

19-12-1974

## **MYSTERY OF UNPRECEDENTED TENDERNESS!**

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*Vicar General*  
Madrid, 15-8-2006

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia Sánchez Moreno, and of her published book:

“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (“Experiences of the soul”)

First Spanish edition published: November 2000  
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*(Library-Spirituality)*

ISBN: 84-86724-85-6  
Legal deposit: M. 35.400-2006

Christmas...! Mystery of unprecedented tenderness... surprising donation of the infinite Love for man... powerful explanation of the Eternal Power, which is given to us in a divine and human spelling out in such a simple way as befits the most simple kingliness of the Being.

Christmas...! God who tells us in a loving spelling out and in the most unimaginable and incomprehensible infinite romance, all His life in Song, in glorious manifestation and in joy of sapiential wisdom...

O thought of God who, breaking into redeeming will, gives Himself through His infinite Word to those whom He loves, in the affectionate lulling of the Kiss of His Mouth...!

Christmas...! Sapientially known amongst men, in adoring penetration, by Our Lady of Bethlehem who, in expectant contemplation, transcended as far as the chest of God Himself, gives birth to the world the infinite Light of the Eternal Wisdom, in a Child who, crying in Her arms, is the Son of God and Her Son...

The Infinite Word, by the transcendental mystery of the Incarnation, fulfilling the will of the Father, breaks into Word from the bosom of the Father, to the bosom of Mary by the caressing and loving lulling of the Holy Spirit. And He finds that the bosom of the Lady tastes to Him of Infinite Home, because all of it is a warm participation in the Father's heart with the tenderness and love of a Virgin-Mother...

And in the bosom of Mary, saturated with virginity, is realized the transcendent and enthralling mystery of the Incarnation in the loving poem of the infinite kiss of the Holy Spirit, who makes the Lady break, with the sacrosanct breeze of the smoothness of the passing of His flight, into divine Motherhood...

Mary, Virgin-Mother...!: Mother as the fruit of Her excellent virginity... and Virgin because Her divine Motherhood Itself, by the fruit of Her fecundity, made Her even more Virgin, for being this Fruit the Infinite Virginity Incarnate in explanatory Word to men, of infinite virginal holiness. Therefore Mary, the more She is Virgin, the more She is Mother, and the more She is Mother, the more She is Virgin; since She is a cry in Her whole being of: God alone! shrouded, saturated, penetrated and possessed alone, exclusively alone! by the Infinite Being, in a total and absolute possession.

Transcendent secret the one that Mary lived during the nine months of Her Advent in the most savoury intimacy with the Son of God who, contained in Her womb, made Her feel the beating of His heart in affection of filiation...! The infinite will of the Father shook Her, by the love of the Holy Spirit, in nostalgic and vehement need to give birth to the Son of God through the virginal and luminous childbirth of Her divine Motherhood...

Mystery of sacred silence between the creature and the Creator... between God and the White Virgin, who, in the containment of Her Advent, holds in Her womb the Only Begotten Son of the Father, with the love and the motherhood that the most tender mother could feel, owing to the infinite delicacy of the touch of the Holy Spirit in Her virginal innermost being...!

Nine months of tenderness... of donation... of self-giving... of response and of hopeful expectation, in the affectionate waiting of Her motherhood that yearns to listen from the mouth of the Infinite Word, as though in infinity of eternal melodies, to the word: Mother! in the palpable and palpitating reality, sonorous and delightful of the Son of God become Child in Her arms...!

The life of Mary, during Her Advent, is a mystery of unimaginable tenderness, always waiting

for the Infinite Word of the Father, turned towards Her, to express to Her the will of the Father Himself by the impulse of the Holy Spirit in sacred compliments of manifestations of love...

Advent of Mary, lived in the secret of the containment of Her womb, and known only by God and by Her in the most sacred embrace of the Holy Spirit; who, in the closest union, had the Son of God shrouded, being the Son of Mary, in the veiled concealment of the Lady's immaculate virginity!

The nine months that the Virgin lived with Jesus in Her womb, were contemplated by the Angels of God, in the sacred intimacy of rich colloquies of loves... in sublime and indescribable, silent and secret, mysterious and sacred, divine and divinizing tenderness of adoring silence...

Advent of Mary...! Unsuspected secret and only sensed by the *soul-Church* who, being introduced by the Lady into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of Her maternal virginity, is able to savour in burning surprise what is realized between God and the creature by the Holy Spirit, when the will of the Father wanted to give a Mother to His Incarnate Son and, by Him and in Him, to the whole mankind; and, He wanted to give a Son to Our Lady all White of the Incarnation, so that This One, might give birth to God among men under the simple and affectionate appear-

ances of a tiny Child in the arms of a Mother, fruit, in splendorous, divine and divinizing manifestation, of the Virgin Mother of Bethlehem, sheltered under the divine lulling of the Holy Spirit, covered and shrouded by the Holiness of the Almighty.

Christmas...! Mystery of donation of the Infinite One to men through Mary's Motherhood...

The Virgin-Mother of Bethlehem kisses with inexpressible tenderness, in a kiss of profound adoration saturated with mystery, the Son of God; who, arising from Her virginal womb as the fruit of Her divine Motherhood, is Her Son who becomes visible before the world in the surprising darkness of a closed night under the mysterious silence, veiled and surprising of incomprehension, known and penetrated solely in the deep depth of His reality by the infinite Holiness of Him who *Is Himself*.

Son of the Holy Mother Church, only the life of faith, replete with hope, enlightened with the gifts of the Holy Spirit and impelled by love, is capable of entering into this mystery of Christmas: In the silence of night and of ingratitude, the Love was uttered before the most secret expectation of the White Virgin.

What would they be to Mary all and each one of these splendorous mysteries which God

realized among men, by the donation of His Son Himself in loving spelling out of eternal love, breaking into infinite canticles through the moaning of a Child's tears...! How She must have lived them...! In what way She must have adored them...! What a reception that of the tenderness of Her Motherhood...! What a reply that of Her self-giving! What affection, in Her Motherly caress, full of sapiential and delightful tenderness for the Father's Infinite Word, Incarnate, who, being at the same time Her Son, was a tiny Child, fed by the most savoury nectar of Her virginal breasts, born in Bethlehem in the arms of "a Virgin that would name Him Emmanuel, 'God with us,' –'and the Virgin's name was Mary,'– 'of the House of David,' 'First-born among many brethren',"<sup>1</sup> and Promise of God made to our Father Abraham, announced by the holy Prophets in the Old Testament and fulfilled by Christ:

"For a child is born to us, a son is given us; upon His shoulder dominion rests. They name Him Wonder-Counselor, God-Hero, Father-Forever, Prince of Peace...!"<sup>2</sup>

What delights of love and tenderness between the Mother and the little Emmanuel...! What secrets of surrender and response...! What embraces of affection of the Infinite Virginity

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Mt 1: 23; Lk 1: 27; Cf. Rom 1: 3; 8: 29.

<sup>2</sup> Is 9: 5.

for His Virgin-Mother, and what tenderness that of the Virgin-Mother for the Infinite Virginity of the Word Incarnate in Her arms...!

What a moment the one of Jesus' Birth...! Moment of surprise and expectation of reverent and adoring veneration! What an instant-instant of sublime and celestial transcendence of virginity in bursting divine Motherhood by the infinite fluttering of the burning breeze of the Holy Spirit, when the Virgin found Herself with the palpable and palpating reality of Her God become Son of Hers, in an embrace of mysterious motherhood and in response of God Himself in a tiny Child who gazes at Her with His divine tiny eyes, like shining bright stars, in a secret of filiation, calling Her: Mother...!

What would the Holy Spirit do at this instant in which the Incarnate Infinite Word, arising from Mary's womb, shone before the world in the darkness of night, breaking into Light of infinite expressive wisdom at the mysterious concealment of the silence of incomprehension in the sacred night of Bethlehem...?!

"The light came into the darkness, and the darkness did not receive it."<sup>3</sup>

What would Mary say to Jesus, all of Her possessed by the infinite Love... shrouded and penetrated by His caress... kissed by His Kiss...

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<sup>3</sup> Jn 1: 5.

saturated with His love... pervaded by His eternal wisdom so as to penetrate, in the savouring of the Holy Spirit Himself, into that which, through His divine Motherhood, was given to men in the most simple mystery of a Child who, lying in a manger, among straws, burst into melodious tears of infinite songs of eternal loves...?!

What would the impulse of the divine Spouse be in the burning heart of Our Lady, that She might love and receive Jesus with the tenderness of Her divine Motherhood...?!

What sacred words of love between the Mother and the Son, by the force... the breeze... the silence... the peace... the sweetness and most blissful joy of the Holy Spirit...!

Oh mystery...! Mystery of surprising tenderness...!: God is now Man in the arms of His Mother...! And the Mother is Virgin with the Incarnate Infinite Virginity in Her arms, who calls His Virgin Mother, because the Virgin is His Mother...!

Mystery of Christmas, contemplated by the Angels who, due to the impossibility of their crying with love and amazement, break into a canticle to the God become Child out of love in splendid manifestation of the infinite mercy in an outpouring of tenderness and compassion towards fallen man! "Glory to God in

the highest and on earth peace to those on whom His favour rests."<sup>4</sup>

Let the creature not attempt, with carnal eyes, to penetrate, to comprehend and even to glimpse the veiled mysteries of sublime transcendence which the Infinite Being performed in Mary, when He created Her for the realization of His eternal designs of self-donation towards man; uniting Her to Him so wonderfully, that He made of Her a marvel of grace known only in the penetration of the gifts of the Holy Spirit and savoured by the fruits of His possession...!

Let the tainted tongue not attempt to express the mysteries of God in Himself and in His donation of merciful love towards man in and through the all White Virgin of the Incarnation, breaking into divine Motherhood by the burning kiss of infinite virginity of the Holy Spirit, with profane comparisons that do nothing but tarnish the immaculate whiteness of Her incomprehensible and untouchable holiness...!

Mary is a cry of God alone! in Her being, in Her life and Her actions...!

The Virgin, saturated with Divinity and overflowing with divine Motherhood, conscious that

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<sup>4</sup> Lk 2: 14.

God became incarnate in Her in order to give Himself to men in the infinite Song of the romance of a Child, by the will of the Father and in the love of the Holy Spirit; anxious to fulfil the divine will that She has printed in Her being, She interrupts the recreations of love with the Son of God, arisen from Her bosom, and Her Son in Her Motherly arms, so as to give to the world, as the fruit of Her divine Motherhood and according to that same Motherhood, the Emmanuel, the High Priest who is in Himself and by Himself the union of God with man in the exercise of the plenitude of His Priesthood.

And when, as universal Mother, in manifestation of Her love, She is going to give God to all men, who also are a fruit of the kiss of the Holy Spirit in Her Virgin-Mother soul, She receives, in the incomprehensible delicacy of Her maternal love, the sword of such acute pain, that Her heart is wounded, unable to heal, due to the indifference of the “no” of all Her children to the infinite self-donation of the eternal Love who, by means of the Motherhood of the Lady, is handed over to us become a Child in the mysterious and sacrosanct night of Christmas... And how well Mary understood, in a comprehension of grieving insight, that “The light came into the darkness, and the darkness did not receive it...!”

And that is why, pierced by grief, fulfilling the will of the Father and under the impulse of

the Holy Spirit, She took the Infinite Word of the Father become Child and, in a tearing of Her motherhood, putting Him away from Her arms, “laid Him on the straws of a manger,”<sup>5</sup> as a clear, palpable, and heart-rending manifestation that there was none to receive Him...

All of this was realized only under the adoring and reverent expectation of the Patriarch Saint Joseph, overwhelmed with ineffable joy in the Holy Spirit and sobbing at the same time, with His soul rent by the contemplation of the surprising mystery which, through the White Virgin of the Incarnation, was manifested in Bethlehem, under the shade and the protecting breeze of the Almighty.

Mystery of Christmas...! Secret of infinite tenderness...!: In the silence of night and of incomprehension, under the vibrant notes of the Holy Spirit, and in the tearing of the motherhood of Mary, in a manger the Love was revealed to us...!!

Silence, dear soul...! Respect and veneration! Adore...! With the Angels of God, respond with love...! Because God, become Child, any minute now is going to burst into tears for the first time on earth torn apart by solitude and incomprehension...

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<sup>5</sup> Lk 2: 7.

Silence, dear soul...! Respond...! adore...! love...! God is crying!!

Angels of Heaven, where are you...? Look for the simple ones of the earth and communicate to them the great news that in a manger, curled up by the tenderness of a Virgin-Mother God cries...!! Look for the simple ones, for the little ones... because they will discover the mysteries of God... because to them the secrets of the Father are communicated... “for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven”<sup>6</sup> and because with them the infinite Love, lying among straws and shivering with cold, rests...!

And for that reason the Angels, in the chilling night of Christmas, rushed to the shepherds in fulfilment of God’s desire, to communicate to them the Good News of the Emmanuel.

Among the big ones, among those that sought the wealth of the earth, there was no place for the Virgin-Mother to give birth to the Infinite Light of the eternal Sun, bursting into twinkling splendours...

“There was no room for the Son of God in the inn...!”<sup>7</sup>

And thus, in a grotto... in the silence of night... midst the expectation of the Virgin... the adoration of a holy man... the warmth of

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<sup>6</sup> Mt 5: 3.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Lk 2: 7.

rude animals... and the contemplation of the Angels of Heaven, broke out among men the Infinite Song of the Father, in a nostalgic Canticle of deep and tragic incomprehension.

Child of Holy Mother Church, you who live on faith, who know, in the penetration of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, by your life of grace, the mysteries of Christ’s life, come along with me today, dear soul, child of my *soul-Church*... come, on this Christmas night, to the tiny stable at Bethlehem...! Stand next to the White Virgin... And there, in adoring expectation, wait for that instant-instant plethoric with light and with Divinity wherein, surrounded by the silence of the night and in the caressing mystery of the lulling of the Holy Spirit, the Eternal Word of the Father in the arms of Mary, is about to burst into tears of Infinite Song...

Wait prostrate, dear soul, and contemplate the enjoyments of the Mother and the Son in virginity of communicative tenderness...

Listen to the infinite lulling of the Holy Spirit, who shrouds the mystery of the Virgin-Mother who kisses God in a recently born Child, as His Son become Man.

Perceive, if you can, the kiss of God who, Incarnate, kisses the Virgin with the tenderness of a Son...

And wait... so that, after that colloquy of ineffable delight on the part of God, when Our Lady all White of Bethlehem would be about to give Her Son and the Son of God to men again on this night of Bethlehem which through the Liturgy becomes present to us in our time, She may find you waiting full of love and of unheard of tenderness, and She may not have to lay Him again in the manger, in some cold straws! because He would not find even on this new night of Christmas to whom to give Him in order to receive Him.

Pick up quickly from the arms of Mary the tiny Child of Bethlehem; the Emmanuel, God with us, who is born in a manger, who will die on a cross and will remain in the White Host for all times through the Sacrifice of the altar, to give Himself to you as Bread of life, and in loving wait in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, splendid manifestation of His infinite love who needs to be with those whom He loves all centuries enduring.

Dear soul, son of my *soul-Church*...! Take Him in, for God became Man for your sake, so that you might receive Him, love Him and embrace Him...! Caress Him with the greatest possible tenderness...! Kiss His tiny chest palpitating with love for you; kiss His feet that will become a path to life and, they will be pierced in order to bring you to the Father's House; kiss

His tiny head pervaded by eternal wisdom, that will be crowned with thorns for your own sins!

Look at His divine cheeks, bathed in tears and His tiny eyes which look for you waiting for the response of your love to His self-donation of infinite love.

Place on His hands a kiss that may taste to Him of reception of His eternal self-donation... Open your arms and your heart, and stretch them out to take Him; and ask Mary to give Him to you, not to leave Jesus in the manger, for you want to receive Him, because for your sake He became Man, and for your sake She was Mother of God and Mother of yours...!

Ask Our Lady of the Holy Spirit for the Fruit of Her Motherhood, who is yours, since for your sake God became Child...

Let not, dear soul, Our Lady of Bethlehem, on this night of Christmas, heavy with mystery, lay Jesus again in the manger because there were none to receive Him...!

[...] And united in the Holy Spirit, fulfilling the will of the Father, we are going to open our heart and our soul to take Jesus in our arms, the tiny one of Bethlehem, and to kiss Him with a kiss of reception... with an embrace of response... with a self-giving of donation... so that never could one say that "the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it...!"

[...] You already know, Lady of Bethlehem, that my nostalgias and the cravings of my heart are uncontainable... that the urges of my chest and the volcanoes of my love, as though unlimited... That is why I express today my feelings in the spontaneous and simple way where-with the little ones communicate their desires, leaning on the Father's chest.

In the uncontainable longing of my universal motherhood, I want, on the sacrosanct night of Bethlehem, with my mission of Church fulfilled, in a way mysterious but experientially lived, to prostrate myself at Your feet [...] and to say to You on behalf of the men of all times, by the dimension of my *soul-Church* in the plenitude of my mystical priesthood: Mother, give us Jesus...! and never should it have to be heard on earth: "He came to what was His own, but His own people did not accept Him"<sup>8</sup> ...!

Because, in the splendorous magnitude of our reality of Church, my soul tiny but brimmingly eager to respond to God, says to God Himself, due to my spiritual and universal motherhood in the burning flames of the Holy Spirit and in the mysterious way of our grafting onto Christ, with Him, through Him and in Him, a "yes" so glorious that it may be a re-

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<sup>8</sup> Jn 1: 11.

ply of love and reception by all men on the cold, silent, mysterious and sacrosanct night of Christmas.

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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## 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...