

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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LIFE'S JOURNEY

There is no compassion for my wounded chest!

Laughter... guffaws... contempt and incomprehension I hear around me, while my spirit, exhausted from so much grieving, feels collapsed by the overwhelming weight to the petition of God, who, inside me, becomes a torrent of inexhaustible springs.

Silences of death and mocking replies, of indifference and of contradiction, make my soul fall, fainting by its own weight, into the annihilation whereinto the apparent failure of the unreceived mission turns it.

I do not want to express with phrases that do not express what I have, I do not want to say again, in the way it is not, what I press into my spirit...! I do not want to be defiled, even by myself...! I do not want, because I cannot take it anymore...!

[...] My being is consumed in so much violence and my thirst and my longings and my cravings and my clamours and my nostalgia

and my requests and my melancholies and my waits... [...]

What loneliness in the land of life...! What a silence around me...! What mocking guffaws of incomprehension and contempt...!

What a mystery before the majestic discovery which the light of faith, full of hope and charity, received in Baptism through the life of grace, opens to my distressed heart...! What a dazzle of truth, plenitude and life...! What a communication of love and pouring forth...! What impulses of hope in swift soaring towards the encounter with the beyond...!

I am tired of struggling; I am exhausted, I feel weakening... I am running out of strength and I sink into the agony of my loneliness... I am with company and I feel lonely in the land of life, because I seek wide spaces of thirsty hearts, multitudes with immense yearnings in wait for Love, and my thirst for souls is consumed in clamorous nostalgia for the innumerable descendants that the Lord promised me, with clamours for death.

How much supernatural outlook I need...! How strong my spirit of faith has to be...! How immense my heart's confidence...! I die in sorrow for not finding resonance in the echo of my song.

[...] I know God, I understand His mysteries, I penetrate into His thought, I uncover His plan,

I know His way of being and doing, and I feel worn out by the confusion and the desolation that, in dread of darkness, shroud the Church...

I do not know if I explain myself, neither do I attempt to. Today all seems to me the same. I live in the silence of my heart the tightness of my distressed spirit.

In the distance, I hear mocking guffaws of contempt and of incomprehension that make fun of the New Zion... I sense proud hearts, darkened minds, bewildered thoughts, shaky steps, cowardice and human respect; I perceive concupiscence, humanism and confusion... and undercover betrayals, which, for thirty coins, deliver the Son of man with a kiss, like Judas, "it would be better for that man if he had never been born."¹

But, what does it matter what I perceive, if the "Echo of the Church" with Her has plunged into silence and, tearful, breaks, without strength, into prophetic lamentations that are distress in the tightness of its heart...?

What does it matter that the Church with Her "Echo" is collapsed, full of scars and hoarse in the infinite song of the Word who through Her spells out to men in tender, sweet and loving

¹ Mt 26: 24.

eternal colloquies of love His eternal perfections, or be restraining the inexhaustible affluent of the Fountains of His infinite and coeternal Springs...?!

What does it matter to those who have not discovered the luminous thoughts of God...?! What does it matter that the Church shroud Her weeping amid sobs, if those who are not Church, with a furious and sarcastic guffaw at an apparent triumph that today is and tomorrow will sink into the hair-raising failure of death and desperation, go about hastily in the baneful task of their destruction...?!

What does it matter that the Apostles are sleeping, if one of them, Judas, is very much awake; since “the children of this world are more prudent than are the children of light”²...?!

I watch frightened, seeking even do it be just one friendly hand which would offer me its shelter, compassion and support, and in the distance I make out a mocking guffaw, a distressing response to my torturing petition...

I'm tired... discouraged... I seek and I do not find, and the echo of my sobbing fades away in the silence of the immolating incomprehension of my bloodless journey.

What does it matter that the “Echo of the Church” weeps, if in the journey of life every-

² Cf. Lk 16: 8.

one has so much to do that there is no room for listening to the lament, full of requests from God with eternal clamours, placed into my grieving chest...?

*“Loneliness that frightens,
voices of the Immense One,
deep secrets
that I keep in silence...*

*Loneliness that frightens,
in quiet moans
inside the depth
that presses on the secret...*

*Loneliness that frightens,
because of its confusion,
contemplating the soul
weeping in its mourning...*

*Loneliness that frightens,
shrouds my flight,
with incomprehension
that pierces the chest.*

*Loneliness that frightens,
drowned in lament,
that, without saying anything,
is a winter's night...*

*Loneliness that frightens,
profound silence*

with dumb response
to all I desire...

Loneliness that frightens,
in sayings without echo,
since, all I say,
increases the torment...

Loneliness that frightens,
desert exile,
with voices that invite
to fly to Heaven...

Loneliness that frightens,
secret moans,
torturing sorrows
that mystery seals...

Loneliness that frightens,
with much creakings
of slow agonies
and hurting laments...

Loneliness that frightens,
give way to my flight!"
18-4-1975

Today my being is sunken, and on the move
as though lost, collapsed and terrified, along the
hasty way of the encounter with the Father...

Yes... the way...!! My soul has surprised, in
one moment, with the speed of a flash of light-
ning, penetrated by the light of the divine
thought, a path that crossed before me: The
path that leads all men to the blissful term of
the light, of the peace and of love...!

My spiritual gaze has contemplated a wide
path, prepared by God for all His children, so
that all of us may pass through it in our journey
and come to the blissful term of the Light... A
wide path through which all of us run: the path
of life, the path to the New Jerusalem, through
the desert to arrive at the Promised Land...!

How well I understand it...! how well...!
How clear and how penetrating is today for my
distressed spirit the most delicious truth, and at
the same time, painful, of the discovery of the
path that takes us to the infinite and loving en-
counter with our Father God...!

The exile is the way that leads us to Eternity.
God, in His eternal plan, created us for Him,
solely and exclusively for Him! so that, pos-
sessing Him, we might enter into His life, we
might live on His happiness in the possession
of His infinite joy, in the most blissful partici-
pation in His plenitude. And, with the affection
and tenderness of a Father, He placed us on
life's journey, through which all, without inter-
ruption, would go to Him.

At the glorious and triumphant end of this journey through the path that takes us to the encounter of the possession of God, there lie the sumptuous and wide Gates of Eternity, opened to take through them all the children of God who arrive marked on their foreheads with the name of God and the seal of the Lamb... And at those Gates of the Heavenly and Eternal Jerusalem, the Infinite Love awaits us, waiting for the hasty arrival of all of us to introduce us into the feast of the eternal Wedding.

This it is the real sense of life's journey that God determined for each and everyone of us; but sin, rebellion, the "I will not serve You" of our first Parents in the earthly Paradise, stood in the way and brought about a "gap" in the term of our journey, between Heaven and earth, between the creature and the Creator, between life and death; where the Abyss lies, hair-raising consequence of the "I will not serve You" of Lucifer. An Abyss so unfathomable, so deep, and so insurmountable between earth and Heaven, which made it impossible for all men to introduce themselves gracefully, at the end of their pilgrimage along life's journey, into the sumptuous and glorious mansions of Eternity.

The Gates of Eternity, due to the Abyss that sin had opened, were closed, and then no one could possess the Kingdom of Light, towards

which all move, and the sole purpose for which we have been created...

But God, in His eternal wisdom, full of tenderness and compassion, wanted to establish again His friendship with men. The Infinite Love felt impelled in merciful compassion towards fallen man, in such a way that the Father sent His Only Begotten Son who, in and by the plenitude of His Priesthood, suspended over the Abyss, between God and men, extended His arms and, by the exercise of the plenitude of His Priesthood, letting out a heartrending cry of love and mercy, hanging between Heaven and earth, He exclaimed: "Come to Me, for I will introduce you into the Kingdom of Love"; not before opening wide again with the fruit of His bloody passion and His glorious resurrection, with His five wounds, the wide Gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

"We have a great High Priest who has passed through the Heavens, Jesus, the Son of God... So let us confidently approach the throne of grace to receive mercy and to find grace for timely help."³

And there lies Christ, suspended between Heaven and earth, inviting us with clamours of death, as the sole bridge and only salvation, to

³ Heb 4: 14. 16.

cross over through Him and with Him the unfathomable Abyss which sin opened between God and man, between the creature and the Creator...

Oh...! Today, full of surprise, replete with light, and from the divine thought, full of loving wisdom, I see and I discover how men, in a vertiginous race, run without knowing where, towards the luminous day of the encounter of love, justice and peace.

Oh...! All run at the same speed, all go through the same desert; but how many are those who reach the blissful and glorious day of the Kingdom of light in the conquest of glory as a triumph of the competition? All of them come to the end of their journey, but who crosses the border to get into the Kingdom of peace and happiness...?

“Enter through the narrow gate; for the gate is wide and the road broad that leads to destruction, and those who enter through it are many. How narrow the gate and constricted the road that leads to life. And those who find it are few.”⁴

Today I have understood in no time, illuminated by the burning fires that faith gives us,

⁴ Mt 7: 13-14.

in a simple but profound way, full of loving wisdom in keen penetration which, like a sharp sword, has been nailed into the sparkling pupils of my spirit, a path through which all men ran in a vertiginous race towards the end of the exile, which is the encounter of the eternal happiness.

A path that, to my spiritual gaze, has seemed to me very short due the tight speed of those who passed through it, understanding this phrase from Scripture: “A thousand years in Your eyes are merely a yesterday”⁵; since I have seen battalions of millions of men, of all times, go through life in one moment, uncovering the speed and the swiftness of our journey.

O what a moment...! How much I have seen at this instant of light...! How tiny, pitiable, how short I have seen life’s journey...!

How little significance that of the unimaginable calculations of men...! How fleeting all that life contains... All the things as if they were not; with only one purpose: to run hastily to the encounter of the Kingdom of Light, as the Apostle says: “I continue my pursuit toward the goal, the prize of God’s upward calling, in Christ Jesus.”⁶

And all that happens is so fleeting in this hasty moving towards obtaining the prize, so

⁵ Ps 90: 4a; 2 Pt 3: 8.

⁶ Phil 3: 14.

much! that, before my spiritual gaze, as if it did not exist; so much! that the life of all men of all ages passed in one instant; so much! that all ages with all the fullness of their days and their realities, are embraced in the twinkling of an eye to the thought of God and the spiritual outlook of those to whom those same thoughts are uncovered under the burning and luminous light of the faith...

What is life...? A twinkling of an eye in the vertiginous race towards Eternity.

And what is Eternity...? The repleteness of existence that will saturate in existing reality, in a “forever” of happiness and fullness in joy of the Infinite One, all our capacities created and open to the possession of God by virtue of the fullness of the Supreme Good.

Only one meaning have I seen to the life of man: to run gracefully towards the goal in order to meet in the end with Christ and This One crucified and glorious by the triumph of His resurrection, and to be introduced by Him into the joy of the Father.

All of us run by a law of life and we are leaving room behind for others who also come running and as though pushing us due to the speed of those who pressingly force them in a swift race, running after them to occupy the

place which, in their passing, they are leaving to those who hastily are arriving in the crossing through the path of each man...

All of us come, some before, others after, to the frontiers of the infinite lights of the Eternal Sun...

When arriving at that border, towards which vertiginously we go hastily, at the end of life –O surprise full of astonishment!– I discovered that some stopped suddenly: they are those who still are in time to reflect, those who, at the end of their journey in their vertiginous race, have discovered a flash of light.

Others, O horror, in their vertiginous race, in their wild obstinacy, in their unconscientious wandering, fall into the Abyss –which was opened for Lucifer and his followers for their rebellion of “I will not serve You”– with the speed and shaking of a flash of lightning, disappearing in the chilling depths of the hollows of the open volcano, full of terrible howls out of the eternal desperation from knowing that they have fallen there without being able to stop, either to go back or to return, and forever!

And how they fell...! They fell...! They fell...! among anguished howls of death and of unimaginable desperation in that bottomless darkness... in that unfathomable Abyss, at which my soul, swift and terrified, tried to look; but could not see

the end thereto, on account of its tenebrous and profound darkness...

They were falling into the Abyss...!

Whereas those who went with their gaze set on God, those who ran looking for the certain and safe path of the divine will coming to the frontiers of the Abyss, crossed it under the shade of the Omnipotent and the breeze of His proximity, passing in lordly manner, as in flight, over the unfathomable Abyss which, lying in the way to the life's journey, separates us from the Light...

But to pass from desert to Life, from darkness to Light and to cross the unfathomable Abyss, one has to discover Christ hanging over the Abyss, with burning eyes, enlightened by faith and driven by hope, and listen to His clamorous "Come to Me!"⁷; and dash across to the void with the hope placed in the luminous passing by of His infinite mercy.

And this Abyss one has to cross it flying, with eagle wings that may ensure us a safe crossing to the mansion of Love...

How many are rushing without providing themselves with their wings...! How many are running wild towards the end...!: Surprisingly

⁷ Mt 11: 28.

some fall into the Abyss in their unrestrained and obstinate rebellion, like Lucifer, with the "I will not serve You"; others, who were in time to reflect, stop suddenly, faced with the helplessness of being able to cross it; while those who, purified and washed with the blood of the Lamb, who come out of the great tribulation, the children of the Light, cross the Abyss with the speed of lightning, because they are men with great eagle's wings, who go hastily at the voice of Christ hanging over the Abyss to cross through Him, the frontiers that separate us from Eternity.

How clearly I contemplated, grasping it under the luminaries of the suns of the divine thought, that the Abyss is hell where foolish men fall at the end of their vertiginous race, for saying "no" to God in their cry of rebellion in inconceivable impudence against the Creator!

The eagle wings are the supernatural outlook, the search for God, the fitting into His plan, and charity, the Sacraments, the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit, that make us move through earth as though flying without getting dirty in its mud; enabling us to run above the created things, with burning eyes, capable of discovering the eternal wisdom. Because the wisdom of God in the soul that possesses it, is like lighted flames, like arrows driven by love and like a sharpened arrow that lodging into

the innermost depth of the being, penetrates the whole life of man, revealing to him the truth about the divine plan and providing him with the strength he needs to follow Him to the end.

How strange is my life...! Today has been shown to me in one moment a way quick, brief, through which all of us men ran fast. All at the same pace; none of us, even if he wanted to, could stay behind: they are the days of life. None of us went faster or slower; all at the same speed, in a simultaneous race and besides in a race that was vertiginous and, therefore, would soon come to its end.

But in this race some go rubbing and soiling themselves in the quagmire of the world: "They are waterless clouds blown about by winds, fruitless trees in late autumn, twice dead and uprooted. They are like wild waves of the sea, foaming up their shameless deeds, wandering stars for whom the gloom of darkness has been reserved forever"⁸; and who, when they come to the end run into the Abyss that separates them from their end, in their wild and baffling race, fall off unexpectedly in the tenebrous and unfathomable Abyss of terrible bitterness and eternal desperation, without stopping to reflect.

⁸ Jude 1: 12b-13.

Whereas the second ones, who go with their wings stretched out without soiling themselves in the quagmire, go ahead over the Abyss, they pass over it, they cross over it quickly leaving it behind, because they move driven by the voice of the Infinite Love who, hanging over the Abyss, nailed between God and men, calls out to them: "Come to Me." And with Him and through Him, they get into the mansion of Light, of Life and of Love...

There are also the third ones who, stopping suddenly on the edge of the Abyss, are in time to reflect.

We all race at the same speed, although not all will come to the same end, even though the end that God willed for all of us is the same; but only those can attain to it who, living on the supernatural through the life of grace and under the impetus of the Holy Spirit, have wings, and wings of golden eagles, that make them capable of crossing over the unfathomable Abyss that exists between life and death, between earth and Heaven.

Strange conception of life, the one that today, in one moment, I have discovered...! Strange intuition that has taught me again the fleeting nature of things, the hurried manner in which everything slides, and the need to seek only God in order to cross triumphantly in a

conquest of glory the Abyss obstructing the Light.

A steep Abyss, immensely deep, so much, that its end can not be seen! this is why only with immense wings of eagle can it be crossed.

I hear guffaws in the distance... the race of a crowd... the life's journey... Because it is life's journey through which all of us go, because the exile is the way that takes us to the Life, through which not all go in the same manner, although certainly all of us run at the same speed...

Eagle wings are the ones that my distressed heart needs, to run to the encounter of Love...! But I hear, in the progress of my vertiginous journey, mocking guffaws of contempt and incomprehension, that make me tremble, at all that has been revealed today to my spiritual gaze, in the deepest part of the marrow of my soul.

How short is the way...! How close is the Abyss...! How insurmountable without eagle wings...! And the wings only love, sacrifice, resignation and the life of faith, hope and charity, the Sacraments with the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit, are capable of giving them to us; eagle wings that may bring us to the hopeful light of Love:

“If your hand causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into Life maimed than with two hands to go into Gehenna, into the unquenchable fire. And if your foot causes you to sin, cut it off. It is better for you to enter into Life crippled than with two feet to be thrown into Gehenna. And if your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out. Better for you to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye than with two eyes to be thrown into Gehenna, where their worm does not die, and the fire is not quenched.”⁹

How short is the way...! What a speed that of its wayfarers...! What a foolishness that of the immense majority of those that walk through it...!

Beloved soul, open your wings and widen the spirit, because God is close...!

Life is a contrast
of sorrow and joy,
of day and night,
of cold and heat,
in profound nostalgia
that waits, in plenitude,
to calm the tiredness
of his heart.

⁹ Mk 9: 43-48.

Life is a contrast,
full of cravings,
in constant search
for a sunny day;
because nothing is so sad
as the frozen night,
of heavy clouds,
without feeling warm.

Wounding arrows
that go and that come
and that get
into the interior,
engraving on the soul
cauterizations
of joys and sorrows,
because of incomprehension...

Life is a way
that leads to the Immense One,
and gradually interweaves,
in its containment,
summer days
with calm nights,
and winter days
full of terror.

My soul, adoring,
contemplates the mystery
of Heaven and earth;
deep sorrows!

I live in the Immense One
inside His depth,
and I am in the land
of destruction...

Loneliness that frightens,
sweet company,
contrasts that shroud
our journey...

Nothing is so secret,
so sweet and sacred,
as a soul praying
in its loneliness.

God calls the bride
always and tirelessly,
with invitations
to His intimacy;
and this one soars,
loaded with love,
in quick replies
of faithfulness...

He blocks the way
when she rushes,
and whispers to her:
You have to come back;
pick up sheaves,
fill up your barns,
fill up your bosom to the brim
with fruitfulness.

And thus, with the fruits
of our love,
when the time of your journey
is over,
I will open my chest to you,
replete with gifts,
so that you may taste
my Divinity,
without anything preventing
the opening of the Gates,
now sealed,
of Eternity.

O! what a day, then,
divine Bridegroom,
when You call me
with such haste,
so that I may answer
replete with gifts:
I'm coming, Love of mine,
I will not make You wait!

Now Your heartbeats
touch on my soul
and weave romances
of a mutual kissing.

Rest, my Bridegroom,
in my loving soul
for I will give You respite,
knowing how to lean,
thus with my children,

my forehead on Your chest,
so that You may delight
in this reclining.

My glorious Jesus,
You and I look at each other
the One in the other,
profound intimacy...!

With tender loves
and swelling with joy,
we both tell each other
in your palpitation:

I love You, my Love...!
and in this way we glory,
Eternal Lover.

What a joy! What a depth! What peace!

31-3-1976

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 lo 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 so*,” 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.

The authoress:

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