



“O Jerusalem...!
Beloved Jerusalem!”



The Alone



||| Gloria al Padre... Gloria al Hijo... y Gloria al Espíritu Santo!!!

...asi y agui en la tierra como en el cielo...!

Alabre Trinitad ose la Santa Madre Iglesia

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
SÁNCHEZ MORENO
Foundress of The Work of the Church

“O Jerusalem...!
Beloved Jerusalem!”



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*Allegory of Mother Trinidad
giving comfort to Jesus in the Garden of Olives.
(Painted in 1972).*

14-4-1960

Holy Thursday

“O JERUSALEM...!
BELOVED JERUSALEM!”¹

Jesus “came to His own, yet His own people received Him not,”² they did not understand Him, they did not take Him in....

Jesus, wonder of God’s love for man; Love not understood, outraged, scorned, unwelcomed Love....

Holy Thursday... O day of love and pain...!

O soul of Jesus, aching in the most profound, innermost and deepest recesses... there, where Your children are...!

Soul of Christ, misunderstood, lacerated by the sharpest sword: ungratefulness...!

¹ Cfr. Mt 23: 37a.

² Jn 1: 11.

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem...! how often I have longed to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, but you refused...!”³

Jesus, He never tires of waiting, never tires of loving...; Good Jesus, despised, “the scorn of the people” and “the cursed one...”.⁴

O day of love and pain, on which day Infinite Love gives Himself to us as food and drink...! “What more should I have done for you and have not done?!”⁵

What terrible pain, the pain of Christ’s soul... A deep wound that pierced His innermost being, His very depths, His most sacred and most profound reality: ungratefulness...!

And Jesus, in His long hours of prayer, as He prayed to the Father, exclaimed: “Father! the world has not known You...! They neither know You nor know Me...!”⁶

³ Mt 23: 37a.c.

⁶ Jn 17: 25a; cfr. Jn 16: 3.

⁴ Ps 21: 7c; cfr. Gal 3: 13b.

⁵ ROMAN MESSAL. *Liturgy on Good Friday. The Reproaches I.*

Today, Jesus, with the Holy Spirit, I want to kiss those deep, intimate and hidden folds of Your soul, pouring myself with a love that tastes like the love of a faithful bride.... My whole soul a kiss to bring comfort to Your wounded soul...!

Holy Thursday.... O, what pain...!

O Jesus, immersed in Your bosom, I want to penetrate into the innermost depths of the bitter bitterness of Your bleeding pain, gathering onto a paten, as it were, all Your bitter and terrible sadness, so as to comfort You by singing Your divine proclamation, at one with You....

O Jesus, You are neither alone nor misunderstood! Do not suffer, since I want, “raising the banner of love”⁷ and pain, to sing Your eternal proclamation with the Church...!

O Jesus.... “A worm, and no man,”⁸ more even in Your soul than in Your body.... Your whole soul is like a rag...! it is shattered...!

O Holy Thursday...!

⁷ Cfr. Sg 4: 2.

⁸ Ps 21: 7a.

O Jerusalem...! Jerusalem...! What have I done to you for you to treat me this way...? I have always loved you, taken care of you, protected you...!

O Jerusalem, beloved Jerusalem...! You are still in time...! Come, Jerusalem, receive the eternal Song of Infinite Love...!

Holy Thursday.... Day of loneliness, of bitterness, of incomprehensible tedium....

What so terrible loneliness...!

Mary, cleaving to Christ without leaving Him even for a moment, and pierced by the very sword that pierced the soul of Jesus, of Her Son, of Her Christ, of Her God... as She was immersed in the most profound silence of all silences....

“Mary kept Her secret of almost infinite pain, in the depths of Her heart.”⁹

Mary.... A bitter sea...! A sea of pain, of sadness...! Comfort for the misunderstood and forsaken heart of the Word of Life....

⁹ Cfr. Lk 2: 19.

Immaculate Mother, today I want to snuggle in Your motherly bosom, to deposit a kiss onto the soul of Jesus that may give Him a taste of You.... I need to kiss Jesus with a kiss that may say to Him: protection, shelter, sweetness, homely warmth!

Jesus, today I ache with Your aching soul, and I want to pour out myself into each and every one of those near-infinite nuances of the pain that Your children's lack of love causes in You, there, in that fine point in which each one of them slaps You, in the most profound and sacred recesses of Your fatherhood....

Today my soul understands a little bit of the piercing pain of Christ's soul, because my soul knows something about being misunderstood and forsaken....

O Infinite Love...! Heart of Christ! God is all infinite fatherhood that, breaking forth into infinite nuances, pours itself out plentifully, through Christ, for all men....

Jesus, a Father God who protects us “like the apple of His eyes, keeping us under the shelter of His wings”¹⁰; a Father who bursts forth into blood for the love of us....

The greatest manifestation of Christ’s love for man is in the Eucharist.... “Tonight I want to celebrate the Passover with you.”¹¹

Jesus, surrounded by all His disciples, is ALONE.... Jesus is indeed THE ALONE, the misunderstood, the abandoned, the forsaken, the unloved...! O Jesus, how alone You are in the fraught night of Gethsemane...!

O Love...! bursting forth through the mouth of the Word of Life, You gave us the greatest proof of love towards man: “My Flesh is true food, and my Blood is true drink;” “whoever eats my Flesh and drinks my Blood is in Me and I in him....”¹²

O Jesus, what terrible pain for Your soul! On the day of Holy Thursday! the day of love, the day of Your surrender into the hands of Your

¹⁰ Ps 17: 8.

¹¹ Lk 22: 15.

¹² Jn 6: 55-56.

children... a traitor! an Apostle...! he is the first to tear apart Your soul of Supreme Shepherd...!

All the adorable Trinity, pouring itself in a fatherly manner on the soul of Christ so that He may radiate the Trinity to all men with a Father's heart.... And the Christ of Life, dripping blood through all the pores of His body in order to sing us of His infinite love...!

O, how terrible...! how terrible...! HOW I SEE IT...! Now He cannot endure any more...! Jesus cannot take it anymore...! My good Jesus cannot withstand any more...! He is shattered!: “A worm dragging along, and no man, scorned by everyone, and despised by the people.”¹³

We do not know God...! O, if we knew Him, and if we knew how the Word of Life bursts forth into blood to sing us of His infinite fatherhood...!:

“Father, if it is possible, take this cup away from me...!”¹⁴ This most bitter cup...!

¹³ Ps 21: 7-8a.

¹⁴ Lk 22: 42a.

What abandonment, the abandonment of Christ...! What terrible and frightful loneliness...!

Terrible loneliness...! Terrible loneliness...!

What abandonment...! What bitterness...!
What sadness...!

O, what fright...! What fear...! What trembling, facing “the hour of the power of darkness”¹⁵!

O Infinite Love, fallen on the ground, bursting with blood...! My good Jesus...! My meek Jesus...! How hard is the lack of love...!

Jesus cannot bear it anymore...! HIS WHOLE BEING IS TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF ON A TREE...! He cannot withstand it anymore...! His legs bend because they can no longer bear so much weight, so much pain...! He cannot bear it anymore, and He falls and collapses to the ground...!

O terror...! I SEE HIM TODAY IN THE TERRIBLE NIGHT OF GETHSEMANE...! Cast down on the ground...! He cannot take it anymore...! O terror...!

¹⁵ Lk 22: 53.

Angels of Heaven! Where are you...? Come sustain Fortitude Incarnate, who, from so much *being Himself* love, is shaking at the mockery of hell which, unleashing upon Him, brings Him down on the ground as “a worm, and not a man”...!

My good Jesus, thrust down on the ground and shedding blood...! He is soaked in His own divine blood...!

O Love...! Now You cannot bear it anymore...! Now there is nothing else You can give...!

O Love...! Lovelessness, desertion, abandonment, sadness and pain, made You fall on the ground in the most terrible and heart-rending pain.... God, dripping blood...! A terrible mystery...!

Jesus, lying down with His face to the ground, cries out: “My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass away from me...!” this pain caused by lovelessness....

All the sins of all times are falling upon Christ, and they pierce across the most intimate fibres of His soul....

O, Love unloved... misunderstood... outraged, for having told us of Your infinite life in song...! Yet, the world has not received Him, has not understood Him, has not loved Him...!

Come, Lord, rise up...! No, Jesus, on the ground no...! not fallen on the ground, no...!

“Father, if it is possible, let this terrible and bitter cup of bitter bitterness pass away from me, this cup that floods me with the most profound and unspeakable sadness...!”

O...! it is the terror of hell that engulfs me.... This is a bitterness of immense pain, of terrible and dark pain, of fright and sadness!

The Christ of the Father is trembling...! The Infinite Word is trembling at the bitter terrible-ness of the bitterness that is tearing apart His most holy soul...! This is the time of the power of darkness that preys on the Word Incarnate!

Today, Holy Thursday, I have seen Jesus terribly and inexplicably heavy-laden, in bitter bitterness, in incomprehensible loneliness, in unimag-

inable abandonment, under the chilling shadow of the power of darkness; to such a terrible extreme that, at one point, I have seen Him start to sweat, at the same time as His whole body began to tremble from head to toes, with such a shivering trembling, so terrible, so very, very, very terrible! that His legs began to falter.... And little by little He collapsed from the pain that was crushing Him....

I have seen Him wanting to hold Himself so as to avoid collapsing to the ground, looking for support, for comfort, for understanding...; and, in the face of loneliness, abandonment and bitterness, finally, drenched in His own sweat, by stint of so much pain, bursting with blood through all the pores of His body, He fell to the ground.... He fell to the ground in complete collapse...!

And, gathering strength from weakness, He has cried out: “My Father, if it is possible, let this cup so bitter pass away from me...!”

And I have then exclaimed: O terror...! Angels from Heaven! Where are you...? How is it that the whole Heavenly Court does not come, to

sustain Infinite Fortitude who is dripping blood as He lies fallen collapsed on the ground...?!

It is the moment of the power of darkness, and Infinite Love awaits... He waits, with clamours, crying out that man may comfort Him....

He goes to the Apostles and asks for help: “Peter, John, James... Have you not been able to watch for one hour with me?! Watch and pray that you may not fall into temptation...!”¹⁶ But they neither watched nor prayed, and that is why, falling into temptation, they abandoned the Master....

And, at the incomprehensible lack of awareness from those men who fell asleep while Jesus was bursting with pain, “the Angel comes to help Him in drinking His chalice....”¹⁷

What surprise I have sensed today in the Angels of Heaven on seeing the Infinite Word collapsed on the ground...! And what lack of love I have perceived with surprise in man at the self-surrender of Infinite Love...!

¹⁶ Mk 14: 33; Mt 26: 40b-41a. ¹⁷ Cfr. Lk 22: 43.

Love, outraged...! Infinite Love, trampled on...! Eternal Love, spat upon...! Love, dragged... misunderstood, unloved by His children...!

O Word of mine, Bridegroom of my soul, allow me to place a kiss on Your most holy soul that may give You a taste of the Holy Spirit, of Mary...!

O, let the whole Heavenly Court come to kiss the Christ, God Incarnate who is dripping blood for the love of man...!

On earth, all is in silence.... The world does not know the Mystery.... The Apostles, have fallen asleep.... The Christ is dripping blood....

Father...! O, how terrible is our lack of love and our abandonment...! What terrible agony and sadness, those of Jesus...! “Father, my Father, if it is possible, let this immense cup of bitterness pass away from me, a cup that drowns me in the utmost depths of the sadness of hell...!”

Ah, my soul bursts, and how! on seeing Jesus like this...! Today I also cannot bear it anymore...! All hell pours itself and breaks loose

against the Christ, unleashing its terribleness and bitterness against Him...!

“O Father, all hell is raging against me while my own people sleep...! But not all slumber! the traitor is awake...” “I looked for comforters but I found none!”¹⁸

In Heaven, all Angels are trembling-like in fright.... All Heaven is trembling-like at the Word of Life who is bursting into blood to sing His eternal song and to make us live on the intimate and warm communication of the Divine Family...!

O, what terrible contrast...! man does not know of love! The Christ of the Father is bursting forth in blood, engulfed in the very depths of sadness, to makes us partake of His very happiness.... All Heaven, in silence, astonished, in adoration, contemplates the Christ bursting forth in blood to sing God to all men...!

O, how is it possible! Infinite Love, blasphemed...! Ah, a blasphemy! Ah, what a blasphemy...! All hell is blaspheming against the Christ of the Father...! committing all kinds of

¹⁸ Ps 68: 21c.

outrages against Him, laughing at Him, and making mockery of Him, as He faces the terrible lack of love of His own children for Him...!

Twenty centuries have gone by since Christ, soaked in blood, gave us His greatest proof of infinite love... yet we, the people of today, are still like those of old, not welcoming the mission of the Word of Life...!

Terrible mystery!: the Father is lovingly pouring Himself on Christ through the Holy Spirit...! and He is receiving the blood sacrifice that the infinite Victim offers up to Him in atonement for all men...!

O what mystery...! So much sin facing so much Holiness...! Holiness seems to embrace sin as it were...!

He cannot! This is the Word of the Father, the “Great Priest”¹⁹ who contains in Himself, being He Himself so, both Divinity and humanity, “bearing upon Himself the sins of all men...!”²⁰

¹⁹ Cfr. Heb 10: 21.

²⁰ 1 Pt 2: 24.

He cannot bear it anymore...! The Word of Life, in His humanity that is united to His Divinity, is crushed... is being torn apart... fades away... it seems He cannot bear it anymore.... O, terrible contrast between infinite love and the lack of love from men...!

Jesus, who will be able to penetrate into Your soul, facing the heart-rending love for the Father that inflames You, and facing the heart-rending love for Your brethren that sets You aflame!?

O Love, who will be able to understand Your pain as You face the frightful sin of one of Your disciples, Judas?!

Father, I cannot drink this cup...! I cannot, Father, I cannot...! I cannot drink this cup...; I cannot...! But... yes, Father...; yes, Father...! “not My will, but Yours be done...!”²¹

“O, Holy Father, the world has not known You!” The world has outraged You! it has blasphemed against You...! I cannot drink this cup! But yes, because in doing so You are pleased... “Rise, let us go...!”²²

²¹ Lk 22: 42b.

²² Mt 26: 46a.

The hour of darkness takes hold of the hour of Light.

One can hear at a distance the steps of the traitor who is coming to rush upon the Word of Life Incarnate...! And so, He stands up....

But, He cannot stand on His feet...! O Jesus, all Your body is shaking... it is torn apart...; Your legs falter... You cannot hold Your ground on Your feet...! Your knees bend, and shaking and wavering... with Your eyes fixed on the will of the Father, You go to face death, wherein You will release Your supreme cry of eternal love....

Jesus is alone... completely alone and forsaken...! The Apostles are sleeping.... Now He cannot bear it anymore...! But, strengthened by the Angel, He rises as though full of vigour; Love drives Him on towards the crucifixion, and He exclaims with a cry of surrender: Father, there is still more...! I need to be crucified to sing my Song across all the earth...!

“Rise, the terrible hour has come, rise and let us go”; “the son of darkness is wiser than the children of Light...!”²³

One can already see the traitor who is approaching from afar.... “They come with axes and clubs”²⁴ to arrest the Word of Life.... With axes and clubs as if He were a cursed one! the Infinite Fatherhood Incarnate...! like “one cursed” they come to arrest Him!

“I need to be baptised with a baptism of blood...!”²⁵ “Couldn’t you keep watch with me for an hour...?” The only “friend” of The Alone, he keeps watch, he approaches and kisses Christ on the cheek with a kiss of betrayal and lovelessness.... And this is the only one who does not slumber during the terrible night of Gethsemane...!

—“*Teacher...*”

—“Friend, are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?”²⁶

²³ Cfr. Lk 16: 8b.

²⁴ Cfr. Mt 26: 47.

²⁵ Cfr. Lk 12: 50a.

²⁶ Lk 22: 48.

O infinite love of God, bursting through Christ's mouth! "Friend," to the traitor; "friend," to the ungrateful one; "friend," to him who comes to deliver Him to death....

Jesus looks at His Apostles who are trembling with fear...: " 'Friend,' if you want, arrest me, but let these ones go"....

Jesus always forgets about Himself: "let these men go,"²⁷ His Apostles, who, tremulous, cowards and in haste, run away abandoning the Divine Master....

Infinite Love misunderstood... outraged... lacerated by the most terrible and painful wound: the lack of love!

Freedom itself has been arrested...! The Word of Life, imprisoned, blasphemed, crowned with thorns, scourged...! ONLY FOR MY LOVE...! ONLY FOR MY LOVE...! ONLY FOR MY LOVE...!

Jesus, "a worm dragging along, and no man..." "the One cursed by the Father and the scorn of the people...". What contrast for Your

²⁷ Jn 18: 8b.

most holy soul, to see Yourself, as the representative of man, facing the frightful terribleness of sin and facing the infinite majesty of the Being's *self-being*...!

O Jesus, I want to participate, even if it is just a little, in the unspeakable bitterness of Your pierced soul.... I want to say, with You: "yes" to everything, until I die like You, to fulfil my mission in the Church.

Mary, Sorrowful Mother, Mother of the greatest dolour.... I want to keep You company in these terrible moments of abandonment and lack of love from all Your children.... All the love of the Word of Life for His own children is reverberating in Your most holy soul, and it is making You "groan together with Him, in the Holy Spirit, with unspeakable groans"²⁸: crucifixion!

Mary, is trembling and agonizing; all hell is being also unleashed upon Her immaculate soul with its fright and terror....

²⁸ Cfr. Rm 8: 26.

Mary, wonderful manifestation of the Word of Life Incarnate.... Bitter Sea! Who will be able to understand Your pain...?!

Mary, unknown, devastated: Mother! This word says it all... Mother, who sees Her Only-Begotten Son of God and Her God devastated....

Mary.... Mother... today I want to comfort You...!

Jesus, is also deeply sorrowful at the sorrow of His Immaculate Mother...! O Jesus, embraced, fused, merged with the Virgin in one same pain, in one same agony.... Both immersed in a BITTER SEA of incomprehension and loneliness...!



*Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia
in the house in Via Ripandelli (Rome) in 1998*

15-4-1960

Good Friday

THE ALONE

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 this He *is Himself*; 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*.

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,”¹ the quintessential Accompanied One, “CAME TO HIS OWN AND HIS OWN PEOPLE RECEIVED HIM NOT....”²

The Word is faced – upon “descending from the eternal valleys,”³ where, in the Divine Family, He is the singing Son – with humanity’s rude-

¹ Heb 1: 3.

² Jn 1: 11.

³ Ps 75: 5.

ness 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 ungratefulness 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 strange 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 in-

nermost depths, You are perceived in the solitary loneliness of Your most holy soul....

“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 Your soul was, 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....”⁴

There is no friendly heart for “the Alone”...! Everyone flees and Jesus finds Himself abandoned of all....

⁴ Jn 18: 8.

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...?”⁵ 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

⁵ Lk 22: 48.

intimacy and marched in the midst of joyful crowds, you turned your heel against me...!”⁶ “Friend, with a kiss you have come to surrender me...? My friend and my trusted one...!”

But yes, “Father, the hour has come,”⁷ 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”⁸; 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?*

⁶ Ps 40: 10.

⁷ Jn 12: 23.

⁸ Lk 22: 53.

—He deserves to die.”⁹

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, ‘Prophecy, Messiah. Who hit you?’ ”¹⁰

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...!¹¹

“O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem...!” “If you had known the time of my visitation...!” “How many

⁹ Mt 26: 63b-64a. 65b-66.

¹⁰ Mt 26: 67-68.

¹¹ Cfr. Zech 11: 12;

Mt 26: 15; 27: 9.

times I have wanted to gather you as a hen gathers its brood, but you wouldn't let me...!"¹²

What very terrible loneliness, that of "the Alone" and solitary...! 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..."¹³? 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...."¹⁴?

"They struck the Shepherd and the sheep dispersed."¹⁵

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 de-

¹² Mt 23: 37a; Lk 19, 42a. 44c.

¹³ 1 Jn 4: 8b.

¹⁴ Mt 21: 9b.

¹⁵ Mt 26: 31.

nying knowing Him....¹⁶ Precisely he who was to be the Rock and foundation of the Church...! “It was the moment of the hour of the power darkness!”¹⁷

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

¹⁶ Cfr. Mt 26: 69-74.

¹⁷ Cfr. Lk 22: 53.

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 Father's 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!

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, avail-

ing 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.”¹⁸

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 senseless! 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 sur-

¹⁸ Jn 19: 11.

rounded 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!”¹⁹

¹⁹ Cfr. Mt 27: 29.

“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....”²⁰

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!

²⁰ Mk 15: 16-19.

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-donation.

Infinite Beauty is now bereft of any human appearance, “like a crawling worm and no man, the scorn of the people and the mockery of those around Him....”²¹

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!”²²

²¹ Ps 21: 7.

²² Jn 19: 5c. 6b.

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 upon, some refreshment for His soul parched by pain.... But no...!: “I looked for comforters, but I found none....”²³ THE ALONE...!

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....”²⁴ 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....

²³ Ps 68: 21c.

²⁴ Cfr. Lk 16: 8b.

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....

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.

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...?”²⁵ “O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, deicide city... there will come upon you days “when there will not be one stone on another.”²⁶

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”²⁷ 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

²⁵ ROMAN MISSAL. *Liturgy on Good Friday. The Reproaches I.*

²⁶ Cfr. Lk 13: 34; 19: 44b. ²⁷ Mt 6: 10b.

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”²⁸ 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 Virginity 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”²⁹ to be suspended between Heaven and earth, as the High Priest, to celebrate the first Mass....

Now is the Immaculate Host on the altar of sacrifice, 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 In-

²⁸ Act 10: 38b.

²⁹ Jn 1: 29.

carnate, 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!”³⁰

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...!”³¹

³⁰ Lk 23: 34a.

³¹ Lk 23: 42.

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....”³²

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.

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

³² Lk 23: 43b.

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....”³³

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 pow-

³³ Jn 19: 26c.

er of darkness,” a moment She is living united with Her Son, in a complete immolation of Co-redemption....

And looking at John, the Divine Redeemer says to him: “Behold, your Mother....”³⁴ 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.

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...?”³⁵ For I always do what pleases You...!: “Sacrifice and offerings

³⁴ Jn 19: 27b.

³⁵ Mt 27: 46b.

you did not desire, but a body you prepared for me... Burnt offerings and sin offerings you were not pleased in.... Then I said, behold, I come to do your will, oh God!”³⁶

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 death approaching, He expresses the dryness of His thirsty soul: “I thirst...!”³⁷

Yes, Father, I thirst that they may know You.... “And so that they may know You, I sanctify myself for them.”³⁸

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...!”³⁹

And turning towards the Father, with His gaze full of infinite love and clouded by the gloomy

³⁶ Heb 10: 5b-7a.c.

³⁸ Jn 17: 19.

³⁷ Jn 19: 28c.

³⁹ Jn 19: 30.

darkness of death, He gives up His last breath: “Father, into your hands I commend my spirit...!”⁴⁰

At that moment, “the earth quakes, the graves are opened, the dead rise,”⁴¹ 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 hides⁴² to avoid witnessing the terrible crime that is being committed against He who is Holiness by essence....

“The veil of the Temple was torn....”⁴³

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....

⁴⁰ Lk 23: 46b.

⁴¹ Cfr. Mt 27: 51b-52.

⁴² Cfr. Lk 23: 44.

⁴³ Lk 23: 45.

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, His 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 Him 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 to be God's will and for fidelity to 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, the reader should have recourse 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 appropriate to express my thought.

The authoress:

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Translation of the Spanish handwritten text by
Mother Trinidad on the front cover:

*Glory be to the Father... Glory be to the Son...
and Glory be to the Holy Spirit!!!
...thus and here on earth as it is in Heaven...!*

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia



Jesus, on the same bed of pain...:
both on the same cross...!!

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia