

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"

Imprimatur: Joaquín Iniesta Calvo-Zataráin
Vicar General
Madrid, 6-6-2004

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia, and of her published books:

"LA IGLESIA Y SU MISTERIO" ("The Church and her mystery"),
"VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA" ("Experiences of the soul") and
"FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN" ("Fruits of prayer")

First Spanish edition published: March 2000
© 2004 EDITORIAL ECO DE LA IGLESIA

LA OBRA DE LA IGLESIA (The Work of the Church)
MADRID - 28006 ROMA - 00149
C/. Velázquez, 88 Via Vigna due Torri, 90
Tel. 91.435.41.45 Tel. 06.551.46.44

E-mail: informa@laobradelaiglesia.org
www.laobradelaiglesia.org

www.clerus.org (*Holy See: Congregation for the Clergy*)

ISBN: 84-86724-58-9

Depósito legal: M. 25.601-2004

Printed in Spain by: Fareso, S. A.

Paseo de la Dirección, 5. 28039 Madrid

29-9-1976

MY NOSTALGIAS ARE HARD...

The nostalgias of my wounded heart are hard...
I trust, without tiring, in promises loaded with
hopes which the infinite Love told my soul in tender
donations that demand from me a return.

I listen inside of me the melody of his sweet
and serene voice, in delights of tender pleasures.
And I know the crackle of the burning impetus of his
fires, as I know the passing of his impetuous crash,
like a hurricane, impelled by his glories.

Time has taught me that He is patient and
awaits, in long years loaded with mysteries, the
Lover who shows to me his secrets among clouds,
hidden behind thin veils.

But I also know the sublime sublimeness of
the Coeternal One in the excellence of his *being
by himself* the Immense One, where, in the Family,
in perfect possession, God *is by himself* a divine
Kiss in the wisdom of the height of his Bosom.

I know that between He who Is and my poverty, in the baseness of my clumsy being, there exists an infinity of distance with regard to his height, because I have seen Him, even though shrouded by the shadows of faith, in the dark exile in which I still live.

And I have seen the Luminaries of his Eyes, the Spring of his eternal Fountains; I have drunk in the cut of his chest, satiating myself, in sweet savourings, with the nectar of that divine Delicacy that inebriates in the sweetness of the heavens; and I go, into exile, trembling, because I can lose Him whom I have possessed, as long as I live in death's night and fierce enemies surround me.

I try to be faithful to Him in every instant, reaching the end of my destiny, where the eternal He-who-Is awaits me, with his open chest, shrouded by his immense power.

I have to tread on stony paths, crossing deep abysses, in nights of prolonged silences, without stars or moons that may illuminate my paths... And if the oppressive day in the desert dawns and would want to burn my wounded chest, I have to seek the oasis of Him who, with his shadow, became for me an eternal Fountain and a divine Bread...

The panting in my race is hard, with my treading, tired and painful, because of the long

journeys that lead to the day of the eternal frontier, where He whom I long for dwells...!

It is to the liking of Him who has called me by my name, to show me his greatness, to mark out my paths, to fill me with promises, engraving, with deep petitions, in my inner being, that which He has wanted for me and for all those who are with me.

But He who loves me enjoys, telling me that it is He who acts in me, and that is why He likes to leave me in the poverty of my nothingness.

When I look at Him, my soul breaks out in flight rising to his height... When I return to myself, I discover my poverties, my roughnesses, my rough understandings! and I shroud deep moanings in the silence of my sorrows... Because, when I touch transcendent mysteries in the excellence of the Sublime One during my lifetime and I express it in my limited way, it seems that I defile the eternal greatnesses, and that I stain them with my crooked being...!

A mystery that does not fit within my limits, that overflows my poor capacity to hold thoughts, because it is God himself, who is infinite, who approaches me in donation of sweet petitions, asking my poor being to collaborate, in my knowledge, with his power, in his plans!

If I should say in some way this that I hold inside me... that which oppresses me in the profound depth of my chest...!

If I should express what I conceal in my silences, without giving it form because I do not have a word that may make out the meaning of everything that is held in them, contained in the depth of my silenced chest...!

I know that God is great and is eternal in the sublime magnificence of his immense power; that He can do everything on account of his eternal excellence, that everything is in his infinite and possessed *being by himself*..

I also know, in a very concrete way, that I am the nothingness, and He the Everything that I nest in my chest.

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