

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

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

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

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,

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!

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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