

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

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I KISS YOU AS I CAN,
AFTER RECEIVING HOLY COMMUNION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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