

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

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An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

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ECHO OF THE CHURCH

Your requests are in my wounded chest, like stinging burns which, in tender moans, penetrate the depth of my heart...

I hear to your laments, like an open volcano, that manifest to me their desolation... I listen to rumours... laments of anguish... slow desertions... deep immolation...

It is my Church who, shrouded in her sorrows, uncovers to my soul, like a loving Mother, the immense depth of her great mission...!

Oh, if I could break the tightness and the narrownesses of my bosom wounded by the screams which I cover with sobs and I hide in the depth of my heart...!

God has become inside my chest deep moans of a request. Secret is his speech and tender his accent, but it is piercing as a sharp iron, wounding my innermost being in the slow cauterization of an immolation!

His requests are hidden words, disclosures of his thoughts and of the immense plan of Redemption... His tender cauterizations are wisdom,

which fill the depth of my open bosom, in tender colloquies that are a request.

Woe, if I should express in some way these aridities of what I hold inside...! Woe, if I should say with my expressions the immense tightness that I shroud in pain and, in silence, hidden, beneath my clamour...!

My wounded bosom is like an open volcano and like springs that run over flowing in love.

The waterfalls of my chest in jealous zeal are so uncontainable! so irresistible! that I live dying for the captivities of a still clamour.

The voice of the Eternal is Word sweet and in tender colloquies; but the wisdom of his Explanation is so sharp! that today, because of the utter dryness of his springs, my innermost being burns with the immense fire of God's power.

He asks in silence with a sharp clamour, with deep cauteries, like a volcano opened by the wounded jealous zeal of his heart.

Be silent, beloved soul! do not try again to rend the secrets of your immolation!

If silence is life that shrouds the mystery, what does it matter that man does not understand your gift...?

Be silent, beloved soul! live in your silence only for God...

I would like to express my anguishes, to utter my clamours, to manifest in some way this tight tightness that strongly binds the marrow of my spirit...

I would like to break the chains that press on my soul; to give freedom to the burning word which, in cauteries of fire, I hold inside my being...

I would like, if I could! to break into songs that are screams of the request of the immense Love; deep screams in clamours of fire, that would express the torturing bitterness of my heart lacerated by the overwhelming request of the immense Power...

“Woe to him who falls into the hands of the living God,”¹ and is chosen to proclaim the immense ardors of his requests...!

Woe to him who receives the overwhelming, infinite and eternal impulse, of the lighted flame of Yahweh's Mouth, and perceives eternal words as a communication of a Friend... and is chosen to be the receiver on earth of the mysteries of the Eternal One...!

Woe to him who discovers the mysteries of the Immense, and is sent by the infinite Power to communicate them, as a manifestation of the singing Song of the Word among men...!

¹ Heb 10, 31.

Woe to him who keeps tight in his chest the secrets of the Love...! Woe to him who, on account of the fullness of He who Is, of He who *Is by himself* of himself the eternal Being, feels utterly moved, overcome, translimited and unable to contain the unfathomable fullness of the Immense in his tiny heart...!

Woe to him...! Woe to him...!

If I should express what is the constant, profound, prolonged, penetrating, wounding, piercing, torturing and brimming fullness of the Being's infinity, in request for the manifestation to those who, having eyes, do not see, having ears do not hear, having senses, do not feel...!

If I should manifest the tight tightness of the closed volcano that I live in my depth...! If I should make out somehow the bleeding immolation of my racked bosom...!

If I could spell out, or at least let be revealed, the martyrdoms of my silence on account of the constant request of the Love, that impels me with eternal power to launch my song of living and palpitating Church, to break out into utterances, to describe, to manifest the secrets of the eternal Wisdom, communicated day after day, years after years, to the palpitating "Echo" of his bleeding song...!

But no...! Because I do not have words to reveal my volcanoes... because I do not find

the way to break with my silences... because I do not come upon the open hearts that I need in order to entrust to them the bleeding message of my mission...

And therefore, my immolation, my silence, my torture, my clamours, my cravings, my gleams, my expressions, my manifestations are every day more closed, more bleeding, more wounding, more shrouded in the mystery.

And for that reason, perhaps, I may find myself more misunderstood, walk more lonely, more exiled; experience myself more immolated and more hidden, with more yearnings for eternity due to the clamorous request of the eternal Love, that turns inside my being into a torture of silence, of scorn on the part of those who are not He, and of expectation...

Always, when I try to express my yearnings and manifest in some way the profound lights of my thoughts, I remain sadder, more without exposing it...

more profound is the wound of my captivity! more bleeding in affliction! and in more tightness I walk in life towards the eternal Day...

God knows the yearnings of my open chest, and the screams that I hold deep behind my laments... He knows the sorrows that I shroud

in my accent and my expressions, though I may be in silence...

He knows I die after the requests of his thoughts, that are like arrows that go piercing the depths of my wounded bosom, of my chest in jealous zeal!

But, when God passes by and I feel Him in kiss, in sweet caresses and in tender colloquies; all my sorrows are impregnated with the clarities of a premonition...

His passing by in my bosom are sweet premonitions, that speak to me of glory, that speak to me of heaven, leaving me full of immense joys!

And so I wander in life among the rustling clamours in jealous zeal; that are powers of God's mighty strength; that are fires, that are requests, that are stinging burns and are volcanoes open in cracks...

But at one same time, when the pressure on my wounded chest puts me near death, God, as a good Father, manifests himself to me in a loving kiss in the springs and the freshnesses of his eternal love. And then my sorrows turn into joys, in days of glory, in lights of heaven, in suns of life and in feast of the Eternal...

For that reason, in contrasts, I wander in my exile, living the ways that Love imprints inside my chest.

Ways that are life, even though they may be death or heaven to me... Ways so different! ways so diverse, which is Christ glorious and is Christ dying, in the realities of his eternal plan...!

And so, in my ways, I am manifesting, because I am the "Echo," the deep sorrows of my Church, of Christ dying, and the clarities of his immense triumph...

I am "Echo of the Church!" and for that reason I hold, in the burning dryness of my ardent yearning, voices of the living God, clamours of hell, martyrdoms of death and glories of heaven.

I am the wounded "Echo" of the Church in mourning, and I express her yearnings in the way I can, and sing her glories inside my bosom in God's passing by and in kiss of the Immense...

I am "Echo" of the Church...! What mystery I hold inside of me...!

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be by himself*,” “*is by himself*,” “*being by himself*,” etc. –allocating to it a deeper, dense and original sense– in order to translate the expressions “*serse*,” “*se es*,” “*siéndose*,” etc. by means of which Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia expresses the multiple lights she has received from God about his infinite Being.

The explanation that the very Mother Trinidad did in one of her writings, is transcribed as follows:

“God is by himself...! And this phrase, according to my poor understanding, embraces and explains for me all that God is. In such a way that, when I say: God is by himself, or God **is** by himself being, or the being by himself of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

First: I see how God is by himself of himself; how all that He is He **is** being by himself so; I see the eternal instant of the eternity, in which God is by himself of himself and in himself; I see how He is by himself so, and why He is by himself so; and I contemplate Him being by himself so in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, being by himself One, is Three divine Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity is by himself.

Second: I see in that same word: the being by himself or God is by himself, the Father *being by himself* Father of himself and in himself as Source; the Word *being himself* Son in himself and by the Father; and the Holy Spirit *being himself* personal Love between both, in himself and by the Father and the Word. And I see in this word: to be by himself, the way of being himself so each one of the Persons, and the difference of each Person. So that, for me, this simple word that I use so much, says to me all the glorious mystery of my Trinity and all the hidden and very depth secret of my Unity in its root.”

NOTE:

I strongly advise that all that I express by means of my writings, for believing it God’s will and for fidelity in all that the very same God has entrusted to me; when in the translation into other languages it is not understood well or a clarification is desired, recourse be had to the authenticity of what I have dictated in the Spanish text; since I have seen that some expressions in the translations are not the most proper to express my thought.

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia