

# 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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## IN THE TABERNACLE IS THE BEING...!

I clamour for the Being, for the possession of the conquest of the Infinite, by the proximity of the Holy Spirit's quiet breeze...

I sigh breathless for the Love; I call Him in a deep nostalgia that, impelling me towards the luminous light of the Eternal Sun, hurls me vertiginously after Him, without being able to contain the burning impetus of my heart.

I clamour for the Being in dying tortures of His possession, in continued impetuses of new impulses that make me sigh constantly, without uttering a word, in uncontainable tendency towards Him, with the speed of lightning and the impetus of a hurricane, attracted by the mysterious strength of Him who *Is Himself...*

My living is the continuation of an act of love that God instilled in my chest the day He called me to Him, and that during my whole life is being uttered, to be perpetuated in pure love in the eternal day of the Kingdom of Light. That is why I hope that, at any time the eternal Being may come to fetch me, He will find me turned towards Him in the uttering of the act of pure love of my life.

The infinite Love kissed my soul, printing Himself into it so divinely, that this one is a repetition of response to the divine gift in a loving rush towards Him.

My life is to love the Love who, shrouding my soul with the breeze of His passing and in the fluttering of His warm caress, says to me quietly in a sacred uttering of infinite petition: “Come to Me, my bride.”<sup>1</sup>

And this “come to Me” that the Infinite Being engraved by fire into my chest the day of my consecration as an enamoured Bridegroom petition, hurled me towards Him after the breeze of His flight in an impetus that, responding in gift as I can, tells Him: “wait, Love, that I go swiftly.”

The mystery of my life, that of my consecration, and all the tight nostalgia of my constant ascent towards God, is no more than a petition of the Love, answered through an unconditional response of self-giving and correspondence.

The voice of the Infinite is a stamp in my enamoured soul that, inviting me to follow Him, clamours to me with inexpressible groanings within my chest: “Beloved, come to Me.” And my spirit, impregnated with the Eternal’s breath,

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Sg 4: 8.

maddened by love, hurtles after the footprints of His passing in swift race of total donation to the penetrating petition which, like a sharp arrow, drills my soul in love compliments of Spouse.

The Love calls me to Him, and my love runs to the Beloved, because the light of His beauty enthralled me so wonderfully, that only on the day of His Suns my soul will rest quietly, leaning upon His chest.

That is why, when my thirst for Eternity burns me, when my impetuses for possessing the Being seem to snatch me from the death of this life, when all things threaten to separate my soul from the body in the flight of its rush towards God; impelled in the live coals of love, I run to the tabernacle, where, in a self-giving of love, behind the mysterious Gates that conceal Him, I meet the Being...! the Infinite Being!

And there, in a supreme act of love, of self-giving, of donation, of response and of victim offering, I remind Him that I am a mother; and I rest, become one with my own, next to my infinite Love on earth, prostrate in vehement and reverent adoration before “the sumptuous Gates of Eternity”<sup>2</sup>: Stop Your passing by, Lord, because between Your love and my love a mystery of fecundity was brought about that, having me on a flight towards You, puts pressure

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<sup>2</sup> Cf. Ps 24: 7.

on me to be here with You and without You, for Your glory and the glory of all You gave me that burns me in thirst for souls, in ardent desires to bring them to You!

Sometimes, when it seems that I cannot take it any more, when coming next to the tabernacle, I stop in my ascent, and, falling down before my suffering Jesus, I love Him in loving repose with the need to be next to Him all ages enduring.

How well have I understood in this last season the necessity of Jesus being in the Eucharist...! If He would not have stayed with us for the sake of love, how could our love live without Him...?!

My times of tabernacle, lived day after day next to “the Gates of Eternity,” have my spirit pacified and support the vertiginous race that, on account of the voice of the Being who invites me to follow Him, my spirit undertook towards Him.

God is the All of my life, and the infinite All is in the tabernacle for my sake.

How many times I have experienced as though something inside that made me rush towards God, not being able to be any longer in exile. And, when arriving at the tabernacle, leaning and resting on the chest of Christ, little by little my soul was calming down in the

impetus of its swift race; until, finally, resting tranquil and calm in love of response to the infinite Love, I was seeing that, in the mystery of the Eucharist, God Himself, in silence of donation, said to my soul: “Come to Me...”

How well I understand, on account of the urgent experience that impels me towards the possession of the Eternal One and my fullness at the foot of the tabernacle, that in the tabernacle is the Being...!! Unexplainable mystery that the spirit knows how to comprehend when perceiving His secret. God calls Him, and, when the soul finds Him in the tabernacle, it rests.

When my tired life experiences that it cannot bear it any longer in insatiable clamours for the Being due to the yearnings for His possession, it rushes to the tabernacle. And there it finds, in the mysterious way that faith gives to her, the hope for the fullness of all that it needs. Wherefore I have managed to comprehend, through my impetuses satiated in the Eucharist, in a savouring of mysterious comprehension that the doors of the tabernacle are “the sumptuous and wide Gates of Eternity!”

In the tabernacle is the Being...! the Infinite Being who calls me with powerful voice inviting me to follow Him. Wherefore, when after so many years of consecration, it seems that my spirit cannot contain any longer His longings for God in light, it needs –and I know that my

life depends on that because God thus printed it into my soul—, long and rested times of prayer before Jesus Eucharist, to hold back the impetus that, in swift race, drives me to move on to Eternity...

How many times, feeling as though I were dying in longings for God, indifferent and as though separated from all that is created, without physical strength to go on living, I have run to the tabernacle, to the silent silence of the infinite Incarnate Word; and little by little I have been seized as though with a sweetness of peace, which, in sacred savouring, being fulfilment of my cravings, strengthened my agonizing life, in order to stay among men without flying definitively to the Being!

I find at the foot of the tabernacle, the strength of my life, the continuation of my journey, the fecundity of my spiritual motherhood, the fullness of my spirit so many times distressed... Furthermore, the comfort, the kiss of the infinite Love to my tearful soul, the caress of His compassionate hand, the gazing of His serene eyes in calm participation in my terrible nostalgia for Him, and even for my own in the solitude of my hard exile, all, absolutely all! finds full sense in my whiles of tabernacle next to the “majestic Doors of Eternity.”

I know, because faith tells me so and because I live it that way in a wisdom of savoury

experience, that the Infinite Being of the tomorrow of Eternity is the affectionate Jesus of my tabernacle...

How then can I egoistically want to fly at Its light, when He remained in my darkness for me...? Wherefore while my soul may be able to be for long whiles prostrate before the terrible mystery of a tabernacle in silence; I will wait untiringly for the day of the Lord.

In my tabernacle I have everything, because the infinite All is the transcendent mystery that conceals my tabernacle. If man knew the secret of the Eucharist, how would he not come to cool his thirst and to satiate his hungers, reverent and adoring, at the foot of the tabernacle before the God of the Sacrament...?!

I look for the Being... and, either I find Him, or I die...! Because He calls me to Himself with an irresistible force that, in a rush for a reply, makes me live in a torturing clamour for Eternity...

But, now I found the Being in the loving way that His infinite will wants today to give Himself to me in the sorrowful path of the pilgrimage of this exile in my insatiable search for God alone...!

Wherefore my whiles of tabernacle are so necessary for me, so much, so much! that my

life depends on it; since my soul, sustained by the silences of His mystery, savours, in loving donation, the secrets of Eternity.

How great is the Eucharist for the soul in love...! So much, that in it finds the reason for being in the fullness of its insatiable cravings.

I want the Being, and in the tabernacle I find 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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