

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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TO LOVE YOU FOR YOUR SAKE

Love...! I need You without me...! You, in You and for You...! Because I am created only to rejoice eternally in the fact that You are happy, that You are blissful, in the fact that You are...! Yes, Love, in the fact that You *are yourself*!

I need to rejoice in Eternity only in the fact that You are the eternal Happiness in infinite communication of glorious light and happy love...! to immerse myself in the abyss of your infinite happiness...!

I need, because I love You, only to rejoice in the fact that You are the uncreated Happiness in blissful communication of Trinitarian life. My love demands to be always contemplating You in your jubilant joy of eternal happiness...

I need to rejoice only, only, in the fact that You are God, that You are happy, in the fact that You *are yourself* so glorious that You yourself *are yourself* your glory; and for *being yourself* so much, You not only satiate the infinite demand for your *being yourself* so eternally, but also, because of the infinitude of perfection of your being happy, You will infinitely surpass in

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happiness all the creatures created with an almost infinite capacity to possess You.

You are so blissful... so much... so much... so much! that You will make our most essential joy consist in rejoicing in the fact that You are so happy; since You exceed, due to the contemplation of your eternal jubilation, the capacities of all the rational creatures in such a way, that they will have their essential joy in seeing You so happy; because there they will be in the centre of the pure love and in the complete fitting-in of that same love.

Yes, You are so happy, so infinite, so glorious and so Being... so Being...! that, in Heaven, that perfection of yours demands in the blessed that they be always in the highest possible degree of pure love according to their capacity. You are so perfect and so glorious, that, when contemplating You, our capacity will be so stolen, exceeded and surpassed, that it will not be able to desire anything, most essentially, apart from glorying in the fact that You *are yourself* so happy and so pleased for *being yourself* who You *are yourself*; having all souls their first and most essential joy in rejoicing, oblivious of themselves, at seeing You so blessed.

Your eternal happiness of infinite perfection will captivate them so transcendently, that what is not to contemplate You for yourself, re-

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joicing in the fact that You are God, will be second accidental joys that they will possess as a consequence of this. The joy of joys, that will make the soul be in Eternity in the centre of its love and in an act of most pure love, will be to rejoice in the fact that God is God, that God is what He is by himself and in himself.

As the soul is created to glorify God according to its degree of love, and in heaven all will have it in the highest possible degree of their capacity, the most essential glory of each one, according to their degree of love, will be to rejoice in the fact that God *is himself* so glorious.

That is why, Love, I wait for You...! I clamour for loving You eternally in my centre of love... at that point of love's purity that You instil into my soul...! I do need my love to be as pure as possible, according to my capacity, and to love You where I may love You the most, where my purity of love may be more perfect...!

I know that this will be in the region of the perfect ones, where one lives in absolute perfection of love. That is why I demand with urgency to love You in Eternity; and I need it now! because each second that passes I have not loved You, being here, in that perfection that my soul hungers for.

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I am thirsty and I seek You heartrendingly without satiety, because I long to rejoice only in the fact that You are God, that You are happy, that You do not suffer, that You are the un-created bliss of most happy perfection... in the fact that You *are yourself*... that You *are yourself*...! that You are who You *are yourself* and I am who am not...!

I need to rejoice in the fact that You *are yourself*, and only in that, without occupying myself with anything else; and in that is the centre and the perfection of my love. And I know that this demand for pure love that You have placed in my soul, I will only be able to fill it in the place of the pure and perfect love: Eternity.

Love, I do not clamour for Eternity in order to be happy, since although my whole soul is created to be so, there is something that surpasses almost infinitely this urgency, and it is to rejoice solely in the fact that You are happy, that You *are yourself*, that You rejoice in yourself, that You love yourself, that You are the glorious Life in Trinity of Persons.

How really marvellous that You *are yourself* so blissful...! that You *are yourself* so happy! that You *are yourself* by yourself, without me...! What a joy, that, when I offended You, my Un-created, I did not grieve You, I did not take your joy away, I did not take away your essential glory...!

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Love...! What a very joyful jubilation that You *are yourself* so Being, that what is not You, means nothing to You...! that You *are yourself* so immutable in your infinite joy, that nothing troubles You, that nothing touches You... that with all my imperfection, before You, I am as if I were not...

Love...! What a joy that of my soul the fact that You are like that...! What a joy that of being able to enjoy eternally the bliss of seeing You so happy...! How really marvellous that your glory is essentially the same with the love of your creature as without it! What a joy so complete that, because of your incapability of suffering, in order to do so, You had to become incarnate! and even so, You suffered in your humanity, but your divinity was impassive.

Oh...! Let him who knows of love come, to see if he can love with the purity of love with which one loves God...! Let us see if he loves the beloved as God is loved...! Let us see if there is any being who has in himself such love, such happiness, and that he is so being in His perfection, that he infinitely exceeds the desire to love of all lovers!

That is how God is...! He is of such glorious perfection, that exceeding our capacity for all that we may crave, He will make us have our greatest possible glorification in rejoicing in what He is.

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Tell me, what do you love and why do you love it...? What do you occupy yourself in when your love is not God...? In loving because they love you in return, which after all is to seek yourself; in loving for you to rejoice, which is selfish love; in rejoicing in the good of the beloved because you find joy... But do you know what God is, and of what perfection He must be, and what glory He must have in himself, that the happiness of seeing Him so joyful and so happy will be your eternal bliss...?

What must God be, soul created by the Infinite, that He is capable of satiating infinitely every demand for love and happiness that you feel...! And this demand He will fill to such a degree that you will not remember yourself; the happiness of the Infinite exceeding so infinitely your capacity for love, that because of your powerlessness for not being able to rejoice in the fact that God is God as He deserves, your eternity will be to adore, crushed by the glorious glory that He *is himself*.

Love...! My whole eternity giving You thanks for Your being who You are, thanking You because You *are yourself* ...! Not because I enjoy it, but because You are so! All my eternity rejoicing, always, always, always! most essentially, in the fact that You are happy, that You are blissful, that You are who You *are yourself*, and in the fact that You *are yourself* by yourself,

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and that You have for yourself your happiness in yourself, and that You *are yourself* so, enjoy it and possess it for yourself in yourself and without me.

My God, how very glad my soul is because You are so happy...! My whole being, a joyful praise of your glory...! All of me a song of thanksgiving, for your being so happy and so blissful; all of me a canticle of jubilation, that in an ecstasy of love says to You: Thank you, Love, because You are who You *are yourself*. Thank you, Love, thank you...!

My whole soul, in a pure act of love, being stolen only by gratitude to the happy God, rejoicing in the fact that He *is himself* so happy...!

How happy God is ...! How happy the Being *is himself* in His being, in His Three...! How very glad I am that God *is himself* so happy, so Being...! So Being...! that God, from so much *being himself* the uncreated Happiness of infinite perfection, is One and is Three.

[...]¹ Love... whence to me that I may know how happy You *are yourself* for yourself in your

¹ This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed opportune to publish in the authoress' life.

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bosom...? My love is happy, it is in its centre rejoicing in the fact that God *is himself* happy, that He *is himself* the uncreated bliss, the infinite joy, the eternal happiness...

Love...! I do wait for You...! I do anxiously seek to be in Eternity to fill the demand that You, when creating me, shaped in me, and this need for pure love that, as a bride of your divine being, You have given me. Not because here I cannot love You, since my life is all of it an act of pure love; but because I know and see from experience that this degree of love is not always at its centre as my love for You clamours for; because I need to love You with the perfection of the blessed, and I see that I love You with the love of the exiles which is many times imperfect. Only to be able to love You rejoicing in the fact that You are happy and that You are God, only for that! I yearn to be in Eternity, and thus to love You in the highest possible perfection according to my capacity...

Love...! I don't know if I explain myself... I know that I don't know how to say You in You, but I see that neither do I know how to express what I feel for You and about You. I only know that, when I desire You in your glory, that when the urgency to glorify You in Heaven captures me and the demand for rejoicing in the fact that You rejoice makes me groan with groans that are inexpressible for Eternity to glo-

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rify You in my greatest possible purity of love; then, according to my personal capacity as an exile, I am in the highest possible degree of pure love that I can have for You.

"I live for the Father –Jesus says–... I love the Father... Father, glorify your name!"²

I do not need to go to heaven except to rejoice in seeing You rejoice without occupying myself in anything else. And since I know that here I cannot do it so purely and constantly as there, that is why I want to be there; as I desire to love you where I most purely can, and rejoice in the fact that You are God where I may have the utmost purity of love.

Love, if I can love You here and glorify You with the purity of love that my soul yearns for, it is the same to me whether here or there, as I need to love You in the place where my love is purest; not so that I may enjoy, but to see You rejoice, even though I might not rejoice; not because I may be participating in your joy when seeing You rejoice, but because there, will it be where most purely I will be able to rejoice in the fact that You are God...

Is it that I do not want to enjoy You...? But it was for this purpose that I have been created...! But my soul yearns to live on your Trinity and immerse myself in your being in order

² Jn 6: 57; 14: 31; 12: 28.

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to enjoy Him...! However, due to the almost infinite urgency that has stolen me to rejoice only in the fact that You are God, it is as if everything else were not.

Love, I need, by the demand of having been created to enjoy You, to be happy... I have imprinted on my soul the need to possess You and to enjoy You, the need to know You and to express You, the need to love You and to be loved with my participation in You... I clamour in urgencies to live only for You, to steal and to capture You for me, to rejoice in the fact that You are You for me to enjoy it.

But, on account of the distance as though infinite of this purity of love that You instil into my soul, of loving You only for being who You are, everything that is not this purity of love, to me it tastes of desecration; since my soul, when it is in its centre, needs to love You for Your sake, without me, in You.

Yet, although the need to rejoice for Your *being yourself* He who You *are yourself* makes me live dying, I know that to increase this degree of love, only here on earth can I achieve it. Since each second, living in this state of love in which the Love keeps me, I reach an increase of love for me and for all the members of the Church until the end of time; and living like this, I can achieve the pure love of each

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soul to be increased, through which and for all Eternity, they will rejoice solely in the fact that God is God.

And faced with this program which appears before my sight of my glorification of God and of my spiritual motherhood, what is more perfect for me, to desire Heaven or earth...? "To do your will is my delight; my God, your law is in my heart!"³

And all this, oh my One Trinity, for your glory and your joy, which is my joy and my glory.

This writing, oh my One Trinity, I dedicate to You, as a hymn of supreme praise and maximum glorification that on earth I can give You, since I seek to make You known and loved, for your sake, without me.

³ Ps 39: 9.

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.

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