

Therefore I also want to bring to my memory what the Lord made me live on the 8th of April of 1959, manifesting something of what trans-limitedly I comprehended, overcome by love for my Holy Mother Church;

when I contemplated Her as a bejewelled Queen all dressed in feast garment wearing Her rich jewels, as the Spouse of the Lamb;

day in which my soul, driven crazy out of love, manifested You, Church of mine, as Andalusian that I am, in expression of my homeland, in the way I could, in my poverty and under my limited expression.

8-4-1959

“Beauty of the Church”
(*Fragments*)

“My soul hurts so much in love for the Church...! I love my Mother Church so much, She is so simple and so dovelike, so Regal, such a Lady and such a Word! so replete with Divinity...!

You are all beautiful, Daughter of Jerusalem, bedecked and triumphant Church...!

[...] Church, pride of mine...! Yes, You are my pride, my glory, my banner and my crown, Church of mine...! Yes, I do not have other pride than to be daughter of God and daughter of the Church.

The Church is so beautiful...! But how much beautiful the Church is...! Daughter of Jerusalem, You are so beautiful...!

I am madly in love for my Mother Church... I did not know that one could fall in love with Her, as one falls in love with God.

I adore the Church in Her royal Head, even though She may have many dead members and others very ill. Because, even though many of Her children may have made Her so ugly, even though She may be dressed in black and cast down on the ground, the Church, even though She may be torn apart and bleeding, even though She may be weeping and in mourning, and even though She may have all Her jewels covered with a black mantle, She is all beautiful! even though dark-skinned because of Her stained children.

‘You are dark –but lovely, O daughter of Jerusalem!– your eyes are doves...’⁴⁶ Advance triumphantly! as an army of love, for there will be no one to get in Your way.

Advance, for You are fruitful with the Father, You sing with the Word and You burn Yourself and with the Holy Spirit burn all Your children with love...!

Church of mine, Holy Church...! if I could sing Your glories... to manifest Your beauty and to proclaim Your greatnesses... But no, I have

⁴⁶ Cf. Sg 1: 5. 15.

no words to sing You, nor expression to flatter my Church the Queen.

Neither all the greatness and wisdom of Salomon, nor the melodic poems of the Song of Songs, nor all the painters together, nor all the poets together, nor all the artists, nor all the concerts together singing You, trying to express You and to manifest You, can say something of how beautiful God made You, Church of mine...!

[...] You are truly all beautiful, sweet and pleasant to God's palate...! You are tall, with Your head placed in the Father's bosom, tall and slender, strong and 'terrible as an army in battle,'⁴⁷ ready to drive God Himself crazy with love...!

Church of mine, suffer not... Don't suffer, [...] Holy Church, Mother Church! For You are fecund with the fecundity of the Father; and You sing...! You sing with Son Himself, the Word of life!

You are fruitfully awe-inspiring and You sing in a loving fruitful, expressing with the Word; and You pour Yourself out, as a balsam of mercy that oozes from the Father's bosom through the Word, aflame in the Love of the Holy Spirit... You pour Yourself out in merciful love, Church of mine!

⁴⁷ Sg 6: 4.

Oh, if I could sing to my catholic, apostolic Church, under the See of Peter...! If I could sing to You the song that suits You...! If I could tell You to all the souls as I feel that I tell You in mine...! If I had word to express You...!

But there is none. There is not but one Word which adequately expresses the Father and expresses the Church, and it is the Word.

The Word of the Father sings to Him all His being and all His beauty in one sole and silent Word. And the Incarnate Word Himself is the Head of the Church, who sings to the Father, in a silent and awe-inspiring Word, all the beauty of the Church; and the one who sings His infinite Song of love to God and to men in the Church and through the Church.

Because the Church has all the treasures of God's heart, that pour out and spread from the Bosom of the Most High through the open side of Christ over Her, beautifying Her, 'like precious ointment on the head, running down upon the beard, upon the beard of Aaron, upon the collar of his robe.'⁴⁸

The Word, who comes out of the Father's bosom, pours out from the Church, pours out as a white 'mantilla,' all beautiful; and He pours out in Word that sings!

[...] But how bedecked is my Church, and how Lady...!

⁴⁸ Ps 133: 2.

Today the Church is dressed in white...! with a white 'mantilla,' white...! on top of a white comb as well, as though crowning Her temples as a Queen, who makes Her bride's 'mantilla' fall over the most beautiful and most luminous face of the Church, beautifying Her and be-decking Her...!

She is bedecked... all dressed in white... without a veil of mourning...! All covered with jewels, with Her face radiating joy and happiness, plenitude and life...!

Oh, what a white 'mantilla' wraps Church of mine today...! Oh, what a comb so high and so ladylike is ennobling today the temples and the figure of the Queen Church...! Church of mine, You are so beautiful...!

Can it be possible that I may not be able to express You nor tell You to men...? Yes, You are all beautiful, Daughter of Jerusalem; yes, all innocent... You, the only white and beautified dove with the whiteness, holiness and virginity of God's being...

[...] Let them come...! let all the poets and musicians and all the artists come to sing to my Church! Let us see whether they can say something about my Holy Church...? For I will say no to them, for there is no human word to express Her...! The Father's infinite Word, the divine and eternal Word alone, can express Her adequately as She deserves.

[...] Church! You are beautiful! I never saw You like that...! I have seen You bejewelled and in mourning, but I have never seen You pouring out, as You pour out, in holiness, justice, truth, mercy and love...! [...] You pour out in motherhood with the Father, in song with the Word and in love with the Holy Spirit...!

O Mother Church, pride of my soul-Church! You are so beautiful...! [...] Whence shall I get a suitable word to sing and to flatter my Church...? But there is no human word that expresses Her. The only suitable Word is the one that sings to the Father in silence; that is why I, Church of mine, contemplate You and love You, and I have to remain silent to be able to express You in silence with Christ.

But I now see that I have run out of expressions, and today I have to say, to flatter the Church of mine...!

Yes, I am Sevillian and Andalusian, and I pour out in expression of my homeland to sing the Church...

I need to sing to the Church as an Andalusian that I am, and I need to tell Her that She has a 'mantilla,' a white 'mantilla' with a comb that reaches to the sky...!

Oh, Daughter of Jerusalem, attired in all the jewels...! [...] Daughter of Jerusalem! What can

I say to You...? [...] I am as though driven crazy with love for the Church...!

Let the fairs come...! Let the fairs come with all their lights, with all their dances, with all their happiness, with all their canticles, to sing to My Church...!

All the feasts...! Let all the feasts attire and bedeck themselves, for the Church is so much attired in all Her jewels...!

Church of mine, how beautiful You are! Advance triumphant, Daughter of Jerusalem, beautified and bedecked in all the jewels that the divine Bridegroom gives You the day of His eternal wedding. Church of mine, advance triumphant!

[...] God's beauty oozes from Itself over the Church so copiously...! He pours out on the Church His happiness, His holiness, His whiteness, His fatherhood so abundantly...!

God of mine, my Church is so great! [...]

Church of mine..., You are so beautiful! I love You so much!"

Today, Daughter of Jerusalem, beloved Church, how will I be able to go on living in exile, when I contemplate the mysteries which, falling onto You, the Lord has wanted to show

me in such diverse ways, bowing to the smallness and wretchedness of my nothingness and raising me to the penetration of His mysteries under the sapiential light of faith, full of eternal *loves* and replete with hope, making me comprehend that the greater the misery the more abundant the mercy; so that I may communicate them, or may slowly reveal them as long as I live in exile...?

Since they are so many and so divers, that my breathless soul in its tireless search for giving glory to God and life to souls, waits full of nostalgia the moment of God's will to introduce me with the glorious Church into the mansions of Eternity.

And then, and only then, will it be possible to discover in its depth together with the tight content of its life, mission and tragedy, the secret of my immolated life, silenced by the night full of incomprehension of this journey.

And in the luminous day of the definitive encounter with God, with all those who "have survived the time of great distress, they have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,"⁴⁹ sitting at the table of the Kingdom with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, as children of his numerous and universal descendants come from all the ends of the earth, we will be forever Church triumphant and glorious.

⁴⁹ Rv 7: 14.

Not having to contemplate Her anymore with Her veil of mourning and Her inner being torn apart, cast down on the ground and tearful, breathless and stooped, but as the “Wife of the Lamb, the Holy City, a New Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God, that had no need of sun or moon to shine on it, for the glory of God gave it light, and its lamp was the Lamb.”⁵⁰

And where will we intone with all the angels, archangels, cherubim and seraphim, giving glory to the Father, glory to the Son and glory to the Holy Spirit, the “Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, all the earth is filled with His glory,”⁵¹

and the “canticle of praise to God and the Lamb” being glorious and triumphant Church for all Eternity:

“and I heard something that reminded the rumour of an immense crowd, the roar of the ocean and the din of strong thunders. And they said: ‘Alleluia. The Lord has established His reign, [our] God, the almighty. Let us rejoice and be glad and give him glory. For the wedding day of the Lamb has come, His bride has made Herself ready’.”⁵²

Church of mine, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, You are so beautiful!! I love You so much!

⁵⁰ Rv 21: 9. 2. 23.

⁵¹ Is 6: 3.

⁵² Rv 19: 6-7.

24-4-2001

THE PILLARS OF THE CHURCH

The Church is the stronghold where I rest, the strength of my pilgrimage and the pride of my living.

My vocation is to be Church and to make everybody Church, and that is why God showed me the Spouse of the Lamb as bejewelled Queen, brimming and penetrated with Divinity, ennobled by God’s very holiness; holy and without blemish, “like a mighty people arrayed for battle,”¹ plenteous and saturated with all the gifts, fruits and charismas of the Holy Spirit, and repository of Divinity Itself in its Trinity of Persons in order to give, as universal donor, give that same Trinity to men; She being the way, the manner and the style through which the Divine Family by the life of grace lives with all and each one of Its children.

I have seen Her, through Her Liturgy, as the grand Priest with Christ, with Her Head, that, in the union of all Her members, offers Herself to the Father to receive Him, to respond to Him and, filling Herself with His plenitude, to inebriate all souls with Divinity; with the great mis-

¹ Sg 6: 4; Jl 2: 5.

sion, communicated by God, to graft all men onto Christ, and, gathering them in Herself, to return them to God Himself as a hymn of glory and praise.

I have contemplated Her as repository of Christ, with His whole mission, life and tragedy, perpetuatrix of His mystery.

And if that was not enough, God gave Her His own Mother so that She might be Mother of all and each one of men...

I have seen Her so rich, so replete, so jewelled, so saturated with Divinity, so much, so much, so much...! that I will never be able to express it...

The Church is the Ark of the New Covenant, of which the ark of Noah was only a symbol, because no matter how many storms there may be, there will be no deluge that can sink Her. She stands and sways in regal fashion over the waters, without there being a current that can drag Her, because the powerful hand of the Immense sustains Her in the recondite secret of His heart.

There is no fear that the Small Boat of Peter sink; there is no fear! because Jesus Himself works its oars and leads Her to a safe port.

God can become Man and conceal Himself in a human nature; He can become Bread and remain in the white Host, and He can perpetuate Himself mysteriously in the person of the Pope so that the latter, when he speaks as

Church, may teach us the divine plan and may confirm us in the faith, with the certainty of the Father's fulfilled will and of the expression of the Word explained, under the love and the impulse of the Holy Spirit...

There is no fear that the Church make a mistake! God speaks through Her...

There is no fear that the Church sink! God sustains Her over the waters of the universal deluge...

There is no fear, because God is the strength and the stronghold where She rests...!

And because I am more Church than soul, and I would sooner cease being soul than Church; I cannot live without Bishop, as I cannot live without God.

And my certainty that I live in the truth and I communicate it, is not so much in what I may see but in the roots and in the union that I have with my beloved Bishops, as long as these are in complete union with the mind of the Supreme Shepherd.

And as I experience myself and I am more Church than soul and more soul than body, if, what for me would be impossible, the Church were to say "no" to all I have engraved in my soul through the voice of the Pope's infallibility,

I would pull out my soul in order to say what the Church says; since I know that when

the Church speaks as Church, it is the Word who speaks through Her.

And I would not do it grumbling about, no; I would do it as a canticle of surrender and loving submission to my Holy Mother Church.

For Jesus, filling my spirit with light and inflaming my heart in love, deigned to show me deeply and savourily something of what are the Successors of the Apostles are in the Church's bosom.

On the day of the Most Holy Trinity of the Year 1968, at the time when a Bishop came to visit us to preside a concelebration of Vows in The Work of the Church; the Lord made me understand, savour and live that, when a Bishop entered our house, it was Jesus Himself who came to visit me, and, therefore, to visit all of us; and that, as we would have done with Him, we had to love, venerate, and repay him, full of gratitude, during the time that it was granted to us the gift of having him with us.

A simple and spiritual communication that made me live, all that day, full of profound meditation, in the presence of that Bishop who, for the first time, visited our house, and seeing in his face the face of Jesus.

He was one of my beloved Bishops, whom I had to venerate and look after as Martha and Mary did in Bethany with Jesus!

This I teach my children, who, full of joy, receive in their house the Successors of the Apostles. [...]

And again on the 7th of January 1972, also, when we were inaugurating one of our parishes, and the Cardinal of the diocese had come to bless the Church;

while I was suffering during the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Holy Mass, for the hard test that my spirit has been suffering from the year 1959, for not having been received nor understood, as God wanted, with all that the Lord has been manifesting to me from the 18th of March 1959, in order to communicate it, with the assignment to help the Holy Mother Church with the descendants that Jesus has asked me for this end, which is The Work of the Church, continuator and perpetuator of my mission;

the Lord, in the transcendent and sublime moment of the Holy Mass, again impressed in my spirit that a Bishop was one of the Twelve Apostles who in their Successors are perpetuated for the unending consolidation of the People of God, which is the Holy Mother Church;

holder, as my beloved Bishops know better than I, of "the treasures of wisdom and knowledge of God,"² full of Sanctity and saturated with Divinity, being Christ Her Head, Her glory and Her crown, who brought with Himself

² Cf. Col 2: 3.

to the bosom of this Holy Mother the Father and the Holy Spirit, making Her the Holy Temple of God and dwelling of the Most High, through the splendid mystery of the Incarnation, realized in the innermost being of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God and Mother of the Church;

where the infinite Trinity has remained with man, and where man dwells with the Trinity, being Son of God, sharer of the divine life, and heir to His glory.

Because I am and I feel more Church than soul, and I would tear off my soul rather than having to stop being Church catholic, apostolic and under the See of Peter, I cannot live without Bishop as I cannot live without God.

Also in another most glorious day, on the 5th of April 1959, in the depth of the divine Wisdom, full of love in the Holy Spirit, the Lord made me penetrate in what Saint Peter was in Heaven and on earth, with the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven in his hands, to open and close the sumptuous doors of Eternity, and giving way to the elect of God to enter His Kingdom.³

That is why the tiniest, last, poorest and tremulous of the daughters of the Church, on the 15th of December 1996, exclaimed with in-

³ Cf. Mt 16: 18(19)

expressible groans from the depth of her heart, given the proximity of the Successor of Saint Peter, visible Head of the Church and universal Shepherd of the People of God, for the incalculable and inestimable gift that he condescended to come to bless me and to comfort me in my bed of pain:

I thank You, my Most Holy Father! I thank You! but I am not worthy that You have come so fatherly and mercifully to visit me the poorest, helpless and last of the daughters of the Church, when I was ill.

Since the mercies of God have no end and fill all the hopes of those who trust in Him; the Lord granted me the grace that I will always keep in the depths of my heart as one of the most valuable gifts of my life, that my Most Holy Father should come to visit me when that physical impossibility of my illness did not allow me to be myself, in the smallness of my nothingness, the one who went to meet the Successor of Saint Peter, whom I so much love and I am so much in debt with my Work of the Church.

Illness that makes me live in a constant immolation, in continuous renunciation, from the 30th of March 1959, at which time, when contemplating the Church that asked me for help covered with a cloak of mourning, with Her innermost being torn due to the pain of Her children who left Her Mother's bosom be-

cause they did not know Her well and, therefore, did not love Her as the Holy Mother Church expects and deserves;

I offered myself to God as victim to glorify Him, helping the Church with all that, in order to carry it out, He had manifested and entrusted to me from the time of the Council; [...]with the sole end of giving glory to God, to help the Church and to give life to souls, together with the Pope and my beloved Bishops, helping them to carry out the essential mission that God entrusted to them, as Successors of the Apostles, in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church.

Rome, 28-3-1993

NEXT TO THE SEE OF PETER

I do not know yet of His whys...
To Rome I came, my Master...!
But, I set off,
moved by an attempt
to do always your will,
whichever it might be, my Eternal One.

The journey was indescribable
in terrible bewilderment:
difficulties, dangers...!
endless hardships
since twice they made us get off
from the broken down airplane
which had to get back
from the runway,
owing to the infuriated rage
and the maliciousness of hell.

But, at last, I arrived in Rome,
next to my open tabernacle,
to settle into the house
that God gave us next to Peter.

And in it I have suffered so much...!
from the day of my confinement
within its four walls.

Going through so many torments
between life and death,

between earth and Heaven,
 that when I asked myself:
 tell me, Lord, why is this...?
 why did I come without knowing...?
 why do I go on not knowing it...?
 always a sweet hope
 I glimpsed in the encounters
 of my silent tabernacle,
 with my Jesus, in silence.

And the 7th of March came
 with terrible bewilderment...!
 And, during my diseases,
 my *mournings* redoubled,
 my pains increased,
 my torments came one on top of the other,
 until I had to run
 to shut myself away in my bed.

And I feel more and more sunken,
 almost outside of this soil,
 suddenly...! From the height
 of my bedroom in mourning,
 I began to experience
 a sublime and strong encounter
 between the Divinity
 and my being full of *loves*.

I felt that it uplifted me...!
 No pain remained in my body,
 because the Divinity
 approached me with so much determination,
 that it lifted me from the earth

to offer me comfort,
 its shelter and its protection;
 so much, so much...! that, in no time,
 I knew that it introduced me
 again there into its Bosom,
 and that He caressed me
 as in my better times.

I have spent so many years
 in the absence of Him whom I yearn for,
 thinking that never more
 would I have Him on this soil,
 that I felt reborn
 from death to Heaven...!

It was a great and sublime time,
 sealed by the encounter,
 and marked with the passing
 of the infinite Wonder.

It was God who rushed
 to protect the tormented Echo
 of the Church...!
 in order to give me the comfort
 that only He is able to give
 by the immense power
 of the great sublimity
 of His sublime mystery.

Everything changed for me
 in that while of Heaven,
 because I was able to comprehend,
 in sublime understanding,
 that Glory's door

remained open, in wonder,
in my poor room,
because God came to meet me.

“The gates of Glory...!”
“this is the gate of Heaven...!”
“because God rushed!”:
I repeated in my determination
to show those children
who, next to me, understood
that something very great was taking place
between the Immense and His Echo.

I do not know whether I will die
or whether I will still go on living,
but, if the eternal Joy
should have already come for me,
the “Gate of Heaven” is
in the room of the encounter.

It was already so many months...!
So many years and so dense...!
that I did not find my God
as in my early times,
that this glory that I have lived,
when the Eternal rushed to me,
has filled me with such strength
with the stamp of His zeal,
that I have remained indifferent,
due to the passing of the Immense,
between life and death,
between earth or Heaven;
for only what God wants
is, for me, the best.

And it was the Divinity...!
in Its eternal power,
which rushed to caress me
in Its embrace and with Its kiss,
in divine compassion
and in sublime perfect love,
to the simple room
of its poor Echo in mourning.

Yes, it was the Divinity...!
well do I know it, and certain!
because the sublimity
of that such sublime encounter
consisted in that the blessed God,
with His eternal power,
introduced Himself into the small room,
so tiny and small,
that I have prepared for myself in Rome,
next to the See of Peter.

I don't know what has happened
from the day of the encounter...
I only know that God will come
to bring me to His Bosom
the day when He determines
that my time has concluded.

One doubt has remained in me:
Is it that my flight approaches
and He has come to prepare me
in order to raise me to Heaven...?
or is it that He opens my ways,
preparing me, in His determination,

to fulfil the complete mission
that He, in me, has placed...?

Everything is indifferent...:
“God’s glory!” “that alone!”
again has been engraved
in the marrow of my chest.

I don’t care how hard it may be for me
to die or to go on living.
Nothing matters! dear children;
His glory alone I desire!

But how much at home one feels
next to the See of Peter,
and having found God
as in my better days...!

that make me be alive,
with great vigour, even though I die
for the continuous pains,
that are so hard, so fierce,
that no longer the night exists
to rest my body.

Always grieving, my children...!
But always with new joy
for knowing that the blessed God
is the one who has willed this.

I came to Rome and here I am,
in this small confinement,
waiting for God to speak
and express to me His desires,
in order to do all that He command me,
whatever this may be.

Here am I...! I find myself in Rome...!
Next to the See of Peter...!
As I always dreamed,
due the yearning that I feel
for helping, as I may be able,
my Mother Church in mourning.

What I have lived has been
so sublime and so certain,
that now no doubt remains in me;
God’s will I understand:
my place is marked
by the strength of Him whom I await:

Rome is where I have to be,
since in Rome lives Peter
in him who perpetuates Peter
throughout the ages;
whom one day I contemplated
glorious with his tiara
by the doors of Heaven,
to open to him who might arrive
with the mark of the Lamb,
that sealed him on his forehead
as son of the Eternal,
and Peter took them inside,
into the Wedding of the Lamb.

Children of my wounded soul,
I have now learned to know it:

It is so much what I have lived
and what I go on living,
that my place is already in Rome
next to the See of Peter,

whether to remain here
or to go to Heaven.

Understand me, children of Spain:
I love You so much in my zeal,
Since You are to me God's glory
with endeavours that I don't express...!
But my place is in Rome
next to the See of Peter...!
Where the sumptuous Doors
of the Heavens are open.

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.

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia
Sánchez Moreno

