

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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YOUR REQUEST IN MY CHEST

To listen to You... to receive You... To get into Your hurt chest and to know that You are wounded in love, for loving me so much; and that You conceal in Your hours of silence, cloistered behind the doors of the tabernacle, the agonizing mystery of pierced heart, choked by Your grieves of pent up wails.

In a moment penetrating by cautery You have shown to my *loves*, my Master, that You are lonely in solitudes of repressed secrets, for not finding who may listen, thus, adoring, in Your chest, to Your heartbeats.

I have known that You, puffing search for us, and that You want confidants who may give rest to Your ever loving soul, overflowing with enkindled *loves*.

In no time, I have understood so much...! In an instant when I looked towards the Tabernacle, You have inflamed me with the fires of knowledge, sharply permeating my senses; and I have known that, if You wait for centuries in prolonged silences without humans knowing Your groanings, You are not comfortable being

Your request in my chest

left hidden and without “sounds” after the notes of silence.

It is due to our poor grasp, which does not know how to comprehend, in the so divine way that You have of explaining, “thus,” to the souls, all that You hold tight in the depth of your stifled chest...

I have seen today, in a moment of loving romances, something sweet and painful which has wounded my heart: The beloved Master of my afflicted spirit is alone...!

pressed by urgencies of nostalgias and in melancholic oblivion of those He loves so much and who were chosen to be His confidants and to send them to show Him throughout the ages...!

waiting untiringly, in case one day, remembering Him, they would listen to Him, and know the *loves* so divine, that burn His innermost being, towards the consecrated people, due to the contained zeals of the Love of *loves*, who calls without being heard...!

You have told me, beloved Spouse, without words and without noise, in the so secret way that You have, to enter through the senses of my soul:

To console Your sufferings...! to love You together with those of mine...! to listen to You in Your silences of stifled nostalgias...! Since

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You wish to disclose to me the secrets of the depth of Your pierced chest, which, wounded by so much love has bled, on account of Your sufferings...!

And to enter into secret; for You want, with the notes muted by the *touching* of mystery, reveal to me all that You contain in Your open heart, should someone want to enter in order to taste Your holdings...

But, if You keep silent, beloved Master, Jesus of mine, it is not for lack of words or desires of saying Yourself to the poor, tiny little and simple ones! it is because they are absent-minded without knowing how to grasp Your yearning, and “thus” make You rest while they repose for long hours, becoming one, there, in Your Bosom!

You have stolen my heart, extolled, when You have told me, my Bridegroom, without words or sounds, in the piercing depth of my wounded heart, to, adoringly, console You, “thus,” become one with those of mine, calling for me in Your chest;

and to listen to Your groans and assimilate Your heartbeats, and the ringing of Your chest, and the blazing of spirit burned by the fires of the Eternal.

You are God! Jesus of my soul, sweet Bridegroom and Master of mine, who bursts, like a

Your request in my chest

volcano that in Himself is been, in eternal blazes through Your open heart in sapiential groanings...

Groanings of eternal love, that are left unknown for not finding anyone who will listen quietly to Your heartbeats...!

How much, in no time, have I understood so much...!

And I say: "in no time have I known," because time did not count when, in a single second, I have understood Your mystery:

That You ask for consolation from me...? That I make reparation for the oversights of those who do not love You, and that I perceive the groaning of lacerated soul, leaning "thus" on Your chest, become one with my children...?

Do I look for anything else, apart from You, my Beloved, other than to introduce myself into Your depth, and there to live the reasons why that in You it is concealed after centuries, hidden...?

If I could express what today I have comprehended, when seeing Your sacred eyes looking, in the distance, for anointed ones, waiting for confidants who may gather Your groans...!

I love You...! You love me...! in *loves* so known which mutually we give each other,

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without myself understanding how that has always been my constant union with You, Jesus...!

You made me Your confidant, a receiver chosen by You, containment of Your mysteries, so that, in my waiting, You *give Yourself* to me, according to my style, telling me all that You hold inside in petition of affection...!

You are, my sweet Lover, so conqueror to me! that my whole life is Yours, without wishing anything but to love, giving my children to You as a fruit.

How much I knew in one instant next to You, dear Jesus...!: I knew that my God wept through the groaning of His Anointed!

25-6-1982

I LOVE YOU, JESUS

I love You, Jesus, as in my early years; without the brilliance of that youth, but with the unconditional surrender of a life loaded with mysteries and sealed by the lack of understanding and the contempt of those who are not You.

I love You, Jesus, because You are the centre of my existence, the whole of my life and the breathing, although now puffing, of my heart.

I love You, Jesus, because You are all that I desire and my sole reason for being. Without You, without my times before the tabernacle leaning on Your chest, without the vibration of the marrow of my spirit which has me only and always centred on the untiring search for Your glory, and without the nostalgia of Your definitive encounter, what would become of me...?!

I seek You because I have You, but not in the way I long for You. I need Your pervasive closeness, gaze of loving explanation, Your silenced smile that shows to me the tortuous paths of my journey, ever seeking the fulfilment of Your will.

I sigh for You, Jesus of my soul, because only when I am in You, I find myself in my

centre. You are the happiness of my enamoured heart, the fullness of the love of my extolled chest, the craving of my life enthralled by the contemplation of Your face penetrated by infinite splendours.

I love You, Jesus of mine, because You are the Spouse of my soul of virgin-mother, saturated and pierced by pain in the land of incomprehension, of sin because of the absence of God.

I look for You everywhere and, if I always find You, it is because there where I call for You, You are waiting for me with Your cross in a Gethsemane which speaks to me of Eternity...

You know, Jesus of my tabernacle, how and how much I do need You, and how and how much I do have You, and how and how much I do miss You, and how and how much I do call You, and how and how much I do lose You, and how and how much I do call for You and I do have You in the nights of my terrible desolation...!

You now, because You are the Infinite Wisdom, the most recondite reality of the marrow of my being, and penetrating the whys of my life almost annihilated by the incomprehensions of my silences, You offer me, from Your Silence, the understanding of Your love in the transcendent mystery of the Eucharist...

I love You, Jesus, in a love that is my entire life in *loves* of self-surrender, in renunciations

loaded with sorrows, in nostalgias sealed by the secret, in urgencies that demand the extension of Kingdom by the conquest of Your eternal plans fulfilled throughout the ages by means of all those whom you chose for Yourself.

My existing, my living, my remaining silent, my struggling, my waiting and even my dying, is only love for the Jesus of my tabernacle, for the Spouse of my heart, for the Master of my youth, of my maturity and of my old age.

He is the whole in my life, and my life is solely and all for Him... That is why, when I lose Him, I get lost and I cry out like the hind torn and parched for the cooling waters of the crystalline stream...

I love You, Jesus, as only You know and as, somehow, I also know it. And because I love You I am ready, with Your strength, to follow You always, and even to wait for You, if due to an impossibility You should thus ask me, however long the ages endure, in light or in darkness, in triumph or in apparent failure, in the company of those whom I love or in solitude without them all.

You alone are my all and, for me, in You and by You, all things have their strength, their sense and their reason for being. To seek in You and in all whom You have entrusted to me, to do Your will and give You glory, is the sole exigency of my enamoured heart and consecrated in total and unconditional self-surren-

der to Your infinite love from my youth, doing all that You request for me.

I do need Your light, because I am parched waiting for Your encounter...; but I wait for You calmly for as long as You wish, because the love that I have for You is above my experiences regarding the way You act on me.

I love You as You may love me and as You may want to give Yourself to me, because I seek not my glory or my joy, but Yours.

I understood, from my early years of consecrating myself to You, that my life had only one meaning: to give rest to You, to make You smile; to make others happy with the fullness of Your life, and to end the race of my pilgrimage, exhausted by a life loaded with travails, after the conquest of being in everything and always only glory for You.

I already know, Jesus of my *loves*, about my struggles and conquests, about clear days and prolonged nights, about splendours of Glory on Tabor and devastating Gethsemanes. I have already enjoyed what is to rejoice at Your Life and to die for sake of being Church in constant destruction for the conquest of Your Kingdom. And I already know, above all, that my way of giving glory to You, which is the only thing that I seek after in my existence, is to cling in all and always with the greatest joy and the strength that I can, to that with Your will may be pointing out to me in my disposition, my

posture and my life-style. Therefore, from the depth of my being, in the marrow of my spirit, I seek nothing but Your glory how and where You want me to be, even though I may die in the irresistible nostalgia for Your definitive encounter...

I only yearn for and need, in order to be happy, to be as You want me to be and to know that I am the way You may want to keep me.

I love You, Jesus of mine, and today it comes out of my soul to tell You so, because I need to listen to it and I also need You to listen to me so. Although You and me already know it...!

Thank You Jesus, because I love You this way, which is the glorious triumph of love in the destruction of a life as a loving response of my gift to Your love...

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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