of our lives...!

But how wounded have I seen the soul of Christ...! How bleeding and sharp were each one of us in his spirit! I was horrified that Christ could bear such pain...!

Each and every man was like a wounding arrow, that the infinite impetus of the Holy Spirit, the day of the Incarnation, incrusts in his spirit with the personal features of each one... What fecundity that of his fatherhood breaking out in redemption...!

I have lived very profoundly the bleeding mystery of the unloved, unknown and neglected infinite Love; painfully penetrating into this sentence of the Holy Scripture, "I looked for comforters, but found none."¹

What a tragic desolation that of Jesus on the cross...! What helplessness in the deep profundity of the depth of his heart! What a sharp sorrow the one which shrouded his whole being, searching, as the infinite Love, the love of those whom He loved, in response to the free surrender of his donation...!

How many times during my whole life I have been introduced by Christ into his most

¹ Ps 68, 20.

holy soul, savouring, from tasting, his loving donation to men...! But never like on this day have I discovered that bleeding "point" of his spirit, where all and each one of men, as a sharp arrow in drilling penetration, are introduced into his depth.

Jesus is the "bleeding Cry" of the infinite Love in loving donation to men, and the response of man to the infinite Love. He is the "target" where the incandescent arrows of the infinite Love himself are thrown, and also the "target" where all men, who, like arrows, keep hitting Him in love or in pain, in self-surrender or ingratitude.

Christ's soul, unknown...! Heart of Jesus, pierced, living receiver of love and ingratitude...! Allow me, become one thing with my Holy Spirit, with my Spirit of mine, to go kissing, as a cicatrization of love, all and each one of the stabbing wounds that are to You a "no" in hardness of ingratitude...

Today I need to be with the Holy Spirit a kiss of loving consolation that will be to You eternity, response of those whom You love, and surrender of unconditional donation. As also I, while contemplating your hard sorrow, have seen in an instant that my life is a repercussion of your life, in tiny expression of my being Church.

All the life of the Incarnate Word on earth was a mystery of love and of neglect, of self-surrender on his part and of ingratitude on our part. What a capacity for reception that of his soul...!

The Holy Spirit, impelled by the will of the Father, kisses the soul of Christ “there,” where each man is a living reality, lived and loved by our Redeemer...

Redemption is the self-surrender of the Love who dies out of love, loving, from so much loving...! And all the intensity and extension of the physical pains of Jesus were only an outward manifestation of the sharp pain that, in the depth of his soul, He lived in relation to men.

Christ was in his whole being a “Cry” of love that lived in nostalgia waiting for his children... clamouring, in the silence of his pain, in the need for becoming one with all those whom the will of the Father gave Him through the impulse and the love of the Holy Spirit.

That is why Jesus is a mystery of love and grief, of self-surrender and rejection on the part of his children; of clamour and of mystery, which in the nostalgia of his heart, clamours for the fullness of possession of those whom He loves.

He asks with urgent need for our response to his infinite love. “So that they may be one,

O Father! as we are one”² and that “where I am they also may be with me.”³ That they may be “there”, oh Father! in your bosom and in my bosom, so that they may be one with us in the love of the Holy Spirit.

But the capacity of Christ is so large, so perfect, so much, so much! that with all and each one of men He has this same experience in tragedy of love that surrenders itself and demands a response.

How much I understood this day...! How I experienced myself reflected in Christ...! How well I understood the sharp pain that the infinite love of the Holy Spirit had opened in his soul when introducing into Him one after the other, as though in a dart of love, each one of men! Because it was the infinite love of the Holy Spirit the one who, bringing about the Incarnation in the womb of the Lady, impelled all of them in the impetus of his fire, leading them into the soul of Christ...! It is all the work of the Holy Spirit, because it is a work of the Love of God towards man...

And on the same day of the Incarnation, Christ, who was the infinite Love due to his divine person, was victimized in his most holy

² Jn 17, 22.

³ Jn 17, 24.

soul by the reception of that same Love and by the ingratitude of all men, who, when saying to Him “no,” we wounded Him in the most profound and sacred recess of the marrow of his spirit.

How I have understood on this day all that we were, each one of us, to his most holy soul...! And when seeing Him on the cross, like a rag, I also have understood that my sorrow was only a reflection of his, because it was the love of the Holy Spirit and the fruit of that torn love...

How I saw myself reflected in the soul of Christ...! For I also saw my soul like a rag, destroyed and wounded deep down inside, there, where only God dwells for Him and for me, and where [...] the souls that God introduces into the depth of the marrow of my spirit are...

And at that very instant I have felt the gentle caress of the infinite Love in a Kiss of the Holy Spirit, in fondness of Spouse, in protection of consolation and fresh balm that heals the wounds of the marrow of my being: “Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give it to you.”⁴

I have looked at Jesus and I have looked at myself... and I have again felt myself, not only

⁴ Jn 14, 27.

the “Echo of my Church,” but the Echo of Christ’s soul; and I have learned of his love and of his pain, of his greatness of spirit and the fruit of his fecundity that makes Him die in nostalgia of love for those whom He loves.

Christ has turned towards the Father wanting to glorify Him, and has achieved it in the bleeding manner that in his human nature He could. But the Father, so that the pain of his Son in fruit of reparation for Him and manifestation of love to souls might be stronger, seeing the agony of his heart, has left Him in a silence of death...

Jesus seeks consolation in the Apostles, and also a silence of death has answered him...! How Jesus needed in those moments of pain, the spiritual and physical closeness of those whom He loved...! But, in the total display of his helplessness, He was alone...! There his Mother stood and the disciple whom He loved... Thus also my soul felt like a tiny “Echo” of the soul of Jesus: it sought in its yearning... in its nostalgia... in the bleeding death that the wound of his spirit caused it... it sought [...] the souls, and they were far away...! very far away...!

How great it is to be “Echo of my Church”...! How great it is to be Echo of Jesus and of Mary...! How tiny is the echo...! solely and always it repeats... It does not have any other capaci-

ty nor does it know to do anything else; it is loving or bleeding repetition, of life or of death, of glory or of tearing... Because also, like Jesus, in these days I have felt that the power of darkness hurled itself upon me... I have experienced terrible waves of Hell, in the horrifying closeness of the bitterness of their contact.

How tiny it is to be Echo...! But, how great it is to live it...! Peace flooded my being with the consolation of the comforting angel, who to the tiny "Echo" of the soul of Christ that morning it was the Holy Spirit himself who healed my wounds... And from that moment the sweetness of his closeness invaded me, but in pain, sorrow and petition of response in nostalgia for those whom I love...

These days I have sung my song. I have fulfilled my mission as "Echo of my Church," repeating the profound feelings of the soul of Christ in an overflowing of love for those who are his and in need of response.

"There," where God kisses me... wherein He puts [...] the souls... where those whom I love are... "there"... in that "there" of the hidden depth of my spirit where God dwells for Him, for me and for [...] the souls, "there," I feel wounded in the same spot where I feel myself kissed by the Holy Spirit in a kiss of fecundity, of plenitude of life, of redemption.

How many times, like Jesus, nailed on the cross, I seek the closeness of my descendants, and I do not find it ...! And although the Holy Spirit may be close, inside my soul, kissing it and loving it, the Holy Spirit himself impels it to clamour for those whom it loves in flames of love and of response.

How hard it is to be "Echo" of the Church, of Christ and of Mary, in the country of indifference...! But today, by the mercy of God, I have understood the tragic suffering of these days in the depth of my heart, in that spot where God dwells and the Holy Spirit kisses me with a Spouse's love, [...]; because redemption, is that way!: love of self-surrender and response of neglect... petition of love and nostalgia for those we love... clamours of stretching out on the cross and search, most of the times, of consolations of eternity in silence of death.

The "Echo" of Jesus has repeated, in its tiny manner of being, something of the depth of the mystery of the Redeemer... And if the Holy Spirit had not come with a Spouse's consolation and a healing of love, It would have died from anguish like Jesus at Calvary.

I haven't had on these days strength to clamour for eternity; only to clamour for [...] the souls, in the experience of a profound remote-

ness...! But, how will I tell, and to whom, all that I have lived in my death of each minute and each instant, feeling myself torn in the inmost depth of the marrow of my being, in a “why” without response, that only made me clamour in need for the closeness of those whom I loved...?!

Now I understand why on the 19th in the morning, during the holy Mass, at the very instant when I saw my soul like a rag, when I turned towards Christ crucified I was terrified at the tragic desolation of his soul pierced in darts of love by the Kiss of the Holy Spirit, that were like arrows that brought his children, there, inside the depth of his spirit...

How great, how immense I have seen Christ...! How overwhelmed by his bitterness...! with what a need of response to his infinite love for his children...! and how lonely in the helplessness of Calvary...! At that very instant I felt myself kissed by the Holy Spirit in a balm of love that healed the wounds that were in my spirit, in the deep depth of my profundity...

But it has been today when I have understood that I am, these days, fulfilling my mission of Echo of Jesus in the bosom of the Church. Because of the smallness of my spirit and the greatness of the trial, I have not been able to discover until today that my mission is also to be Echo of Jesus and of Mary...

I am the “Echo of my Church” in all that she comprises and contains. I am an expression of her life, of her tragedy and of her Song, and for that reason I burn, in the contents of my tightnesses, for the savoury touch, delightful and intimate of the Holy Spirit. And I want to express Christ even though I may die, even if I burst because of the limitations of my speech, even if, to be “Echo” of my bleeding Christ, I may have to taste the bitterness of his desolation, to feel over me the moment of the power of darkness and to experience the profound pain in nostalgia for: Souls for God...! Children for his Bosom! [...]

How great it is to be Church...! If I, who am only inside of her her tiny “Echo,” feel myself only soul to live her in the contents of her tightnesses, what will the spring of her inexhaustible perfections be...?! How will my Church be able to contain God living his life in her bosom, Christ with his whole reality, and Mary with the pouring out of her Motherhood with all that this contains of surrender and of response...?!

I no longer mind suffering even though it may be the neglect of those whom I love most...! but this is no reason for me to stop feeling my bitterness, my sorrow and my desolation... How will I be the tiny “Echo” of the soul

of Christ, if I do not repeat his living in a song of love to all men?

Do not be afraid of me, members of my Church, for I am only Church and more Church than soul...! And because I am more Church than soul, in the tiny content of all that I have inside of me, I live with Christ in each one of the moments of my life a fullness of eternity... a nostalgia for his encounter... an experience of motherhood... a need for surrender and response... a redeeming victimization, under the affectionate action, intimate, warm, penetrating and nutritious of the Holy Spirit.

I am the “Echo of my Church” and I repeat her song as I can, in the tiny way I am; but, on account of the content of all that I have inside of me, I burn in her experiences.

Thank you, Lord, for the greatness of the mystery You enclose...! Thank you for making me a tiny Echo of your contents, even though for this my spirit may live, in each of the moments of my life, on heaven on earth and on exile in my redemption, which is deep and torn victimization in neglect, in self-surrender of loves and in need of response...

Thank you, Lord, because I am not an angel and I can suffer with you your redemption...! The angels can only rejoice, but they

don't know how much love it takes to say to God “yes” on the cross...

How much I have lived today...! How will he be able to understand, he who does not live his being- Church, what it is to be Church, and, inside of her, to be the “Echo” that repeats all she is, all she lives, all she holds inside and all she contains in the tightness of the mystery of God with her, in the content of the mystery of Christ and in the depth of the Virgin's Motherhood... And all this within the range of the divine will, fulfilled by the impulse, the love and the sanctifying action of the Holy Spirit...

Thank you, Lord, for having made me “Echo” of your whole mystery in the bosom of the Church!

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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