

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

15-4-1960

Good Friday

An extract from the book:

"La Iglesia y su Misterio"

"THE ALONE"

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 4 November 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Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia, and of her published books: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: December 1999
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ISBN: 84-86724-55-4
Depósito legal: M. 47.739-2003

The Eternal Accompanied

God *is Himself* the Eternal Accompanied, the Divine Family who, in His *self-being*, is Three; infinite Home of unspeakable love and warmth, where my Trinity is the warmth of home.

God *is Himself* His solace and His repose; and so infinitely He *is Himself* thus in Himself and for Himself, that, in His superabundance of *being Himself* the Home of infinite fatherhood, He is and will be our Home in Eternity without end.

O, what joy of Trinitarian union in the Bosom of Love...! My God is so happy...! Always accompanied...! Never alone is the eternal Sun...!

God *is Himself* infinitely accompanied Family, essentially, in His *being Himself* Trinity, and accidentally, in the joyful company of the blessed.

In His *being Himself* Trinity, God is Father, so infinitely Father, so supremely Father, that He can have but one essential Son, in whom all others are adopted children. And this Son is so infinite, that, exhausting the fruitful bosom of the Begetter, He *is Himself* all the awesome and infinite being of the Father in Son; a Son who is the repose of the uncreated fruitfulness of the eternal Begetter. The Son is so much repose, that He is all the Father's being, in an expressive cry of awe-inspiring Explanation.

The Father rests, in His need to beget, in one single *cry*: Son! The Holy Spirit being the mutual Love between Them both.

O, Divine Family, in the warmth of Your home, You are Yourself Three...!

It could not be lacking in the inner being of the Begetter, the repose of the infinite fatherhood in Son, in singing joy. God *is Himself* all joy, yet He *is Himself* singing joy in the Son. It befits the Son to sing with a jubilant Song the beauties of the Father. That is why, even though all of God *is Himself* infinite happiness of eternal joy, in the Word He *is Himself* Song.

The Father, on saying, Son! begets His perfect Expression and explanation and His very praise,

become Song and eternal joy.

All of God *is Himself* a praise of glory, an eternal joy, an infinite repose. And the Son, on becoming incarnate, is the Firstborn of the Father, the perfect Praise of God amongst mankind.

God is the Divine Family, the eternal Home, wherein the Father and the Son so infinitely and perfectly embrace themselves, kiss themselves and love themselves, that their Kiss, their Love, is so affectionate, so infinite and so eternal, that, in being part of the Divine Family, is one Person. So now the Father and the Son, by the demand of their being themselves love of fatherhood and of sonship, are eternally accompanied by their very Love in one Person.

O, Divine Family, so accompanied, so united, so eternally loved, who, in an embrace of perfect union, kiss Yourself in infinite fruitfulness of most unique union...! Homely Home of divine warmth...! Perfect Home of eternal union in a Kiss of love...!

If God were not Family, He would not be happy, He would not be blissful, and thus He would not be God. He needs to be Himself the divine Home, and He *is Himself* so; a family Home that, in perfection, *is Himself* Three. God could neither be Himself more Family nor less Family than He already is. If it were thus, He would not be happy, He would not be God; Trinity of such perfect harmony, of such perfect union, that, in three

Persons, He *is Himself* one God.
Oh...! The mystery of loving warmth, of perfect union,
of One Trinity, that my God *is Himself*.

*“He came to His own,
and His own people received Him not”*

The Eternal Accompanied One, He who *is Himself* always accompanied in His very bosom, in such company He *is Himself*, that He has willed, out of His goodness, to make us partake of His most blissful company. And, to that end, the Eternal Accompanied One becomes incarnate, dwelling in a country where He will be *‘the Alone.’*

The Eternal Accompanied One, who *is Himself* joy, happiness and the accompaniment of all the angels and saints, the Only Begotten Son of the Father who, with His sonorous Voice, is shouting across all corners of heaven, across all spaces of eternity, a cry of filiation in the embrace and company of the infinite Kiss of the Holy Spirit, in the innermost begetting being of the Father’s fatherhood; the Son, “Light from Light and the very Imprint of the Father’s substance,” the quintessential Accompanied One, “came to His own and His own people received Him not.”

The Word is faced – upon “descending from the eternal valleys,” where, in the Divine Family, He is the singing

Son – with humanity’s rudeness and forsaking incomprehension, so that he can fittingly be called *the Alone*.

But God willed that His Son, on earth, could also know of homely warmth, savouring the loving company of His Mother and of Saint Joseph. This warmth of home, for the terrible and tremendous tragedy of the Incarnate Word, was an oasis in His forsaking and desolate pilgrimage across this valley of darkness.

Mary and Joseph comforted the Christ of the Father, to the extent of their capacity. But who will be able to fathom the almost infinite depth of the forsaking and solitary tragedy of the Light’s not being welcomed...?

Jesus, who, in His divinity, as Word, continues to be the Eternal Accompanied One in Trinitarian union – since where one divine Person dwells the other two also dwell – under the weight of the frightful terribleness of all sins falling upon Him, felt being Himself on this earth the Solitary One, the Abandoned One, the Misunderstood One.

My divine Solitary One...! *the Alone*...! He who spends His exile in the most terrible and frightful loneliness on account of the ingratitude and lovelessness of His very own people...! “He came to His own home, and His own people received Him not.”

The Alone, with the terrible responsibility of the weight of all the sins that, going against the infinite holiness of

the Being's self-being, have closed off the door of the divine Home, which will be, through Christ, our solace and our eternal dwelling.

If we could penetrate into the profound depths of Christ we would see His chilling loneliness.

Jesus, You are truly *the Alone* in a foreign land...! I see You walking, surrounded by the crowds, in the sad bitterness of Your solitary soul....

O, Jesus, in the sight of everyone, You passed through this earth being the Accompanied One. But for the penetrating and purest gaze of Your Immaculate Mother, who could sense Your innermost depths, You are perceived in the solitary loneliness of Your most holy soul.

*"They struck the shepherd
and the sheep were dispersed"*

The Alone... A loneliness that we will never be able to penetrate in Your infinite-like capacity....

O, Jesus! The reflection of this terrible loneliness were the bleeding moments of Your sorrowful passion, in which Your whole humanity expressed how forsaken was Your soul, not only in Your sorrowful inner tragedy, but also in Your solitary *Via Crucis* of human abandonment.

And in those moments when You, my divine Teacher,

most needed the company of Your friends, even if only outwardly, You find yourself completely alone: "Peter, you sleep? Haven't you been able to watch with me for an hour?" "Watch and pray so as to avoid temptation."

"If you seek me, let these ones leave." There is no friendly heart for *the Alone*...! Everyone flees and Jesus finds Himself abandoned of all. No, not of all! In His terrible and frightful loneliness, Jesus has one "friend"! A "friend" who doesn't slumber, who, as a token of his friendship, kisses the cheek of the divine Teacher. –"My friend, with a kiss you deliver the Son of man?" This is the only friend who seeks Him in these moments of frightful loneliness.

If Jesus, on finding Himself so lonely, had not known about Judas' betrayal, on seeing him approaching, He would have felt some comfort; because, in His abandonment by all, He would have seen an eager friend, a companion, an Apostle, a child of His, who was coming to meet Him with the greatest display of love: a kiss! A kiss that, deposited on the divine cheek of *the Alone*, was the greatest sign of His loneliness and abandonment.

The rest of His friends have fled, and Jesus finds Himself, face to face, with the representation of the treacherous friend. "Oh my friend and my trusted one, with whom I lived in sweet intimacy and marched in the midst of joyful crowds, you turned your heel against

me!” “Friend,” with a kiss you have come to surrender me? My friend and my trusted one...!

But yes, “Father, the hour has come;” the hour when some of my heart-rending loneliness will be manifested to mankind at the time of my passage on earth.

“It is the hour of darkness;” and all Hell, sarcastically mocking *the Alone*, rushes upon Him as its desired and favourite prey. All Hell, represented by the fierceness of man, leaps, driven by envy, upon the coveted prey: the divine Teacher! Like a blasphemer, was Infinite Holiness condemned to death!

– “I ask you in the name of the living God, tell me if you are the Messiah, the Son of God.

– You have said it.

– You have heard the blasphemy, what do you think?

– He deserves to die.”

And they heap shoves, slaps, blasphemies and the worst and most horrible handlings upon the most sacred humanity of the Word of Life, of that Word who is the Untouchable One...! “Then they spit in His face and struck him with their fists. Others slapped him and said, ‘Prophesy, Messiah. Who hit you?’ ”

And the Incarnate Word, manifesting the fatherly innermost being of God’s heart, is dragged, in His humanity, by His very own children, to the most offensive and humiliating death, a death that was

reserved for slaves. Also for the price of a slave was Life Incarnate sold! Thirty coins was the price fixed for the sale of one slave. And for thirty coins was sold He who is Freedom itself by essence!

“O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem...! If you had known the time of my visitation...!” “How many times I have wanted to gather you as a hen gathers its brood, but you wouldn’t let me...!”

What very terrible loneliness, that of *the solitary Alone*...! Where is Peter, the brave friend who had promised to follow the Master until death? Where is John, the Son of Thunder, who had learnt reclined upon the chest of the divine Master the word of life: “God is Love”? What about the rest of the Apostles? And the crowd that accompanied Him on Palm Sunday while praising Him: “Hosanna to the Son of David, blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord...”?

“They struck the shepherd and the sheep dispersed.”

And the Anointed of Yahweh finds Himself in the most terrible and desolating loneliness that any condemned person has ever experienced. The only thing He knows about the Apostles, in these moments, is that one is swearing and denying knowing Him. Precisely he who was to be the Rock and foundation of the Church! “It was the moment of the hour of the power darkness...!”

The divine Teacher comes out very much “accompanied” by the soldiers, and, on crossing the

courtyard, He anxiously seeks with His sight the gaze of Peter, who stood there. And He looks at him with the affection of forgiveness, of protection, of warmth and of friendship.... In that gaze were merged the two of them, who truly loved one another....

And Peter, who, driven by the love for the Master, had reached the courtyard of the Pontiff, and, in his cowardice, had denied Him, encounters the friendly and sheltering gaze of *the Alone*. A gaze that, engraved itself onto the very depths of Peter's soul, and made him break into tears of bitterness.

As Jesus continued on His path, He was delivered into the hands of the inhumane rabble of soldiers for them to make fun at the expenses of the Word of Life Incarnate. O, what pain for Christ to see Himself so cruelly and brutally treated by His own children...!

Jesus, I want to penetrate into Your solitary and ailing soul, to deposit on it a kiss that will bring you the taste of a good son, of a faithful son, so that I may accompany You, throughout this night, kissing with the Holy Spirit all those wounds with which the ingratitude and lovelessness of Your own people pierced Your fatherly soul, rent apart.

What a terrible night for Your humanity which, even though sustained by the Divinity, felt itself in the midst of the greatest of all abandonments, before the frightful cruelty of the malice of sin!

*The infinite Holiness,
flogged like an evil doer*

And at the break of that gloomy day, of Good Friday, led by Your enemies, You are brought back and forth to those insignificant chieftains who, in the height of their foolishness, inhumanly exposed to mockery the Word of Life, availing themselves of the very power that He Himself had granted to them:

– “Don't you realize I have power either to free you or to crucify you?”

– You would have no power over me if it had not been given to you from above.”

Pilate...! Terrible foolishness...! You don't find any blame in the prisoner...! But human respect brings you to give free rein to the satanic envy of those princes of the Synagogue who, out of the pride of their hearts, were asking for revenge! And, oh fool! you give the command to have Him who is Fortitude by essence, infinite Justice and eternal Holiness scourged like an evil doer.

Angels of heaven, what are you doing...? Trembling and as though frightened, they witness the unleashing of the first strike upon the Son of God, whom they, prostrated, eternally adore.

O...! Where are the friends of the divine Teacher? The

Apostles, the disciples who surrounded Him, the crowds that had recently proclaimed Him as king, where are they now? Because all the rage of Hell is being unleashed as a bloody punishment upon the eternal Holiness Incarnate, upon infinite Justice itself...!

Mary, united to the soul of Her Son in each and every one of these torments, having become one with Him, experienced in Her soul of Mother of God the whole terrible tragedy of the infinite Word Incarnate.

Those men, blinded, maddened and manipulated by Hell, full of diabolic hatred, make up the words, mocks, curses and most satanic handlings for the forsaken and lonely Christ who, exhausted after sweating blood and in deep sorrow, weeps in silence at the ingratitude and the lack of love of His own people.

One of the soldiers, in the height of sarcasm, crying out in triumph, exclaims: "Was he not a king? Let us make a crown for him, then!"

"And they led Jesus away into the palace... and called together the whole company of soldiers. They put a purple robe on Him, then twisted together a crown of thorns and placed it on Him. And they began to call out to Him, 'Hail, king of the Jews!' Again and again they struck Him on the head with a staff, spitting on Him; and falling to their knees, they paid homage to Him."

But it does not end here. A king deserves to have a sceptre. And, as a mocking sign, they search for an old

reed, with which they hit the bleeding and aching head of the Good Shepherd. And they end up placing it on His hand as a symbol of His kingship, in sacrilegious sarcasm.

O, terrible pain of Christ's soul...! The deep reverberation in it of the lacerating thorns that pierced His head made Him lose heart, both physically and morally, in the face of so much ingratitude.

O Jesus! Today I want to kiss Your divine cheeks; Your eyes, swollen by the punches of those despicable men; Your head, pierced by the thorns, and Your body torn by the stripes, and to deposit upon Your soul pierced with pain, my whole life in response to Your loving self-gift.

"Behold the Man"

Infinite Beauty is now bereft of any human appearance, "like a worm and no man, the scorn of the people and the mockery of those around Him..."

Soaked in His own blood, He is covered as with a purple mantle, in which all the sins of all men will be cleansed.

Trembling in horror and overwhelmed beneath the cruel weight of the floggings that tear out His skin, in that breath of life that there is still within Him, He is taken before the presence of all His children who, at the words

of Pilate, “Behold the Man!” exclaim in unison, with one single cry of cruelty: “Crucify Him, crucify Him!”

Moment of desolation...! of frightful loneliness, when Jesus, the good Father Love, crowned with thorns, broken by the scourging, humiliated, dressed as a king of mockery, finds Himself before His very own people imploring a friendly gaze, a voice of compassion, a staff to lean, some refreshment for His soul parched by pain. But no! “I looked for comforters but I found none.” *The Alone...!*

*Carrying the Cross
in the midst of a terrible crowd of people*

And with His cross on His shoulders, on His way to Golgotha, *the Alone* walks amongst the immense crowd, accompanied only by the traitors. “The sons of this world are wiser in their own generation than the sons of Light...”

Precisely in those moments when loneliness was taking hold of Christ in a special way, He finds Himself accompanied by a terrible crowd of people, who, some, attracted by curiosity, others by envy or rancour in the sinfulness of their hardened souls, run hastily after the tragic procession of the prisoner’s condemners.

Jesus, the Good Shepherd, aflame with the infinite love

of the Holy Spirit, seeks with His eyes clouded by blood, pain and tears, a friendly face that may bring some comfort to the terrible abandonment of His wounded Father’s soul. And wherever He looks, He encounters the ferocious faces of those who respond with a blasphemy or spitting on Him. This was all the company Jesus had on that tragic, chilling and cruel day, Good Friday....

But some help seems on hand to help Him carry the cross. The soldiers, fearful of not being able to prey on their victim and hang Him on the cross, hire a man to help the prisoner carry it, so that the sacrilegious and terrible profanation can be executed soon. At least this man will help Jesus to carry the cross.

Had the divine Teacher found a friend in that Cyrenean? No, he was also made to take the cross by force. There is no one, in these moments of terrible loneliness, who willingly offers some help to *the Alone*, to give Him some company or a little love...!

But, in a few seconds, with His eyes full of infinite love, He will look at that man; trembling, He will turn His lacerated and pierced head and meet the eyes of His Cyrenean....

Pierced by one same pain

Finally He found a friendly face. The Divine Walker hears some hasty steps coming towards Him: a few weeping women, who, courageously and firmly, driven by their love for the divine Teacher, accompany the Mother of the condemned to death. And Jesus seeks the only friendly gaze that, in His pilgrimage on earth, He had always found. A gaze that had always given Him a taste of affection and the warmth of home. And both sights embrace one another in the mutual union of the Holy Spirit. The Mother and the Son have met, and they have merged in one same pain....!

Now Jesus is accompanied! Now *the Alone* has found, as in Bethlehem, Nazareth and throughout all His life, His oasis in His hard journey...! But the pain of the Mother before the pain of the Son, and the pain of the Son before the gaze of the Mother, in their deepest union of mutual understanding, has wounded and pierced both even more deeply with the self-same sword and the self-same pain.

*He who is Freedom by essence,
nailed to a cross*

Jesus, pushed and dragged, is taken to the place in Mount Calvary, where, the executioners hastily begin to prepare the instrument of torture; while He, collapsed on the ground, waits for that terrible moment when, laying Him on the cross, they will begin to nail His destroyed body onto it.

A strong man raises a hammer and deals with it a blow on the nail that pierces the divine hand of the Good Master. A hand that had touched, and healed, so many of the ill and abandoned....

More blows follow from the hammer, piercing the other hand of the Divine Healer who, with outstretched arms, as a sign of fatherhood, would repeat from the depths of His soul: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, what more was there to do for you that I have not done...? Because I made of you my chosen people you nail me to a cross...?" O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, deicide city...! There will come upon you days "when there will not be one stone on another."

What did the Virgin feel at those blows from the hammer that, on piercing the hands of Her divine Son, were also piercing Her most holy soul in the most heart-

rending, profound and sorrowful martyrdom...? How, in a co-redeeming cry, She must have broken into a “thy will be done” of bleeding immolation...! The soul of the Virgin was dripping blood upon feeling the heart-rending pain of Her motherhood before Her Son and of Her filiation before Her Father God...!

O Mary’s pain that increased the pain of Christ! And, oh Christ’s pain which tore apart the soul of Mary...!

Afterwards they took hold of those blessed feet, bleeding, bruised and swollen by the falls and exhaustion, and they pierce them, running them through and nailing them onto the cross, to deprive them of the freedom that the Divine Missionary had experienced when travelling throughout Galilee, Jerusalem, Samaria and so many other places where He went about doing good and preaching His divine word.

Now has the Word of Life been nailed to the cross...! Now quintessential Freedom has been imprisoned! Naked, before the rude sight of those men, is infinite Virginité incarnate...!

And finally they lift the cross, placing it into the hole that they had prepared on the mountain top for the “Lamb of God” to be suspended between heaven and earth, as the High Priest, to celebrate the first Mass.

Now is the immaculate Host on the altar, waiting for the supreme moment, when, in a heart-rending cry of abandonment, redemption will be accomplished!

And in the midst of mockeries, laughter, jokes, blasphemies and insults, the infinite Holiness incarnate, nailed between heaven and earth, cries out to the Father, as the High Priest, with a cry of mercy for His children: “Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!”

Between two thieves, is the divine Executed... Between two evildoers, He who went about on earth doing good...! And those men, desperate, joining in the mockery of the people, insult Infinite Love who is pouring Himself as mercy.

The Alone, who finds Himself between two convicts, even with His very death-companions He is alone...! And pouring Himself lovingly upon them, He looks at them; and one of the two, clinging to that divine gaze, becomes one with Him, loves Him, repents, surrenders, and with a cry of faith, expresses the noblest sentiment of his soul: “Lord, remember me when You come into Your Kingdom.”

And the Divine Friend, pouring Himself out in fatherhood and full of joy in the Holy Spirit, says to the first to confess his faith on a cross: “Today you will be with Me in Paradise.”

Dismas, you were a thief, and in your last *theft*, you were successful!

The Alone, who, the moment He finds a friendly gaze, makes a Saint of him...! And, from then on, that evildoer becomes Saint Dismas, the good thief, the one who,

moments later, would eternally be with Jesus in the joyful contemplation of that Holiness by essence that breaks forth into Love.

“Behold your Mother”

And finally, Jesus feels His strength fading away. The Author of Life experiences how life flees from His humanity, and how death takes hold of Him.

And with the gaze of a good son, leaving aside all that was succour and consolation, wanting to provide protection for the Mother who will remain forsaken, He gives His own Mother to the Church, so that She can be, as a consequence and superabundance of Her very divine Motherhood, the Mother of the Church!

And looking at the Virgin, at His most holy Mother, at His comfort throughout His passage on this earth, He tells Her while pointing at John: “Woman, behold your son.” At that very moment, Jesus gives His Mother to us as our Mother.

What pain must the Virgin have experienced on feeling Herself Mother, in Her whole being, through John, of all mankind, and therefore, of all those children who, in the utmost horror of ingratitude, were killing Her divine Son...!

O, terrible instant for the soul of the Virgin, who sees

that Her Son leaves Her in the midst of the greatest of all abandonments...! And, in unison with Him, seeing that She is losing Him, She turns to the Father and finds Herself alone, because Her Son dies and Her God has forsaken Her at “the hour of the power of darkness,” a moment She is living united with Her Son, in a complete immolation of co-redemption.

And looking at John He says to him: “Behold, your Mother.” And in John, in whom all of us are represented, He makes us children of Mary.

Jesus is ratifying His testament, giving us, as a proof of His love, His very Mother for our Mother.

*“My God, my God!
why have you forsaken me?”*

At that moment, *the Alone* raises His eyes heavenwards to seek the Father’s pleased gaze. And He sees that Infinite Holiness, manifesting itself as Justice, turns against Him because He represents sin.

And in a most painful agony of blood and loneliness, destroyed in body, hanging between heaven and earth, forsaken by men and by the Father, in a heart-rending cry of terrible loneliness, *the Alone* cries out: “My God, my God, why have You forsaken me...?” For I always do what pleases You...! “Sacrifice and offerings you did

not desire, but a body you prepared for me; with burnt offerings and sin offerings you were not pleased. Then I said, behold, I come to do your will, oh God!”

O, terrible loneliness of Christ’s soul! Is it not possible for You to receive any consolation, a friendly hand...?

Breathless, with the shallow and quick breathing of approaching death, He expresses the dryness of His thirsty soul: “I thirst!” Yes, Father, I thirst that they may know You, and so that they may know You, “I sanctify myself for them.”

And with a choked voice, in His last breath of life, making an immense effort, the Incarnate Word rests at the Father’s will for Him that has been fulfilled: “All is finished!”

And turning towards the Father, with His gaze full of infinite love and clouded by the gloomy darkness of death, He gives up His last breath: “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit!”

At that moment, the earth shakes, the graves are opened, the dead rise, and the whole of creation cries out in protest with a heart-rending and sorrowful cry at the unjust death of their Creator.

The Virgin, Saint John, the holy women, gaze in awe at that spectacle of the whole of creation sorrowfully crying out, in the gloomiest darkness, in protest at the injustice performed by men on their God. The sun hides to avoid witnessing the terrible crime that is being

committed against He who is Holiness by essence.

Virgin of Loneliness

“The veil of the Temple was torn...”

Jesus, now Your soul, at this very instant, finds itself in the embrace of the Eternal Sun, in the infinite-like joy of the angels, with the supreme and only Legislator of heaven and earth.

Jesus can no longer suffer...! Now Man, face to face in the light of glory, has been taken into the Divine Family, and the fatherly bosom of God has been opened for all His children...!

Everything now seems to be happiness and contentment...!

But no. Mary, at the foot of the cross, experiences a terrible contrast in Her most holy soul. On the one hand, partaking of the happiness of Her Son, She feels happily united to the soul of Christ; and on the other, She, as Mother of the Church still in exile and in the country of darkness, longingly awaits with nostalgia, enshrouded in Her loneliness; Mary is, as an extension of Her Son, now more than ever, *the Alone*.

The Virgin waits for the body of Her Son to be taken down from the cross to lay on Him a Mother’s kiss that may, in the midst of silence, reverberate in the already

glorious soul of Her Son.

And She, *the Alone*, after having buried the body of Jesus together with those holy men, returns alone, with Her terrible tragedy of unfathomable loneliness, walking those very paths that *the Alone* had walked in order to celebrate, as the High Priest, the blood stained Mass for the glory of God and the sanctification of mankind.

Mary would now truly understand, almost in all its depth, the loneliness of Her Son, of He who, experiencing Himself as the Father of all souls, was *the Alone*. Now, She also, in being the Mother of all mankind, imitating Her Son, is *the Alone*. The Virgin is the most wonderful expression of the soul of Christ, and finds Herself alone because Her divine Son has died and the rest of Her children don't understand Her.

Mary... co-redemptrix... living expression of Christ and, therefore, of the Fatherhood of God...!

Today I want to instil in these words, that, coming into life, and together with the sword, pierced the soul of Christ and afterwards that of the Virgin: *the Alone*, the sheltering comfort of a daughter, of a friend, of a bride and of a virgin who is ready to undergo that self-same loneliness, so that all souls may know God and become a comfort for Christ, for the Sorrowful Virgin and for the Church torn apart in the gloomy night of Her Gethsemane.

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