

12-12-1959

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

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 15-8-2004

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia, and of her published books: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”)
“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (“Experiences of the soul”)
“FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN” (“Fruits of prayer”)

First Spanish edition published: April 2000
© 2004 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: 84-86724-63-5

Depósito legal: M. 41.330-2004

[...] They neither know You, nor Me! And, therefore, there is no comfort for Your wounded soul that has been torn apart!

“I looked for comforters but I found none.” Because upon not receiving the eternal message that I came to communicate to them, souls do not drink of the divine water that, from Your bosom, gushes in full measure into the Church, to quench in abundance all Your children, thus they abandon You, who are the Source of living waters, and they have dug for themselves broken cisterns that lead them to separate themselves from the infinite Happiness that You need to communicate to them.

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

from the manger up to the cross, ever since the first moment of Your conception, nailed unto Your soul was the deepest and sharpest thorn that could have ever pierced any human soul: ingratitude.

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son,” in whom He fully rests, the eternal Repose of the Father, the Happiness and the Joy of the blessed, the infinite Singer of infinite love, the eternal Expression of the very uncreated God, “came to His own and His own received Him not.”

O, Word, infinite Word, perfect and fruitful, who comes to bring the comfort of the blessed ones to the comfortless children of Eve, to those who, on sinning, separating themselves from the Source of Life, “have dug for themselves broken cisterns!”

You, the Infinite Consolation of Heaven, find no consolation on earth: “I looked for comforters but I found none!” Mysterious words; to our understanding, doubly mysterious. The eternal Comfort, the Word of Life, is 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 so misunderstood...! Today, in silence, in prayer, placing my bride’s soul into Yours, Source of life, I want to drink and to listen from Your divine lips, without any 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 see whether I can bring You some comfort: “I looked for comforters, but I found none!”

O, Love! How is it possible...? I see so many thousands of souls: martyrs, doctors, confessors, virgins... and above all of them, Your most holy Mother who lived only to comfort You, and having being created, in order 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 fruits of Her martyrs, who watering Her with their blood, only for Your love they laid down their lives amidst songs of praise, feeling happy and blissful for being able to comfort You and to follow You, the more mysterious these words turn to me: “I looked for comforters, but I found none...!”

Yet, today by penetrating something of the immense ocean of Your most holy soul, I have understood a

little bit that there is no comfort 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, a mystery and a wonder of divine love, because it is the soul of the Word, has an incomprehensible capacity for us as regards love and 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 remains not understood receives no comfort either; and, since His capacity exceeds almost infinitely ours, that mysterious, profound and transcendent part, to which we will never be able to reach out, remains comfortless, 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 enclosed in You...! A mystery of self-giving, of victimhood. What pain You must have felt at the incomprehension on the part of men...! You enclosed within Yourself the utmost pain that a creature, on whom the selfsame fortitude 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 feel consumed for the love of the Father? And therefore, who will be able to glimpse such a profound pain that pierced You at the

incomprehension, indifference and scorn of men towards God?

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

Jesus, sorrowful Host of love, do You allow me – given the fact that I cannot explain the wonder of delicacy and capacity for love and suffering that was present in Your soul – at least to pour out my whole life into Your life only to be capable of granting You, o my God Incarnate, a little bit of comfort?

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

Jesus, You are the Word who comes to sing of Your Divinity to men, yet You are not received...! And You are the Christ, Word Incarnate, who stand before the Father's gaze as sin and who represent that very sin, whom the selfsame Father, who is the quintessential Holiness, has forsaken; You who were always being received "in the bosom of the Father," inflamed 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, on seeing that "the Light came to the darkness and the darkness did not receive it...!"

During Your whole life, o my Christ, You were

enduring, on the 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 pain for the sins of all men of all ages, which fell upon You because You are the Christ, the guarantor of all Your brethren; being Your whole life an “all is accomplished” to that loving will of the God-Love and to all His loving designs for You. Yet, the time when the abandonment and absence of consolation in Your soul is all the more reflected, was at the supreme moment when You were nailed to the cross, being left alone and not understood by creatures. How you must have looked on all of Your children seeing that nobody was able to comfort You, because nobody had been granted to encompass the mysterious depth and the sense of victimhood of Your soul...! And that is why: “I looked for comforters but I found none.” There was no comfort for You on earth!

O poor Jesus...! How is so much pain possible...?

And if it were not enough, You turn towards the Father looking for comfort, and You see that, turning His face away 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 rather, since You represented sin, at that very moment He was pouring His divine justice upon You. And turning His face away from You, He left You without any consolation in the most terrible and desolate abandonment.

O my poor 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, 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.

O my poor my Christ...! Now, 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!”

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be himself*,” “*is himself*,” “*being himself*,” etc. –allocating to it 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

“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 **is** *himself being* 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 **is** *being himself* so; 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.”

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