

# Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

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An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

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## THE GREAT MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION

Christ's humanity is the spouse of the Word, the delight and enjoyment of the three divine Persons; a new creation, in which and through which, the most high God himself, becoming Man and forgiving the sin that man had committed against the infinite Holiness, can manifest to us the recondite mysteries of his adorable being, in a song of love.

Oh Christ of mine! what almost infinite nuances You have placed in your humanity, becoming yourself the wonder You sing, through your human voice, the infinite perfections and incomparable secrets of God's mysterious being.

Soul of Christ, in which God himself, looking at his Word, fashioned, as a new creation, above all that had been created in a finite way, all the infinite perfections and nuances that, in his most simple being, He *is*... What a participation and transformation, yours, in each one of the infinite perfections that, in infinity of nuances, break out, through an infinity of perfections, in one sole and simple perfection...!

## The great mystery of the Incarnation

What a concert of harmonies is the humanity of my Christ! a most fine lyre where the very Word of Life plays his harmony to manifest himself in word to men.

Oh ineffable tenderness of Christ...! Oh Song-Love of my Bridegroom...! Oh harmonic concert of the Word's soul...! I want to set myself today, attracted by the smell of your perfumes, to listen, in intimate and loving prayer, to your deep vibrations at your hypostatic contact with the Word, and your loving contact with the Father of infinite fecundity and with the Holy Spirit, in whom You, oh Incarnate Word, burned and burn, in a delirium of love, in the impetuous flames of his being Person-Love in the Trinity.

Oh Christ of mine, come on, give me the Look with which You looked, and your Word itself, and the fire of Love in which You burn, so that I may say something, oh my Incarnate God! of that which, as *soul-Church*, I discover in your most holy soul.

Oh creation of the human nature of my Christ...! The whole Trinity, in its immutable self-subsistence, is as though in a delirium of infinite love, swift and joyful, bejewelling and bedecking, beautifying and enriching that creature who, coming out of its hands, had to be the most fine lyre through which the very Word

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of Life would utter his *sound* of divinity to all the angels and to all men.

Never had any creature, until then, vibrated and resounded in a vibration almost infinite the sublime infinity of the Uncreated One.

What a concert of perfections...! The whole creation contained in Christ; all the created perfections, compiled in the Incarnate Word; and all the infinitudes of the uncreated God's being, expressed by sharing in the soul of Him who had to be the Word of Life...

Oh wonder of ineffable light...! It is the uncreated Light the one that, charging lovingly through the Holy Spirit on Christ's humanity, bedecked it and made it so beautiful, so beautiful! that the very infinite Word, not being able to restrain himself any longer at the impetuous fire of the Holy Spirit that pushed Him and of the Father Love who sent Him, unites himself hypostatically to that creature that, like a most fine harp, when uniting itself to the Word of the Life, reverberating in it this close and profound union between God and his creature, so closely they merged, that, in the infinitely loving beat of that divine meeting, shaking it in the Holy Spirit, the Word of the Father made it utter his same Voice of divinity throughout the whole of heaven and to all the ends of the earth.

And in this way was manifested, through the human nature of Christ, that eternal Concert of ineffable finenesses which, in silence, the Word is singing in an outburst of *being* infinite and in an immutable silence of being essentially most simple and silent.

Oh Christ of mine, what a silence in your soul! and in what silence my being has to listen to You to grasp your divine vibrations...!

– In silence...! “So I will allure her; I will lead her into the desert and speak to her heart.”<sup>1</sup> To the loneliness of my Being, of my intimacy, of my participation; to my loneliness, where, alone with me, when perceiving the *sound* of my concert, it may vibrate with my same vibrating, sharing in my eternal harmony.

Oh human nature of Jesus...! The Word of Life has been so intimately and closely united to you, and you to Him, in an adaptation as though infinite, that his most imperceptible vibrations reverberate in you; as it is your life and not being able to be other than that of the very most high God himself, since you have united yourself hypostatically with God in the Person of the Word.

And, being lost in the *Being's being*, you entered through your contemplation, at the very

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<sup>1</sup> Hos 2, 16.

instant of your hypostatic union, in the harmonious silence of the *being of God himself*. And there, absorbed in his virginal smoothness, immersed and saturated in the eternal currents and in the most simple fecundity of his life, you, enjoying in a unique participation, delirious with love, the infinite vibration of the Word of the Father, get lost in the eternal currents of the bosom of the most high God.

What an ecstasy of love, oh Christ of mine, that of your soul at the very instant of its creation, which participating almost infinitely in God, in perfect saturation and total inundation, sees that, by its transformation into God's being, participates as its own due to its eternal wedding with the uncreated Word in each one of his attributes and perfections...!

What a spiritual marriage with the most holy God himself...! A perfect marriage, in which the common goods are given and returned as an infinite gift of eternal wedding.

What a joy for Christ's soul which, living on the joyful gladness of God, vibrating in unison with the three divine Persons in the infinite joy of their eternal happiness, participates to an eminent degree in all and each one of the attributes and perfections of the infinite Being...!

Oh soul of Christ, that contemplated face to face the infinite infinity of the fecundity of the

divine Being...! What an eternal joy, yours, when seeing yourself as the bride of the Word, and, as such, having in fullness and saturation, as your own possession, the inexhaustible treasures of your eternal Spouse...!

With what happiness, at the very instant of your creation, you would hear from the Word those words which, engraved in you, did what they said in an eternal utterance, as a donation of a Bridegroom as a wedding gift, words that to you tasted of eternal life, "Everything of mine is yours and everything of yours, that I have given you, is mine!"<sup>2</sup>

And what would your joy be when seeing that this utterance, because it was the utterance of the Word, was a participation in the very being of God that, in his pronouncing himself, was giving himself to you, since what God says He does...!

And at that very instant, seized in the loving impetus of the eternal currents, you sank with the divine pupils, in the same look of your Person, in the contemplation of the divine being, that, as a gift of your nuptials, the infinite Word gave to you as possession: his very eternal *being*, which, in infinity of attributes and perfections, breaks out in infinity of nuances that are one sole perfection. And profoundly

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<sup>2</sup> Cfr. Jn 17, 10.

immersed and joyful, delirious of love, you ran, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, through the recondite and arcane mysteries of the glorious divine being.

What an ecstasy of love is yours! that, as a creature and despite being a creature, you strolled saturating yourself as lady of your possessions, being queen of angels and of men... And there you saw yourself as love of the Love himself, by justice, participating in the same Justice that lovingly poured out on you.

And created to be the sole bride of the Word, when you saw yourself transformed in all the attributes of the uncreated God, you jumped out of joy in the Holy Spirit with the participation in the eternal *being*; seeing yourself delicacy of his same delicacy and enjoying the height of the untouchable God, saturating yourself with the silence, with the happiness, with the goodness... And in that expression of the Word in you, you felt that you were a fecund word, that sang and expressed the eternal saying himself of the Word in your being.

Soul of Christ, bride of the second Person of the adorable Trinity, from the first instant of your being you contemplated the divine life! There are no veils for the soul of the Incarnate Word! There are no veils, so that You, my Bri-

degroom, may contemplate the infinite excellences of your very Person! There are no veils for Christ's humanity, by which and through its hypostatic spousal, the veil of the Father's Bosom would tear itself so that all men, having overcome the test, would be able to enter into that adorable bosom that you, through your hypostatic union, would open to us! There are no veils for the bride of the Incarnate Word, because, in the infinite Look of the fecund Father, from the first instant of its being, it sensed, saturated itself, deepened itself and penetrated into the arcane mysteries of God's *being!*

The look of Christ, lost in the Look of the Father, contemplated with its look the infinite Being of his glorious being. What raptures of love when savouring, in that sole eternal look of the fecund Father, the unending and unsuspected riches of the excellences of the divine *being...!* How, plunged into the sublime contemplation of God, you would break out in an eternal Holy! and how, in that look, you would get lost in an uninterrupted ecstasy of love and a supreme saturation in the Trinity's bosom...!

How will my human lips be able to express your eternal ecstasy at the contemplation of God? How will I be able to express with my rough words the mysterious secrets and the unfathomable depths in which your clean and pe-

netrating look sank? How will I be able to say, with my limited and finite expression, oh Christ's humanity, your expression, as the fruit of your contemplation, in your very Person?

Say yourself, oh Word of Life, in my being of a virgin in love, so that I may be able to say something of the almost infinite joy that saturated your soul!

The Father himself, who does not have any delight apart from his Word, has given you in eternal possession and in total donation, the day of your spousal, his very Look, with which you, as your own, can contemplate without veils his same infinite beauty.

He has also given you his same eternal *subsistent being* so that you may also possess it; and in his same *subsistent being*, you have received as a gift the same being of God by participation.

And if that were not enough, as a wedding gift, the most high God has given you that men be, in you and through you, "Gods though you be, offspring of the Most High all of you."<sup>3</sup>

Day of the Incarnation...! Day of gifts, of feasts, of eternal spousal between the Creator and the creature...

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<sup>3</sup> Ps 82, 6.

The Creator regales his creature so infinitely, that this one, delirious of love, breaking out through its very Person in an infinite Canticle, sings the new Canticle, the great Canticle, in a jubilant cry of participation; and, with this Song, it says to the Father how glorious, how infinite, how fecund and how Father He himself *is*.

Human nature of Christ, lost, plunged, regaled and bejewelled by all the delight of the most high God who lovingly gives himself totally to you, what would you think when you saw yourself so extolled? What jubilation-love would pierce you in the gladdening flames of the Holy Spirit...! How, faced with the powerlessness of your limited being, in participation in the infinite *being*, you would put your mouth in the mouth of the Word, to burst infinitely in a Canticle of love and praise to the divine Being...! Yes, how, embraced by and united hypostatically to the infinite Word, availing yourself of your Person, you would burst, singing of love, into a glorious explosion; you would unburden yourself of your whole exigency of singing to God, and you would rest when seeing that, in your very Person, you sang to Him infinitely, you sang the new Canticle, the great Canticle that only God can sing to himself...!

Oh Christ of mine, You sing to the Father in your Person the infinite Song of *being himself* glorious that only He can sing to himself in his Word.!

What an embrace that of Christ's humanity with the Word of Life...! What dialogues of love in eternal spousal, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit that shrouded it, saturated it and united it to the Word, its Bridegroom...!

How delirious from happiness, adhered to all the movements of the Word, you would not have any other life than his, and by exigency of your union with Him, you could not do any thing other than what He did...! And, as the fruit of your contemplation with the Father and of your song with the Word, burning in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, you burst out into the Word, singing to the Father, and the Word burst out through you singing to men. And not only You, my Christ, being Man sing to God as God himself, but You sing infinitely, as God, to men.

Oh Christ of mine! Sole bridge through which men go to God and through which God gives himself to men...! [...]<sup>4</sup>

God now has, yes, God now has a Man who, being Man, is God...!

God now has a Man who, being God, is Man...!

Heaven now has a Man who is the Word of Life...!

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<sup>4</sup> This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed opportune to publish in the authoress' life.

## The great mystery of the Incarnation

Earth now has, in a Man, the Word of the Father...!

Oh, the moment of the Incarnation...! I see the Man being God and God being Man...! And I cannot explain it...!

I see the total difference of the two natures...! and the union of the two natures in only one Person...! [...]; I see God being God, separated at an infinite distance from the human nature of Christ... And that through his intimate, hypostatic union, Christ is God... And I cannot explain it! [...]

Lord, stunned and translimited my capacity, at your infinity and what still remains for me to understand, burned with the Holy Spirit for having penetrated with the look of the Father, and for my participation with the Word, as an expression of this same look, into the great reality of my Christ, I adore You!

The Word is singing in heaven his infinite Song, which He, as the Word, sings eternally. Now the Incarnate Word, expressive outburst of God's *being*, is singing the infinite Song to men...!

What a joy, what a happiness and what a pleasure, to see that Christ sings the infinite Song that only God can sing to himself, and He sings it to God and to Men...!

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Oh terrible mystery of the Incarnation...! Oh mystery of God's delight towards man...! Oh mystery of love of the Creator towards the creature...! Oh, mystery of infinite gift with which the, most high God himself gives to man through Christ, from Mary, his divinity itself...!

Oh Christ of mine, how terrible You are...! How I see You...! I adore You, because You are the Uncreated by reason of your divine Person, created in your human nature...! God-Man...! Man-God...! Mystery of the Incarnation...! [...]

Jesus, filigree of the infinite Love... Oh my Incarnate Word! give me your Word so that I may flatter You adequately. You are my Christ and You are my Word and You are my God...! Give yourself to me, in your *being yourself* God-Man, so that I can tell You in your Word and love You in your Person.

The Father, the Word and the Holy Spirit are pouring themselves out pleasingly over Christ's humanity in an infinite kiss, which They are depositing in it through the Holy Spirit himself.

How terrible is the mystery of the union of God with man in the womb of Mary...!

How much the three divine Persons love the human nature of Christ...! The Father is pouring himself impetuously over it in the divine

current of his eternal Look. The Word, perfect Image of the Father, the greatest Expression of the divine Wisdom, has incrustated himself in it in an ineffable hypostatic union, making it the beloved and sole Bride of his *being himself* Word. And the Holy Spirit, coming out swift and blissful from the Father's loving and paternal delight which pours over it, and from the Word bewedded to it, rushes enamoured of and captivated by the beauty of its face, kissing it with the infinite Kiss of trinitarian union, and burning it in his impetuous flames.

Oh Christ's humanity, which are the human nature of the Incarnate Word...! How I see you plunged into the life of the Trinity...! You are the perfect reflection of the most high God himself, immaculate mirror in which the three divine Persons look at themselves and take pleasure in each other.

Oh Christ of mine, I see You immersed into the Divine Family, because, even though I see You at an infinite distance from the Deity in your human nature, by reason of your Person You are God.

Holy Spirit, burn, burn the soul of the Word of Life... Holy Spirit, but see that it is a creature, and if You burn it in the impetuous fire with which You love it, You would reduce it to nothing. But no! for its Bridegroom, the Word

of Life, sustains it so that You can unload on it the infinite impetus of your love.

Holy Spirit, see that it is small, and if it feels You coming in your infinite and eternal current to hurl yourself on it, when it contemplates You, it will tremble before the sovereign majesty of your glorious *being*. But no! it is the very loving Father with his fatherly heart the one who gives it his Look so that it may contemplate You, and shelters it under the shadow of his wings; making it strong with his same strength, He who is "King of kings and Lord of lords."<sup>5</sup>

Holy Spirit, indeed You are truly loving Love and in your very knees You rock it, caressing it, feasting it and kissing it, with the same kiss of infinite tenderness with which You kiss the Father, the Son and You kiss yourself in your bosom, in your *being yourself* fecund and glorious Love...!

Soul of Christ, how you, when seeing yourself in that way pampered and loved, chosen and feasted in the bosom of the adorable Trinity, would leap with joy, with love, with gratefulness, with astonishment, with gladness, in the presence of the infinite God who so lovingly poured himself over you...!

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<sup>5</sup> Rv 19, 16.

## The great mystery of the Incarnation

How you, that contemplated with the Father, and participated and immersed yourself in the infinite currents of his eternal *being*, would break out into a cry of transformation singing the incomprehensible and unknowable excellences to us, but known by you in an eternal joy...!

And how you, burned in the impetuous flames of the Holy Spirit, would run from the Father's bosom to the Word's bosom, kissing with his very Mouth the chest of the Most High...!

And, become one thing with the Word, which is your Person, immersed into the Father's bosom, you would sense therein the amazing and incomprehensible secrets of his fatherhood, which not even the angels themselves nor any man will ever be able to sense, for their capacity of almost infinite distance to yours... And there, intuiting with the Look of the Father, you would plunge into the silent secrets of his *being himself* silence; and, gladdened by love, you would run from the Father's bosom to the bosom of your Person itself, singing, by participation, in glorious transformation of the divine Being.

Oh, Christ of mine! What would your astonishment be at the mission for which God chose You to be the Herald of the eternal Love...?

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Jesus, my Incarnate Word, today I love You more because I know You more, and because of my knowledge and love, what still remains for me to know, I adore.

Jesus, infinite capacity in your divine Person and limited capacity in your human nature, how when seeing You sharing, in your human nature, in the life of the Trinity in that manner so eminent and so gifted, your finite capacity of Man, loving, knowing and expressing the same life of the Trinity, would break out into an ecstasy before the uncreated God, by requirement of his own glorious contemplation, in profound adoration of your human nature, in the presence of your divine nature...!

Your human nature, tiny, would fall stunned under the terrible weight of the knowledge and love of God, adoring as the fruit of its loving contemplation and breaking out into an: eternal Holy!

By requirement of being yourself a creature before the Uncreated One, and being replete in your created capacity, saturated with and hugged by the most high God, the uncreated God infinitely surpassing your created being, You broke out into an eternal adoration of loving astonishment; and You adored all that which, because God himself is the infinite *being*, remained for You to embrace.

Adoration is the ecstasy of love. When love has filled its limit and already cannot love any more, it adores. Since God is infinite and exceeds the capacity of the lover, this one, having fainted from love, astonished and having collapsed because of the fullness of his being in the presence of the Infinite, falls adoringly and adores that which remains to Him, transcending.

And the soul of Christ, of my Bridegroom, of my Jesus, having plunged into and immersed, happy and glad, lost and engrossed, gladdening from love at the uncreated God, contemplates, expresses and loves according to its almost infinite capacity, and adores that which remains for it to know, express and love.

Thus, the life of Christ on earth was to know, receive, respond to, express and love God, and to adore Him in what He knew and in what remained for Him to know.

As a fruit of this life, standing face to face before God and face to face before men, He expressed in heaven, as Man, God; and as a fruit of his contemplation in glorious love, as an immediate consequence of that knowledge, expression and love, turned towards men, He broke out in expression towards them; turning with everybody, to the Father in a response of

glorious and atoning adoration, which in Him was infinite because his Person is the second of the adorable Trinity.

Jesus already is, through the hypostatic union of both natures, *being himself* the Word of Life Incarnate, singing to God, and doing the same thing He does in heaven, singing to men: "I have told you everything I have heard from my Father."<sup>6</sup> For it is not that Jesus sang one song to God and a different one to men, no; but that He, as a Person, through his mouth says to God infinitely the same song that He says to men, since Jesus had no Person other than that of the Word, who is the infinite Singer in heaven and on earth, the same Song and the same Expression that He himself *is* to the Father, reverberating in his humanity, He is so to men.

The Word, infinite Word of the Father, takes his human nature as a sounding board to continue singing to God in Man and to sing to man, as God, his eternal life. A song that He deposited in the bosom of the Church, through Mary, to prolong his mission of telling us his life throughout all ages; a song which the Church, united to Christ, in her Liturgy, turned towards the Father, sings to Him throughout all times; the Church being the one who continues the canticle of Christ to God and to the souls.

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<sup>6</sup> Jn 15, 15.

## The great mystery of the Incarnation

Thank you, Lord, for having taught me today the mystery of the Incarnation from Mary's womb, and in this way having known the greatnesses of Christ and the greatnesses of Mary's motherhood, so unknown!

Thank you, Mother, for having me curled up in your bosom and for having sustained me with your motherhood so that I might not die when contemplating the great mystery of the Incarnation!

### 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