

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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MY LIFE IS TO SEEK THE LOVE WITHOUT TIRING

I seek You in my yearnings to love, my Lord, because I long to have You without any veils, in your innermost being; resting on your blessed chest during my nights; which are long, profound, secret, silent...

If silence enshrouds me, my Master, I call You from my depth in your bosom, and I find You.

Your voice in my ear is so sweet, with burning words...!

Your face is serene, so divine and sacred, without my being able to express it with my accent...!

If I perceive your passing by, when You come to me captivated, my fires are enkindled in sealed romances.

My dear Lover, if in the bleeding wound of your chest, I rest with You [...]¹, adoring, pleased

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

You look at me, because “like that” You ask me to approach the tabernacle, united with You.

I seek You in my hours silent and loaded with gifts, and I call You in tendernesses of sweet clamours; and I enkindle myself in nostalgias, which are petitions of encounters, in kissings of glory with the light of your Suns.

Many times I heard You, Fighter loaded with conquests, pronounce in my soul your eternal words, demanding my gift without looking at it; without thinking which one this may be, whether I like it or whether it’s hard for me to obtain it...

You don’t ask, my Master, more than that which You give delivered in love!

If I approach your blessed bosom, in the sublime abode of your infinite height, You bend down to me; and there inside, from the *Sancta Sanctorum* of your immense excellence, You ask me to enter into your Bosom, relying on your strength; and You show me mysteries that it is not given to any man to know, without climbing the unattainable height of your being, in coeternal fires of excellent secrets...

To the sublime ocean of your immense power You took me, without my knowing how it happened, after a flight.

And there I learned, in no earthly way, with your heavenly way, the profound knowledge of your retreat: a Sapient Expression You uttered, oh Father! in your sole Word of divine songs...!

What sweet romances I heard on your thresholds...! Eternal melodies in flowing loves of filial delight, triumphal!

Oh what a Love resurged in Coeternal kiss, in familial loving rest, in a Kiss...!

It no longer matters if I remain in silence down here; since, after knowing You in your height, I am racked, waiting, without tiring in my sorrows, for You to take me, in the day of your eternal will, there inside, again.

If I approach the tabernacle and I see You breathless in nostalgias of loves, You invite me to rest with You, my Eternal One; and there I hear the same Harmony that, in divine accents, refulgent with glory, I would live in my days of heaven...

And if I look at my Christ wounded, on the cross dying out of love, I understand that He is the Glory of adequate Response to the Sublime, responding to the infinite Height from the ground...

And I also perceive that the Love expects of me by dying: that I surrender myself, without wanting anything, without seeking anything

other than to be next to Him, “like that” one with Him, like the Church who cries in exile.

My Church is the blessed Christ of all times, embracing in her bosom God himself and all men, in such a beautiful manner, that, in romances of eternal conquests, repeats to me, with the notes that the mystery enshrouds, the life of the living God, bursting from love, and dying hanged out of loves.

If I seek You, my God, I also find You, in secret depths of divine fantasies, there inside in the motherly bosom of the blessed Virgin; who, for being so much Virgin, was kissed in her innermost being with a Kiss so good, divine and eternal, that made Her become the Mother of God’s Anointed; whom She calls my Son! most rightly so.

My life is to seek without tiring, waiting, racked in my flights, the encounters of tender loves that befall to me randomly when I least expect.

My life is to call in yearnings loaded with and sealed by profound silences; and it is to know that the living God listens to me and leans towards me, to raise me up to Him, bringing his height down to the ground...

And trembling out of love, knowing the mystery, I cry and laugh, in loaded contrasts, on my way to heaven.

I am strange and different from all those who walk with me become one, without wanting anything other than God, without seeking anything other than being to Him his rest and comfort.

I am happy in my wait, because I live “like that” where I want; since I only desire to be always at the centre of my Sun’s will, even though it may be in exile...!

If I call Him, He answers me; if I seek Him, I find Him; if I rush to the Being, He takes me inside his bosom; and if I go to the Tabernacle or to my Christ on the cross, I always reach Him whom I expect...!

And if I call my Mother with unheard of tenderness, as the little one would do, She has me curled up in her innermost being and tells me, with rhythmical words of profound accents, that She is Mother because She is Virgin and for so being, in the infinite Kiss which, with pleasant words of loves, the good God has given Her.

Today my wait is to ask and to have, is to seek and find in nostalgias resting in the struggle of my long journey; because God is my All,

and, by having Him in his life, I long for his encounter in the silent manner in which, with clamours, I call Him and have Him.

Lover of my gifts, to seek You, with my disposition, is encounter...!

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:

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