

*The sublime sublimity  
of the coeternal Being.*

*In his Sancta Sanctorum  
of Divine Family,*

*God is himself, in himself and by himself,  
his infinite subsistence,  
being himself so and been by himself  
and for himself  
in an act of being immutable  
and infinitely embraced,  
in coeternal and consubstantial joy  
of trinitarian life*

*My song of eternity  
in loving nostalgia  
for the glorious possession of the infinite Being*

*Mother*

*Enunciado de la Santa Madre Iglesia*

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MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA  
*Foundress of The Work of the Church*

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## THE SUBLIME SUBLIMITY OF THE SUBLIME BEING

God dwells in the heights, in the sublime sublimity of his sublime Being, in the eternal might of his infinite subsistence, in the immense immensity of the glare of his suns, in the penetrating depth of his substantial wisdom, in the recondite depth of his *Sancta Sanctorum*, in the abysmal hiding of his coeternal and infinite virginity...

God *is himself*\* “He who *Is himself*,”<sup>1</sup> in the trinitarian company of his glorious Family. And “there,” in the height of his sublimity, He is at an infinite distance from all that it is not He, dwelling in the splendour of his glory, covered and shrouded by the gleams of his untouchable holiness. “To the king of ages, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, who alone has immor-

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\* The expression “*is himself*,” as well as “*being himself*,” “*to be himself*,” etc... shown in *italics*, are used with a meaning much more profound than their proper grammatical sense. See Publishing Note at the end of this booklet.

<sup>1</sup> Ex 3: 14-15; Is 42: 8.

tality, who dwells in unapproachable light, and whom no human being has seen or can see. To Him be honour and eternal power. Amen.”<sup>2</sup>

Today my spirit, overtaken by the knowledge of the Being’s sublimity, would like to burst out into canticles of unprecedented melodies, explaining in affectionate spelling out that transcendent Highness of Him who is everything in his being’s infinity, of Him who can do everything, of Him who knows everything, in the consubstantial whole of his trinitarian intercommunication in joy of loving wisdom. Because from August 27<sup>th</sup> of 1976, in which, during prayer, I felt shrouded and penetrated by the sharp light of He who Is, going myself even deeper in the mystery of his eternal *being himself*, a great need dawned upon me to proclaim, in some way, what I understood of the Sublime One in the incommensurable height of his immense power.

That day, as at many other times, impelled by God, I started to call Him in rapturous need of his encounter. I burned in torturing thirst for the living God; thirsty for penetrating the mystery, going deep into the sapient depth of his blessed chest. And thus, I started to feel that, little by little, I was being left oblivious to everything earthly, in a sluggishness that was taking

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<sup>2</sup> 1 Tim 1: 17; 6: 16.

me out of here to deepen me “there,” in the sublime sublimity of the infinite Being, in remoteness of all that is not He. My heart was kindled in the flames of the Holy Spirit’s love and, under his impulse, I expressed aloud something of what I understood in the transcendent transcendence of the immense immensity of the height of He who Is... “Lift up your voices to glorify the Lord, though He is still beyond your power to praise; extol Him with renewed strength, and weary not, though you cannot reach the end.”<sup>3</sup>

The harmonious concert that my soul perceived in the Being’s *being himself* was so excellent, so melodic, so impetuous, as myriads and myriads of zitherists in concerts of perfection... Their vibrations were so candescent and the clacking of their notes so divine, that, lulled by the breeze of that infinite Melody, when I broke out into words, the sound of my voice seemed to me so unrefined, so rude, so disconcerting, so deafening, so unvibrating, so much, so much...! that, when listening to it, I instinctively broke out into tears on account of its contrast with the inexhaustible refinement of the Being’s *being himself*, which, in infinite harmony, was perceived by my spirit in sacred cadence. And I remained in silence to avoid feeling wounded in my soul, tuned by the proximity

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<sup>3</sup> Sir 43: 31-32.

of that infinite Softness, in the hoarseness of the sound of my voice...

Each one of my words was like a deafening roar in the lulling breeze of a night sealed by the silence inside the thickness of a forest, replete with lilting sonority.

And, to the extent that my spirit was taken “there,” to the Being’s height, this contrast was becoming to me more and more painful and drilling; wherefore I expressed in a very low voice, so that I may not hear the “roar” of my utterance, all that, in the magnitude of the incommensurable excellence of the infinite Being, I was tasting.

Each word of mine made me cry out of joy and out of pain for the contrast that I lived between the infinite Melody that I perceived of the eternal Conversation and the jingling of my detonating and hoarsened words.

The sound of my voice seemed to me so brutal and disconcerting, that a comparison arose in my mind, through which, I was able to express in some way the refinement which, in the sublime magnitude of the infinite Being, I was perceiving: I felt as detonating as the braying of a donkey in a sublime concert of harmonious melodies. That poor donkey expressed in the way it could, in the disconcerting note of its bray, all that it was contemplating. I felt I was

a small donkey and I rejoiced. And this feeling flowed from my heart, not because I had been humiliated, but because of the sublime sublimity of the glorious immensity of the living God, who, penetrating me in his truth, made my surpassed mind understand something of the highness of his reality.

In this way, deepened in the infinite softness of the Sublime Being, I enjoyed... suffered... loved... replied... adored...! constantly bursting out into silent sobs of the heart, as I was going deep, on account of the true truth of everything that I was contemplating, into a detachment of all earthly. And, as though hung between heaven and earth, I felt constant impetus to run, breaking the chains of this prison, to rush to the luminous contemplation of the Lover of my fullnesses, in the light of the clear Day and forever.

I was not seeking either to die or to live. I did not care for anything. I only wanted God in the manner of his will, with the style of his will. He was the centre of all I yearned for, and I understood that, finally, the thirst of my mind was satiated in the need which, for quite some time, was being opened in my spirit to penetrate the Mystery. The infinite Love, while taking me towards Him, saturated me, because I sensed, in the look of his burning wisdom, the truth of the immense sublimity of his incom-



measurable power; at the same time that, from his height, I penetrated in the tiny smallness of all that was not He. “Behold, the nations count as a drop in the bucket, as dust on the scales; the coastlands weigh no more than powder... Before Him all the nations are as nought, as nothing and void He accounts them. To whom can you liken God?”<sup>4</sup>

Possessed by this truth, I penetrated that Christ’s humanity, despite its inexhaustible greatness, despite being richer, more perfect, more sublime than all creation together, replete with beauty and holiness, saturated with Divinity by the possession of his divine Person over it, being its I infinite and eternal; it was a creature that, from its smallness, adored the Creator’s magnitude...! Also understanding that, between Christ’s humanity and all creation, including my own soul, there only existed a distance from creature to creature, despite the fact that that distance was almost infinite; whereas between Christ’s humanity and the excellence of the Being’s sublimity there was an infinite distance by eternal infinity of distances of being and of perfection...

My spirit adored with Jesus, the most immense creature of creation, in his humanity. Next to this one I was as tiny as a small straw compared to the Sun’s greatness. But between this Sun re-

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<sup>4</sup> Is 40: 15-18.

plete with perfections, and the small straw so different and distant, both contained in the limited circle of creation, there only existed a distance of created perfection; whereas between this Sun and the eternal Sun, refulgent with infinite gleams of holiness in the greatness of its magnitude, which is contemplated by every creature in adoring position of loving surrender, there was an infinite and eternal distance! “When everything is subjected to Him, then the Son himself will also be subjected to the one who subjected everything to Him, so that God may be all in all.”<sup>5</sup>

Next I contemplated Mary, whom I had seen some days before totally possessed by God, more beautiful than the moon, more sparkling than the midday light in the glare of its clarity. And, with Christ’s humanity, I clearly saw Her prostrated in the presence of the infinite magnitude of the Creator, adored by the creatures!

And full of light, of joy and of surprising shudder, I repeated and repeated... again and again: Between Christ’s humanity and my being there is a created distance of perfection; but between Christ’s humanity, that is the greatest creature of all creation, having in himself mysteriously contained all the riches of creation itself, and the coeternal Being, there is an infi-

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<sup>5</sup> 1 Cor 15: 28.

nite distance in infinity of infinite distances of being, due to the incommensurable highness of the magnitude of the Uncreated One...!

And, oh surprise...! After having understood all this truth, I started to deepen in a new and very sharp manner how it was not possible for any creature to draw near the Being's excellence due to the sublimity of his greatness. God is the Intangible One, whom no one, by himself, is capable of reaching, if he is not introduced by the powerful hand of the Omnipotent One.

And full of terror, in a new surprise, I understood, as in the year 1959, what it was to oppose God's will: the monstrous monstrosity of sin, that, due to the transcendent holiness of He who *is himself*, could not be atoned for by any creature.

How appeared then to my spiritual look the inexpressible magnitude of Christ's greatness...! So much, that from the smallness of his human condition, through the union of the divine nature and the human nature in the Word's person, He had been raised up to the Being's sublimity in a manner so transcendently unimaginable, that, being a creature, He was the Son of God seated at the Father's right hand in the coeternal embrace of the Holy Spirit.

I saw Christ so great that, in my surprise, I could hardly dare to look at Him; since in the

greatness of his reality He was capable, due to the compendium of the mystery of the Incarnation, of giving glory to God in the sublime sublimity of his sublime being, as the incomensurable holiness of He who *Is himself* deserves. And I repeated filled with love, thanksgiving and annihilation: “But if God only deserves himself...!” And that “himself” that He deserves, was the Christ who, in full priesthood, through the hypostatic union, was as God as man, as creature as Creator, as Adorer as Adored, as Divine as human...

In the presence of all this light that was penetrating the caverns of my spirit, crying in silence, inflamed in the love of the Coeternal One, transcended on account of all that I was contemplating and exceeded by the Infinite, I adored...! speaking softly in order not to profane, with the creaking of my “roar,” that concert of perfections that I was tasting in the sacred silence of the eternal Truth. How well did I understand those phrases of Jesus to Pilate: “I came to testify to the truth...!”<sup>6</sup> For I penetrated, that what I was contemplating, from the tiny smallness of my almost non-being, was the truth of the sublime sublimity of the infinite Being compared to the smallness of the creature; and Christ’s ineffable greatness, being able, as man, to give God the glory that He infinitely deserves.

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<sup>6</sup> Jn 18: 37.

How much I loved my blessed Christ, in whom I like this, leaning on his chest, rest...! How great did I contemplate the Jesus of the tabernacle, embracer of all times, the Holder who contains all the greatnesses and all the sufferings, Redeemer and Reconciler, *being himself* Glorifier and Glorified by himself, through the surprising miracle of union that in Him the Sublime One had worked between the creature and the Creator!

In the discovery of all these truths I was practically all morning in profound and unprecedented contrasts: I looked at God in the height of his immensity, at an infinite distance from all that is created; at Christ as man and as God; at Mary close to Him; and at the little straw next to the Sun and the Moon, under the stool of his feet who, with her tearful hoarse voice, expressed, inflamed by the breeze of the Holy Spirit's love, what in the thought of the eternal Wisdom she was comprehending.

Enlightened by this same truth, I loved the Church, the Great Christ of all times; I understood it in the perpetuation of the mystery of the infinite Love dying out of love as a bloody demonstration in expression of his greatness and also in bloody manifestation of the malice of our vileness...

It was God's holy Church, Great Christ, Head and members, the one that went on in ignominious persecution, thrown down on earth in Gethsemane, being flogged, spat upon, crowned with thorns, "a worm, not a man," "hardly human," "scorn of mankind, the contempt of the people..."<sup>7</sup> Great Priest that, in the fullness of her priesthood, is between God and men; being a living demonstration in clear truth of the Sun's light, clouded at Christ's crucifixion, when the earth quaked, for man's sacrilege, who dared, in his disconcerting malice, to try to destroy God by killing Him.

How beautiful I understood the Church, my Great Christ, in the immense embracement of her universality...!

So many were the lights in one sole day, so many...! that I felt my soul as though snatched from the body. Which, in a loving impulse, adored God with Christ, loved Christ as Supreme and Eternal Priest, capable by himself of picking up man and lifting him to the sublime sublimity of the infinite Creator, and capable of lowering God down to the creature's pooriness. "God our saviour wills everyone to be saved and to come to knowledge of the truth. For there is one God. There is also one mediator between God and the human race, Christ Jesus, himself human, who gave himself as ransom for all."<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>7</sup> Ps 21: 7; Is 52: 14.

<sup>8</sup> 1 Tim 2: 3-6.

I loved my holy Church, and again I experienced myself kissed, loved and rocked by the immense sea of the infinite Being. Sometimes with the breeze of his caress and others with the roar of his waves, He took me and brought me with impetuous voice of unprecedented conversation, lulled by his infinite will. I felt so happy in the ocean of my eternal Lover, that without fear of his glory's splendour, I looked at Him, listening to tender, sweet and unprecedented words of love... I was his "tiny straw," without any other desire than to glorify Him, allowing myself to be swayed by the tasty impulse of his infinite will...

I knew God in his Sun; and, on looking at Him, I contemplated his beauty that kindled my tendernesses for Him. I looked at Him, He looked at me... and, in his chest, I loved Him raised to the height of his immense power.

And today I ask, without knowing how it was: How high did You raise me...? I don't know...!

I feel in my depth, in words burning with love: "Do not look at yourself; I bring you to me whenever I want, and I leave you again, if I please, on the ground... Do not look at yourself, look at me; only I, in the eternal excellence of my sublime power, am your All."

1-9-1976

## GOD *IS HIMSELF* ETERNAL MYSTERY

I contemplated the Sublime One  
in his sublime infinity;  
and I was so crushed,  
possessed in his greatness,  
that I live overwhelmed  
in surprising surprise...!

He is That one who *Is himself*,  
away from everything which is baseness,  
for *being himself*, in his power,  
the immense capacity  
that can be everything  
in divine delight.

And there, immersed in his being,  
contemplating his excellence,  
I felt so tiny,  
that I was not even “a little straw”  
compared to that Immensity  
of so much height in his highness,  
that I did not even want to look at Him  
due to my little poorness...

He is the Being in his being  
of so sapient wisdom,  
that inside of Him He bursts  
into eternal Wisdom,



into Word so divine,  
that it is God himself the one  
    who expresses himself  
in silent concerts  
of unheard of melodies.

His voice is all harmony  
in so beautiful vibrations,  
that he who feels the “sound”  
of the coeternal Word  
knows –knowing about taste–  
his concert is such a beauty,  
that all things that are not He  
are earthly roughnesses...

If I could express,  
in my small way,  
the infinite reality  
of the sublime Sublimity...!

If I let reveal  
something of that Kingship,  
in the “roaring” of my voice  
to express my experiences...!

God *is himself* eternal Mystery  
who, when approaching my being,  
I look at Him in his manner,  
and “there” I understand what the sublimity  
of the Sublime One contains  
in coeternal excellence...  
in life, which is all Being  
of never-ending power!

141. How will God's richness be, that, despite man being free, when he sees Him in his glory, by the overwhelming perfection of the Infinite One, cannot do other than adhere to Him, in total oblivion of himself; being this same adherence what makes him live in perfect and immutable sharing of the supreme Good...! (9-1-65)

142. God, by the richest plenitude of his being and perfection, when seen clearly, will steal our free will, which, enthralled, will adhere to Him joyfully and freely in a jubilation of beatific love. (9-1-65)

143. I search for... I search for my eternal Melody; and in the presence of everything created, no matter how beautiful, I break into a: no, that is not what I search for in my night...! I want God in the infinite concert of his eternal perfections! (8-6-70)

1.796. I search for the light of the eternal Sun, the warmth of its embers, the gleam of its fires, the blazing flames of its candescent volcanoes; and I search for, at the same time, the freshness of its breeze, the relief of its fountains, the sati-

ety of its springs, the nourishment of its fruits and the contact of its love. (6-3-73)

1.810. I am happy, because I found the richest vein of the eternal Springs where I drink torrentially, quenching, in the infinite wisdom, my torturing thirst of God... But I have a deep sorrow, deep! that pierces my spirit, due to the “voices” of the infinite Love that say to me: Show me to men, sing your song! (13-6-75)

1.818. How great is the divine mystery inside my heart, what a fullness, what a concert of love, what luminosities of glory, what impregnation of wisdom...! Oh, if man discovered, in the cavern of the open Spring, the overwhelming happiness that God offers him...! (9-12-72)

1.815. Beloved soul, whoever you are, you who seek tasty experiences in the depth of your heart, don't toil to find them where they are not; plunge into the infinite spring of the eternal Being, and there you will find, in the sapient currents of the eternal bliss, that which you seek without your knowing what it is. (9-12-72).

17-9-1972

## ADORE IN SILENCE

Oh, if I could sing the poem  
that I keep in my bosom...!  
If I expressed without concepts  
the profound depth of God...!  
If I spelled out, in notes of love,  
my immense fires...!

It is silent breeze,  
they are softnesses  
of heaven in exile,  
deep impulses  
in tender lulls  
as in melodies...  
I don't know what I have,  
I don't know what I say,  
nor how to expound it!

I feel God very deep  
inside my chest  
in breezes of love,  
in flames of fire,  
in tender words  
like an immense Kiss...

I feel God in breeze,  
as in a concert

of softnesses  
in tender silences...

Oh, if I exposed  
what I have inside,  
what I feel in breeze  
and the manner in which this is...!

Be quiet, beloved soul,  
hide the mystery.  
How are you to expound  
with poor concepts  
the Immense One being yourself alive,  
inside your chest...?  
How will you express  
his tender loves  
and what you feel  
in your deepest inside  
before the sweet nectar  
of his eternal Kiss?

Let no one find out  
about these my mysteries,  
about the expressions into which I burst  
to decipher the secret touches  
in the deep depth of my open bosom!

I would like to be lyre  
of eternal concerts,  
to respond  
in sweet accents

to the melodies  
that I feel in my bosom.

I would like to be angel,  
I would like to be heaven...!

But, be quiet, my soul,  
and adore in silence,  
for the adoration  
responds to the Immense One.

## THE SANCTA SANCTORUM OF THE DIVINE FAMILY

Oh eternal and infinite Glare of subsistent wisdom and of transcendent virginity, hidden and shrouded in the deep and sacred depth of your infinite holiness!

I need, deepened and overwhelmed, from the poverty of my nothingness, to drink from the torrents of your springs in the coeternal and trinitarian concavity of your infinite perfection, to be enraptured in the richest nectar of your divinity; and brought by You into the secret chamber of your inexhaustible being, perceive the ineffable concert in clickings of unheard of melodies, which, in infinity of attributes and perfections, You *are yourself*, oh my trinitarian God! in the copious outflow of you very divinity; in the deep depth of You *being yourself* the Being, the sole Being who, in infinite and eternal subsistence, bursts into joyful flowing harmonies of divinity, as cataracts and cataracts of infinity of perfections in infinity by infinities of attributes that are one sole, inexhaustible, most simple and plethoric perfection.

Which You *are yourself*, oh my infinite God! by yourself and in yourself in an act of eternal subsistence, been and possessed in the consubstantial and coeternal instant of You *being yourself* the One who You *are yourself*, without beginning or end, in You, by You and for You, oh infinite Being! who, saturating my soul in the sapient softness of your transcendent and eternal wisdom, makes me penetrate your very mind; so that, this way, I may spell it out in the manner that may be possible for me, enraptured and as though saturated with the tasting of the richest nectar of your divinity; and live, drinking, at that point-point of your divine begetting, from the flowing amorous wisdom that You *are yourself* in a tasting so profound, so unprecedented, so sacred and of so much excellence, that, shrouded and covered by the transcendent virginity of your eternal holiness, makes you be the Being! the Being of sapient Wisdom in singing Explanation of eternal Love!

Oh inexhaustible fruitfulness of the Father subsistent by himself, in himself and for himself! Oh Father, who, breaking into fatherhood by the infinite fullness of your inexhaustible perfection, You *are yourself* in a fruitfulness so plethoric and exuberant of being, that makes You break into begetting at that point-point, mysterious and hidden, silent and veiled, where



You *are yourself* the fruitful and infinite Fatherhood of inexhaustible perfection, begetting the eternal *Oriens*, whom You always have begotten and are begetting as a fruit of your fruitfulness;

Emanation of your very wisdom in melodic expression of infinite canticles, so perfectly and consubstantially, that the begotten Son, whom You have in your bosom always begotten and always begetting Him, comes out without coming out, springs without springing, as a fruit of your loving wisdom, at the point-point of your divine begetting bursting out into Light of sparkling and refulgent loving wisdom, giving birth to the Light of your very wisdom, to your only begotten Son, Figure of your substance and Image of your very perfection in singing explanation of infinite perfections, eternal Word of melodic canticles in spelled out and explanatory expression of all that You are. “For it is an aura of the might of God and a pure effusion of the glory of the Almighty... For it is the refulgence of eternal light, the spotless mirror of the power of God, the image of his goodness.”<sup>1</sup>

Word of mine...! Light of Light...! Clarity of Clarity...! Glare of the divine Sun...! “Impress of the Father’s Being,”<sup>2</sup> “of one being with the Father”<sup>3</sup>; who, in filial-loving return, express, be-

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<sup>1</sup> Wis 7: 25-26.

<sup>2</sup> Heb 1: 3.

<sup>3</sup> Nicen Creed.

ing the substantial Word of his inexhaustible perfection, in a jubilation of love so sublime and so rejoicing in loving and explanatory response to the Father, all that He *is himself* in the deep depth of the concavity of his infinite subsistence and that makes Him break out into divine fruitfulness “in holy splendour, begetting You.”<sup>4</sup>

To whom You, oh Word of mine! You return in your canticle of infinite melodies in loving and delirious from love response, in a love so perfect, so much, so much! that, as the fruit of the Father’s fruitfulness loving his Son in loving fatherhood, and of the Word’s expression in returned filiation of loving song to the Father; rises brilliant, from the Father’s loving spiration to the Son and in loving and infinite filiation from the Son to the Father, a Love so perfect, so much, so much! that it is all that the Father is in his *being himself* Father of flowing fruitfulness, by his being, and all that the Son is, by the being received from the Father, in filiation of returned love in loving spelling out of infinite and eternal canticles. “The Spirit of truth will glorify me, because He will take from what is mine and declare it to you. Everything that the Father has is mine; for this reason I told you that He will take from what is mine and declare it to you.”<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> Ps 109: 3.

<sup>5</sup> Jn 16: 14-15.

And the love with which they love each other is so perfect, that it is all the being that the Father, in an act of begetting and loving fruitfulness, gives to the Son; and that the Son returns to the Father at the very instant-instant, sacrosanct, secret and sacred, of the divine begetting; in a paternal-filial embrace so infinite, coeternal and loving, that makes the Holy Spirit rise in flowing cataracts of divinity, loving Kiss of the paternal-filial love of the Father and of the Son, in Love Person of eternal jubilation, consubstantial and infinite.

In a romance of love of unheard of melodies, and by the infinite and subsistent power of the Father, been by himself, and of the Son who has it in himself and for himself in loving return, received by the Father, rises the Holy Spirit, coeternal Embrace of the Father and the Son's infinite love; who, by demand of the perfection of his very divinity, is another Person: loving repose of the fatherhood and filiation, of the love with which the Father and the Son love each other in his fatherhood begetting, and in his filiation of explanatory return.

And in a jubilation of loving wisdom, God, by demand of his very perfection, breaks out into three Persons of trinitarian Family in Wisdom of singing Explanation of eternal Love.

Being God so perfect and finished in his divine begetting, as the Only Begotten Son of the

Father in his expression; in a love of returned paternal-filial donation of so much delight in infinite and coeternal repose, that it brings about that the Kiss they give each other be so perfect and finished, so infinite, glorious and eternal, so being! so being by the being He has received from the Father and from the Son! as the Father *is himself* Father and the Son is Son; in a most glorious and blessed joy of trinitarian intercommunication.

*Being himself* God one sole being, been by the Father in copious outflows of eternal and infinite fruitfulness of luminous wisdom; expressed through the Word in jubilant Song of unheard of melodies; and loved by the Holy Spirit, personified Love, loving fruit of the Father and the Son in a Kiss of paternal-filial love.

Oh fruitful fatherhood of expressive filiation! that makes the Father and the Son break out into a Kiss of love so perfect, that the love with which they love each other is another Person, the Holy Spirit; a being so perfect, so much and of so much returned and finished delight! so being! like the Father and the Son; Kiss in loving repose of the Two in a coeternal embrace of divinity in most glorious Family of divine and trinitarian life.

How happy is God in the exuberant and plethoric plenitude of his perfection, been and

possessed by the Father, expressed by the Son; in such exuberance of paternal-filial love, saturated and plethoric with divinity, that the love with which they love each other in loving fatherhood and filiation, is so perfect, so much, so much, so much! that it is the whole of the Father and Son's being in love Person; rested Kiss that makes God be as perfect in his being as in his relations, breaking out in divine and coeternal Family in an immutable act of infinite perfection!

Oh how happy is God in the Explanatory and Loving Wisdom of his subsistent being! How happy is God! Who has in himself, by himself and for himself, all that He can be in infinity of being, in one sole perfection, so perfect and finished, that each one of the divine Persons is and has the being in his personal manner:

The Father, by himself; the Son, received from the Father, in an outburst of eternal jubilation of singing explanation; and the Holy Spirit, as fruit of the Father and the Son's loving wisdom in Kiss of love.

Oh how happy is God! at that point-point of his divine begetting, shrouded and covered by the cloak of his infinite, coeternal and transcendent virginity; in the veiled concealment of his eternal holiness, in the nuptial Chamber where to no one is given to enter without be-

ing invited and introduced by the loving arm of Divinity itself, and sustained by the strength of his omnipotence; so that, in a romance of love of unheard of melodies, he may be able to penetrate, with the glares of the eternal Sun's light, into the divine begetting; and discover, in the flowing fruitfulness of his eternal cataracts, the Word rising in Word of unheard of songs which, in loving spelling out, tell the Father, in eternal Utterance of filial return, all that He is and how He *is himself* so and why He *is himself* so, and how He *stands in being of himself* at the sublime and sacred instant-instant of *standing in being of himself* in himself, by himself and for himself, the eternal He-who-Is in begetting fruitfulness of divine fatherhood.

Oh how happy is God in the plethoric enjoyment of his perfection as a copious outflow of infinite Wisdom of singing Explanation of eternal Love!

How happy is God, who *being himself* He who *Is himself* in the perfect, plethoric and finished union of his very divinity, is one sole being in three Persons, that each one has such for himself in his personal manner and in the others and for the other divine Persons, for their glory and content in trinitarian intercommunication of divine life; and that, by its infinite perfection, makes God be so perfect and finished in his Trinity of Persons as in the plethoric and

exuberant unity of his being; that each one has such for himself in himself for his eternal and most blissful enjoyment and in the other divine Persons;

being God as infinitely one in his being as infinitely different in the personal manner of being so each one of the Persons, in loving rest of Explanatory Wisdom in Kiss of love.

How happy is God...! and how happy I am that my God is so happy in the hidden depth of his divine begetting shrouded and covered by the untouchable holiness of his inexhaustive and infinite divinity!

And that my spirit, overwhelmed and invited by the potent might of the infinite Power, has penetrated and tasted in a foretaste of eternity; that makes me, brimming with love, delirious of joy and inebriated in the richest nectar of this same Divinity, contemplate with the Father, by participation, his infinite perfection as his divine delight wants to grant it to me, to sing to Him with the Word and kiss Him in the melodious murmur of the Holy Spirit's love.

So that, inebriated with the tasting of the nectar of his divinity, I may live drinking of the torrents of his infinite and eternal Springs, in the most blissful, most glorious, plethoric and deifying joy of his very perfection bursting out in Family of eternal joy.

How happy is God! and how blissful! who has in himself all that He can be in his one sole act of trinitarian being! “The Blessed and only Ruler.”<sup>6</sup>

Because God, in the plethoric exuberance of his infinite perfection, does not need time to be what He is in the subsistent instant of *being himself* been all that He is, in one sole act of being in three Persons, to know himself, to express himself and to love himself as He infinitely and eternally deserves.

Oh how happy is God...! and how happy is my poor and limited soul! illuminated by the divine wisdom itself and introduced by his infinite power, full of mercy and love, in his nuptial chamber; to discover, penetrate and glimpse, again, full of spiritual joy and loving savouring, in the sublime instant, exuberant and plethoric with joy of eternity, penetrated by the divine wisdom, how God does not need time to *be himself* in himself and by himself one sole act of being in trinitarian Family of infinite, divine and eternal joy.

Since He *is himself*, been, possessed and said, in one sole act of Wisdom Expressed in eternal Love, infinitely immutable, embraced, glorious and coeternal of being. “Come, share your Master’s joy.”<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> 1 Tim 6: 15.

<sup>7</sup> Mt 25: 21.



While my spirit, trembling, reverent, adoring and frightened, when contemplating Him from exile, under the faith's light, but illuminated by the Holy Spirit's gifts and strengthened by the power of grace and the power of the Eternal, in a likeness of eternity; and when penetrating Him in his one sole act of being, understanding how He is –in the mode and manner that God only knows– from my poor wisdom illuminated by the divine wisdom itself; bursts out as though in a heartbreaking lament, when I have to proclaim Him through the limitation of my poor words and the containment of time of this long pilgrimage.

In which goes on living and expressing successively what, in his sublime act of eternity, God *is himself* in his instant of life in Sapient Wisdom, Expressed in Love, been and possessed in trinitarian intercommunication in his one sole act or instant of being; and which God himself transmits to the soul, making it penetrate in his immutable and infinite act of being, raising it to the instantaneous contemplation of Eternity.

Oh how happy is God in his sole act of being, been, possessed and embraced in the most blessed and glorious joy of his Divine Family in Trinity of Persons, without needing time!

And, how will the soul be able, when transcended to the eternal Joy's intimacy, collapsed

from love, reverent and adoring, illuminated by the divine Wisdom, is introduced by the omnipotent arm of his omnipotence, into the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Divine Family, to express what, in a light's flash, it discovered in the instant-instant without distance of time and place, in order to manifest it through the limitation of time and of the distance of this continuous and limited pilgrimage...?!

How happy is God! And how glorious! And how happy is my very poor and helpless soul! which, partaking of the love's jubilation that God *is himself*, trembling, frightened and delirious from love, in love and enraptured in the Divinity's nectar and penetrated by the infinite wisdom of the coeternal Being flowing in three Persons; rejoices because God *is himself* in himself, of himself and for himself, and without needing anything nor anyone to be so. "The joy of Yahweh is your stronghold."<sup>8</sup>

Because, if God, to be more blissful, more finished, more perfect and more glorious, were to need something outside himself, it would be because to his inexhaustive perfection, coeternal, infinite and finished, something was lacking in order to be the subsistent Being in himself and by himself in infinity of being by infinite infin-

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<sup>8</sup> Neh 8: 10.

ities of attributes and perfections; who, been and possessed, has, embraced in himself and by himself in his sole act of life, all that He can be in infinity by infinities of being, and in an act of trinitarian life of infinitely embraced perfection of eternal joy, in finished enjoyment of infinite and coeternal divinity.

And how happy is my soul for having savoured, from the smallness of my poverty, something of the Being's excellence; that without being able to embrace it, only in a likeness of his Divinity, has left me saturated in the need, as though insatiable, that I have in my spirit's core; and that makes me sigh, panting, through this sorrowful pilgrimage full of melancholy and full of hope, for the most blissful day of Eternity.

Into which I will be introduced in the nuptial chamber of the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the divine begetting at that point-point, in which the Father is pronouncing, breaking into begetting fruitfulness, his Word of infinite melodies, covered and shrouded by the sumptuous veil of his transcendent virginity of untouchable holiness, in the coeternal and immutable embrace of the Holy Spirit, personal Love of the Father and of the Son in most blessed enjoyment of eternal jubilation.

Oh how happy is God! And how happy He makes the soul! which, by an act of his loving will He introduces in the very luminaries of

Eternity, to live by participation the life that God lives: looking at Him with the luminaries of his twinkling Eyes, singing to Him with his Mouth, and kissing Him with the infinite Holy Spirit's love, loving rest of the Father and the Son in most blessed enjoyment of perfect joy.

How happy is God! And how blissful I feel that my God is so happy, without needing of anything in order to be so! And who, by a loving act of trinitarian life breaking out into infinite mercy, He has delighted in making us similar to Him, so that we may share Him, here in faith through the Holy Spirit's gifts, fruits and charismas that are given to us for being catholic, apostolic and roman Church and from her motherly bosom, and in the eternity in light of clear day; with a Father's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

Most beloved soul, rejoice in the fact that God is what He is in himself, by himself and for himself. Trying to do it in an act of pure love as perfectly as you can, as you will do it and live it in eternity in the most joyful and coeternal sharing in the divine Persons, and in the most blessed and glorious company of all the blessed and angels of God; who prostrated in reverent adoration and in a glorious ecstasy of eternity, stolen, enthralled and overwhelmed by the

beauty of the face of God himself, gleaming with divinity, exclaim in his canticle of glory:

Holy! Holy! Holy! You alone Holy! You alone Lord! You alone Most High! to You be given all honour and glory in heaven and on earth.

Oh what happiness of eternal jubilation, most beloved souls, that of eternity! where the blessed will be saturated, by participation, with the same happiness and joy that God lives, of the plenitude of his divinity;

being their essential joy that God is what He is in himself, by himself and for himself, and in all and each one of the blessed; and lived and possessed by all in the same enjoyable and most glorious happiness of the Divine Family.

Beloved soul, hurtle with me, driven by the sacred and silent breeze, profound, secret and veiled of the Holy Spirit's murmur, in the tireless search for God; so that you may fulfil the only purpose for which you have been created, and you may replete all the demands of your capacities in the most blissful joy of the blessed.

Most beloved sons of the holy Mother Church, this romance of love, lived and savoured in the profound intimacy of the Divine Family, and shared by the soul, today I express it to you only as the tiny Echo of the holy Mother Church,

in repetition of her songs, and moved by God from the year 1959, when, during long periods of prayer full of loving wisdom, the Lord imprinted in my spirit:

“Go and say it...!” “This is for everyone...!”

Understanding in a clear and blunt way, under the light, the force and the impulse of the Holy Spirit, that all that, in one way or another God was communicating to me so that I might express it, was not so that only one class of privileged souls might live it, but so that it might be lived by all: priestly people, consecrated souls... by all, by all of God’s children! of all people, race and nation, in loving wisdom of intimate and filial communication with the Divine Family.

As Jesus himself expressed in the Gospel teaching his Apostles:

“Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our dwelling with him.”<sup>9</sup>

And “I came so that they might have life and have it more abundantly”<sup>10</sup>; and “this is eternal life, that they should know You, the only true God, and the one whom You sent, Jesus Christ.”<sup>11</sup>

And again Jesus answered to the spontaneous petition of one of his intimate ones:

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<sup>9</sup> Jn 14: 23.

<sup>10</sup> Jn 10: 10.

<sup>11</sup> Jn 17: 3.

“Master, show us the Father, and that will be enough for us.”

—“Have I been with you for so long a time and you still do not know me, Philip? Whoever has seen me has seen the Father”<sup>12</sup>; because “the Father and I are one.”<sup>13</sup>

Children of the holy Mother Church, God created us essentially only so that we might possess Him, introducing us in the sharing of his divine life itself, here in faith and in eternity in the coeternal light of the infinite Being. “They will look upon the face of God, and his name will be on their foreheads. Night will be no more, nor will they need light from lamp or sun, for the Lord God shall give them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.”<sup>14</sup>

Wherefore, driven and impelled by the force of his grace, I invite all to search for God. Since, through the emptiness of his fullness in this world, we walk, in the pilgrimage of the exile, longing for the happiness and the fullness of the capacities of our cravings, without finding it, maybe, because “they have forsaken me, the source of living waters; They have dug themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that hold no water”<sup>15</sup>; not having discovered yet the luminous

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<sup>12</sup> Jn 14: 8-9.

<sup>13</sup> Jn 10: 30.

<sup>14</sup> Rv 22: 4-5.

<sup>15</sup> Jer 2: 13.

way, full of holiness and life, that is given to us in the bosom of the holy Mother Church, replete and saturated with divinity, through Christ and through Mary, with a Father's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

The only purpose for which we have been created and that will saturate the insatiable cravings of our dried-up and empty heart which, even without knowing it, searches, in its insatiable thirst, God's face in the quagmire of this world that walks wandering without discovering it in the fullness of his happiness, for which God himself made us his children and heirs to his glory, through the mystery of Christ's incarnation, life, death and resurrection.

Oh if men discovered God! they would cry out for Him as the thirsty deer hankers for the water's crystalline fountains.

Listen today, most beloved soul, this song of love that I have spelled out to your soul under the impulse, the light and the force of the Holy Spirit that makes me exclaim with my cry of:

Glory for God! Souls for his Bosom! Only that! The rest does not matter!



18-2-1976

## GOD IS TRINITY

I want the silence that shrouds  
the living God,  
where, in the concert of his keyboard playing,  
I perceive voices of eternal mystery,  
inside, in the depths of his throbbing;

because there it's heard, in secret talks,  
the infinite Word flowing into Song,  
in that veiled and shrouded moment  
in which the whole eternal Father is begetting.

Sublime instant of unprecedented dream,  
where, in his *being himself*, God is Trinity;  
sapient Trinity of coeternal love,  
who, in one sole *being himself* of Divinity,  
is Family in joy of immense gleams,  
inside, in the mystery of its clarity.

Holy Spirit, Love of the living God,  
eternal Charity, divine Kissing...

I kiss in your mouth there, in your silence,  
the wise Father breaking out into Song.

And, in that secret of infinite life,  
inside my chest and in my palpitation,

I also perceive that eternal joy,  
because in my *soul-Church*  
God placed his Home.

15-1-1983

HOW SUBLIME IT IS TO ADORE  
THE COETERNAL ONE IN HIS BOSOM!

When your wisdom floods  
my small understanding,  
all of me breaks out into songs  
deciphering your mysteries.

Because fires are your eyes  
of gleams so pretty,  
that leave my being wounded  
at the contact of your kiss.

Your life is so sapient,  
that, in Word, the Word rises  
through the infinite flow  
of your *being yourself*  
the Immense One!

All that You can, You are  
in most hidden secret,  
in the consubstantial manner  
that You alone can be so;

in a power that in You is to *be yourself*  
the timeless Divinity,  
being been and *being yourself* such  
always and in each moment,

without existing essentially,  
in your timeless eternity,  
in the infinite fire  
of your eternal thought,

nothing that You not be,  
because You are the Sublime,  
the Infinity without beginning  
and the Coeternal in your bosom.

You *are yourself* the Principle  
who breaks out, from being so much so,  
into your singing Word,  
in such a good embrace,

that, in lighted loves,  
the eternal Father and the Son  
kiss each other divinely,  
with so much love when doing it,  
that, in a copious outflow of wisdom,  
God himself in himself breaks into Kiss;

in such a sublime Kiss  
and of so much embracement,  
that already the Holy Spirit  
is Person in the Mystery  
which bursts out in Trinity  
of sublime understanding.

Oh eternal Wisdom...!  
Fire in suns of the Heavens...!

express your Word to me  
in the depth of my chest,  
so that I may break into singing  
the perfection that in You I understand;

and, in this way, when telling You  
in my expression as I can,  
I feel all of me being burned  
in the volcano of your fires,  
without wanting anything but to adore You  
because You *are yourself* the Timeless One.

To adore You is my posture,  
my rest and my recreation,  
because that is the motion  
that in my spirit You have opened  
when drawing for me the veils  
of your divine mysteries;

to adore You and to give You glory  
singing to You with your Word,  
looking at You with your Sight  
and kissing You in your Kiss;

and knowing, without knowing,  
in the manners of this earth,  
that in You to know yourself is to be  
the Being that, in his eternal *being himself*,  
*is himself* been by himself  
in his virginal secret.

In You no beginning exists  
–in You no beginning I see!–,  
and You are the Beginning  
that never has begun to be so,  
because, been, You *are yourself*,

always and in each moment,  
the infinite Subsistence  
and the perfect Subsistent.

I do not know how to express  
when something in You I understand  
of the divine reality  
that, in coeternal understanding,  
You *are yourself*, for *being yourself* the Being,  
in Family of recreation.

I do not know what comes in to me  
when You show me with veils  
something of what You are  
inside your concealment...!

And for that reason I prostrate myself, and  
with the eternal Priest  
whom You gave me in the exile  
I give You praise and glory,  
resting in my longings.

I see You with your Sight  
and I express You with your Word  
and I kiss You with your Mouth,

burning myself in the fires  
of your bright lights...

And, when looking at You  
and looking at me,  
I adore You as I can,  
since, when contemplating You,  
I only wish to glorify You,  
enjoying myself in doing it,  
plunged in adoration  
from earth to heaven.

You are “the One who *are yourself*”  
in your *being yourself* the Eternal One,  
and I am your adoration,  
because, when looking at You, I cannot  
do anything but fall on my knees,  
singing your sublime being.

How sublime it is to adore  
the Coeternal One in his bosom,  
*being himself* always been,  
in his *being himself* the good God,  
potential Wisdom  
of sublime understanding,  
in infinite Trinity,  
that I adore as I can...!

299. God speaks in his essential and trinitarian company, and the Word that explains the divine reality comes to his own to continue his conversation among us during all times, and thus place us into the Trinity's Bosom making us confidants and partakers of his eternal communication. (4-9-64)

303. When deepened in your abyss I listened to your divine Word, I saw that every word that were not You sank me in the sad darkness of death; and then I sighed for the divine Utterance to which, in the silence of prayer, my soul listens, in its sound of eternal life. (18-12-60)

305. Deepened in the sacred mystery of Silence, I saw that in one sole and silent Word all the human and divine life was said, and then, impelled by love, I decided not to say nor pronounce any other Word than this; and, oh surprise! I became so Word, that I only knew how to sing God's life in his Church's bosom. (18-12-60)

327. Through the Holy Spirit's loving light, the soul is introduced into the most hidden mystery of the infinite Being, to know, with perfect joy, the most savouring science that, only



in the Holy Spirit himself, we are able to enjoy, through the most blessed savouring of his closeness. (14-10-74)

331. The spiritual life is a romance of love between God and the soul, only known and grasped by him who surrenders unconditionally to the infinite Love, and discovered by the little ones and the pure of heart. (11-3-75)

1.819. When you seek the savouring of happiness, the possession of love and the fullness of your cravings, you are hungering for God without knowing it; and, for that reason, all things that are not Him, only manage to leave you in the experience of a more profound emptiness... (9-12-72)

1.817. Who will placate our longings for God? He alone with the sparkling light of his suns, breaking into gleams of infinite wisdom! (13-6-75)

8-8-1973

## OH, IF I SAID...!

My life today is glory  
that contains the Heavens,  
in the bleeding and profound melody  
of the Word's voice,  
that, in infinite voice  
of infinite accent,  
with the infinity  
of his thought,  
goes on delineating,  
in tenuous concerts,  
beautiful attributes  
of his eternal being.

My soul today is joy,  
because it encloses God  
shrouded and covered  
by the infinity  
of his concealment;  
and in Him all is sweet,  
of quiet silence,  
in which God lives  
his life in silence.

My life is to cross the frontiers,  
leaving the earthly silence,  
to introduce myself,

after in Him I remain,  
into that divine and profound silence  
of the Word's speech.

Oh, when I manage to cross the thresholds,  
and close the door, remaining inside...!  
Oh, when I lose all that is death  
of life in exile,  
to introduce myself into the clarities  
of the Immense's being...!

Oh, when I manage, after my silences,  
inside the "*Sanctorum*"  
that shrouds the Sublime,  
to drink from the fountains  
of his refreshments,  
and calm my coals,  
and placate my fires  
with the living Water  
that inundates the heavens...!

Oh, when I achieve on feast days,  
inside of me,  
to live an instant  
—just one sole moment—  
inside the depth of the infinite chest  
in open volcano...!  
All of me turns into the colour  
of the burning fire that God has inside.

When I manage,  
after a silence,

to find God,  
all that is earth,  
all that are concepts,  
all that is creature  
and all that is earthly  
shakes my soul,  
it wounds me in the chest,  
sets me bleeding  
for the great refinement  
of Him whom I have inside.

Oh, if I should express God's touch  
lived very quietly...!  
Oh, if I managed,  
after poor concepts,  
to say what my chest feels  
in its centre  
when God passes by  
in breeze of Immense,  
or in silenced voices,  
kissing in silence,  
or in my repeated creaking that impels to die  
leaving this earth  
so that, freed,  
take flight...!

Oh, if I should tell the glory I live  
when I find God...!

19-6-1962

## **THE PURE LOVE IN HEAVEN**

How happy is God...! What a Being so blissful...! What an infinite happiness that of my Lord...! He is all joy, in such infinity, plenitude and fruitfulness from being happy and blissful, that He *is himself* Three.

Love, I need to live in the eternity to be stolen by You. My essential beatitude consists in glorying because You are so happy, in rejoicing in the fact that You are God.

How must You be, when all this almost infinite demand that burns me from happiness, from being blissful, from rejoicing, will be saturated and exceeded in its need of glorification, when seeing You so happy, so blissful and so Being, in such a way that my bliss will consist, in its essential part, of being stolen by your happiness?

Love, You are so happy, so much... so much... so much! that, when contemplating You, I will be eternally happy for knowing that You are so blissful.

What must You be, when, contemplating You, oblivious of myself, I will have my greatest glory and joy in seeing You so blissful, in the fact that You *are yourself* the way You *are yourself* in your essential and trinitarian life...? How must You be and in what manner, that the soul, when contemplating You, will have its greatest happiness, overflowing with happiness and bliss, oblivious of itself, in the fact that You are happy...? What happiness must your being exhale and You will communicate from the superabundance of the eternal joy that You have for yourself, when only to know how blessed You *are yourself* will make the soul, created to share in the Infinite, blissful for all eternity!

Love, I need to say the reason why in heaven we will all be at the highest degree of pure love according to our capacity, and I can't and I don't know...!

Oh my One Trinity! I know that I have been created to possess You; to be God by participation and to live your life; to bury myself in You; to taste You, to know You, to look at You... without anything nor anyone to prevent me from it; to have You forever and to be all of me a tiny trinity, image of your Trinity, participating in your perfection and being happiness from your happiness.

But there is something in me that I know to myself and that I see that exceeds almost infi-

nately all these tendencies placed by You in my soul, and it is the urgent need to glory in the fact that You are so happy; not so much in what You give me, nor in receiving my reward, but in my knowing that I will have the eternal happiness and the almost infinite and most pure joy when seeing You so happy, when knowing that You *are yourself* so joyful and when loving You for what You *are yourself* and not for what You give me. I know that You are of such perfection and happiness in yourself, that to see You rejoice will be our greatest joy; not so much that we enjoy your life, but at seeing that You rejoice and the manner in which You rejoice.

You are so glorious, so much, so much...! that all souls, regardless of how selfish they may have been in life looking at themselves and seeking their own happiness, when contemplating You so blissful, will be in their whole being a cry of joy that will break out in a most pure love; giving You thanks, not so much because You have made it so happy, but because You *are yourself* so happy.

How happy is God! what irradiation of joy so infinite and eternal that of his being! that all the blessed, at the moment of contemplating Him, will be left oblivious of themselves, in profound adoration of surrendered love, intoning an eternal Holy of glorious thanksgiving to the Being that, from being so happy, *is himself* Three.

In such a way God *is himself* happy that, for *being himself* happy, we all will be so, having our most essential joy and our pure love in rejoicing at seeing Him so joyful, so happy and so being. That is why the soul, at the moment of entering eternity, becomes, according to its capacity, an act of pure love. Since the Infinite One's happiness has exceeded and surpassed so infinitely the need that it has for being happy, that the very happiness of the Infinite One, leaving the soul oblivious of itself, places it in this act of pure love which consists in rejoicing and being happy because God is so being, so blissful and so infinite; being all of it a hymn of glory that tells Him: Love, You have stolen me in such a way, that my greatest joy is to know that You are so happy, and give You thanks for that.

And as a consequence of this first essential and most pure glory that the soul has of rejoicing in the fact that God is God, comes this other one, when seeing itself, at that very instant, become God by participation, immersing itself with the divine pupils in the contemplation of the Infinite One, and breaking out in an eternal participation in the Word, being all of it Word that says to God, according to its capacity, what He is, and loving God as it needs so, by participation in the Holy Spirit.

Full of joy, the soul rejoices because it is God by participation, and because it provides all the



blessed with the joy of seeing it so God and so happy; having as most essential glory the happiness of rejoicing in God, in the fact that He is so happy and blissful, and its second glory, also essential, in participating in God, since it rejoices, not so much in the fact that it participates in Him, but in God's accidental content when giving himself to be shared by his creature.

In such a way does God make the soul be Him by transformation, that it is also the joy of the blessed. And since each one of them participates like this in God and rejoices like this in Him, it so happens that, being God all in everybody, there is only one cry in heaven: rejoice in God, in the fact that He *is himself* so happy in himself, and in the fact that He is so happy when making blissful all the blessed.

Being God all in everybody, and everybody being God by participation, there will not be in heaven anything other than God, because we will all love each other and we will enjoy each other, when seeing God in each one and how each one loves Him and is in the highest degree of pure love, loving Him according to his capacity.

I now understand, Love, why in heaven we will all love each other so much. Because I will see there that everybody has his essential joy in seeing You so blissful; and, as all are in that highest degree of love which consists in re-

joicing in seeing You so happy, my soul will also be a thanksgiving to all the souls because they love You like this.

I will give You thanks eternally for your being so blissful, and I will give You thanks eternally, oh Love, because all the beings who participate in You have their greatest joy, being in the highest degree according to their capacity, in giving You thanks because You are so happy, so Being, so God, so One and so Three, for I have no more joy than to see You so joyful, to know You so happy, to contemplate You so eternal.

“Then I heard every creature in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and in the sea, everything in the universe, cry out: ‘To the one who sits on the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honour, glory and might, forever and ever.’ The four living creatures answered: ‘Amen.’ And the elders fell down and worshiped.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Rv 5: 13-14.

29-1-1973

## THE GATES OF THE HEAVENS

When I think in the delirious moment  
when the gates of your bosom open  
and I enter, after the night of life,  
the mysterious depth of your encounter,  
it is so deep the happiness  
I feel in me!  
that the hair-raising moment of death  
turns, in my inside,  
into an overflowing joy,  
because it knows that it is  
    the transcendent step  
that hurls me, like a flaming ray,  
to the secret of your incandescent chest.

Oh heavens' gates,  
that tear for me, after the entrance,  
the sumptuous curtains of that Temple,  
behind which is the Holy of Holies  
celebrating his mystery  
in the fortunate joy  
of the good ones...!  
Oh bright gates, behind which are perceived  
the eternal melodies  
    of unprecedented concerts,  
and the repeated creak is heard, in lighted  
    volcanoes

by the flaming flames of its fires...!  
Oh palpitating sound with  
    which sweetly  
exhales,  
in his silent breath, the Eternal One,  
the explanatory Word  
that He expresses in his mystery...!

What a transcendent moment,  
when the reverent soul  
introduces itself into that bosom's depth ...!  
And contemplates, with its flight,  
    the Love that shrouds them  
With the lulling dawn of the embrace  
    of his Kiss...!

What a sublime mystery!  
What a moment!  
when the sumptuous gates  
of that Temple be opened,  
and the curtains be drawn,  
and the Mystery be disclosed,  
and the luminous Suns shine refulgent  
from that palpitating chest of the Sublime.  
What a moment that of death!  
that tears with its pitiful night  
the anguishes of the exile,  
and gets rid of after the cry  
of its ice  
the chains  
of this body,  
to give way to the souls

that hurl themselves,  
as though in a mysterious flight,  
to the sumptuous and magnificent  
gates of heaven...

What a moment that of death!  
When the body will be stiff,  
when the soul will soar swiftly,  
like a triumphant eagle,  
after the breeze of its flight,  
to cross the deep bosoms of the abyss  
that separate life from death,  
earth from the heavens,  
men from the angels,  
glory from exile,  
in a dazzling flight  
towards the fortunate bosom of the good God.

And like an imperial eagle,  
freed from the corpse,  
the victorious soul will fly towards the heavens  
to satiate the parching of the yearnings  
of its hungers  
in the clear springs of the Eternal's waters,  
where gushes out a crystalline torrent,  
to quench the thirsty  
who cross the thresholds of the destination...

Oh heavens' gates!  
with their triumphal curtains  
that hide, behind their mystery,

the *Sanctorum* that is veiled  
by the burning gusts of its fires,  
and the Immense who hides  
with his glory behind the veil...  
Oh sumptuous gates!  
when you draw the curtains  
and I enter after my flight...

Oh gates of glory!  
Give way, that I am now arriving.

## 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 is being 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 is being himself\* so; I see

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\* In the text of this booklet this expression has been substituted for “*to stand in being of himself*,” to avoid the use of two consecutive forms of the verb “to be” with different meanings: the first, “is” (“condition” or “state”) and the second, “being” (“identity” or “nature”).

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.”



## 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

*Collection*  
*Light in the night*  
*The mystery of faith*

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