

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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"VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA" ("Experiences of the soul")

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I WANT THE BEING...!

I want the Being...! I want God alone, without further ado... because all that He is not, deeply tortures me...!

I need to get into the profound depth of the Eternal Affluent, where, bursts in the inexhaustible Waterfall of the infinite Wisdom into gushes of being...

I hunger to satiate my mind in that savourable science of the eternal Being in His Three. And I yearn for Him alone, without any more things that may torture the stabbing wound of my heart...

I want to drink in the Torrent of His Cascades, and to saturate myself in the rapture of the sapiential savouring that breaks out from God's chest...

I want to drink... to drink to calm my thirst... to saturate my hungers in the Eternal *Being Himself*... there... where God is!

I am tired of the earth with its creatures, with its concepts, with its emptiness of God, with the incomprehension that it contains in itself as

a consequence of sin; this is why the mutual understanding between men and me becomes so difficult...

I feel pressed by the groans of the heart, the choked tears of the spirit and the contained sighs of the soul...

I go through life tired of fighting in the fatigue of my path full of difficulties. I feel pierced by the secret of silence, by the lack of understanding of those who together with me walk vertiginously, many perhaps without knowing it, towards the end of this life; which, by falling into God's will, leads us to the most happy joy of Eternity, or, in our mad race, can bring us to lose it forever into the abyss owing to our pulling out of the plans of He who Is, who created us with immense capacities for happiness in order to satiate them in the possession of His infinite joy, in the domestic intimacy of His Divine Family...

I wish to live in the Land of life and of freedom... in the truth of the infinite Justice... in the rest of the true charity... in the comprehension of the perfect union...

I look for the Being... the Infinite Being in His being, just as He is...! and I find Him among those who are not He and in shadows of death.

My thirsty spirit moans for the Eternal Living One, in the free comprehension of His mind,

without earthly concepts, without created words to express Him. I want to love Him with the Holy Spirit, but not among shadows, but in the luminous light of His infinite pupils... I look gaspingly for the fullness of my capacity in the infinite Spring of the eternal perfections...

I am tired... torturingly tired of the littleness of the human mind...! To know not how to express my feelings tortures me... for having to avail myself of phrases and concepts that do not decipher all that I need to say...

I want the Being...! the Being...! And I want Him now...! And for that reason, when I am not able to possess Him as He is and where He is, in the infinite light of His coeternal clarity, I search for Him insatiably next to "the doors of Eternity,"¹ in my tabernacle, in breathless wait for the its sumptuous Gates to be opened for me forever... forever...!

Each instant of my life is a more torturing clamour for Eternity, a deeper wideness, and a deeper petition in need of God alone in what He is, without any things other than He...!

I love Him who *Is Himself* by Himself all that He *is Himself* in the infinite majesty of His eternal subsistence... in the eternal conversation of His singing Explanation... in the consubstantial

¹ Cf. Ps 24: 7.

paternal-filial embrace in copious overflowing of personal and spiritually loving Love...

I long to kiss God with the Holy Spirit... And I need it now...! But my desire does not withstand the shadows of exile in order to possess God. I clamour for the light of His infinite pupils... for the brilliance of His Eternal Sun... for the spring of His fountains... the copious overflowing of His conversation... and the flames of His volcanoes...

I need God now, without any more waits...! For I was created for the Life and only in it I know how to live... I do not find the way to live without the Life in the death of exile; since my journeying on earth is nothing but to be dying every day to everything earthly, soaring up towards the Immense Being...

The noises of this land hurt me... their mocking guffaws... the rush of their vertiginous race without knowing where they head for... The hypocrisy of the insincere hearts victimizes me deeply... the mockery of the triumph of the proud and the apparent failure of God among men...

I seek the Being...! And in the only place where I find Him the most is in the simple concealment of the tabernacle. But, at His contact, although I may meet the Eternal One, it is always among veils, wherefore my distress in-

creases and my longings for God alone! get bigger; because my pressed heart, at the contact of Its proximity, opens its capacity and, giving free rein to the need for living that the sight of God opened up in my spirit, makes me clamour irresistibly in torturing calls for Eternity...

[...] When I call for Eternity, I do not seek to flee from those whom I love... I claim, only I claim! the sole reason for being of my existence... I seek the purpose for which I was created, and I hunger for the fullness of my heart...

I do not wish to go to Heaven in order to separate myself from men, but to meet God, since only for Him was I created and for nothing else...! All that is not that is a consequence. And I need the total possession of the Being in His *being Himself* all that He *is Himself* for Him...

I seek my saturation in the rest that will give to me the adoration before the infinite excellence of Him who *Is Himself*.

All things increase my distress, because all of them unrestrainedly shout to me that they are not God, and they impel me irresistibly to the Infinite One.

I know what the eternal Being is in His Three... I know how He Who *Is Himself...is!* And that is why, the one who does not know the Being will not be able to understand my ur-

gencies sorrowing, my clamours being silent, my nostalgias dying, my grieving calls, in my insatiable search for silence and solitude next to the tabernacle...

It is not that I want to be with God, the thing is, either I meet Him, or I die...! I die in longing for possessing Him... in torturing urgencies for not being able to die so as to have Him now...!

The agony of my life, the illness of my exile, the cancer that is corroding my pitiful living along the path of this poor journey, is the torturing cry which presses my spirit in urgent need of: God alone!

I am tired of waiting without finding all that I long for in the loveless place. How to express the volcanoes of my chest in love for God and for all those I love...?!

The silence, due to incomprehension, is the cauterizing martyrdom of my spirit which presses into its very depths the urgent secret of God's request in the passing of the Immense One.

My language is more and more strange, my experiences more incomprehensible; this is why my urgencies are more irresistible in torturing need of the truth of the Being. He knows my whys and the martyrdoms that I conceal in the sacred silences of my heart... He knows the requests that He arouses in my soul, leaving it

sorrowing in the silenced mystery of my poor expressing...

I want the Being in His *being Himself* He Who *Is Himself*, in the complete possession of all that He Himself has...! And I also want Him in the perfect fulfilment of all that His petition prints into my chest... And I wish to do all that God wants me to do in the impulse of His burning conversation, and I need to listen to the Saying of His Mouth to carry out all that He commands me...

But, at His voice that sends me forth, and the "no!" of those who are not He, I love God alone...! And all the rest is lack of understanding owing to failure to adapt the conversation. That is why I seek untiringly the infinite Speech of the Eternal Being.

My life is a vertiginous race towards the Eternal One, and, in its sad wandering, is collapsing in its ever rising with a new and deeper torture in breathless clamours for Him who *Is Himself*.

The Being calls me to Him, and I run to His encounter in the insatiable search for my saturation...

I love the Being in what He is, without anything but Him...!

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be Himself*,” “*is Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. –allocating to them 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 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 Himself, or God stands in being of Himself, or the being Himself of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

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

Second: I see in that same word: the being Himself or God is Himself, the Father being Himself Father by 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 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.”

Similarly Mother Trinidad refers to God the reflexive use of many other verbs, such as “to have,” “to see,” “to love,” “to know,” “to say,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He has Himself so,” “He has Himself,” “He sees Himself so,” “He loves Himself so,” “He knows Himself so,” “He says Himself,” etc...

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.

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