

the Father, in the embrace of the Son and in the infinite brush of silent and immutable softness of the Holy Spirit, did not see, at any moment, a separation between the soul and the body of the Virgin;

who, in the twinkling of an eye, in the most sublime romance that a pure human creature could have lived in relation to the Infinite Being; overcome by love and saturated with Divinity, becoming immersed in the silent, immutable and peaceful softness of the Eternal, and swayed in the fluttering of the lulling of the Holy Spirit, in a glorious dormition, was raised in body and soul by the immutability of the Infinite Trinity, who came down to earth in order to take Her to the most blissful joy of the infinite Banquet of His immutable life;

God Himself placing Her for all Eternity at the degree of participation of His Divinity that behoved the Virgin, the Mother, the Lady and the Queen of the Universe; that She also is in Eternity, in the perfect fulfilment of God's will who created Her, getting Her into the Trinitarian plan for the Redemption of man, as Corede-matrix, and for the restoration of all of humanity.

The living of the Virgin with Christ in His passion, was a mystical and bloodless death, which made Her rise from the dead also mystically with Christ; going to live, as Mother of the universal Church, the new life that by Christ is given to us all.

Therefore I believe that my soul did not see at any moment, a separation between the body and the soul of the Virgin the day when the Lord deigned, by a motion of His will in infinite mercy over this poor and wretched human creature and so that I might manifest it, to show me the sublime and indescribable moment of the Assumption of the Virgin in body and soul to Heaven.

“I did not see a separation between Her soul and Her body that day when He showed me the glorious Assumption of Our Lady of the Incarnation.

That Assumption was so splendorous to my spiritual gaze, that my poor word tastes to me of defilement owing to the ineffable delicacy of that mysterious reflection of the glorious ascent of the White Virgin to Eternity.

I only saw that a mystery of delicacy, of gentleness and ineffable tenderness between God and the White Virgin came into being, when the Mother of the Infinite Word reached that point of divinisation, whereat He had Her so full, so plethoric and divinized, as in His infinite mind He dreamt from all Eternity.

Then, when the Lady of the Incarnation, all White, was at the centre-centre of the divine will, replete with fruits and with Her mission totally accomplished, God snatched Her to Himself; because one more step! and the Virgin

would have exceeded –in fullness of participation of the Divinity– the limits which God’s same will, when He created Her to be His Mother, had determined for Her.

And what a capacity that of Mary in fullness of Divinity...! After Christ’s humanity, the largest capacity that has existed for possessing God.

No matter how much that we wish to say about the Virgin, we will always fall short; since it is beyond the mind of the human creature, while in exile, to do other than to glimpse some of that concert of perfections that God laid in Her the day He created Her: in the Virgin of the Incarnation, who was created for that same Incarnation!

I did not see a separation between Her soul and Her body the day when the White Virgin left the exile to introduce Herself into Eternity.

But I did see and understood, full of jubilation and indescribable surprise, remaining itself engraved in my limited, small and transcended understanding, the joy that the divine Persons had, when they brought towards themselves that human creature who was, with Christ, the ‘yes’ of glorious response before God on behalf of all His children.

What an impression when, introduced by God into that delicacy... into that tenderness... into that intimacy... into that silence... into that concert... into that murmur... into that dream...! in a word, into that mystery of life, love, depth

and penetration... I surprised the three divine Persons who, in infinite and loving Family council, determined to snatch, in the twinkling of an eye, from exile to Eternity, the White Virgin, who, also one day, in colloquies with the same Trinity, was unveiled to me in the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the Incarnation...!

It was the same Lady, the same Virgin, the same Queen, the same Mother...! The same Lady, who, in intimacy with the three divine Persons, collaborated to the fullness of the eternal designs, for being a ‘yes’ of total self-giving in full and perfect accomplishment of the divine will at each moment of Her life...!

She was the same, but in a different situation. The day of the Assumption, Our Lady of the Incarnation had finished Her hard and breathless journey throughout exile.

And the Father rushed towards Her in order to put Her, in plethoric light of Eternity, into the wide cavern of His bosom;

the Son said a ‘Mother’ of so much Home tenderness and affection, that He made Her be the Queen of Eternity, by the magnificent splendour of Her divine Motherhood, full and plethoric in saturation;

and the Holy Spirit, like a Spouse fallen in love, ‘with his right hand He sustained Her and with His left-hand side He embraced Her,’¹² so

¹² Sg 2: 6.

that the infinite impulse of the Divine Family might not shake her; but rather smoothly..., making Her faint from love by the kiss of Her Eternal Spouse, would to bring Her to the eternal Wedding.

I did not see that anything took place in the Lady other than a mystery of silence, of sweetness and of wisdom so extremely savourable...! so eternally penetrating...! that it increased in Her that wisdom which She possessed so much, so much! that She stayed forever in the glorious light of Eternity.

With Their overwhelming passage, but in a soft whistle so that the Virgin might not experience in Herself any disturbance, in the twinkling of an eye, the three divine Persons, in one sole embrace of fatherhood, of filiation and of Spouse, placed themselves into Her in a mysterious, eternal and silent kiss of immutability.

And in this kiss of Immutability, replete with wisdom, the White Virgin found Herself in one instant, the day of the Assumption, in the resplendent light, clear and most blissful of the Glory, lulled by God's passing who hurled Himself over Her like myriads and myriads of waterfalls of Being that enveloped Her in the divine currents of the eternal Springs; which, in the concert of the touching of their cascades, left Her so possessed by the Infinite, that the wide and glorious Gates of Eternity were opened to Her forever.

What I contemplated that took place in Our Lady of the Assumption was a kiss of God, so silent...so much, so much and in so much mystery...! that, at the complete fullness of the divine plans for Her, that kiss of God rendered Her so divinely immutable, that it gave Her forever, forever...! the infinite Light of Eternity...

Mary is falling asleep
in the arms of the Lord;
in Heavenly concerts,
stolen by Her Lover...

Nothing happened
the day of Her Assumption
only that, in a loving dream,
Heaven took Her away...!

The White Lady of the Incarnation
has fallen asleep...!

When the Virgin had reached that point of divinisation which the infinite will of God wanted for Her from all Eternity; when His eternal plan was totally accomplished, and the White Lady of the Incarnation found Herself replete with fruits and full to saturation, in such a way that a one more step would have exceeded in fullness the plans of God about Her soul; at that instant, not one minute more not one minute less, the Divine Family rushed forward in Its infinite impulse, to take Her to enjoy eternally the light of the Glory in Eternity."

[...] As a small daughter of the Church, and aware of my poorness and my limitation, I need to manifest that, in the sublime moment when God showed me the glorious instant of Our Lady's dormition, seized in an ecstasy of love in the infinite lulling of the loving kiss of the Holy Spirit, being raised by the infinite fatherhood of the Eternal Father, and in the call of most tender tenderness of the Only Begotten Son of the Father, Incarnate, and Her Son; my soul, full of love, veneration and adoring respect, did not see, at any moment, a separation between Her soul and Her body.

Since this one, captivated and seized by the impulse of the Lady's soul, was raised, like a feather, owing to the ineffable rush of the divine Persons towards the Queen of the Universe, to take Her away, in an ecstasy of love, in glorious Assumption by the loving and infinite Trinitarian embrace, which, in a kiss of immutability, introduced Her smoothly... tenderly... and most blissfully... into the magnificent and sumptuous mansions of Eternity.

It was Her body, a body exempt from sin, like the one of our First Parents in the earthly Paradise; and therefore did not need to die.

She died mystically, but most painfully, with Christ at Calvary, so that She would lack nothing; offering to the Father, as a victim, the Host of the Lamb Without Blemish, together with the body and the redeeming blood She Herself gave Him for the sacrifice.

Therefore, I expressed that the Virgin was seized to Glory, racked with love as in a dream; and Her body raised by the impulse of Her soul, not having any movement or tendency other than the one of Her own soul.

And, without Her practically perceiving it, Mary, in Her whole being, body and soul, was moved by the impulse of Her spirit, which had no tendency other than God and His will, for the fulfilment of His eternal plans.

15-10-1972
(Fragment)

“ ‘*Assumpta est Maria*’ who goes up to the Heavens, triumphant and glorious, with firm and majestic step...! White is Her soul, without anything preventing Her for flying towards the mansions of the Kingdom of God...!

The Virgin did not have any tendency, nor craving, nor deviousness, nor inclination that attracted Her towards earth.

Mary lived as assumed into Heaven during Her whole pilgrimage, Her assumption ending in the embrace of the encounter of the Infinite.

The Virgin went through life with the agility of a lightning bolt, without resting on earth's mud, without Her immaculate soul even gathering dust, without feeling in Herself the concupiscence that have been the consequence of the breakage of God's plan.”

“The Virgin adores... the Love invades Her...
and the loving whistle of the Eternal Sun
gets Her into His chest in so much romance,
that the infinite Kiss, in God’s passing,
shrouds Her in His breeze, that is eternal call
of loving lulling, replete in His gift.

Queen is the Lady, white like a sun,
all resplendent in Her glare;
Virgin all Virgin in Her clarities,
for being taken over, in predilection,
by the Eternal Being who snatched Her.

And Her soul, turned like the sunflower,
lives enthralled, in eternal romance,
by that Concert of the Supreme Lover.

Nothing is in Her depth that is not God.
All Her tendency and Her inclination
feels spirited away in subjugation,
so deeply, so divinely,
that She is captivated, in adoration,
by the flashes from God’s countenance...

Nothing is in Her soul that is not love:
love of the Eternal, full in perfection!

And the White Virgin, all captivated,
lives pierced in entrancement
by the eternal Master of Her heart.

Only one tendency there is in the Lady,
only one appeal and one inclination!:
To live all shrouded, in sublimation,
in the clarities of the infinite Sun,
on the eternal Day, full of splendour.

White is the Lady, beautiful like a sun...
so much Virgin that She is Mother,
and Mother of God!

What a Virgin so Virgin...! A mystery
of love...!

There is so much excellence in Her creation,
so entirely seized by God,
that Her whole soul is for the Lord...

So much for the Eternal,
so much for the Love...!

In so much mystery is Her self-giving!
That it makes it possible for the Infinite Word
to incarnate in Her womb in Her tender gift,
and call Her: Mother, as deserves God.

Terrible Mystery of supreme astonishment!
God who becomes Man and the Man who is God
in the large womb of the White Virgin,
who is now the Lady of the Incarnation.

She is Mother of the Man
and She is Mother of God;
that is why She is so much Mother
as no one else achieved!

Because She comprises in Herself,
by a divine plan,
God in His life and in His self-giving,
and fallen man and in restoration,
who through the mystery worked
in Her innermost being,
engrafted on Christ, now becomes God.

Terrible romance of predilection,
that sublimes man as no one else dreamt,

because He participates through this mystery,
with the Eternal Word, in His filiation...

Terrible mystery...! Madness of love!
God who becomes Man and the Man who
is God...

White is the Lady of the Incarnation.
I saw Her that day as a glare
of the infinite Sun, of the Eternal Love:
She was all Mother, and She caressed me...
She was all Queen, and She protected me...
She was all Virgin, She virginized me...
And She was so much Lady, that She
subjugated me...!

Never will I forget it no matter how long
I live!
And it was on the great day of the Incarnation...!

The time of the Virgin Mother is finishing,
all possessed by the glare
of the divine countenance which captivated Her.

And in the clarities of the eternal Light,
a voice is heard:
'The time is finished
for the Lady of the Incarnation.'

And in a thin whistle, the Kiss of God,
all enamoured, flies swiftly
to lay itself, in weight of love,
on the White Virgin who is Mother of God...

White is the Lady, and, in adoration,
awaits the moment of great nostalgias
for the Eternal to come after Her self-giving...

She is all replete in fruits of love,
without anything lacking the creation
of that Lady, so that the Eternal,
in loving kiss, may take Her in His bosom,
to the divine banquet of His possession..."

15-8-1971

"Therefore, when She arrived at the frontiers
of Eternity, Her body, united to Her soul in per-
fect union of indescribable embrace, and with-
out any inclination other than the latter's, to-
tally taken over, possessed and saturated by
God, was taken by it to the Eternity that day
glorious for the Lady of the end of Her pil-
grimage.

Her soul attracted, raising it with Her, the
body, and made it cross over the unfathomable
Abyss which sin had opened between God and
man, without feeling even the slightest impedi-
ment.

The Assumption of the Virgin was so smooth,
so certain, so as though divine, that the conse-
quences of sin which brought us death, were
not experienced by Her at that glorious moment.

Nothing had to leave the all White Lady of
the Incarnation; there was nothing that inclined
Her to earth; there was not, either in Her body
or in Her soul, any craving other than a con-
tinuous and loving ascent towards the Light.

Mary's soul, always with Her wings stretched
out, is the perfect expression of the fulfilment

of God's will over men; therefore, when the exile ended, it takes its body therewith, without having to experience the burden that the latter implies for the totality of mankind.

Mary's body ever was and remained, we could say, so divinized in all its tendencies, its cravings, its sensations, its inclinations, so much! that it was all wings, and large wings of imperial eagle! readied with God's fortitude to gracefully pass from earth to Heaven."

And that is why, [...] I expressed, as I could in my poor stammer, that sublime moment which was manifested to me in the sacrosanct silence of a most profound prayer; in which I contemplated the instant of the Lady being brought in Her glorious Assumption, and raised towards Eternity by the three divine Persons; each one realizing it in their personal manner, in the loving compliment and in the most sublime eternal romance that, after Christ's soul, any pure human creature might have lived and will live.

[...] I saw Our Lady of the Assumption rising... rising...! being taken up by God, to the most blissful joy of the Blessed, in the company of the Son of God and Her Son; to enjoy forever, by the fruit of the Redemption of His very Son, in the most blissful and most glorious banquet of Eternity; being universal Mother of the Church glorious, pilgrim and suffering, as Queen and Lady of all the Blessed.

"How impressive it is to contemplate Mary being taken to Eternity...!

How marvellous to see Her ascend silently and lovingly in an Assumption of softness, of agility, of rising and of glory...!

What an unforgettable moment...! How Mysterious, how secret and how sublime...!

Mary ascends...! She ascends amidst the clarities of the Eternal Sun, under the cover and the affection of the Holy Spirit, protected by the Father's embrace, and impelled and attracted towards Heaven by the Word's voice...

How will man's thought, devious and darkened by its own sins, be able to understand Mary's mystery in each and every one of the steps of Her life...?!

How will the mind, obfuscated by pride, be able to discover, penetrate and sense in the calm lake, possessed by the Divinity, of the soul of Our all White Lady of the Incarnation...?!

Mary was taken to Eternity in body and soul with the speed of a lightning bolt, because Her whole self had large wings of imperial eagle that constantly raised Her towards the eternal and infinite mansions of God's joy.

I have contemplated Mary ascend in the impulse of the Infinite Love, in the embrace of that same Love, in the softness of His caress, in the impetus of His lulling, swayed and shrouded by

the veiled concealment of the *Sancta Sanctorum*
of the Infinite Trinity...

Mary rose to the Heavens... She rose...! And
what an Assumption...! Only adoration, silence,
respect and love, were the simple, overflowing
and overwhelming manner, wherewith my soul,
exceeded, knew how to respond, in my poor-
ness, to that splendorous spectacle of the As-
sumption to the Heavens of Our all White Lady
of the Incarnation."

"Mary is falling asleep
in the arms of the Love...
in the divine impetus,
in His consuming fire...

She is feeling led
by the Infinite Sun
to the eternal clarity
of His very glare...

She is all enthralled,
and so replete in Her gift,
that She is being raised,
in mysterious Assumption,
the enamoured Virgin,
by the Lord's countenance...

Let everybody keep silent...!
Let then fall in adoration...!
That the Father is rocking Her
in His lulling embrace,

to get Her into His bosom
in warm affection...

for the Son calls Her Mother,
as He never called Her so,
in tenderness of Him who comes
to be Her Liberator...

and the Infinite Spirit,
who is all kiss of love,
shrouds the Virgin Mother
with His consuming fire...

It is silence and it is tenderness...
it is lulling and it is ardour...
it is Majesty and it is concert...
it is a romance of God,
so infinite and eternal
and in such silent gift!
That is all infinite love,
that is all enthrallment...

What a sublime moment...!
A silence of adoration...!:

She is being raised
in magnificent Assumption
the all White Lady
that I saw at the Incarnation...!;
Heaven is taking Her away...!
God is stolen Her away!

I would wish to stop Her!
So as not to lose such a great gift,
in order to go away with Her.

But is so great the splendour
of Mary's Assumption,

in flight towards the Creator,
that my soul, enthralled
at the immense Lover,
falls prostrate on its knees
in tender veneration.

O, what a deep silence
today the Love is giving Her...!

He is rendering Her immutable,
stopping Her in Her ascent,
for being at that point
of Her divinisation,
with the complete fulfilment
of the Lord's plans...

The lulling of the living God,
the kiss of Her Lover,
are rendering Her immutable
in caressing touch,
as the divine Spouse
in warm silence...

Nothing took place,
there was no separation
between Her soul and Her body
the day of Her Assumption.

It was only the infinite Kiss
which to Heaven stolen Her away.

And this was in so much silence
as I will never explain,
for I lack the words,
in my loving song,

to express, in my own manner,
that lulling step
of the Eternal, who kissed,
in virginal splendour,
the all White Queen,
Virgin of the Incarnation...

Mary is falling asleep
in the arms of the Love...

She is being raised
by the impetus of God,
in concerts of harmonies,
in luminous Assumption,
like a warm breeze
of summer in its coolness...

The Virgin Mother fell asleep,
replete in Her self-giving,
in a dream that is all glory,
in an ecstasy of love,
when feeling upon Her soul
the passing of Her Loving one...

The White Lady of the Incarnation
has fallen asleep...!"

15-8-1971

PUBLISHING NOTE

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

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

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

First: I see how God is Himself by Himself; how all that He is He stands in being of Himself; I see the eternal instant of the eternity, in which God is Himself by Himself and in Himself; I see how He is Himself so, and why He is Himself so; and I contemplate Him being Himself so in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, being Himself One, is Three divine

Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity is Himself.

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

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

NOTE:

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

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