

# 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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## **MARY IS A WONDER OF GRACE**

Oh sovereign majesty of the immense Power...! Bursting reality of exuberant plenitude...! Infinite fullness in possession of the Being...! Subjugating magnitude of the eternal Emanation, that, in breath of life, arises from the fruitful bosom of the fruitful Father in the uncontainable Word of explanatory perfection...!

How could the human tongue tell something of the infinite Being in his being, in the co-eternal manner of *being himself*\* all that He is and in the embracing possession of his plethoric perfection...?

Oh uncontainable fullness of inexhaustible springs in infinite currents of Divinity...! Oh keyboard sounds of unheard of concerts, in melodies of sweet conversations within the coeter-

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\* The expression "*being himself*," as well as "*is himself*," "*to be himself*," etc." shown in *italics*, are used with a meaning much more profound than their proper grammatical sense. See Publishing Note at the end of this booklet. (N.T.)

nal depth of the immense Power...! Oh mighty power, that makes You have within You, my infinite Being, potential power to be able to be everything for yourself by the mighty strength of your inexhaustible power.

I need to decipher, in some way, something of what I have inscribed in my poor understanding regarding the One who *Is Himself*, in his being and in his doing on the soul of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation. But how can one express the Being by means of ways and manners that are not adaptable to the infinite way of the *Being himself* in his being? And not only the Being in his *being himself*, but, not even in his outward action in the outpouring of mercy and love...!

God's doing is as perfect as He himself; for that reason the manifestation of his splendourness causes the soul, which savours it, to transcend up to the very chest of the Almighty, where it drinks plentifully in the sapient torrents of his inexhaustible wisdom; wisdom that, in the splendid gift of his power, tells itself to men, through Our Lady, with a Mother's heart and a Holy Spirit's love.

Mary is a wonder of the power of God. The Virgin is intrinsically "Our Lady of the Incarna-

tion," because God created Her for the Incarnation, making Her a prodigy of the grace in radiant manifestation of the Omnipotent.

When the infinite Being in an outpouring of mercy determined to give himself to man, at that same instant without time of the eternity, He conceived Mary, in his eternal wisdom, for the realization of the mystery of the Incarnation, incorporating Her to his Love's gift in manifestation of the splendourness of his glory.

In God's thought, all creatures are a realization of his plan within the harmonious concert of creation; each one of these being a vibrant note which, united to all the others, expresses, in some way, the sonorous Concert of eternal perfections that God *is himself* by himself, in his unique and most simple perfection; perfection which is sung by the Word in infinity by infinities of melodies of being.

What a concert, that of eternity, of unheard of songs in one single Voice, come out of the Father's begetting bosom, with the lovingly consubstantial Holy Spirit's murmur in a Kiss of Love...! And Mary is, in her whole being, the *creation-Mother*, who expresses in silent spelling, God's infinite concert in the loving romance of his eternal being in relation to man.

Oh if my soul could today break into expression with the Word, and to mould in some

way the ineffable wealth of the soul of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation...! If I could be Word, even though only for an instant, who expressed, in my utterance, the thought of the Father pouring himself out in gift over Our Lady, in communication of all his infinite attributes...! If I could be able to decipher the loving murmur of the Holy Spirit in recreation of Spouse over the White Virgin...!

But I do not know! And my tongue defiles the silent mystery that, in adoration, I perceive and penetrate close to the *Sancta Sanctorum* of Mary's virginity, at the instant-instant of being realized in Her, by Her, and through Her, the infinite donation of the infinite Being, in mercy over man.

God *is himself* all the divine attributes in himself, by himself and for himself; but there is one in the perfection of the uncreated Being, that, notwithstanding that God *is himself* so in himself and by himself, He is not so for himself, and it is the attribute of mercy; since this is the outpouring of the infinite Power in loving manifestation over the misery.

God cannot be mercy for himself, because mercy involves effusion of love over misery; for that reason the mercy sprung in the womb of the eternal *Being himself* the day in which the creature, created to possess Him, said to Him:

"I will not serve You."<sup>1</sup> And now God *is himself* Mercy, because the infinite Love gave himself to man in the magnificent splendourness of his overflowing.

And it is through Mary and in Her through whom the Mercy, in Kiss of love, takes up the creature sunk deep in its misery, to place it inside his chest and kiss it with the infinite Love of the Holy Spirit.

Blessed guilt which made God give himself outwards so magnificently, that He poured himself over man in a new attribute for the manifestation of his glory, in the overflow of the three divine Persons with a Father's compassionate heart!

It would be possible to call Mary, in some way, who is the means through whom the divine Mercy gives itself to us: Manifestation of that same Mercy and donation of the same Mercy with a Mother's heart and a Holy Spirit's love.

My soul, accustomed to live God's mysteries in savoury wisdom of deep penetration, in candescent love of the Holy Spirit, today it feels as though unable to express, without defiling

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<sup>1</sup> Jer 2: 20.

it, with my rude and rough words, the sacred delicacy of the wonder which is Our Lady all White of the Incarnation.

It seems that the mysterious murmur of the Holy Spirit, and the sapiental Kiss of his Mouth in penetration of wisdom enshrouding the Virgin, does not permit me to say with created words the infinite concert of love and outpouring with which God performed himself, with the softness of his passing by, in Mary's soul.

The necessity of adoring, of keeping silence and of contemplating astounded is so much, that, enthralled by respect, I am afraid of expressing what is inexpressible, at what I conceive about the outpouring of the three divine Persons at the moment of the Incarnation, shrouding with the breeze of their passing that ineffable mystery of plethoric virginity which breaks out into divine Motherhood.

The Holy Spirit is enshrouding Mary with the sacred love words of the most enamoured Spouse, in communications of all his infinite attributes. He is loving Her... bejewelling Her... beautifying Her... so much, so much, so much...! that He is shaping himself in Her, in Kiss of love and recreation of Spouse. So secretly...! So marvellously...! that, at that instant-instant predetermined by God from all eternity, the Holy Spirit himself is going to kiss Our Lady all Virgin so divinely, with a kiss of fruitfulness, that He is

going to make Her break into divine Motherhood. So divine...! that the Father's Word, the consubstantial Only Begotten of the Uncreated, is going to call the creature in full right: My Mother...! with the same fullness that the White Virgin is going to call: My Son...! the Father's Only Begotten, Incarnated.

Oh mystery brimming over with mercy...! Magnificence of God which manifests himself over the creature...! Infinite sapient wisdom of God's thought, that is capable of realizing the unrealizable, by the power of his glory, in manifestation of mercy...!

Oh Father's wisdom, that enshrouding Our Lady's soul, you saturated Her with your infinite wisdom, so much...! that, to the extent that She was Mother of your Only Begotten Son, to that same extent you penetrated Her with your light, in the outpouring of your fatherhood to call Her: my Daughter...! And as the Son called Mary: my Mother! from the instant of the Incarnation God worked in Her a wonder of grace so marvellous, so much, so much! so plethoric, that, to that same extent, although in a different manner, She was Daughter of the Father and Bride of the Holy Spirit.

Because, if She was Mother of the infinite Word Incarnated, it was because the divine Spouse, kissing her virginity, made Her so fruitful, as to make Her break into divine Mother-

hood. But, if the Holy Spirit's kiss gave to Our Lady of the Incarnation such fruitfulness that made Her be Mother of God, it was because the infinite Father's wisdom, in an overflowing of his eternal love, possessed Her so much, so much! in intuitive penetration of amorous savouring, that He gave Her his very Look, and gave it to Her to the extent that the Word, by his sonship, was Mary's Son and that the Holy Spirit, by his loving Kiss, fecundated Her making Her be Mother of the God Incarnate himself.

The three divine Persons, when they manifest themselves outwards, They always act jointly, each one according to his personal way, but in a loving donation of their unique and eternal will.

The Father's will is expressed by the Word, through the Holy Spirit's love, in the all white bosom of the Virgin, that breaks out into a Mother by the mystery of the Incarnation.

Mary is a wonder of grace, so unimaginable for our mind, that only in eternity will we be able to express her incalculable richness, adhering to the Word's song, by the Holy Spirit's impulse and in the brightness of the Father's light.

The human tongue will never be able even to stammer out the unsuspected riches of the

Mother of God, because it has not been granted to the creature on earth to be able to understand them, in the splendorous magnificence of their fullness.

Mary's divine Motherhood is as great as great are her nuptials with the Holy Spirit, Spouse of her fruitful virginity, and as great is her filiation with regard to the Father, in the enjoyable penetration of his infinite wisdom.

And as the Holy Spirit, when He kissed Her in the murmur of his love, in the caress of his breeze, in the embrace of his power and in the fruitfulness of his Kiss, made Her love of his infinite love, in participation in his charity in donation of Spouse, so the Word, when He called Her: Mother! made Her so much *Word*, so much! that the Virgin, as an expression of the reality that She was and lived by the power of the grace that had been poured over Her, could call God: my Son! The eternal Father giving himself to Her in such fullness of wisdom and with such an experience of the divine mysteries, that, plunged into the depth of God, She intuited overwhelmingly what the Being *is himself* in himself.

And this was so abundantly communicated to Our Lady, that, as to a daughter much loved and favoured, the Father himself gave Her as inheritance, during her whole life, the most sa-

voury penetration, in enjoyment of intimacy and joy, of his being's mystery and his doing.

Adoring at the mystery of the Incarnation and the action of the three divine Persons, pouring themselves over Mary, each one in his personal way, and in front of the harmonic whole of this outpouring that enables Her to call the Word, my Son! at the same time that She calls God, Father! and the Holy Spirit, my Spouse! my soul transcended and stunned, asks the Father to penetrate me with his wisdom to know, to the extent of the savouring of my smallness, something of the transcendent mystery of the Incarnation. And it asks the Holy Spirit that, uniting me to Him, He may let me kiss with his infinite love that instant-instant in which the Father's Word bursts into Mary's bosom as Word, in an expression so affectionate, so real, so sweet and so merciful regarding man, that says to Her: my Mother...!

Oh infinite Word! Let me, in your Word and with You, say to Mary, My Mother! and call God: eternal Father, my Father! Let me that, with Mary I may call my infinite Spouse: my Holy Spirit! And thus, from Mary's bosom and through Her, astonished under the smallness of my misery –since it has been granted to me to contemplate, in adoring penetration, the mystery of the Incarnation–, I may respond with Her to the infinite Holiness pouring itself out

on my Immaculate Mother in Trinity of Persons under the personal action of each one of them.

Silence...! For the Holy Spirit is kissing the soul of Our Lady all Virgin so divinely... so fruitfully, that He is making Her break into divine Motherhood.

Silence...! For the Holy Spirit, impelled by the Father's will, in the predetermined moment in his eternal plan to bring about the Incarnation, is opening the bosom of the Father himself, in the impulse of his love, to take the Word and to put Him into Our Lady's bosom.

Silence...! For the Word is breaking into a Word in such a marvellous way, so much...! that, as the Father's infinite Word and in manifestation of his loving will on man, by the Holy Spirit's impulse, He is going to pronounce himself in the infinite outpouring of the eternal mercy of God so transcendently, that He is about to break out calling the creature, very rightly: my Mother...!

And as a superabundance of this very Word that the Word is pronouncing in Mary's bosom, the Lady is going to become –by the the Father's will, the Holy Spirit's infinite kiss and the Word's Word, in manifestation of God's will–: universal Mother of all men.

Mary, because You are the Mother of God the Son, Daughter of God the Father and Bride of the Holy Spirit, to the extent without extent that the wonder of grace was performed in You, today, with full right, I too call You: my Mother!

I want to say it to You with my capacity, uniting myself to the Word with the greatest affection of which I am capable so that it may taste to You of tenderness of filiation in the impulse and love of the Holy Spirit; fulfilling thus, in my life the Father's will, who, when He created me, He then conceived me as your daughter so that, through your divine Motherhood, He might give himself to me, with the nuance, manner and style that He wants to place in your sons.

Our Lady all White of the Incarnation, give me the Father with a Mother's heart, bring me into his wisdom and penetrate me with his light: with that with which You were so wondrously possessed, that made You know, in knowledge of enjoying penetration, the mystery of God in himself and in the outpouring of his mercy towards us!

Grant me, Mary, White Virgin of the Incarnation, though I have not been able to tell You nor express You in the sapient compactness that I have of your mystery, that I may know at least to call You with the Word: my Mother! with the tenderness, the affection and the love

with which my soul aflames in the burning flames of the Holy Spirit; fulfilling the Father's will that, enlightening my mind, made me capable of savouring, overwhelmingly, the mystery of mercy and love that, through You and by You, He wanted to pour over man with Mother's heart, Word's song, and Holy Spirit's love.

Mary is a wonder of grace, known, enjoyed, possessed and savoured only by the *soul-Church* that, transcending earthly things, is taken by the Holy Spirit to the hidden depth of the immaculate bosom of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation.

## PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be himself*,” “*is himself*,” “*being himself*,” etc. –allocating to it a deeper, dense and original sense– in order to translate the expressions “*ser-se*,” “*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 **is** himself being, 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 **is** being himself so; 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.”

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