

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, 8-9-2006

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia Sánchez Moreno, and of her published book: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: June 2002
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www.clerus.org *Holy See: Congregation for the Clergy*
(*Library-Spirituality*)

ISBN: 84-86724-89-9
Legal deposit: M. 45.094-2006

6-10-1974

GOD'S SPEECH IN HIMSELF AND FOR HIMSELF, AND IN OUTWARD MANIFESTATION OF LOVING WISDOM

Under the impulse of the Holy Spirit and the vehement request of Him who sends me; crushed by the poorness of my nothingness and extolled by the sapiential wisdom that penetrates my soul, enlightening me so that, under the savouring of the proximity of the Being in the profound reality of His mystery, I may express it;

I want to manifest today in a simple manner, but as profoundly and clearly as possible to me, not only what God is in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, but the manner and the way, whereby He communicates Himself to the soul which, inebriated with love by the savoury nectar of the proximity of Him whom it loves and seeking Him with a simple heart and an open spirit, finds Him in the unfathomable reality of the transcendent and enthralling mystery of His being and of His doing.

Wherefore, after so many years of intimate and loving communication with the Infinite One in the recondite depths of my spirit and

in my long and profound times of prayer next to the God of the Sacrament, lived in priestly attitude at the foot of the tabernacle; my soul knows savouringly, in profound and transcendent mystery, penetrated by the sapiential, consubstantial and eternal wisdom of Him who Is, the speech of God in loving spellings out of infinite coeternal and sacrosanct communication, in His ways of being inward and of manifesting Himself outwards, replete with intimate and unprecedented sayings.

For, having been introduced by Him into the profound and hidden depth of His eternal conversation, I have perceived, enthralled by love, alien to everything earthly and beyond created things, that intercommunicative and familial conversation which, in the Trinity's bosom, is a copious flow of infinite Wisdom in singing Explanation of inexhaustible, divine and coeternal perfections...

And "there," transcended, I have known, in a knowing not knowing of limitless understanding, that trinitarian intercommunication that "tastes of eternal life and all debt pays."¹

The life of God is a mystery of infinite conversation uttered by the Father, where everything is said in the plethoric exuberance of the Expression of the Word, so savourily, delightfully and restfully, that all the power been and possessed of the eternal Being by Himself

¹ Saint John of the Cross.

breaking into fecundity of infinite and loving fatherhood is spelled out and savoured, without words from the here, in the substantial Word that wells up from the Father's bosom, in glares of holiness, in an inexhaustible spring of conversation.

God *is Himself** to be able Himself to utter in His infinitely perfect, eternal and encompassed need to express Himself. But a Word that, by virtue of the perfection of His infinite explanation, has it all said in the outburst of wisdom which, flowing from the Father's bosom, breaks into eternal and personal Saying through the Word: the Singing Word in consubstantial spelling out of infinite infinitude of attributes and perfections.

Wherefore the Uncreated One is Himself a joyful communication and intercommunication in the interreturning self-giving that the Three Divine Persons *are Themselves* in and by their relations, and they possess and enjoy one another in the personal manner of each one.

But what a Word the Infinite Word is in Himself! explanatory containment of encompassing perfection, that, in a concert of unheard of melodies, goes on spelling out, in a diversity of attributes, the inexhaustible, unfathomable and infinite spring of His divine and eternal perfections...

* See Publishing Note on page 35.

All is already said in the Bosom-Love through a Word, eternal and infinite, of so much affluence that, being a Person, is Speech of God...

Sweet melodies of conversation...! Sacred concerts that are all the being by Himself sublime and infinite of the Begetter breaking into a Saying that is all Song...!

Song, because His expressive Voice of unheard of accent is sweet, owing to the high and eternal melodies of His Explanation...

O if I were to say somehow, with my poor accent and in my coarse voice, what I glimpse when, transcended, God breaks into voices within my grasp...!

I do not know in what way my soul is capable of perceiving that eternal generation of the Word... I do not know how it is, since, without anything to see, anything to hear, I hear and see that Affluent in infinite current of life that God *is Himself* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, in His manner of *being Himself so*, by virtue of the profound profundity, profound! of that sacred point, in the unheard of concavity of His consubstantial mystery...

As I also know God's speech in my interior; that is why His doing, inside my spirit, is perceived by my poor grasp in that mysterious manner that, without knowing how it is, I know what He Who *is Himself* is telling me inside my heart by the way in which He is working in me.

For I perceive the action of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, in the perfect oneness of their acting and in the personal and particular way of each one of the divine Persons.

Wherefore I do know well, in savourable wisdom of unheard of and supernatural grasping, when and how it is the Father who acts in my interior placing in the marrow of my spirit His infinite thought in loving will of eternal commands; when it is the Son the One who speaks to me in melodic and consubstantial words of singing explanation in loving spelling out; and when and how it is the Holy Spirit the One who, in His fiery passing, under the sacrosanct brush of the touch of His Divinity, in bridegroomly flapping, caresses me with the breeze of His flight, inebriating me with love.

Since the personal touch of the Three and of each one is unmistakable to the soul that, knowing, overwhelmed and immersed in the mystery of the Being, the divine acting in savouring of life, knows the personal way of each One of the divine Persons in their being and in their doing.

For, although God always acts in common and the soul thus perceives it, it also savours, enjoys and knows how to distinguish the personal way of each one of the divine Persons in a touch of sapiential divinization or of loving request.

And as marvellous the action of the Eternal One is in the marrow of the spirit, so marvel-

lous also is the grasp that He instils into the profound and recondite depths of the soul in order to distinguish what the divine Persons say or do in the interior, each one in His way of being, of doing and of manifesting Himself.

In the passing and the alighting of the Eternal One in loving fashion communicating Himself to the soul, I experience, quietly and clearly, the “breathing,” with throbbing, of God in my chest; being conscious that He is the God alive and living! who penetrates, in His breath of life, “breathing!” down to the most profound and sealed recess of the marrow of my spirit.

And I know it because God manifests it to me and tells it to me, without words and without conversations of the here, in a saying where-by all that He is, lives and wants to communicate to me is worked and realized within me.

When I perceive the God alive and living “breathing!” in the containment of my spirit, I know His loving throbbing in communicative repose of eternal self-giving.

God is settled in my interior. I experience Him, and perceive His “breathing” restful and continuous, and the ringing in throbs of His chest, so that I may live, by participation, in Him and in me, all that He is and how He is so in loving song of eternal gift.

And this “restful” and “continuous,” to me is to tell me that He is settled and feeling at ease

in my soul; it is to tell me that He is not a dead God, but the God alive and living inside of me, in the most profound and recondite depths of my spirit... so alive, that I perceive His “breathing”...!

“The loving soul perceives
the breathing of the Eternal One
in its times of tabernacle,
that are romances of Heaven.

The Breathing of the living God
is unprecedented concerts...
is melodies of glories...
is savours of the Immense One...

The Breathing of Jesus
is secret and is silence,
is sweet penetration
into the depth of my chest;

recreation of my soul,
cravings to take Him
and eager desires to palpitate
to the sound of His accent.

The Breathing of Jesus
is known in the silence,
is tasted in the tabernacle
and is lived in the secret.”

28-1-1973

And this God being in me living His life at ease, without haste and in gentle rest of love,

to me is not always an invitation to Eternity, but a request for company, inside, in the depth of my being...

Since, when God's speech is communication spirit to spirit in loving repose in manifestation of His mysteries, this one rests calm and rested, without any need other than to receive, to adore and to respond to the Beloved of its soul.

The action of God in the soul is a conversation that, penetrating us with His wisdom in the marrow of the spirit, gradually teaches us His way of being and of doing, enabling us to grasp Him.

I know how God's passing by is in call to Eternity, because He puts the spirit to fly and as though in separation from the body in swift hurtling towards Him after the breeze of His passage.

God does not say anything in the way of the here; He makes Himself felt in passing by of Eternity.

“A wound so profound
I have in the center of the chest,
that God Himself is wrenching
my soul from my body.

I am enthralled by the infinite
voices of His accent;
impelled, I run to Him,
and He sustains me
in my attempt.

He calls me to leave me
in the prison of my enclosure;
and between life and death,
by the invitation that I feel,
I fly driven after Him,
and His voice cuts me short:

Wait, for it is still early!
I do not take you to Heaven yet;
I did not come to take you
out of the exile yet;
I only wanted to kiss you
and detach you from the ground,
so that you may know how to know,
in your well directed journey,
what *My loves* taste of
behind thick veils.
I seek you for Me alone,
without anything to cut down the flight
that you undertake, when you hurtle yourself
in journey of ascension.

That is why I come to seek you,
even though once more I leave you
so that you may live waiting for
My encounter,

so that you may be waiting
when I return anew,
and find you always alert,
in vigilant concern.

Of you I want all that you have;
not even one fibre to anyone do I leave!

because I am the gentle Hero of *loves*
Who with jealousy I desire you.

Do not hand over to creatures
what is only My trophy,
for I always seek to have you
waiting when I return.

And, even if I leave in the night,
and I conceal My desires from you,
I like, when I come to you,
for you to await me longingly,
without falling asleep, even if I am late
on My return, if I arrive.
Never sleep, My bride,
I will come to take you to Heaven!

Lover of my conquests,
rest, I always keep vigil!"

1-6-1974

The one who understands the ways of the
divine doing in the spirit, will understand well
this that I say; for I distinguish His footstep
amongst thousands passing by; as I know the
kiss, in eternal virginity of infinite and Heavenly
loves, of the Holy Spirit in Bridegroom recrea-
tion and in self-giving of love; experiencing and
living what, in His passing by, He wants to tell
or to teach me in throbbing, living and vivify-
ing experience, that turns into reality.

How many times God wants to have His col-
loquies with the soul...! And He kisses it in the

transcendent way of His coeternal and virginal
perfection, infinitely distant and different from
all things of the here... He feasts it... loves it...
penetrates it... beautifies it, bedecks it... bejew-
els it... shrouds it, ennobles it and saturates it...
rocks it in His lulling and caresses it in His bos-
om...

And how many times the Holy Spirit goes
through it in cauterization of love, to make it
incandescent, to extol it in His charcoal fire, to
go deeper into its depth like an arrow of Infinite
Love, getting into it in a cautery that is wound-
ing like jealousy and piercing like love...!

And the soul knows what it is and what God
is doing in it and why He is doing it; for the
penetration of the sharpness of this dart of love
is piercing, and introduces itself slowly into the
concavity of that deep point of the marrow of
the spirit as though going through the inner-
most depths of the soul in painful cauterizing.

And this is so enjoyably savourable, which
is a penetrating piercing of the Infinite One in
burning dart of love; this working of God in it
is extolling and raising the bride so marvellous-
ly, that they are kindled arrows which arise
from the innermost being of God Himself to
the innermost being of the soul in darts of lov-
ing wisdom of secret conversation.

"O silent breeze!
O passing by of Immense One...!:
sacred murmurs,
concerts of Heaven...

sweet melodies
in faint accents...
profound courtesies,
recondite dream...

quiet images,
nostalgia in mystery...
tireless wait,
murmurs in fire...

smooth harmonies,
soft requests...
silences of Glory...
images of Heaven...

Oh, what I press
into the savourings
and into the relish
that in my chest I have...!

It is God Himself in breeze,
in secret passing,
in sweet murmur,
in internal contact!

Oh, what I enclose
in my captivities
when God settles Himself
inside my bosom...!"

6-2-1973

Mysteries between God and the soul, between the human creature and the Creator,

between the All and the nothing...! But mysteries of love that go through the spirit with the arrows that, like darts, being drawn from the quivers of the Infinite Being, are penetration of loving wisdom to the bride of the Holy Spirit.

And these "footsteps" of the Being in the mystery of His passing by, kissing and alighting, that are most divers in their ways, manners and styles; are always a communication spirit to spirit in lovingly known wisdom, that gradually teaches the bride the saying, in mysterious acting, of her divine Consort...

It is the Holy Spirit also, with the kiss of His mouth, with the penetration of His dart, the one who, not only brings about the union between God and the soul in these divers ways of cauterizing it progressively, bedecking it, bejewelling it and beautifying it in the feasts that it perceives in its interior and lives in familial enjoyment with the divine Persons; but the Holy Spirit Himself progressively fecundates the *soul-Church*, according to God's plan and His infinite and eternal designs upon it within the Church herself...

Wherefore, in the breeze of His flight and in the piercing arrow of His love, He fecundates it, introducing into its interior the souls that He, by a design of His infinite will, wants to unite, in a mystery of compenetration, for the glory of the Eternal Love Himself.

“Flutterings of the living God
I hear in the depth of the chest,
at His passing gentle and kissing
in romances of mystery.

I heard the living Silence
breathing in His innermost being,
to *utter Himself** in His *Being Himself*,
in canticles of good love.

Silence! children; God kisses,
and the Word breaks into concert,
expressing without words
the eternal springs.

Silence! for God pronounces
His Word, without concepts,
in a saying that is to be Father
in fruit of begetting.

How the Father utters His Word
in His concealment...!
So much, that He is the infinite,
consubstantial and coeternal Son,
the Fruit of that saying,
in love so everlasting,
that, from God loving Himself so much
in the innermost being of His bosom,
there arises a personal Love
in consubstantial mystery;
there arises the Holy Spirit,
who is flame, in tongue of fire.

* See last paragraph of Publishing Note on page 119.

Listen, children, God passes by;
I perceive His fluttering;
make silence in the depth;
you already know how good that is!

Silence! God is close
in a passing by of cauterly
that, the more He gives, the more He asks,
for *loves* are His jealousy.

Listen, children, God passes by;
answer and make silence,
for I feel His glance
and I perceive His fluttering.

What do distances matter now?;
your soul is in my center,
because the love of the living God
incrusts them into my chest.

Listen, that God kisses you;
answer and make silence,
because nostalgia is to love,
and to love is comprehension.”

13-2-1975

Well does the soul know that it has heard
the infinite conversation of God in Him, through
Him and for Him, and knows His speech in the
diversity of gifts and ways of doing, what God
Himself gradually tells to it, imprinting Himself
in it, in the diversity of His ways of being and
of doing in the marrow of the spirit...!

That is why, what a torture when it has to express the uncreated manners of the divine acting, with forms and words, without these “footsteps” of God getting defiled under the expression of human concepts...!

And thus, only in the silence of its interior, the soul rejoices, knowing the infinite conversation of the Eternal Being taking place in it according to His personal and particular way of acting, and bringing about in it the realization of His plans according to His infinite willing in His coeternal will.

Poor soul accustomed to living on the Infinite One before the Infinite One Himself... to perceive the beating of His heart... the palpitation of His chest, the breathing of His life and the mystery of His reality...!

Poor soul...! since, having listened to the infinite Conversation in His being and in His doing, knows the Saying of God in Himself and in explanatory communication in the depth of the marrow of its spirit...

Poor human creature who, penetrating the saying of God's divers touches in explanation of savoury wisdom and in comprehension of intuitive penetration; and understanding, seeing and penetrating the mystery of the Eternity, of the Infinitude, and even having penetrated and savoured that of the divine and coeternal Subsistence; has to avail itself of its tiny and poor way of being in order to utter the Being in His

being inward and the Being in His doing outwards...!

Each word of God uttered in the spirit is a dart of love which, in acute and piercing cauterization, goes through from side to side in the communication of His burning, infinite and eternal wisdom...

And when God's wisdom manifests itself in will, introducing itself with the penetrative sharpness of the burning dart of His speech in request inside the soul, and irresistibly impelling it to the realization of His desire; this one, when feeling driven by the divine might, launches itself to carry out all that, being imprinted on it by God's passing, God Himself asks it in relation to itself or to the others.

“Why do You place all You want
in the bottom of my chest,
as a kindled coal
of cauterizing yearning...?”

Why is Your doing to tell me
Immense's conversations
with stamps of tasks
that I must fulfil for You promptly...?

Wounding are Your words,
as engravings in fire,
that slowly print on me
Your infinite desires!

Your will is in my depth
profound like jealousy;
and, although I attempt to resist,
Your love breaks my insistence,
for being all that You ask me
as constant as Heaven,
that does not change in all it seeks,
for being Your saying eternal.

Useless that I be reluctant;
Your Word is like fire!"

25-11-1974

I wish, my Lord, to listen to Your infinite
conversations in You and in me... to perceive
the palpitation of Your chest in You and in
me... which is communicative conversation of
eternal love!

And I wish, my Lord, to listen in my times
before the tabernacle to Your Infinite Word,
among veils, in this sublime and Heavenly man-
ner in which You have willed to communicate
Yourself to men...!

For also, in this way, the Incarnate Word
gives Himself to us in perpetuity of love, un-
der the sacramental species of bread and wine,
in the diversities of His inexhaustible utterance.
Since His savours, His fruits and His graspings,
on the part of the soul, are reception of the
Infinite One Himself.

Because it is God who speaks to it –for in the
tabernacle lies the Being–, and well does it per-
ceive Him... for it is God Himself become man
and hidden in the mystery of the Eucharist...!

Wherefore is also perceived the breathing of
Christ in the tabernacle, the rumbling of the
throbbing –without throbbing– of His heart and
the sound of His voice, different and distant
from all the throbs, the breathings and the
speeches of men; because it is the penetration
of His divine wisdom that, with the God-Man
nuance, is uttered to us and is given to us with
Father's heart and Holy Spirit's love...

I know the gaze of Jesus without having
seen His eyes; and I do not need it to know
how He gazes!

I know His sadness and His smile loaded
with mystery, with love and with self-giving.

I perceive the request of His thirsty thirst,
and the deep drill of the wound of His heart
bleeding out of love for men.

I know all that He wills to tell me in teach-
ing, in request or in self-giving, demanding my
surrender. And I neither ever heard with my
senses the echo of His voice, nor contemplated
His gaze... But I do not need it to know His
gazing and His saying in divine and eternal con-
versation of Infinite Love for men!

He looks at me... I look at Him... and, in
His self-giving of surrender and in my response
of adoration, everything is said under the silent

and delightful breeze of the Holy Spirit in the mysterious murmur of the silence of the Tabernacle...

Because the calm gaze of Jesus is stabbing with the sharpness of the love dart that, coming out of God's chest, bursts by His gazing of profound penetration, incrusting itself in the marrow of the being.

“When I look at You, Jesus,
it is the Infinite One who speaks,
breaking into wisdom
through your profound gaze.

For Your eyes are sapient,
so much! that, to my soul,
they mean Eternal Being
in sapiential teaching.

When I look at You, I see,
behind the fires that burn You,
the Eternal Wisdom
flowing through Your gaze.

Through the eyes of Jesus
God Himself breaks into Word,
uttering Himself to the loving soul,
who, transcended, grasps Him.

I do not know His colour,
for I never saw His gaze

as it is seen here on earth
with human perceptions.

But I know how God gazes
from His sublime watchtower
through the eyes of Jesus
in sapiential blaze.

That is why, when I look at Him
into His sacred pupils,
it is the Infinite Being
the one who reveals Himself to me in Word.

Jesus contains everything
in His profound gaze!”

4-9-1975

God's speech is to do what He says in the depth of the spirit in wisdom of sharp penetration. God speaks without words, and that is why the Word is uttered by the Father in a silent and consubstantial Saying of being.

Eternity is communication of all the Blessed with God and with one another without words and without concepts; since, penetrated by the divine wisdom, they break into a savouring of explanatory loving communication.

And the *soul-Church* that lives on faith, full of hope and kindled in the burning and delightful flames of the Holy Spirit; in the recondite recesses of her heart, where God dwells in

secret of mystery, and in savouring of loving communication in intimacy with the God of the Sacrament, close to the foot of the tabernacle; listens to eternal conversations at the proximity in passing by of the Infinite One in divine silences... that launches it, full of hope, into its tireless search towards the encounter with Him whom it loves.

My soul also knows the saying of Mary, Virgin and Mother, through and in the mystery of the Incarnation in the proximity of Her motherhood, in the lulling of Her caress, in the brilliance of Her Majesty, in the whiteness of Her virginity...

Because Mary is the expression of the Infinite in reverberation of the Eternal One; being She through whom is revealed to us, is given to us and is manifested to us the mystery of the Incarnation, brought about in Her womb by the loving, consubstantial, divine and transcendent touch, of the virginal kissing of the Holy Spirit.

I know the "saying" of Mary when, in the savouring of Her proximity, without uttering words, She reveals to me: Divine Motherhood... Motherly heart... majesty and virginity; when She reveals to me shelter and protection; when She caresses me in Her chest, taking me with inexpressible tenderness and with motherly embrace to Her heart.

It is Mary the one who bowed to me on the 25th of March of 1962 and, without uttering any-

thing, told me everything with the strengthening infusion of Her motherly and loving contact:

"VIRGIN, MOTHER, QUEEN AND LADY...
(Fragments)

White was the Lady...!
that one I saw that day,
like flashings of glory,
of majesty so divine,
that She reflected the Immense One
in His infinite harmony...!

To me She came and approached...!
In whiteness She shone...!
She was so white...! so white...!
that Her whiteness revealed,
in the way that so simple
a human creature can do it,
the infinite loftiness
of divine transcendence
in glares of glory,
where God lives His life.

What a majesty enclosed
Her transparent whiteness,
reflection of the eternal Sun
in substantial company...!

And I have seen Her on earth...!
but not with these pupils
wherewith one sees down here
the small things of this life;

being the eyes of the soul
those which in my depths look,
and wherewith God wills
that I introduce myself into His life.

Nothing She said with words,
with Her presence, Mary;
but everything was said
to my distressed soul
with the sweet protection
that the Virgin offered me.

She was Virgin...! She was Mother...!
She was Queen in Her harmony...!
All this on me She imprinted
in deep wisdom,
because I saw Her with the eyes
that, in my soul, I had.

A twenty-fifth of March...!
How will I forget that day!
when I came to understand
that God Himself told me,
in the simple heart
of His Mother and mine,
with sweet motherhood,
the way in which He loved
this poor "Trinity"
whom, He on earth had...

Was it God, or was it the Virgin...?
It was He who told me
in the chest of His Mother
how much He loved me...!

and He wanted to caress me,
as my Jesus did
day by day in the tabernacle,
when in His chest I laid
my small little head,
because I felt like a child
when I came closer to Jesus
present in the Eucharist...!

She was white...! She was Mother...!
what gleams surround
Her sublime motherhood
plunged in virginity...!

That is why the figure of Mary
remained on my soul
imprinted with so much light,
that, without words, said
eternal Virginity
that the Sublime One in Himself had,
being Himself so in His inner being
by Himself and in Himself possessed
in bursting waterfalls
of divine fatherhood.

A twenty-fifth of March...!
sublime and terrible day...!
that forever left imprinted,
on my distressed soul,
the figure of the Virgin,
so Queenly and extolled,
so brilliant and so pure
like the midday sun."

30-4-1993

And when God shows me the Church in Her reality as divine as She is human; owing to the beauty of Her face and Her fullness of Divinity, my soul, penetrated and swept over by the might and the impulse of the Holy Spirit, proclaims Her in a delirium of love, breaking into melodic and poetic songs, seized and enthralled by the beauty of Her face, full of holiness, youth and divine beauty, capable of maddening God Himself with love for the New, Universal, Eternal and Heavenly Jerusalem.

Church of mine! how beautiful You are...!
how much I love You!

But, when the New Zion appears before my spiritual gaze dressed in black, thrown to the ground and tearful, breathless and stooping, covering Her rich jewels with a cloak of mourning, and with Her inner being torn; asking me for help, of me, the smallest, last, most miserable and poorest, of the daughters of this Holy Mother;

I groan with groans that are inexpressible by the Holy Spirit with my shaken lament because of the grieving of the Daughter of Zion:

Help me to help the Church! who, like a fortified tower, strong, invincible, incorruptible, unshakable! pouring Herself forth upon me from the height of Her greatness to the tiny smallness of my nothing, like the "ointment running down upon the head of Aaron, running down upon the collar of his robe,"² soaks me

² Ps 133: 2.

and penetrates me with the fullness of Her divinity and the tears of Her breathless and distressed weeping.

"Because the Church is wounded
and Her sufferings She recounts to me,
I collapse fallen in love
in secret self-givings.

Agony of my Bridegroom,
plunge in my chest Your complaint!
for I will seek, in my ways,
solace for Your sorrows.

Christ... distressed Church...
weeping of great transcendence...
for, if the Church is wounded,
what will Her Head feel?

Blessed Christ of the Father,
receive thus our offering
for the glory of Your Name
and of Your Bride, the Church!"

3-2-1976

And my soul, without seeing anything, without hearing anything with the senses of the body, contemplates Her with the eyes of the spirit in the diversity of manners that God deigns to show Her to me; remaining engraved in my spirit with more sureness, more certainty, than all that can be seen or heard with the corporeal senses.

Since the graspings of the soul are as though infinitely different and distant from the earthly perceptions through the senses of the body, accustomed only to perceive earthly things; whereas the spirit, enlightened and illuminated by the wisdom of the Eternal One, surpasses all understanding, comprehension and discourse.

That is why, give me, Lord, Your Thought to know You, Your Word to express You and Your Love to love You; and thus I will be able to fulfil, under the light of the Holy Spirit and the power that invades me, Your command inscribed in my soul and engraved, marked and sealed as though by fire in the deepest recesses of my heart:

“Go and tell it...!” “This is for all...!”

No longer does my *soul-Church* need –after so many years of loving contacts in my long and prolonged whiles of prayer– created conversations, or human means to taste God in my savouring of silent life...!

Now, between the human creature and the Creator, God brought about a mystery of so perfect an intercommunication, that, introducing us where He is, He made us grasp Him in His communicative wisdom by the participation of our human nature in His divine nature Itself!

I know what God tells me because I know His voice and the murmur of His footsteps amongst thousands passing by; and, in the breeze of His flight, I perceive the acting of His

being in the most inner being of my spirit, knowing what He wanted to tell me in the sonorous softness of His passing by, in a saying that was brought about in me by the kiss of His Mouth with the touch of His divinity; as the manifestation of the might of Yahweh, kindled in zeal for the glory of His Name, in burning request that demands reparation to His offended infinite Holiness.

I know Christ’s speech in the tabernacle, behind the sweet silence of the Eucharist, and the motherly conversation of Our Lady all White of the Incarnation sheltering my soul in Her loving bosom; as the song of the Holy Mother Church, immaculate Bride of the Lamb, in Her splendour full of holiness and refulgent with beauty, and the heartrending lament of Her painful sorrow piercing the inner being of my soul in the depth of my chest.

But what I do not know how to tell to others is how these communicative “conversations” between God and my soul are, because the infinite action of the Eternal Being does not fit into the human word...

That is why, the repose of my life is havened silently in my priestly posture, for, prostrating myself in reverent adoration, it makes me receive God; and, responding to Him, to repair for His insulted and offended infinite Holiness and to communicate Him to others in a repose of love; returning, in my universal mission, with the men of all times who have been, are and

will be, to the Infinite Being as a hymn of praise and of glory that rejoices in that God *is Himself* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself, all that He can be, been, enjoyed and possessed, in infinite Conversation in copious eternal stream of flowing happiness.

“Of my times before the Tabernacle
I wanted to tell the mystery;
I wanted to explain in some way
the palpitation of my chest,
when I feel quietly
the Eternal One in my innermost being.

I wanted to explain without words
the kissings of the Immense One,
the touches of the Infinite One,
the touchings of the Silence.

I wanted to break, no matter how,
what stirred in my chest,
and I only managed to remain
in so wounding a cautery,
that my inner being bleeds
in the mysterious depth of my bosom!

The more I say, the more I suffer,
but be silent I cannot
in my saying without words,
in my clamouring without concepts,
in my adoring what I live
for drawing back my secrets.

If I keep quiet, I break into clamours
in my mission as Echo

of my Mother Church feasting,
of my Mother Church in mourning;
but, if I speak, I defile
the depth of my mystery.

That is why, I do not know what to do
when the Eternal One surrounds me,
when His voices invade me
telling me His mysteries;
since everything is to me more torture
due to the breeze of His fire.

How can I keep quiet without telling
the ardours of the Sublime One,
when, in murmurs of *loves*,
with the breeze of His flight,
He lets feel the sound
of His vibrant concert?

And how can I speak, if I interrupt
the colloquies of the Eternal One,
if I defile, in some way,
what lies in my innermost being?

How hard it is for me to live
when everything to me is torment;
because, when I have God,
I know that soon I will lose Him
because of the oddness of His passing by
as long as I live in exile...!

I wanted to say somehow
the depth of my secret,
when God makes Himself felt
in kisses of mystery;

but I have no words
due to the helplessness that I feel.

That is why, however much I say,
I have not succeeded in my attempt,
and I remained without telling
the passings in alightings
and kissings of the Immense One!"

20-12-1971

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

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia