

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
Founder of The Work of the Church

The great Moment of the Consecration

*Portent of portents:
God Himself, made Man,
in sublime Sacrament,
offers Himself to the Father,
and gives Himself
as drink and nourishment.*

*“Because I am Love and I can,
because I am Love and I love”:*

*«my flesh is true food
and my blood is true drink.
Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood
remains in me and I in him...
and I will raise him in the last day»
(Jn 6)*



Editorial Eco de la Iglesia

18-10-1962

THE GREAT MOMENT OF THE CONSECRATION

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 15-9-2003

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia, and of her published books:

«LA IGLESIA Y SU MISTERIO» (The Church and her mystery),
«FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN» (Fruits of prayer) and
«VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA» (Experiences of the soul)

First Spanish edition published: May 2000
© 2003 EDITORIAL ECO DE LA IGLESIA

LA OBRA DE LA IGLESIA (The Work of the Church)
MADRID - 28006 ROMA - 00149
C/. Velázquez, 88 Via Vigna due Torri, 90
Tel. 91.435.41.45 Tel. 06.551.46.44

E-mail: informa@laobradelaiglesia.org
www.laobradelaiglesia.org

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

ISBN: 84-86724-52-X
Depósito legal: M. 39.710-2003

Oh, if I were a priest...! Anointed, chosen and predestined to be, with Christ, a priest, a mediator who offers and who offers himself to the infinite Holiness, for the glory of that very eternal Holiness and for the salvation of the souls...!

Oh, if I were a priest...! This has been the dream which, during all my life, has totally filled my soul as a daughter of the Church, enamoured of the Most High and Eternal Priest.

Oh, if I would have had this great privilege...! If my soul would have received from God the incalculable gift of being a priest... If I would have heard on me these words: «You are a priest forever...»¹. If the holy anointment would have poured over my poor being its most delicate aroma...

¹ Ps 110, 4.

Oh...! A woman's dreams...! Dreams that, raised up to the very bosom of the Trinity, today they make me cry aloud, as a hymn of desire, before the urgent, terrible and tremendous need which I experience in me of being a glorification for the Infinite One: Oh, if I were a priest...!

Now, even after so many years of spiritual life, of having immersed myself in the mystery of the Trinity, from there, before its exalted contemplation, my entire soul, in the terrible truth of the Divinity, feeling an urgent need to glorify God as purely and perfectly as it is able to, cries out: Oh, if I were a priest, and could take you into my anointed hands, so that I could offer you...!

Dreams of a woman who dreams things that cannot be...!

To give glory to God is like a perennial hymn, which flows from my *soul-Church*. To be all myself a glorification of the infinite Love is the most terrible need that God has placed upon my poor being.

Oh, if I were a priest...! If I could celebrate my Mass...! If I was allowed to approach God's altar and get into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the divine mystery in my holy vestments, where the soul in love finds all its joy and its happiness, because in it the soul offers and offers itself,

giving itself to the Triune God in a total self-giving, to the Holy One who as a bloodless victim, gives God all honour and glory...!

If I were a priest and hold in my hands the white host to be consecrated for the glory of God and of all souls, all myself would place itself in the hands of the eternal Priest, so that He might use me according to his will; and I would return to the divine Gift as a gift of an unconditional surrender, as a victim that needs to be eaten to the perennial glory of the Trinity and the good of all men.

Oh...! At the time of the offering, of the donation, all my life in the hands of my eternal Priest, without fear, in a total self-giving to his loving will!; all my being on the paten, preparing itself for the consecration where, united with Christ, I would be, with Him, Christ who would give to the Father all honour and glory!

Oh moment of the offertory wherein I would say to the divine Love amorous compliments, being a loving reply to his Gift, to that Gift which God, through me, would wish to communicate to all my souls...!

Oh, if I were a priest and I could offer to the Father my host and the chalice of salvation...! This would be the time of the self-giving to the infinite Love, and also the time to be

received by the eternal Priest. «Receive, oh Holy Father, this Immaculate Host»² and this chalice, and with it, receive all my being as a reply of love to your Gift.

If I were a priest and could say to The Love: Receive, oh Father, your priest together with your Eternal and Most High Priest so that, being both one before your sublime, divine and subsistent majesty, they may raise before your altar the scent of frankincense and pleasing holocausts which may be, before You, a praise to your glory and for your glory...!

Oh, if I were a priest...! What amorous compliments for my Host, responding to the predilection of the Eternal One...! All my life would be a preparation for my Mass and a thanksgiving for it.

How my soul would vibrate at the approaching of that Great Moment of the Consecration...!, the great moment of my life...! Yes, this would be the great moment of my priestly life; the Moment of the Consecration, wherein the human creature, feeling raised to the priestly dignity, experiences that he is the chosen one, the anointed one, the confidant, and the one who has in his consecrated hands, by divine

² Roman liturgy: offertory.

calling, the power to give God the greatest glory that can be given to Him in heaven and on earth.

Where are the angels so that they may give to God the glory which the priest of Christ gives to Him? Where is there a creature that can be raised up to that terrible dignity of being able to bring down the living God from the heavens? When could all the heavenly host be seen bowing to the ground, in surprising wait, worshipping this terrible moment, when you, priest, pronounce over this little piece of bread the words of consecration and of life, which make the very untouchable God run quickly, at your command, to get into that white host to be offered by you before the immensity of the divine Majesty?

When could you dream, oh man, that you, so tiny and imperfect, full of miseries, and even of sins, would be the one to have the whole heaven waiting for this moment, this great moment!, wherein the Father's bosom opens up to give you his Word, the Word that you will hold in your hands, so that you may deal with him as you please? Little man, do you not die of fear before your great moment? Were you aware of this reality of the consecration?

Oh priest of Christ, father of my soul and my son...! If I were a priest and could hold in my consecrated hands the Word of Life and

could say to Him all my amorous compliments, turning to his infinite Gift with my gift...! If I could have had the dignity of being able to handle the God of heaven, to achieve that, at my imperious voice, the entire heavenly host would have contemplated the infinite Majesty coming down to me...!

Oh priest of Christ, if my poor being would have ever found itself holding this white host in his hands, and could have pronounced over it the words that Christ Himself uttered the night of the Last Supper and which would have made the Infinite Holiness come down at my call, to be offered to the Father by me, as the supreme hymn of infinite praise to his glory...! If I could have been as much Christ as you, so that saying those divine words would have been enough to turn a little piece of bread into the Word of Life...!

Whence to you that, at your voice, the whole heaven prostrates itself and even God Himself obeys your command? Who are you and to what dignity the Almighty has raised you, so that you can say with the very rightly: «This is my Body»? Words placed by God in your mouth so that thus you may be able to get out, of the divine bosom of the Trinity, the Second Person and bring Him down to earth. When did you think about performing such a miracle that the bread and wine would become, at your sinner's voice, the Body and Blood of the Incarnate Word?

Oh...! If I had been a priest, perhaps I would not have been able to celebrate more than one Mass. Perhaps, my tiny and imperfect soul would not have been able to do more, because my whole being would have come back to the Infinite One as a loving response to his Gift. And, to this transcendent gift made to your priestly soul, what answer can you give but your own life as an offering and a total destruction of the «I»?

If I had been a priest, perhaps there would have been for me only one Great Moment, because once passed, my soul would have gone beyond the limits of eternity. I do not know if my gift could have been less than the destruction of my being which, as a loving response, needed to reply to the Infinite One.

If I had been a priest and would have held the immaculate Host in my hands and I could have raised it up to show it to my brethren, oh, what amorous compliments...!, what a response...! All my soul, a kiss to kiss the Infinite One for humbling Himself to me! Prostrate and overwhelmed, how could one return to this terrible Gift that was given to me unconditionally...!

My whole priestly life would be an offering as a victim to the immaculate Victim, who was placing Himself in my hands to offer Himself to the Father, and at this very moment, the terrible moment of my life!, given my pettiness

and the great mystery brought out by me, I would be an amorous compliment, a gift of surrender, an unceasing adoration as a response to his Gift.

Oh priest...! Avail yourself of your Host, love it, cherish it. Do not waste this terrible moment of the Consecration. Give yourself to the Infinite One without fear; place yourself in his hands, so that He may use you according to his will; be wholly yourself a «yes» to the eternal Love who so unconditionally gives Himself to you. This is the great moment of your life, maybe the last one... Do you know if tomorrow you will consecrate your Host again? This is the great moment to respond to The Love with the gift of yourself!

Priest of Christ, in this terrible instant of the Consecration, be attentive!, make your faith wholly alive!, kindle your hope!, make your love firm, and contemplate in great silence, in a deep adoration... the bosom of the immutable Trinity, which in infinite activity is itself three Divine Persons, is about to open up any moment! And at this very instant, the Father is begetting the eternal Oriens with an ineffable modesty of eternal Virginity. [...]³

³ This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed opportune to publish in the authoress' life.

Silence...! Silence...! Silence...! For the Father is begetting his divine Word to give Him to you, priest of Christ...!

Silence...! Contemplate how, at this very instant, the Father's bosom opens up in an eternal begetting of infinite love, and at that very sublime instant of untouchable virginity and of eternal holiness, the Father is begetting his Word for you...!, for you...! It is the response of the Father to your word as a priest, anointed to be before Him a mediator between heaven and earth.

Oh terrible words those uttered by the priest...! Priest of Christ, at the very moment when you say the words of consecration, the Father's bosom opens up begetting his Word for you and gives Him to you in the love of the Holy Spirit. The whole Trinity bows to you, and because of your word, the Father responds with his infinite Word to your call, and as a gift, He gives you his Word, in the eternal love of the Holy Spirit! [...]

Silence...! Adoration...!

The three Divine Persons are bowing to you...!

Oh [...] the terrible moment of the Consecration...!; that instant-instant of ineffable respect..., of sovereign majesty..., of profound adoration..., wherein the whole Trinity is bowing to the little priest to give him its Gift.

The Father gives him his Word. The Holy Spirit gives Him to him in union with the Father, as a donation of love. The Word, quickly and joyfully, becomes Bread...

Oh, priest of the New Testament...! The whole infinite Trinity responds to your word, and bows favourably to you in order to give Itself to you. But the whole Trinity, in loving attitude, asks for your response to this great moment of its Gift! [...]

I am seeing the Trinity in its sovereign majesty bowing to the priest, and him so tiny before the immense majesty of God's terrible-ness...! When I see him, so unconscious, I pity him and feel a great need to help him.

Oh, priest of Christ, tiny before the great mystery of the Trinity...!

Oh, priest of Christ, how I see you...! But how tiny you are before this great mystery of the Holy Mass...!

Oh, priest of Christ...! Poor little thing...! So tiny, before the terrible terribility of the Trinity, in spite of your dignity being so sublime...!

Alas...! Poor little priest, my son and father of my soul...! But how small before the terrible terribility of the *being Himself of the Being*,

that is given to you as a Gift and asks for your response...!

Poor little thing...! How I see you before the contemplation of the Untouchable One, who, in the splendiddness of his eternal majesty, waits, from on high, for your word to come down, in the most surprising miracle ever to be glimpsed by the human mind...!

I see you so tiny... and clamouring with a powerful voice because of the strength that the sacred anointment gave to your word, capable of opening the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Trinity, drawing the veil of the Temple asking Him to pronounce his Word for you, achieving, through your word, as a new mystery of the Incarnation...!

What are you, poor little man...? Oh, priest of Christ...! Alas...! Alas my son! Poor little thing...!

I am weeping overwhelmed, out of respect, love and fright before this terrible reality that my soul contemplates.

Oh, if I were a priest...! At this very moment I would die...! I do not know yet if, I will be able to live, after seeing it.

Alas priest of Christ, poor little thing...! Respond to Love as you can...!

Oh, priest of Christ!, respond...!, respond to the Trinity, who gives itself to you as a Gift, with the knowledge and capacity that you may have!

How little you are before the terrible terribility of the Moment of the Consecration...! [...]

Oh the Holy Father...! Even the Holy Father, John XXIII, oh, how little he is before the terrible moment of the Consecration...!

Oh, my son!, respond...!, respond...! Respond to the Trinity who gives itself to you as a Gift, as you can...! Adore, love, prostrate yourself face to the ground...! [...]

The adorable Trinity, bowing to the priest of the New Testament at the moment of the Consecration...! And how terrible...! How terrible...!

I am about to die from love and pain... My soul can only cry in silence.

Thank you, Love...!, thank you, Love...!, thank you, Love, because you did not make me a priest...!

Now I understand why you did not make me a priest! Now I understand...!

I do not have the grace to be a priest. That is why I feel I die before the terribility of the Great Moment of the Consecration.

Oh...! Thank you, Love, thank you...! Thank you for not having made me a priest! How well I understand Saint Francis of Assisi...!

The terrible God, of sovereign majesty, bowing... bowing...!

All the infinite majesty of the Being, bowing to the priest...! Not prostrate, no!; bowing... Not in an act of adoration, no!, but pouring Himself over him...

The whole Trinity waiting, priest of Christ, tiny one, waiting for your great word to come to you...!

The whole Trinity waiting for you to utter your word in order to pour Himself onto you in the Word. The Word of Life waiting to become Bread...!

The whole Trinity at your command, readily, obeys...!

Oh, priest, priest...! What did God do with you when he anointed you a priest...? I know that you did not give it much thought the day of your ordination.

But now I tell you: look, you are a priest of Christ...! My son, be little. For the love of God!, be little so that before your littleness, the infinite Love may be pleased.

I see you so little..., so nothing...!, and you are so sublime before the Trinity's sublime, divine and subsistent majesty...!

Respond as you can, throw yourself on the ground, worship, weep, die, if you do not know how to respond!

How terrible it is to be a priest...! Poor little thing...!

Respond, my son, being little. Throw yourself in the arms of the infinite Sanctity, adore Him. Kiss that point of the divine begetting, which is opened for you every morning at the consecration.

It is you, priest of Christ, the one called by divine call to enter this *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Trinity. It is you who has to get into the Trinity's bosom and kiss that instant-instant in which the Father begets his Word for you, kissing with the Holy Spirit that very Word that comes out quickly at your words.

Come on, priest of Christ; before the terrible terribility of this great mystery, throw yourself into the arms of your Father God, and, full of trust, hope, trust in the infinite love that the Trinity has for you.

God did not make you a priest to condemn you, no; but so that you would glorify Him and to save souls through you.

You have in your hands the terrible God of sovereign majesty, and you have in your hands the salvation of mankind.

Look, listen to what I tell you: If, before your voice, the Father opens his bosom and gives you his Word in the love of the Holy Spirit, and

the three divine Persons together give themselves to you unconditionally, will there be anything that you ask them that will not be granted to you?

If you exercise your priesthood making yourself little, and the very God gives Himself to you in such a way, will there be anything superior to Himself that could not be given to you?

If you do not get from God everything you ask Him for, it will be because you do not ask Him for it, or because your word is not so efficacious as the one of the consecration. If your prayer is not listened to, it is not because God does not answer your word, but because your word is not according to God.

I know that the word of the consecration is different from your word. Before that one God Himself obeys. But if God wanted to put this efficacy in your word of consecration, if you are according to his will, could not your prayer be more efficacious and your petition be better aimed...? Don't you see that when you say: «This is my body», «This is my blood», the whole Trinity gives itself to you? Why do not you become so like Jesus, that whenever you command Heaven will obey?

If that would be so, you who read this, priest of Christ, you alone, would you not be together with Christ salvation for mankind? If truly you

can say: «This is my body», «This is my blood», what will there be which you will not be able to say, priest of Christ?

Oh, now I understand why I cannot be a priest! Perhaps if I had been a priest, at the Moment of the Consecration, when receiving this light that I had today, I would have died. Perhaps, for that reason, God did not make me a priest.

I find within me a terrible impossibility to be a priest, after knowing the great mystery of the consecration. For that reason I cannot tell you anymore: if I were a priest...! Because I see that, from now on, there is in me an impossibility provided by the terrible knowledge of the priestly dignity. But to you, priest of Christ, son of my *soul-Church*, I, together with Mary Immaculate, the priests' Mother, I say : Live your priesthood, place yourself in your Great Moment, give thanks for this inexpressible, inexplicable, incomprehensible and unimaginable, privilege of the priesthood.

Priest of Christ, I see you so little in the presence of the Trinity...! And I venerate you, and I ask you to implore for me to the very Trinity. The knowledge I had today has been so strong, that from now on in my prayer of a little daughter of the Church I will always be putting your

priestly soul in front so that the Father may give me the divine Word. It's you my little priest, the one who has to give me the Word of Life.

Oh, priest, priest...!, try to be little so that you may appear before the Father, held by, leaned on and fused with the eternal Priest. And thus, with confidence, say your word of consecration and respond to the Gift which God is to your soul in that instant; respond unconditionally, give yourself totally. Come on, in silence, adore, tell Him «yes» and also give yourself to Him as a host with your Host, so that something like a transubstantiation may come about in you, and you may be Christ for God's glory and the salvation of all souls.

Priest... Mediator... You are in the Great Moment of your life! You are between heaven and earth transubstantiating your host! Exercise your priesthood...! Be a propitious bridge between God and men! And may your prayer be so pleasing, so acceptable to God, that no grace, gift, or wish, before you, would remain unfulfilled.

Let it be you because of your priesthood the one who catches the divine Love, and the one who appears before Him on behalf of all your brothers, so that, by means of you, everybody may receive the salvation that through you God wants to communicate, through this Great Moment, to all men.

Look, priest of Christ, as I have already told you: when you say your word the Father's bosom opens up before the surprise also of all the blessed ones, and God becomes Bread. And you what do you say?, what is your response to this donation of The Love to your command? What do you reciprocate to the infinite Gift who is God before you? How do you respond to this Gift that is given to you so unconditionally? Which one is your gift before the Gift of God made Man, of God made Bread through your word? What word are you to Him? What do you tell Him? How do you give yourself?

Oh, priest of Christ, if I would have been a priest and at some moment I could have lived this Great Moment that you live now...! I know there is no gift for such a gift; but look at what answer the Trinity has to your word... How do you answer to his when He asks you for all your soul as a gift to his Gift?

Perhaps some day you might have done something out of routine of this Great Moment. And, don't you cry all your life long? Do you think that it is just one moment that has already passed? Don't you know that each one of the moments of your Mass, and particularly the one of the consecration, will be the ones presented before you on the day of Judgment?

I know that, if I would have been a priest, perhaps I would have done it the same as you,

and even worse. But, perhaps for not having that great fortune, nor having received that immense grace, I appreciate more this gift of the priesthood which The Love so freely gave to your soul.

But listen, even though you see yourself little and you are afraid, even though you do not know how to behave with your Host, nor how to respond to such a great Gift, even if you only feel like crying for my song to this Great Moment, do not distrust, because of the little ones is the Kingdom of Heaven. Throw yourself into the arms of The Love, since, though you have the great dignity of being a priest, you are a creature and little.

For that reason, trust the love of The Good, the One Who made you a priest, not to condemn you, but to entrust to you his secret so that you would be He through transformation, so that you would throw yourself into his arms and, before the great mystery of this predilection towards your soul and the lack of capacity to respond to such a great gift, you would throw yourself as the little one into the bosom of his father, and there you would cry out of gratefulness and love, for the incomprehensible grace of your priesthood, and you could be able to approach the altar of God with happiness and joy, offering yourself and offering to the infinite Holiness in the *Per Ipsum*; and leaning on that

same Sanctity, give to God, «through Him, with Him, in Him», «all honour and glory».

If you are little you do not have to be afraid. And if you are *big headed*, it is urgent that you make yourself little, because if you are unaware of the great moment of your Mass, as you are little, it is up to God your Father to take care of you and prepare you for that great moment.

But if you are a priest and not even little, and you approach the altar of God inattentive, without preparing yourself, after so many Masses!, what will you do on the day of Judgment? Because the little ones will be judged according to love; but if you had to be judged for your works...

Try to be little, and if you achieve this, do not worry any more, because the little ones trust implicitly their parents' love.

The Great Moment of the Consecration has passed and, with it, the great moment of your life. But still within the Mass there are other great moments which you have to attend to.

Here I also feel real envy! You already know, priest of Christ, my son and father of my soul, that my only joy consists in giving glory to God. Because of that, do you allow me, together with you, united to your Mass, in your *Per Ipsum*,

that I may give glory to the Father, glory to the Son and glory to the Holy Spirit? Although I cannot be a priest, God made me a priestly virgin, mother-Church, and I need, together with all my *children-souls*, to give to God all honour and glory, united to you, priest of Christ.

It is the moment of the glorious song of the Mass, it is the moment to give glory to God; and you, «through Him, with Him, in Him», give all honour and glory.

Let me, united to you, also give my God all honour and glory. I know that I do it in my Mass; but, after having known the terrible dignity of your priesthood, I need to celebrate my Mass backed by you and united to you. And seeing myself so little and with such a terrible need, so urgent and so almost infinite to give glory to my Three, I implore your favour to fill this need which floods my soul.

It is now that you can give God the glory He expects from your priestly soul, how do you respond?

It is necessary that you rejoice in the infinite glory of the eternal Lover, responding to his Gift with your happiness for his joy. Rejoice for the fact that He is happy, be happy for the fact that He is blissful, and then your whole soul, as though in a triumphal jubilation, will exclaim with the eternal Priest, «through Him,

with Him, in Him», giving God all honour, praise and glory.

It is the moment to respond to The Love giving Him glory for his immense majesty. Tell Him now what perhaps at the moment of the Consecration, being such a terrible instant, you did not know how to. Tell Him how the whole of you wants to be a praise to his glory, an answer to his gift.

Live this instant of God's glorification with the greatest intensity of which you are capable, rejoicing in that God is God. Forget about yourself and be happy with the blessed ones in the happiness of God, giving Him all honour and glory being grateful that He be Who He Is. Make an act of pure love which rejoices for God being Who He Is. Love Him through Him, in Him, without you, so that He may be glorified. Do not let this moment pass without giving God the glory He expects from you from all eternity, and allow me to join you, to relieve this immense need which burns me to give glory to God.

And thus, with the soul full of gratefulness, jubilation and being overwhelmed, intone the Our Father, preparing yourself for the terrible instant of the consummation of the Sacrifice.

Invoke your Father who is in heaven, with all the love of your soul being little; beg par-

don for all your miseries and forgive all those who offended you. And so, burning in the divine Love, under your unworthiness, receive that Bread of Life which from all eternity, loving you with infinite predilection, He chose you so that you yourself could eat the Host which, as a priest, you consecrated.

The Word of Life palpitates in terrible need to get within you, to enter your soul. And you are inattentive and inactive...? Look, it is the Word of Life, the One you brought forth from the bosom of the Trinity at the Great Moment of the Consecration, the One Who is waiting for you to eat Him and in that way the Sacrifice of the altar may be consummated, a live reproduction of the one bloody Sacrifice of the cross!

The Mass is about to end and God is now also waiting. He is expecting you to eat your Host in order to consummate the Sacrifice! It is you, priest of the New Testament, the one who began this great act, and the one who has to crown it.

Truly you can say with Christ: «All is accomplished»⁴. «I have accomplished the work that You gave me to do»⁵. Now, eternal Father, if you wish, you can take me to You. «Into your hands I commend my spirit»⁶. Do with your ser-

⁴ Jn 19, 30.

⁵ Jn 17, 4.

⁶ Lk 23, 46.

vant according to your will, and in the face of my unworthiness, overwhelmed and prostrate because of your infinite loftiness, I adore and beg you to have pity on my misery, and, leaning on your bosom, you may take me to You whenever it may please you to take your servant's soul. With my Mass «all is accomplished».

That is why, everyday, when receiving Him in Holy Communion, place your spirit in the hands of God, as the immaculate Victim has been immolated by you and you should be consummated in Him and by Him.

Now, priest of Christ, how are you to respond to The Love? What have you to tell the infinite Victim, who is hidden in your chest? How should your response be at the end of the Sacrifice?

I consider myself too little to tell you what you should do. After everything I have said, my soul is in expectation, venerating you in thanksgiving. And when venerating you, my veneration is double, because in you, and through you, by means of you, for being a priest, I can adore God made Man, God made Bread, within your soul.

Give yourself unconditionally to The Love, love Him as you never loved Him. Let your Mass be everyday the beginning and the end of your life. Do not make a routine of this terrible Moment, which the Immense One gives

you every day as a gift for his glorification, your sanctification and that of all the souls.

Come on, priest of Christ, with your Host within you, prepare the Host that you consecrated for me; because I also want to consummate my sacrifice eating my Victim. And, even though you wish to tell many things to The Love, think that my enamoured soul is waiting for you to give me that Bread of Life. I have also celebrated my Mass with you, since, as I am so little, I could not have the dignity of being a priest. I am also a priestly mother who awaits, like Mary in the Cenacle, Holy Communion from the hands of the Apostles.

The whole Mass has been for you a dialogue of love. First of self giving, then of mystery and donation on the part of God and on your soul; you have given God the glory which your soul needed and, at last, you ate your Host. And now go, do not delay, give me my Host, the one you consecrated for me because you are a priest!, that Host which was transubstantiated so that I, through you, could also receive God. Come on, do not delay, give me my Host with all the care, respect and love which God demands from you when distributing it.

You see, you are the one in command...! Let us see what you do with your Host and with

mine...! I need to eat God in order to consummate my sacrifice, and I am waiting for your hand of father and shepherd to place it into my mouth. It is you who gives me the divine Life in my Host, who makes me happy.

Oh, priest of the New Testament! If the grace of being a priest would have come upon me, in this very day, how would I have celebrated my Mass...!

Perhaps I would have been able to celebrate only one in my life, due to the terrible knowledge I have had of the Great Mystery of the Consecration.

That is why I ask you to listen to this poor song which this unworthy daughter of the Church sings to your soul: respond to The Love with your total gift. Do not look at yourself. Try to live on Christ, and be little so that you may be judged according to love.

9-12-1975

IF I WOULD DIE
OF ADORING YOU SO MUCH

Let me, my Lord, adore you
and die from adoring so much
as my tearful soul longs for,
in urgent longings for love.

Let me tell you, adoring,
how much I am pressed in my heart.
Let me, that I drown in the sorrows
for knowing that someday I told you «no»!

What do I care about the sorrows I hide
within the pleats of what I hold inside,
if I could make you happy with it
with a response of self-giving to your Gift...?

My poverty would want to crush me,
your greatness exalts my love;
let me adoringly rest,
let me, let me, my Lord!

If I would die of so much adoring you...!
If my voice would break out into songs...!
What do I care about life or death?
I only seek your glory, my God!

When I burst in madness of loves,
I clamour in poems of poor tones,
expressing how rude my voice is.

**THE EUCHARIST... BREAD OF LIFE...:
GOD WHO GIVES HIMSELF TO US
THROUGH HIS ANOINTED ONES
IN THE SUBLIME AND DIVINE
SACRAMENT**

*From the book «Frutos de oración»
(«Fruits of prayer»)*

934. God is in the Church, giving Himself to me through the bishops, by means of the Liturgy. (15-11-68)

935. The Bishops are to me in the Church the great Sacrament, because through them the Sacraments are prolonged and communicated to men. (15-11-68)

940. How pleased Jesus is when his bishops pray! All his delights are in them, the Pillars of the Church...! (23-6-74)

« TENDERNESS AND POETRY...

Tenderness, poetry as donation
eternal and infinite...

Love that gives Himself in a
silent and divine wait...,
surprising and loving silence:
The Eucharist...!

Mystery which the mind
does not understand because it is secret,
dazzling self-giving
of the good God.

Jesus who is born, lives and dies,
a mystery...!
and He rises from the dead to give Himself
to us
without end
through the Liturgy and the Church,
in our time.

How sweet it is to pronounce the name
of Jesus
in the secret and sonorous prayer
of silence...!

Respect, if I mention Him;
sweetness, if I feel Him;
tenderness and poetry is my Jesus,
when I have Him! »

16-3-1969

«Frutos de oración» («Fruits of prayer»)

941. What a love of predilection the Lord has
for your priestly soul...! Respond, dear son, as
you can, that The Love asks your gift of love
to his gift. (29-9-63)

942. Enter deeply in the secret of the Eternal
One who, burning in infinite longings to give
Himself and to communicate his secret to you,
anointed you a priest. (1-10-63)

943. The priest is the one who most resem-
bles Mary, for he receives the infinite Word
from the Father's bosom to communicate Him
to souls. (1-2-64)

944. The life of Mary was a complete adher-
ence to all the movements of Christ's soul in his
life, mission and tragedy, with the nuance that
she was a Virgin-Mother. This has to be also the
attitude that should shape the whole life of the
priest of the New Testament. (25-10-74)

945. Anointed and predestined by God to be
a giver of sacred things, if you knew well the
mystery which through the Sacraments, by your
means, God wants to give men, you would
tremble when you distribute these supernatural

goods! But, perhaps, for lack of knowledge of God, when you lose contact with Him, you end up unconsciously playing with your Host without seeing in it the Incarnate Word of Life. (17-12-76)

946. Priest of Christ, can the Lord call you «friend», because He has manifested to you what He heard from the Father...? To the extent that you listen to Him, you will give Him souls and quench his thirst. (12-5-64)

947. You cannot waste time, for all mankind is crying out to you: let us see what you do so that we may live God's life that through his Church, by your means, He wanted to communicate to us! (4-9-61)

948. I want priests for You, my Lord, only for You... My clamour is a heartrending cry to the Great Christ, cast down on the ground under the power of darkness. (26-3-75)

950. Give us, Lord, priests, simple ones according to your heart, for pride, confusion, human respect and even the ill will of some, smother the little ones who, frightened, hide themselves, waiting for the moment of their deliverance. (31-3-75)

« JESUS, I SAW YOUR EYES IN THE NIGHT

I saw your eyes, which, in the night,
appeared to my being like bright stars,
and hopes sprang out in my shadows,
and throbs rose from my chest
in lacerating moans
of solace.

I saw your eyes concealing, like pearls,
the pitiful and suffering tears
that soaked the cheeks of your face
for the bleeding and painful treason
of the treacherous friend.

I saw your eyes which, in the night,
begged for my consolation
forgetting my sufferings
and trusting in the Heavens.

I saw your eyes which, in my night,
sparkled like bright stars. »

15-5-1971

«*Frutos de oración*» («*Fruits of prayer*»)

866. The light of faith makes me taste the Mystery of the Eucharist, getting me into the secret of its reality. (17-10-72)

867. The Church is as though a Eucharists' mystery: God living with man and man living with God the infinite life, and making others live it under created «species». (17-1-67)

868. The Mass is the summary of the whole Mystery of Christ in its total universality, shared by all of us. (9-1-67)

869. In each one of the acts of Christ's life all the others are mysteriously contained; and the Sacrifice of the altar is the way which He, in his infinite Wisdom, thought up to perpetuate his whole life among us. (9-1-67)

46. In the Eucharist is summarized, and given to us the whole life of Christ: the trinitarian communication, incarnation, birth, life, death, resurrection, ascension, and his last coming; and not only that, but, mysteriously, the synthesis of the Universal Christ who contains in Himself the men of all times. (9-1-67)

870. In the Mystery of the Eucharist are summarized all the other Sacraments, which are signs through which God gives Himself to man, each one of these signs enclosing the donation of the incarnation, life, death, and resurrection of Christ, and even to his last coming. (17-1-67)

871. The Eucharist is the way Christ really stays with the men of our time, as the Incarnation

was the way to be for thirty-three years with the men of his time. (17-1-67)

872. Loving us, God became flesh, and loving us unto the consummation of time, He invented the Eucharist. (17-1-67)

873. Loving us till the end, the Word became flesh, and stayed in the Eucharist so that, we might be one with Him, with the Father and with the Holy Spirit, and one among us. (17-1-67)

874. My God, how will I be able to thank you for the bloodless Sacrifice of the altar, where the divine Victim gives You, my Triune Deity all the infinite glory and reparation that you deserve? (18-4-61)

875. I need to turn my daily Mass into life, in order to be able to live my vocation and my *being Church* as you ask me. (18-4-61)

876. My mornings spent by the doors of eternity –by the tabernacle– and my daily Mass, deeply lived, are the complete fullness of my desire for God, such as we can have Him on earth. (22-6-74)

877. The Mass is the center of my life; in it I live and is given to me all the Mystery of Christ, with his incarnation, death, and resurrection;

and I, to the extent of my capacity, offer all this magnificent mystery to God for his glory and for the benefit of all men. How great is my daily Mass! (8-1-75)

« MY GREAT GOD

God is so great, so great!,
in his infinite portent,
that He is able to become Bread
and to dwell on earth.

God is so great, so great!,
so exhaustive in his bosom,
that He becomes what He wants,
and for that reason He is food.

God is so great, so great!,
in his being the Everlasting,
that He becomes a creature
to take me to his encounter.

God is so great, so great!,
that is why He is so small
when He hides in the Host
in the prison where He is confined.

God is so great, so great!,
that He is able to be, without being,

things that are not,
in order to show his wonders.

God is so great, so great!,
that all of Him breaks out into a Kiss,
to kiss me with his whole being
in the joy of eternal love.

God is so great, so great!,
that He kisses me when I grieve,
making Himself as tiny
as my sorrow on earth!

God is so great, so great!,
that, in his eternal action,
by the strength of his arm,
He breaks out into immense wonders! »
28-5-1974

«*Frutos de oración*» («*Fruits of prayer*»)

878. What a sublime reality that of the Eucharist, where the very God gives Himself to me as food, for my nourishment and for all the souls! How great is the Eucharist, where we all are united in the great mystery of the same

BREAD, which feeds us filling us with Divinity...! (20-11-66)

48. How I have understood the need for Jesus to be in the Eucharist...! Had He not stayed with us out of love, how could our love live without Him...! (12-12-74)

879. My eager desires are fulfilled when I receive Jesus in Holy Communion under the eucharistic species, because during my exile I possess God in the way I desire. (27-2-73)

880. I have just received Holy Communion... What else can I wish? Here all my cravings are satisfied, because, being with Christ, I am with the Father and the Holy Spirit and, in the same union of the Holy Communion, I am with all my *children* and with all the men on earth. (20-11-66)

881. God is my Father, and when I receive Him in the Eucharist, I live my divine filiation as never before and my union with all my brethren. (20-11-66)

882. I have just received Holy Communion, what else can I wish? More happiness does not exist, even though many times one may not experimentally feel it. (17-10-66)

883. When I receive Holy Communion, God gives Himself to me completely. What do I have to do in order to reciprocate such a great gift? (11-9-62)

884. Word of Life, when you give Yourself to me in Holy Communion, you tell me your most happy *Being*, and when I receive you, I return it to you as a gift of love! (18-9-61)

885. I receive Holy Communion to become You by participation and be able to sing you, in your love, to men; and You, do you accept me as an oblation to make me the *soul-Church* that You need, and thus be able to give Yourself to the souls, through me, according to your will? (16-4-61)

886. Jesus, I need to eat you well in order to know how to become a victim and to sing with You, on the cross, your song of love and pain. (16-4-61)

887. Eucharist...! Infinite Love hidden in the chest of him who receives You... If the soul knew that in it God is hidden...! (21-10-59)

20-12-1982

I KISS YOU AS I CAN,
AFTER RECEIVING HOLY COMMUNION

The loving chest having been wounded, rests
in your bosom in long hours of sweet intimacy...

I know how much you love me, Jesus my
loved one, for I feel you inside after receiving
Holy Communion.

Your gifts are tenderness inside my inner be-
ing, amorous compliments, without words, in
deep clamour...

Today I wish to return, prostrated before the
Tabernacle, with my immense poverty in total
self-giving.

I already know that this exile is loaded with
suffering, with crosses, with torments, with un-
equalled afflictions... Long are the paths of this
life in darkness, that bring us weeping to the
unalterable joy of your infinite Home...!

What does it matter that I mourn, Jesus of
my tabernacle, Lord of the Sacrament, in ex-
tended days, in nights that have no end be-
cause spent in pain?! If you stay glorious in your
immense power, in your sweet mercy, my soul
is full of your eternal rejoicing ...

Your glories are my glories, whatever they
may be; their price does not matter, even
though I may die in the struggle from a con-
tinuous mourning...

How long the days are...! How black are the
nights of each pilgrim in his journey along the
long road wherethrough you lead him, loaded
with mystery, towards eternity...!

My enamoured soul, after receiving You in
the great Sacrament that took place on the altar,
wants to obey once more your eternal will, what-
ever this may be regarding my wounded being,
which, torn with love, seeks you incessantly.

I have you and I want you inside my inner
being; I seek you and I possess you there in
my palpitation, clamouring to find you again
each day, by the Eucharist, in order to be able
to turn myself, after receiving you, to your im-
mense goodness...

I love you in the depths hidden in my
chest..., I kiss you, as I can, after receiving Holy
Communion... And I only anxiously seek, in
my life sealed by the light of your fires, to be
able to give you joy with my bleeding chest
and crucified in you, trying in each instant to
fulfill your whole plan!

What will happen tomorrow...? I ask each day
when the trial grows worse refusing to leave me.

What does what may happen matter, if You will be with me, Jesus of the Holy Sacrament, giving Yourself as nourishment, in each cross-road of my life, when passing by...!

How beautiful are your fires loaded with mystery, replete with promises, when you are in my depth...! I listen to your words replete with hope, which speak quietly without pronouncing anything.

Your sorrows are my sorrows, your glories are my glories, only your will fulfilled makes me repose in my mourning. The rest does not matter.

My offering for the Church, well do I know was accepted, and today I wish before the tabernacle, after receiving you, to offer myself once more, as in every morning, without minding the cost of doing in each instant your holy will.

I love you, my Jesus, receive this day, with all its poorness loaded with nobility, my total self-giving.

« THE SUBLIME SACRAMENT

What does it matter if my body is sick,
if You, who are the Life, are in me and I in You
through the sublime and eternal Sacrament...?

What does it matter if the cross shrouds me
in its suffering,
or the Tabor cheers me with its glories,
if You dwell in me and I in You
*through the mystery
of the sublime Sacrament...?*

What do the sufferings of this life matter,
with their harsh torments,
or the pleasures that may be given
to us someday...?
I know, because my faith has taught it to me
and in my experience I feel it is so,
that You are inside of me and I am in your chest
after receiving Holy Communion,
through the mystery of the sublime Sacrament.

What can all things mean
in their different ways of being
and being accomplished
through the night of exile,
if You, as being Love who has the power,
and Love that, loving,
give Yourself without limits,

You are in me and I in You,
when I receive Holy Communion,
through the mystery
of the sublime Sacrament...?

Everything is so empty,
with the fleeting passage of every moment,
that only You, my beloved Jesus,
in your being Yourself the very Word,
are the One Who is Yourself
by the coeternal Father
in the loving Kiss of the Good Spirit...!

And, besides this, what more can I want
after receiving Holy Communion,
when Christ is in me and I in his chest
through the sweet mystery
of the sublime Sacrament...?

He Who Is Himself is looking at me,
is kissing me,
He is instilling in me his very thought...!
And in words of love
I respond to his gift, sweet and secret,
that He hides in me and I feel that I am in Him
through the uttermost love
of the sublime Sacrament.

How sweet it is to be with God
and to have Him so deep inside
through the loving mystery which,

in his immense power,
takes place in the sublime
and divine Sacrament...! »

21-11-1982

«*Frutos de oración*» («*Fruits of prayer*»)

888. The infinite wisdom of the Father, in a loving spelling, is said within his bosom by the Word; and that same wisdom is enclosed in the tabernacle under the species of a little piece of bread, in live spelling of eternal love. (14-9-74)

889. I am looking at God hidden in a tabernacle; as a stand a wooden table, two flower vases, an altar cloth, a canopy... How rough is everything! How poor...! But there and in that way God is because He is love. (18-2-65)

890. I rest when I adore; because when I put myself before Jesus in the Holy Sacrament, the majesty which I perceive is such, that sometimes I do not dare to approach the tabernacle, for, even though He is the infinite Love, He is also the Sovereign Majesty. (27-9-74)

891. How strongly and deeply God is felt when one is by the tabernacle, where the Holy Spirit

becomes so palpitating in loving proximity!
(11-3-75)

892. The tabernacle doors are the doors to Paradise, as behind them the Eternal is hidden. That is why, the soul who discovers Jesus in the tabernacle meets heaven. (17-2-73)

49. When in my tired life I experience that I cannot take it any more, in insatiable clamours for the Being, because of the desire for his possession, I run to the Tabernacle, and there I find, in the mysterious way that faith gives me, the fullness of all I need; wherefore I have come to understand, with a taste which is life, that the doors of the tabernacle are the wide gates to eternity. (12-12-74)

893. In front of the Tabernacle I am happy, because my faith, tasted in deep silences of simple prayer, has led me to know that the doors of the tabernacle, are the wide gates to eternity, to which my hope runs driven by the infinite Love of the Holy Spirit, and where the perfect encounter of the eternal Sun, in the light of his eyes, will reveal to me forever, forever!, the enthralling face of God. (14-9-74)

894. The Tabernacle is a taste of Eternity, proximity to the Father and Love of the Holy Spirit. (22-12-74)

« THE DOORS OF HEAVEN

I seek God in the strange way
in which He gives Himself to us in the exile:
in joys of glory
or loneliness of winter...

But it does not matter to the one who loves
with yearnings for the Eternal One
to wait day after day,
when knowing that a tabernacle
is the door to the heavens!

That is why I seek in my life,
in my nights and in my mourning,
in my deadly tortures,
in my bloodless martyrdom,
in my prolonged waiting
and in the winter night,
when frost covers me,
when hell attacks me,
behind the doors of the tabernacle
the opening to the heavens...!

What does it matter to me that I do not feel
before my open tabernacle,
if the torch of faith,
as a shining bright star,
tells me that this Bread
is the glory of the Eternal One...?!

Therefore, seek, my child,
with tireless concerns,
with agonies of death
and even with torments in mournings,
long times before the Tabernacle,
even if you only perceive,
in your pitiful grieving
inside the darkness,
the tragedy of the dead God...

Seek times before the tabernacle,
without seeking anything but the Eternal One,
waiting only for Him;
knowing by hope
that, finally, the heavens will open up...!

Do not tire, because love
does not know discouragement!
For that reason, pray untiring
before your open tabernacle,
where the Lord has remained
in small Sustenance,
so that you might seek Him
with hopes in fire...

Pray untiring, my child,
for my heart, wounded
by the voices of the Eternal One,
today lovingly asks you
with my clamours from zeal...!

Pray untiring, my child,
so that you may taste heaven!
And pray untiring, my child,
giving Jesus solace. »

9-5-1972

«Frutos de oración» («Fruits of prayer»)

50. In my tabernacle I have everything, because the infinite All is the transcendent mystery which is hidden in it. If man knew the secret of the Eucharist, how would he not come to quench his thirst and to satiate his hunger at the foot of the Tabernacle...?! (12-12-74)

895. The Love likes to be with those He loves, to that end He remained in the Eucharist; that is why, it is necessary that we love The Love spending long times with Him. (26-9-63)

896. God instituted the Eucharist to stay with me always. Such is Love! Do I try to be with Him? From that I will know how much and how I love Him. (4-7-69)

897. How well one feels in total prostration and deep adoration before the infinite Love

who, for love of me, is hidden under the appearance of a little piece of bread! (26-9-63)

898. I know that Jesus is in the Eucharist and looks at me, and I know it because faith tells it to me; and that which faith tells me, hope actualizes it for me and charity vivifies it to me. (11-1-67)

899. With Jesus in the tabernacle, opening up my heart, how well one is! He knows our sorrows and the reason for our tears; that is why He kisses the soul with tenderness of mystery. (30-10-76)

900. I only rest at the tabernacle doors, leaving on the heart of the one I love, the silenced sufferings of the secret which I hold within me. (17-12-76)

901. In this life there is something on which I have placed all the strength of my poor journey; something that holds me back from asking urgently to go to Heaven; something which is everything to me: the Eucharist! (22-6-74)

902. There is only one thing that I would change for my mornings before the Tabernacle: eternity. (7-5-76)

« THE SOUL IS SWOLLEN

Times before the Tabernacle I live
in my silence.
The soul is swollen from its palpitation,
because to pray is bliss of heaven in exile,
plenitude of the Immense One and fruitfulness.

Times before the Tabernacle,
detached from things,
lost in the depth of the loneliness;
unprecedented amazement of the lover awake
who listens to The Loved One
without earthly things.

Times before the Tabernacle, secret prayer,
that leaves the soul worshipping in its love,
that it may break out the silence in conversations
that are melodies of hitherto unknown speech.

Times before the Tabernacle,
surprising encounter,
steps of The Loved One in tender passing by;
loves of the Immense One, which leave the soul
in palpitations from being cauterized.

Times before the Tabernacle, hours of silence
in closeness of depth;
anticipation of glory, taste of the heavens,
satiated the hungers in my walk.

Times before the Tabernacle,
unequalled plenty. »

20-3-1973

«*Frutos de oración*» («*Fruits of prayer*»)

903. Before the mystery of the Eucharist, carried away by the silence of its secret, overcome by love, adoring, I respond as I can to the infinite donation of your love. (17-10-72)

904. The silence of the cross is a song of eternal love to men. Christ gave life by dying and He gives Himself as food under the chilling silence of the Eucharist. Mysteries that only the man of faith with tastes of the Holy Spirit is able to pierce! (6-1-75)

905. So much silence that of the Eucharist, and what a concert of infinite love it contains! (1-2-64)

906. The silent loneliness at the Tabernacle is the most expressive explanation of the Infinite Love unknown and not received. (29-1-73)

907. The silent mystery of the Eucharist in tasteful knowledge of Jesus' proximity, is love

which asks for love of self-giving in returned adoration. (22-12-74)

908. How profound and penetrating is the silence at the tabernacle, which transcends us to the Being's silence, where God is infinitely different and distant from every earthly thing... ! «There» the thirsty soul rests on the freshness of his inexhaustible springs, drinking from the fountains of his tasteful lovable wisdom. (11-12-74)

909. The infinite concert of the eternal Silent One is heard behind the doors of the tabernacle, when one only seeks to give rest to The Love offended by the lack of love. (3-2-76)

910. When I remain silent, I begin to lose all the earthly things, and I feel led «there» in a sacred softness; and little by little, I start to notice a silent concert, which are voices of the Eternal One, in infinite love of loving communication. (3-2-76)

911. Before the secret of the tabernacle I perceive the silence of the Being, silence which is been by the Father in a consubstantial and loving Word. (26-12-74)

912. The loving soul knows how to listen, without earthly noises, the expressive and infinite Word, in the silence of the white Host. (12-11-74)

« JUST ONLY SILENCE!

Unprecedented voices
silence exhales;
clamours of Glory
said in secret;

deep distances,
volcanoes in fire,
sacred preludes,
dreamlike romances;

sweet keyboard playing,
melodic accent,
voices of the living God,
unprecedented songs...

Nothing says nothing,
when, as an Echo,
I try to express
my forebodings!

Nothing says nothing...!
in the melodies
of silent notes
with the keyboard playing
that exhales in its breezes
just only silence! »

18-2-1973

« I WANT YOUR "VOICES"

There are no voices as certain as the cloistral
ones
of the man who listens,
without knowing how to speak,
before the concerts of the eternal Love
who expresses secretly,
without expressing anything.

I want the voices of the One
Who says nothing with earthly voices,
when, in my longings, I hear Him come!;
for only the breeze of his quite step fills,
in sapient light, my manner of praying.

I seek, my God, in my hard night,
the sweet teaching of your silencing;
the one I perceive when I feel the echo
of the sweet breeze of your "breathing".

I want the voices that your mouth exhales
just by passing! »

7-8-1972

«Frutos de oración» («Fruits of prayer»)

913. The silence of the tabernacle is a secret of mystery, which encloses, in shadows and behind veils, the One Who Is Himself. (18-10-74)

914. I need the sacred mystery of the Tabernacle's silence more than the thirsty deer the waters of the transparent stream, since only there my tormenting thirst will be quenched. (9-3-77)

915. Let us go to the silence of our tabernacles, to the one within our hearts, to the silence of Mary's womb and to the silence of God's chest... And «there» we will know the innermost secret of Christ's mystery, in which is enclosed God and man, all that is divine and created, for Christ is the infinite and created fullness. (22-12-75)

917. The silent solitude of the tabernacle maddens me, in the presence of the infinite Love in tireless waiting of love. (29-1- 73)

918. What a mystery that of the silence of the Tabernacle! And what a deep silence contains the mystery of the Eucharist...! (1-5-77)

« THE NOTES FADE AWAY...

The notes that come and go *fade away* in breaches of heaven.

The notes that The Love pronounces in my chest *fade away*.

The notes, as in melodies, in speech of the Eternal One, *fade away*.
The notes which Silence leaves behind, *fade away*.

They are breaches of love, of depth and mystery, in speech of God, which utter words of fire; something that, in its gift, is carried deep inside.

The notes fade away, without being able to say how this will be...
How much everything hinders, children of my longings, if Silence speaks!
The great Silence which shrouds the heavens in voices of God of tenuous concerts.

The notes that come and go *fade away* in the open chest, which, in the keyboard playing

of eternal lament,
wound and pierce
the secret point
where God hides inside my being,
being Himself Silence.

The notes fade away...
mystery shrouds me! »

4-4-1972

«*Frutos de oración*» («*Fruits of prayer*»)

919. The loving secret of Jesus in the Eucharist is to wait without tiredness for the loved person in case, some day, he might come looking for Him. (18-2-65)

920. The infinite Love does not know about fatigue, nor treasons nor forgetfulness. The Love is like that... He loves! (25-10-68)

921. The years pass by, the world alters, men change, they are born and die... Jesus remains the same, waiting in the tabernacle without changing or altering. The infinite Love is like that. What a certainty the divine mysteries contain, although men, rather than taste them, defile them! (25-10-68)

922. What a great reality is that of Jesus in the tabernacle! How lonely He is, and what a so live mystery is for the man who approaches and perceives Him! (25-10-68)

923. Jesus is in the Eucharist to take all of us with Him to the Father's bosom; but we neither listen to Him, nor receive Him and in that way we fail Him, not fulfilling the divine plan. (16-10-67)

924. Lord, men forgot about You... They are so busy, so full of things...! There is no bigger contempt than not to appreciate the good received! (1-5-77)

925. The eternal Love who dies for love in loving donation and is perpetuated through the Liturgy in the Church, making Himself Food and Drink, Prisoner and Beggar, is answered, most of the time, by those whom He loves, with the scornful indifference of oblivion. A terrible ingratitude which pierces Christ's soul! (1-5-77)

926. How much the unconscious forgetfulness of those we love hurt! They forget because the heart is in other things. He who loves finds himself caught by the loved one, in a loving nostalgia. (1-5-77)

927. Jesus, do you feel lonely? Did those whom You love forget You? Their unconscien-

tiouness made them lethargic! But You wait untiringly, without going away, in case, in their forgetfulness, they might remember you again with nostalgia. (1-5-77)

« WITH YOU I STAY

You want me to be with you
in restful encounters,
without any other task than to love You
by my open tabernacle.

You want me to be with You
in times of understanding,
where You spill your grief
in the depth of my chest.

You want me to be with You
in adoring concerns,
for, when You have me before You,
you rest with my recreations.

You want me to be with You
so much!, that, when I do not come,
my spirit is distressed
and my soul breaks out in flight.

You want me to be with You...
Well do I understand this
from the sweetnesses of glory
which I live, when I come to You!

You want me to be with You,
my Jesus of the Sacrament,
reclined next to You,
listening to Your laments.

You want me to be with You...
How deep a mystery this is!,
for my poorness is so great,
that because of Your loves I die.

You want me to be with You...
With You I stay, my Master! »

15-4-1975

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