

# 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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## SMALL PARTICLES

Until now I did not know, O Jesus of my *loves*, another new wonder of Your love among men...

I approach the Holy Eucharist reverently, with tremors every day, almost without wanting to brush You with my clumsy mouth, because I know, in my poverty, the eternal perfections of Your sublime sublimeness, in Your divine fires...

It is with surprise that today I have known, that particles which fall from the hands of Your anointed without anybody noticing it...: tiny...! so small...! that, although he who loves may not want this, they fall off inadvertently, like a kiss that You give from Your height to my baseness, in order to kiss this earthly ground with infinite mercy...

Like a beggar, You shower thousands of pardons with the breeze of Your flight, when the great wonder of the sublime Sacrament takes place by the loving, reprehensible or trembling word, of one of Your elect who, in powerful will, was chosen by Yourself...

It does not matter how the one who consecrates is! in order that the great wonder may be

brought about, namely that the bread turn into You and the wine change into Blood, since in Your love You have wanted to replete, as Food, by means of this wonder, whoever may want to eat You with love, scorn or negligence...

But my soul in love, has become enthralled by ardours that rumble in the depth of my chest, at the knowledge that particles fall off, after You have come from the height of Heavens to the consecrated Host, which was transubstantiated by the efficacy which You have put, through the Sacrament, in the mouth of Your anointed...

That You fall, Jesus of mine, from the altar to the ground...?! That You vanish without anyone noticing it, and perhaps You are stepped on, for being so hidden and forgotten by all...?!

May be, Jesus of my soul, that perhaps I, too, have walked over across my ways, at that enormous moment when You had fallen off, and my foot, full of mud, inadvertently, had landed upon You...! And thus You may have kissed me, telling me in this way, so humble and so simple –but of such excellence in Your sublime dignity– the *loves* of Your chest: of that enkindled volcano! which burns in burning flames for telling me in a thousand ways Your kisses, Your tenderness, Your conquests, Your affections...

What a surprise this has caused me, when I knew, in Your wisdom, this new gift of Your

sacred designs...! Powerful manifestation! that, by being Love who is able to and being Love who loves, in Your love You have managed, without him who loves You knowing it, to be stepped upon, and who knows if, perhaps, You have even been spat upon...!

I know my blessed Jesus, that, in You, Your self-giving is oblivion. O if it were possible for You to forget the excellent excellence of Your infinite and possessed *Being Yourself*...! Since Your glory was to surrender, when, in Your eternal design, You decided to save me, in order to take me to the spousals of Your divine banquets.

Nothing surprises me coming from you! Because what I learned most of whatever in me You have instilled, is to know that, all that I know is nothing, if I compare it with the plethoric fullness of Your *Being Yourself* been, having in You the great power, in Your indefinite way, of *being Yourself* all that You *are Yourself*, and to do all that You want manifesting outwards the powers hidden from the eternal ages in Your en-kindled volcano.

Today I kiss You, like an enamoured bride, trembling and adoring, in the passing of the ages in all those particles that have fallen on the ground; in order to tell You, in the tenderesses that from my soul have arisen, when discovering the mystery that has afflicted my spirit in *loves*, so that I may love with this new nuance of my wounded heart...

I loved You at the heights and in the hidden tabernacle, after You *gave Yourself* everywhere in divine Food, through the hands of Your anointed, in the Sacrament...

I Loved You in my heart, when I had received You...; in the chest of men...; in the soul of my children...; and I repaired lovingly and painfully, in the way that I could, for the great profanations that always have been committed by those who do not discover You, for not having known You.

But never, beloved Spouse, I had caressed within the uproar of men who, when passing by, because You had fallen down, had stepped on You, without knowing that they made such a mistake...!

Your *loves* are so great and mine so small, that I cannot comprehend the splendor of this gift, which has rumbled in my whole being!

But, if I have now discovered this new gift, so many ways will be left aside, without ever being discovered, while I dwell in the exile, to my stifled living...!

Today I also want to kiss You, with my touched chest, in so many and so many ways that are unknown to me, by the eternal gift of Your love for me...

Thank You for loving us so much...! and in so many different ways that You infinite excel-

lence determined to carry-out, because being Love that, being able, manifested His *loves*, according to the sublime might of His divine powers...!

Today I kiss You, loved Spouse, next to the hidden tabernacle, with my adoring spirit and my touched chest, when I grasped surprisingly so many ways! so sublime and divine, of the love wherewith You love us by Your eternal power...

Come, children of the Church! Kiss Jesus with me!; let us adore reverently the God who has fallen on the ground; being all of us one sole response, as He has always requested of me, towards His Gift which is hidden deep inside the tabernacle...

“Work of the Church,” do not delay! I am your Mother... Today I beg you so!

## PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*is Himself*,” “*to be Himself*,” “*being 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 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,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se la ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He has Himself so,” “He sees Himself so,” “He loves Himself so,” “He knows 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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