

MOTHER TRINIDAD
DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
AND HER WORK OF THE CHURCH

*The writing and collection
of the texts of Mother Trinidad
have been done by Juan Fidel*



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A year of transcendent significance

The first thoughts that are gathered in the book “Frutos de oración” (Fruits of prayer) and many themes of “La Iglesia y su misterio” (The Church and her mystery) are dated back to the year 1959.

Whoever has attended “The Plan of God in the Church” or the “Days of retreat on the mystery of God in the Church” which The Work of the Church organizes as events of its particular apostolate, or whoever has listened to the talks of Mother Trinidad, would have heard her recall the memory of that year. It is because it has had a transcendent importance in her life. It marks in her a summit to which all the former time ascends, as in a preparation, and from which flows, as from a great slope, all her subsequent living and doing.

In the year 1959, and especially on a particular date, on the 18th of March, as a change took place –I would say a substantial change– in the spiritual physiognomy of Mother Trinidad. Suddenly she found herself introduced in the divine mysteries to understand, contemplate, live the infinite treasures that are enclosed in the bosom of the Church.

Here and there, throughout all her writings, are found traces or references, more or less veiled, to that being introduced by God in his intimate life: to be “deepened” in the mystery of his trinitarian communication, “to surprise” there, “to understand without the things from here”, “to see without concepts”, “to adore”...

«364. Attracted by the beauty of your face, I went deep into your mystery so profoundly, that I surprised your eternal Being in infinitely spiritual boiling of light and love. (20-8-61)

439. When I went deep into the sacred mystery of the Divine Family, I got out of my depth and found myself deeply immersed in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Eternal Wisdom, where the Father, bursting out in Word of fire, is spelling out to us his infinitely loving Being. (18-12-60)».

YOUR TOUCH IN MYSTERY

Your touch in my soul tells me
silence,
and, when I keep silent, –mystery!–
I feel you.

And, before your divine contact,
I immerse myself, I get lost...;
and in your deep depth, there in the profoundness,
I see you behind veils.

And in my chest boils
a flame of eternal secret.

And with your substance I fill my eagerness
in the light of your fire,
that cauterizes me
deep inside;
where, without knowing how it is,
I have you
in a savouring
of eternal mystery,
that is life without things from here,
and without time;
in a harmony which is light, which is love
and is concert.

How sweet to have you without things from here,
feeling your touch in silence!

(N. 48)



This view illustrates one of the houses of the summer complex at Navalperal de Pinares (Avila), where the members of The Work of the Church enjoy their holidays in family environment.

«I already know of Fountain, of Life, of Love...Because, placed at the mouth of your divine begetting, I learnt this knowledge so profound of your eternal begetting; and I saw how, in springs of being, the Word emerged in loving response of your eternal saying. And there, in the loving embrace of the Holy Spirit, I satiated in You forever. But a satiety that opened in me such capacity, that now only will be filled when your glory eternally appears». (from "La Iglesia y su misterio", The Church and her mystery, pg. 97)

«984. Silence, adoration...!, that in this instant-instant of terribility of being, of love, of eternity... God is being Himself in his being Himself the divine Family and He is kissing Himself with the good mouth of the Holy Spirit and, when kissing Himself, my tiny soul feels being kissed, loved, caressed and immersed in that sacred mystery of the Being's being Himself.

And there, in the silence of the untouchable Virginity, trembling of love, astonished, surprises the fecund Virginity begetting the Figure of its substance, in the veiled concealment of the Holy Spirit's kiss; kiss that my soul possesses and has by participation to kiss God. (21-5-61)

305. Immersed in the sacred mystery of Silence, I saw that in one only and silent Word was said all the divine and human life, and then, impelled by love, I decided not to say or pronounce any other word than This One; and, oh surprise!, I became so Word, that I could only sing the life of God in the bosom of his Church. (18-12-60)».

WITH MY SIGHT I LOSE YOU

When I sink in the light
of your infinite mystery,
my poor mind gets lost,
being left without concepts;

and then, and only then!,
I introduce myself in your inner being,
and discover, with your Sun,
your thought
in the eternal transcendence
of your Kiss.

And there I admire your Truth,
and there I adore what I see
with the infinite pupil
that You look at yourself in zeal
in the innermost depth
of your bosom.

But, if I try to look at you
with my sight in exile,
without knowing how it is,
I lose you.

Therefore give me your light
and your fire,
which is to live You;
nothing more I want.

When I look at You in your sight,
I glow. (N. 61)

«1726. Everything I know of God, has been discovered to me, not by force of reflecting on it, but in the silence of all the things from here, through which He has spoken to me in his being Himself Word, inside my heart. (29-1-77)».

«And I know all that because, as I am little, you have put me there, in your Spring. And, when contemplating all the impetuous communication of sovereign simplicity and of quiet silence, remaining static before the rumour of your waterfalls, and when feeling myself captivated, attracted and enraptured by the beauty of your Face, “all your wavelengths and waves have passed over me”». (pg.101)

AMOROUS COMPLIMENTS IN SILENCE

When I understand the mysteries of the living God,
I adore Him and, in his being Himself, I venerate Him,
in response that is a song of praise,
intoning my poems as I can.

With promises of lightened petitions,
God is sweet in the depth of my chest,
in amorous compliments of silenced conquests
that leave me, with my nights, transcending.

I call Him with clamours of pure love,
and He responds with the breeze of his flight,
and He approaches with immense power,
soaring my experiences to his bosom.

And there I live in the silence what He lives,
in the delicate touch of his Kiss.
What words of amorous compliments we say to each other,
without saying anything more than love in a quiet way!

Silence is the mystery of my life
with cloistral melodies of secret.
How sonorous are the voices of the living God!
I feel them in my depth pronounced.

How jealous is the Hero of my loves
who, in conquests, demands me in full!
If I seek Him, He throws Himself to my call,
and He kisses me with stamps of mystery.

My Lover is inside me, I feel Him near,
for I have Him resting and satisfied.
What do I care about the grieves of life,
if my Lord breathes inside, in my chest?

(N. 190)

Maybe it has been a long quotation of thoughts, poems, and texts... But it has been presented at that length consciously, because, nothing like the expressions of Mother Trinidad herself, although veiled, can make us perceive how and as far as God wanted to communicate Himself to her soul to make her “the Echo”, in repetition of the Church’s palpitating.

Those phrases that come from her as vibrating arrows in the impressive tightness of her spirit, insinuate something that could only be lived and that cannot be expressed adequately; nor hardly can be sensed by him who has not had a similar personal experience. Because when trying to penetrate in it, one must unavoidably lean on one’s thought in things from here that are not those from there, and that for this, inevitably disfigure them.

What can be the real content of that being “*immersed in the sacred mystery of the Being’s being Himself*”, and “*deeply absorbed in the Sancta Sanctorum of the eternal Wisdom*”? What meaning encloses the “*surprising the eternal Being in infinitely spiritual boiling of light and*

love” and the “*untouchable Virginity begetting the Figure of his substance*”? And the “*seeing with the eternal Pupil*” “*how the Word emerges in springs of being*”? And... and... Plans of God in luminous overflowing onto his Church!, always surprisingly new in the circumstances of the moment, and always the same in the mystery of Christ, “from whose fullness we have all received, grace in place of grace...”. (Jn 1, 16)