

those that He Himself taught me,
 but when I have to express to you
 what I told you before,
 I am reluctant, dear child,
 in case I did not explain it well,
 and they would think that it was little
 that which happened to me
 the day that in hell
 I felt myself damned.

Every time I remember it
 and its terrors frighten me,
 I wish to leave it in silence,
 without ever deciphering
 the tenebrous torments
 that my spirit came across,
 with the desperation
 wherein I despaired
 wanting to free myself,
 and even hope I did not find;
 whereas I broke into cries
 without there being anyone to listen to me...!

Child, however much I tell it,
 I do not express what happened
 when I found myself in hell,
 whence I was rescued
 by the hand of the Eternal One.

He could not bear anymore
 that I remained there longer
 in so much hopelessness,
 because I had lost Him

and thenceforth nothing mattered to me;
 only to be able to free myself
 from the sealed dungeon
 with hooks of hard iron
 that inside gripped me.

But I do not want to repeat
 what has no words.
 They are not earthly things;
 with their end, these are finished.
 That will always last...!

And the Lord who brought me
 so that I might tell it to you
 and explain it to men,
 with His infinite power
 and out of His love freed me.

Without knowing how this happened,
 I found myself liberated
 from the dark darkness
 that gripped hell.

Twenty-seven years old I was
 when this happened to me.

Come along with me to the Weddings
 that a while ago I explained to you.
 Stretch out your large wings,
 because you are still on earth
 without falling into the Abyss,
 for no one escapes from there.

The Lord took me there,
 and He Himself liberated me.
 This has been a great miracle

that the Almighty worked
with my tiny soul
which could not endure that,
and weeping turned to God
so that He would take it out.

And with His powerful arm,
full of so much tenderness,
He took me out of that place,
and lifted me to His bosom
an eighteenth of March
after that happened.

For it was before, children of mine,
when I went through this.
And in that way God prepared me
so that I might contemplate Him
in His jubilation of love
and get inside into His bosom.

Come along with me to the Weddings,
your soul is liberated.
While you dwell on earth,
You have to spend your sojourn carefully,
just in case you might fall
and all would be ruined.

Come along with me to the Heavens,
freedom demands for you
in the coeternal banquet
of the Sacred Trinity.

Rush to my soul, son of mine,
before I depart for Heaven,

and when I am gone
remember my teachings.

I need You at my side
in the place where I may go,
since you are my descendant,
the one that God entrusted to me
for fulfilling the mission
that in the Church He gave me.

Come with me to Glory,
and give up the vain things.

This experience that my poor soul lived
through for a very short time so that I might re-
veal it, has left my life marked forever.

Today, the 28th of May of 2001, when tran-
scribing it, there comes to my memory that to
some Saints God showed hell in one way or an-
other, with its terrifying torments and the hair-
raising situation in which the damned find them-
selves, and revealed what they saw and heard
there. Among them the Children of Fatima, Saint
Theresa of Jesus and Saint Faustina, recently can-
onized.

Something that must move all of us to live
full of the holy fear of God, for, although “many
are invited, but few are chosen”¹; and to be on
the watch because “at an hour you do not ex-
pect, the Son of Man will come.”²

¹ Mt 22 : 14.

² Cf. Lk 12 : 40.

3-10-1972

EAGLE WINGS

The way that leads to Life is short. It is short because the days of the men who walk through it are numbered. It is short because we are created for Eternity, for the luminous day of the Light, for the encounter with the Father, and this way that leads us to the Fatherland is only a path, a journey through the exile that brings us irremissibly to the frontiers of the great beyond.

It has been engraved in my mind, in my heart grieving by the hardness of life, by the incomprehension of men, by the betrayal of many who called themselves mine, by the guffaws of those who despise me and by the multitude of those who do not accept me... yes, there has been engraved, to my astonished eyes, a short way through which all of us walked hastily: they were the days of life in exile.

So swiftly we walked, that we ran vertiginously at simultaneous speed, without being able to stop or able to move forward, since time is a measure which is the same for all.

And when arriving at the end of the exile, when the days of our journey were finished, I

have seen a precipice next to a border; an unfathomable Abyss, whose end could not be seen in depth, in profundity. The one who falls there, falls forever; he will never be able to get away, because the profundity of its bottom is unfathomable, because the force of its attraction, therefore, is irresistible.

“There was a rich man who dressed in purple garments and fine linen and dined sumptuously each day. And lying at his door was a poor man named Lazarus, covered with sores, who would gladly have eaten his fill of the scraps that fell from the rich man’s table. Dogs even used to come and lick his sores.

When the poor man died, he was carried away by Angels to the bosom of Abraham. The rich man also died and was buried.

And from the hell, where he was in torment, he raised his eyes and saw Abraham far off and Lazarus at his side. And he cried out, ‘Father Abraham, have pity on me. Send Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am suffering torment in these flames.’

Abraham replied, ‘My child, remember that you received what was good during your lifetime while Lazarus likewise received what was bad; but now he is comforted here, whereas you are tormented. Moreover, between us and you a great chasm is established to prevent any-

one from crossing who might wish to go from our side to yours or from your side to ours.’

He said, ‘Then I beg you, father, send him to my father’s house, for I have five brothers, so that he may warn them, lest they too come to this place of torment.’

But Abraham replied, ‘They have Moses and the prophets. Let them listen to them.’

He said, ‘Oh no, father Abraham, but if someone from the dead goes to them, they will repent.’

Then Abraham said: ‘If they will not listen to Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if someone should rise from the dead’.”¹

Yes, a vertiginous race and people who ran as a crowd hastily... And when they reached the deep mouth of the open volcano of perdition, some fell into the profundity of that Abyss that swallowed them with the force of a hurricane, being lost forever, forever! and as though by surprise before my spiritual gaze.

Others, stopped suddenly; maybe they still had time to think over...

Was this second group capable of passing above the Abyss? I do not know how; because,

¹ Lk 16: 19-31.

to pass above it, wings were necessary and large, strong and wings of eagle, accustomed to flying very high and to surmount immense Abysses and great dangers... because God cannot be possessed if one does not come with eagle wings that, raising us towards Him, make us capable of living by participation on His very life, being His children, and heirs to His glory.

How then would this second group pass above without being provided with their wings...? Who would give them eagle wings to fly...? Perhaps the Sacraments... an act of pure love... a ray of light to transform them, like the good thief, making them react to the dramatic reality of their situation so they can cross over the Abyss...

“As I live, says the Lord God, I swear I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked man, but rather in the wicked man’s conversion, that he may live. Turn, turn from your evil ways! Why should you die, o house of Israel?

And though I say to the wicked man that he shall surely die, if he turns away from his sin and does what is right and just, he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of the sins he committed shall be held against him; he has done what is right and just, he shall surely live. Yet your countrymen say, ‘The way of the Lord is not fair!’; but it is their way that is not fair. When a virtuous man turns away from what is

right and does wrong, he shall die for it. But when a wicked man turns away from wickedness and does what is right and just, because of this he shall live. And still you say, ‘The way of the Lord is not fair!’ I will judge every one of you according to his ways.”²

Even though the immense majority, even after crossing over the Abyss, will have to purify themselves to be able to come to possess God. Because, in the course of the journey through the quagmire of this life, their tunics are not completely washed and purified with the blood of the Lamb, by means of which, “though your sins be like scarlet, they may become white as snow; Though they be crimson red, they may become white as wool.”³

So, in order to participate in God according to the model of the One who, looking at Himself in that which makes Him be God, He created us in His image and likeness to introduce us into the familial intercommunication of His own divine life; we must become like Him. Because, “in His light we see light,”⁴ transformed from glory to glory into that which we contemplate;

being overwhelmed by the glare of His glory, and being, with all the Blessed, a response of reverent adoration, in an act of pure love,

² Ez 33: 11. 14-20. ³ Is 1: 18.

⁴ Cf. Ps 36: 10.

to the untouchable Holiness of the God thrice Holy; whom one can not possess entering into the eternal Banquet without a Wedding gown.

And this is such, that the soul, once released from the slavery of the body, penetrated by the divine thought, not being prepared and enabled to possess God, instinctively would seek its own purification, in its cry of: Who like God?! owing to the need for fulfilling the purpose for which it has been created.

Embracing lovingly that new present that the Eternal gives it by means of Purgatory, in order to be able to come to possess Him forever, become one with Christ, and This One crucified, who, through the glorious triumph of His resurrection, introduced us into the thresholds of Eternity.

That is why Purgatory is a new gift from God overflowing with mercy, full of compassion, love and tenderness; so that the creature be able to purify all that in its journey, for lack of love and correspondence, carried away by its own passions, full of distortions, disfigure it so much, that prevent it from its definitive encounter with God.

Purgatory being as though the “place of lovelessness” where lie those who, for not having tried to do God’s will, went astray and, even

without losing their way completely, did not respond in loving return to the infinite donations from the One who, “loving His own in the world, He loved them to the end.”⁵

I do not know how this group, that stopped suddenly at the Abyss, secured their wings to cross over it... since, without wings of golden eagle, one cannot cross over the unfathomable Abyss that separates this life from the luminous day of the Light.

And the third group, which walks through the exile without soiling themselves in the quagmire of sin, who pass over it rapidly, with their eyes fixed on God, with their heart possessed by the Infinite One, with their mind enlightened by the Eternal Wisdom and with their soul taken over by the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit; in a word: with a supernatural outlook that shrouds and penetrates all the ways of their ascent towards the encounter with the Father and that makes them live a life of faith that expects tirelessly, driven by love, the promise of the children of God; these are the ones who pass triumphantly, above the insurmountable Abyss of perdition.

Terribly impressive is the sight of those who fell into the Abyss...! But no less impressive that

⁵ Jn 13: 1.

of those who, coming to the frontiers of Eternity, at the end of their life, behind the Abyss, glimpse a sparkling light that, with the magnet of its burning flames, attracts towards itself irresistibly men who, with penetrating eyes of divine wisdom, discover the light of the eternal Day of the Love...

What a joy to see that glorious multitude of those “who have come out of the great tribulation,” living as though flying through the exile neither getting stained nor crawling on the quagmire of life, and stretching out their large wings, almost unwittingly, soar up and pass in a lordly manner through and above the Abyss; and in the end are introduced by Christ into that burning and infinite Light of joy, happiness, bliss and eternal possession...!

The Gates of Eternity opened up to the golden eagle that comes from the exile to introduce itself into the bridal chamber of the Bridegroom...! The Gates opened up which introduced it forever, forever! into the infinite joy which the Blessed possess by participation...!

What a contrast...! Among those too, who fall into the Abyss, one perceives a “forever,” without end, unfathomable, horrifying; a “forever” known only by those who, dragged into the depth of its bosom, find themselves, as though by surprise, in that endless ditch of terror...

Two different “forever,” to which a single way leads us: the way of Eternity. Because, when God created us for Him and placed us in the exile, He made us walk in the same journey through the footpath that leads us to His possession. But sin built a ditch and opened an Abyss between creature and Creator, between Heaven and earth, between God and men; an Abyss of wickedness, which can be crossed over only with eagle wings and burning eyes of ardent wisdom...

I want eagle wings for me and for all of mine; a heart of Church with wings of Holy Spirit for all men on earth...! I want wings of golden eagle to bring me to the Mansions of the eternal happiness; and I seek to walk through my exile with my wings stretched out to cross gracefully the frontiers of Eternity and to save myself from the Abyss that sin opened up between God and men...!

I am being consumed in yearning to cry out with Christ and together with Him to all men: “Come to Me.” I need, because I am Church and a pilgrim among my brethren with whom I go at the same speed through the same road, to discover and to show them that burning Light full of life and happiness. And that is why I cry out with dead throes in songs, that due to the tragedy of my spirit have turned into yells, in

order to show men the safe way to live in our journey towards the Kingdom of Light and Love.

My soul is deeply impressed by this dogmatic truth, ever ancient and ever new, of life, of death, of Heaven and hell... But the impression on me of those who fell into the Abyss is so hard for me, that it almost does not allow me to take pleasure on the ones who crossed the glorious and sumptuous frontiers of Eternity.

They fell...! They fell...! They fell into the Abyss...! I have seen them fall!! And they fell forever with the speed of lightning in stormy days, with the swiftness of a hurricane in windy nights, with the chilling sensation of death, disappearing into the unfathomable depth of the "open volcano"...!

I hear guffaws in the distance... mockery... gibes... snubs... incomprehensions, calumnies and martyrdoms against the *soul-Church* who, with eagle wings, passes through the exile his vertiginous progress...

How impressive, how magnificent and terrible the vision of the multitude of men of all times, running through the life's journey in vertiginous race...!

And what a contrast at the end of the exile...! What a different end! what a different fin-

ish! consequences of a different going through the land of life...

"...So will it be at the end of the age: The Son of Man will send His Angels, and they will collect out of His kingdom all who cause others to sin and all evildoers. They will throw them into the fiery furnace, where there will be wailing and grinding of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Whoever has ears ought to hear."⁶

What a terrible foolishness that of the confused minds, going through such a short, quick and such an uncertain path, in such an absurd and such a mistaken unconcern...!

Everyone who runs is seeking love, happiness, peace, joy, and possession. But not all are seeking it according to God's will and, that is why, many are dragged, in the twinkling of an eye, into the unfathomable Abyss of perdition.

Dear soul, provide yourself with eagle wings, widen the caverns of your heart, go through the path of love, faith, hope, open your eyes to the truth, so that you may be capable of stretching out your wings and getting into the blissful happiness of the joy of God!

⁶ Mt 13: 40-43.

24-2-1974

WHO WILL PREVENT MY PASSING...?

Who will prevent my passing
when I undertake a swift flight,
when I overcome the height
with urgent fluttering?

What power, of all that exist,
will interrupt my ascent,
impelled by the infinite voices
of the Eternal One?

Earth seems narrow to me,
the universe tiny;
seas look like lakes
in the rising of my ascent...!

My ascent embarks on
a vertiginous race
with the impetus of lightning,
burning all I come across.

Neither my ways matter,
nor the danger I face;
hurricanes are my steps
to achieve my attempt!

All seems distant,
only the memory a fact is;
and my stretched out wings
pierce the firmament.

Silence I feel in my depth,
of profound recollection,
alienation from things,
loss of feelings,

transcendence of the human,
contact with the Mystery...
Oh, what my soul feels
when taking its flight...!

Who could have cut short my journey,
had I not felt, on earth,
the voice of Jesus grieving
in a tabernacle prisoner?

if my experience of Church,
by the mission that I hold inside,
had not called to me in clamours
to tread on the ground?

I live the Life and the death,
I am a pilgrim in Heaven,
with infernal suffocations
that attempted to block my ascent.

But there is no power to prevent
the impetus of my yearning,

when I feel in His passing
the scent of the Immense One!

A voice clamours on earth
capable of cutting me short:
the voice of silent Jesus:
Join me in my mourning!

Who could have cut my passing,
if the moan of the One I yearn for
had not dwelt among us
in the nights of His imprisonment
in the hidden tabernacle
in sacrosanct mystery?

A struggle is my life in my journey
For the Fatherland and for the soil;
Heaven and earth call me,
that is why a struggle is my flight.

Mystery of Life and death,
mystery of earth and Heaven...!

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be Himself*,” “*is Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. – allocating to them a deeper, dense and original sense – in order to translate the expressions “*serse*,” “*se es*,” “*siéndose*,” etc. by means of which Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia expresses the multiple lights she has received from God about His infinite Being.

The explanation that the very Mother Trinidad did in one of her writings, is transcribed as follows:

“God is Himself...! And this phrase, according to my poor understanding, embraces and explains for me all that God is. In such a way that, when I say: God is Himself, or God stands in being of Himself, or the being Himself of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

First: I see how God is Himself by Himself; how all that He is, He stands in being of Himself; I see the eternal instant of the Eternity, in which God *is Himself* by Himself and in Himself; I see how He *is Himself* so, and why He *is Himself* so; and I contemplate Him being Himself so in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, being Himself One, is Three divine Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity *is Himself*.

Second: I see in that same word: the being Himself or God *is Himself*, the Father *being Himself* Father by Himself and in Himself as Source; the Word *being Himself* Son in Himself and by the Father; and the Holy Spirit *being Himself* personal Love between both, in Himself and by the Father and the Word. And I see in this word: to be Himself, the way of being Himself so each one of the Persons, and the difference of each Person. So that, for me, this simple word that I use so much, says to me all the glorious mystery of my Trinity and all the hidden and very depth secret of my Unity in its root.”

Similarly Mother Trinidad refers to God the reflexive use of many other verbs, such as “to have,” “to see,” “to love,” “to know,” “to say,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se lo dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He *has Himself so*,” “He has Himself,” “He *sees Himself so*,” “He *loves Himself so*,” He *knows Himself so*,” “He says Himself so,” etc...

NOTE:

I strongly advise that all that I express by means of my writings, for believing it God's will and for fidelity in all that the very same God has entrusted to me; when in the translation into other languages it is not understood well or a clarification is desired, recourse be had to the authenticity of what I have dictated in the Spanish text; since I have seen that some expressions in the translations are not the most proper to express my thought.

The authoress:

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