

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA

Foundress of «La Obra de la Iglesia»

An extract from the book
“LA IGLESIA Y SU MISTERIO”

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“WHO IS LIKE GOD!”

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“WHO IS LIKE GOD!”

How happy God is...! And in the face of this awe-inspiring reality of my happy God, all else is nothing. Because, can there be a greater joy, for the soul in love, than to know that its God is so blissful?

Soul in love with the Infinite One, if you knew how happy God is...! if you glimpsed only for an instant that eternal happiness in which the Uncreated One is Himself infinitely blessed in Himself and through Himself...!

Oh...! “Who is like God...!” Who is like the Being who *is Himself*, through Himself and in Himself His infinite subsistence in such perfection that all He is is what He is always *being Himself*, without beginning and without end, in an eternal joy of infinite jubilation and in Trinitarian communication of mutual love...?

“Who is like God...!” is the glorious jubilation of all the blessed who contemplate face to face the awe-inspiring reality of He Who *Is Himself*.

“Who is like God...!” my soul cries out, being the echo of that eternal canticle the blessed sing to the Infinite One.

Oh...! How happy God is, who, in Himself possesses

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the infinite and eternal fullness of joy that His whole being is...! All of God is an open sea with no shores and no end in its happiness. And, in Him, He is eternally quenched in the happiest immensity of His being, leaving no room in Him to desire anything, by perfection of His very infinitude, which infinitely satisfies the eternal Trinity in His simultaneous Unity.

How happy God is in Himself, through Himself and for Himself...! “Who is like God?” who does not need anything nor anyone to be blessed, to be love, to be... to be... to be One and to be Three!

My whole God is all-embracingly happy; and what He *is Himself*, through Himself He *is Himself*, in infinite lordship of eternal joy.

Oh eternal Splendour of the Father, “Figure of His Substance!” Who is like You...? Who will sing as You do that new Canticle, that inexhaustible Song of the divine bliss that You alone know how to sing...?

Oh uncreated Fatherhood of divine wisdom! Who else like You will know of fruitful Fatherhood, in such a way that all that is uncreated and created, in Your Son, is said by You...?

Who is like God! whose eternal saying is to beget His very infinite Happiness in singing joy....

Who is like God! since all of Him, from so much being Himself happiness, *is Himself* a jubilation of love in Person....

Who is like God! who, from so much loving Himself in Himself and through Himself, He *is Himself* Three, being

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therefore the whole uncreated love a Person Love to better love Himself, in a joy of happiness infinitely transcendent and lovingly loving, in the happiest savouring of the Divine Family, where, in infinite delight, my three divine Persons *are Themselves* a jubilation of love in Their eternal joy....

Oh, how happy God is...! So very, very, very much so...! that I am going to die of joy for the mere fact of knowing a little about how happy He *is Himself*.

If someone is searching for happiness, let them come to the Mouth of the fountain and they will perceive the Canticle of infinite jubilation that God is; and they will break into incomprehensible joy facing the good of the Beloved, rejoicing in God being happy, being Himself totally blissful at the happiest radiance of the Being who, even while on earth, will make them blessed.

People have forsaken God, who is the Source of divine life, and “they have made for themselves broken cisterns that hold no water” which make their thirst become more and more relentless and their torture even sadder; because, on losing God and on living without Him, they feel parched as they wander through the desert, where the fire of their passions blinded them, thus being unable to find the Source of Life nor its cooling waters of loving happiness.

Priestly soul, do not look at yourself. Rejoice with me in the fact that God is happy; rejoice saying together with the Archangel: “Who is like God...!”

If “you forget your own people and your father’s house, the King will desire your beauty.” Turn to Him and you will see how happy He is and how happy He will make

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you. Forget about yourself that you may enter into your Master’s joy and may know how blessed God is.

You who say that you love, rejoice in the fact that your God is happy, even if you don’t feel it, even if you don’t experience it, even though you have never felt it. It does not matter. Don’t you say that you love God? If so, love then rejoices in the good of the beloved, and not so much because the beloved surrenders to us, but rather because the beloved is happy.

Forget about yourself and rejoice, not in the fact that you experience God to be happy, but in God being happy; not in the fact that you know it, but in Himself being so; not in the fact that you are going to rejoice in Him, but in the fact that He rejoices Himself in it. Because many are the proofs of love given to you by Infinite Love, since, having no need of you at all and coming out of Himself –without coming out– He leapt to the earth to show you His love and to make you blessed, reaching to the extent of laying down His life for you on the cross, where He intoned for you His canticle of total self-forgetfulness, thus teaching you not to look at yourself but rather to look at Him.

Priestly soul, come out of yourself, come with me to the eternal regions, and there, regardless of whether you feel or not, rejoice in God being happy, intoning that “God alone!” that all the blessed sing to the Immense One, in the face of the eternal surprise of the infinite Happiness bursting forth into Three.

How happy God is...! Who is like Him? Who can increase His happiness in any measure at all...?

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Who, of their own accord, can make anyone so happy...? God alone!

My soul in love needs, in a jubilation of glorious love, to sing of the eternal happiness of my divine Love, so that all men, attracted by the scent of His perfumes, may run after Him to glorify Him, rejoicing in the fact that God is God.

How happy God is and how happy the blessed are on knowing that God is so happy! because their pure love, being at its very centre, is eternally blessed with the joy of the beloved Good.

Oh, how content God is and what bliss there is in my soul, being unable to say it and unable to know it, because God is Himself so content...! yet I know that my God is happy and this is enough to me, without further knowing.

You, whoever you may be, do not look at yourself! because Lucifer, for looking at himself, fell. Soar up and cry out together with Saint Michael the archangel: “Who is like God...!” And then you will be able to wait for that eternal day, when the infinite Happiness, shrouding your being, will make you eternally blessed, because during the exile, without knowing, forgetting about yourself, and rejoicing in God being happy, you glorified Him with this loving cry of joy: “Who is like God!”

Love... how poor is my canticle to Your infinite Love! Oh, I am singing of You without knowing and being unable to express You...! Oh, the more I speak of You, the more I profane You...!

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But I do not want to be “the voice crying out in the desert”; since, if only I could achieve that one only soul loved you a little more, I would consider my whole life a well-spent life in the midst of this canticle of love that immolates me, which is where Your love places me, and in this hymn you have made of my being and which I intone to You, without knowing.

Yes, my whole life, a song to sing of God, to speak of His glory until I die of love.

My whole life, a song for the glory of God in the blessed bosom of my Mother the Church, singing the joy of my divine Sun.

And even if no one realises about it or listens to me, my life will be a canticle to the glory of God....

My whole life, a canticle to utter the bliss of my eternal Lover, dying of joy after knowing a little about God’s contentment.

Love... Love! My whole soul, a gift to Your Gift; that, in loving response, tells You: thank you, Love, for the fact that You are so happy, that You are so blessed without me, in Yourself...! Thank you Love! I have nothing, I know nothing. I can only return to You, in a response of love to Your bliss, my gift of joy to Your Gift.

What silence in the self-being of the Being...! How happy all the blessed are with God’s joy...!

At least you, my daughter souls, come and rejoice in God being happy. Come to this feast of the eternal love, where all the angels and saints, in a singing joy, intone: “Who is like God!”

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Oh, terrible folly that of Lucifer! who, after looking at himself and rebelling, has to eternally be in a “Who is like God!” in the midst of in the mortal darkness of hell....

“Who is like God!” cry out the condemned, at this terrible reality that has turned for them into unspeakable sadness, because on earth, at the cry of “Who is like God!” they responded, looking at themselves: Who is like me...?

“Who is like God!” cries out the Purgatory, in a love of hope that promises to the ones being there that one day they will rejoice solely in the fact that God is God. “Who is like God!” cry out the souls who are purifying their lack of love for Infinite Love for having looked at themselves.

You, dear soul, whoever you may be, you are still on time. Which kind of cry slips from your being, as you face the eternal joy and the jubilation of God that I am singing to you...? Do not look at yourself! because from the path of Purgatory to the path of Hell there is just one step; and from Hell to Heaven, a great abyss separates this glorious cry: “Who is like God!” that is sung in eternal jubilation to Infinite Love, from this other desperate cry: “Who is like God!” which all the condemned intone by force, in total sadness and in absolute desperation of bitterness and with eternal remorse.

Dear soul, daughter of my soul-Church, cry out: “God alone!” full of happiness, so that your cry can turn into a joy that glorifies the Immense One in His eternal contentment. Rejoice in the fact that God is happy. Forget about yourself here so that you can find yourself there in the joy of the blessed.

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Children, do not look at yourselves...! God alone...! because, if any of my little sheep goes stray, we might have taken away then great glory from the Infinite One.

Love, my soul with all my souls –all, all souls are mine– comes before You imploring Your mercy, and, as a fragrant scent that rises towards You, cries out at You: You alone are Holy, You alone are the Most High, You alone are the Lord; may glory be given to You in infinite centuries to come!

My God... How happy I am because You are so happy! and what sorrow I have because, as I am heralding Your infinite love and eternal joy, souls remain indifferent!

But listen, Love: as long as my exile is prolonged, I will be a canticle of love and joy to Your infinite jubilation, giving You my gift, although, at my persistent canticle, many may laugh at it for considering it madness.

Love...! Love...! Receive my gift of loving response to Your Gift; receive my song in response to Your Canticle of infinite jubilation.

What joy I have because You are so happy in Yourself, without me, of Yourself! And this is my joy. Because I don't have any other joy except to rejoice in knowing how happy You are and in shouting: “Who is like God!” from the exile where I am, in order to sing of You.

Love... Love...! Silence...! Adoration...! Because, in His eternal jubilation of singing joy and infinite love, God is Himself happy...!

How happy God is...! Who is like Him?

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