

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-

joining 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.

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*Imprimatur:* Joaquín Inieta Calvo-Zataráin  
*Vicar General*  
Madrid, 6-1-2005

Offprint of unpublished books of Mother Trinidad de la  
Santa Madre Iglesia, and of her published books:

“LA IGLESIA Y SU MISTERIO” (The Church  
and her mystery)

“FRUTOS DE ORACIÓN” (Fruits of prayer)

“VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA” (Experiences of the soul)

First Spanish edition published: September 2000

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LA OBRA DE LA IGLESIA (The Work of the Church)

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ISBN: 84-86724-69-4

Depósito legal: M. 1.636-2005