

MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA
Founder of «La Obra de la Iglesia»

*The true face
of the Church
full and saturated
with Divinity*

*My song
of love
to the Church*



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THE FACE OF THE CHURCH

My Church, how beautiful you are...! You are all beautiful, Daughter of Jerusalem.

«Your eyes are doves»¹, because your gazing is with the same Father's gazing.

Your mouth is all sweet, soft, because your mouth is the same Word Incarnate which, breaking into Word, comes out and scatters over us through you in divine singing of eternal and infinite perfections.

My Church, you are lightened. «Your cheeks are like halves of pomegranate»², reddened by the same fire of the Holy Spirit.

You are «army in battle»³, queen with your queenship received from God's same being, strong as the very fortitude of the «Lyon of Judah»⁴.

Oh, my Church!, all beautiful, bedecked with the Divinity Itself that penetrates you, saturates you, ennobles you, extolling you with such

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LA OBRA DE LA IGLESIA (The Work of the Church)
MADRID - 28006 ROMA - 00149
C/. Velázquez, 88 Via Vigna due Torri, 90
Tel. +34.91.435.41.45 Tel. +39.06.551.46.44

E-mail: informa@laobradelaiglesia.org
www.laobradelaiglesia.org

www.clerus.org (Holy See: Congregation for the Clergy)

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¹ Song 1, 15.
² Song 4, 3.

³ Song 6, 4 = Jl 2, 5.
⁴ Rv 5, 5.

fruitfulness, that you, my Church, are the very same Word Incarnate that comes out from the Father's bosom breaking into Word and burning Himself in the Holy Spirit. That is your royal Head, my Church!

How beautiful you are with the beauty of the same Most High and Most Holy God! Your Bridegroom's divinity truly sheds down from you to all your living members...!

My Church, you are Mother with the same heart of the Father. The one and only white Dove which encloses in its bosom the whole adorable Trinity.

Oh, my Church!, all dove's innocence you are...Your perfumes extend across all the ends of the earth. You are a «sachet of myrrh»⁵ put in the very bosom of the Most High; and so lovely, that the Father Himself, who takes no other delight than in Himself, in his Son and their common Holy Spirit, recreates and pleases Himself in you, because your Head and your Crown is his own Incarnate Only Begotten Son.

My Church, where is Solomon so that he may sing you in his poems...? Where all the poets so that they may sing something of the beauties of my Church...? But no, there is no poet that can sing you as you deserve. You

⁵ Song 1, 13.

have to be known as you are, and only the Father contemplates you adequately in all your beauty, because you, in your Head, are his Word.

And there is neither a word which can sing you, my Church, beloved Church, because, not knowing you, who will know how to express you? Who will be able to spell out the romance of infinite love that God accomplished in you and with you, as Bridegroom in love, oh Celestial Jerusalem!, on the day of your wedding in perpetual and eternal marriage, according to the promises of He who Is, announced to humanity from the beginning of time?

But yes, that you yourself, in your royal Head, sing and express yourself, as She is the fruitful Word that comes out singing from the Father's bosom, beautifying you with your royal crown of glorious Divinity as Bride of the immaculate Lamb; sealing you in your brow with his divine blood, shed on the holy altar of the cross, which takes away the sins of the world; and bejewelling you with all the gifts, fruits and charismas of the Holy Spirit, who at Pentecost made you break out in word of fire through his loving impulse.

Oh, my Church!...Who shall be able to love you as you deserve? There is no created love, my Church, Word of the Father... So wonder-

ful you are, that the Infinite Love Himself, is the one who suits you, and loves you and marries you in eternal marriage. And, burning you in his flames, unites you «in justice and in truth»⁶ with the Word of Life, in such a way that, between your Head and your members, the Love Himself works a great mystery, image of the Incarnation; and in such consummate perfection, that as human and divine nature unite themselves in one only Person, who is the Word, in that way, between the whole Mystical Body and his divine and royal Head, such an intimate and divine union is carried out which is the Total Christ;

royal Head, which crowns you, Holy Church, with righteousness, peace and love; ennobling you with the infinite and coeternal Truth of the same Trinity who, in you and through you, manifests us, donates us and gives us «all the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God»⁷, which are given to us by Christ and through Mary in your Mother's bosom, replete and saturated with Divinity; to inebriate, saturating, whoever drinks from the torrential affluents of the eternal Fountains, that spring from the Father's bosom, through the open side of Christ, and overflow from your Mother's bosom to humanity, with a Father's heart, a Word's song, and a Holy Spirit's love.

⁶ Hos 2, 21.

⁷ Col 2, 3.

How much my One Trinity loves his Holy Church...! It loves her so much, that it made her a repository of its divine life so that she might fill with Divinity all of her children; in such a way, that my Mother Church is the heart of God on earth, the singing expression of the Infinite, the manifestation of the eternal Love in his being and in his Persons.

The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit love the Church with eternal charity, since God, when loving, does it with all his being in a Trinity of Persons.

All that the Father knows, the Word expresses it and the Holy Spirit loves it. All that the Father is through his being, the Word and the Holy Spirit are also that.

And thus, when the Father loves his Church, he does it so wonderfully, that he says to her –as in a romance of unprecedented tenderness and infinite mercy in an outpouring of his eternal love– all that He is, so perfectly, that with the same Word that He has in his bosom to express Himself to Himself, he expresses it to me in my holy Church, and he expresses to me all that He is and just as He is, being what He is in the subsistent instant of being Himself and having got Himself always been it without beginning and without end in eternal subsistence and sufficiency, in his immutable act of familiar and trinitarian life.

Oh, infinite Love...! Neither a prophet nor an Angel, burned in your divine love, were sufficient for You to tell me what You are, but rather, breaking into speech from your bosom in my Church, oh my Father God!, you give me your singing Word, your infinite Word, the same one you have in you to tell yourself your eternal being. It is your Word, your only Delight, your Explanation, the one You have given me in your Holy Church; the one who, «making his dwelling among us»⁸, tells us the divine, hidden and arcane secret of the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the unfathomable mystery of the trinitarian life.

In this way the Father loved his Church! There is nothing though infinite, mysterious and perfect it may be, that the Father, wanting to reveal it to us, has not told my Church. He wanted to tell her everything, and for that, He gave her his Word, his eternal and infinite Saying who, turned towards me, expressed to me, in a romance of love, the loving wisdom which, in an infinite concert, is my Father God.

Oh Holy Church!, you are all beautiful because you have in you the wisdom of the Father that, in divine and human expression, He deposits it to you in your Mother's bosom.

Let us see if there is anything that my Holy Church does not tell me! Let us see what se-

⁸ Jn 1, 14.

cret is hidden in the very depths of God which, revealed to his Church, she does not manifest to me...! «Because God has revealed it to us through the Spirit, for the Spirit scrutinizes everything, even the depths of God»⁹.

Let us see!, is there anything that the Word has not told us in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, founded by Christ, the Messiah promised to our father Abraham, in whose descendants «all the communities of the earth shall find blessing»¹⁰; announced by the Holy Prophets and entrusted to her Apostles, as a New and Celestial Jerusalem? «Because I have told you everything I have heard from my Father»¹¹.

The divine Word is the infinite Speech in God, and when He speaks, He utters the bosom of our Divine Family, and He has uttered it in his Church.

How marvellous is God! So much, that he gives us his Only Begotten Son to show us the love that He has for us, and, in an excess of that same love, He gives Him to us defenceless in the cross, singing to us, in his bloody canticle of Divinity, the heart of the Infinite. «God so loved the world that he gave his only Son, so that everyone who believes in Him might not perish but might have eternal life»¹².

⁹ 1 Cor 2, 10.

¹⁰ Gn 12, 3.

¹¹ Jn 15, 15.

¹² Jn 3, 16.

My holy Church is the Trinity on earth in divine and human expression.

My Church is the Speech of God to men.

My Church is my God with a Mother's heart.

My Church is my Mother with God's heart.

Oh Church of mine!, I cannot even look at you... Because you are so beautiful, so much beautiful!, that I will never be able to say the eternal joy of the infinite happiness that is contained in your bosom. You are a precious amphora replete with Divinity; the spring through which the divine Wisdom gives Herself to men in a bloody Song of Infinite Love; the unique repository of all God's secret to his children. In you is contained «the Mystery hidden from ages past in God who created all things, so that the manifold wisdom of God might now be made known through the Church. This was according to the eternal purpose that he accomplished in Christ Jesus our Lord»¹³.

How greatly the Word loves his Church...! He loves her so much, that, sent by the Father and impelled by the Holy Spirit, He gave Himself, joyfully and blissfully, for her, in the cross.

¹³ Eph 3, 9-11.

My Church is all-beautiful, she is all adorned up and bejewelled with the very Deity, since it pours over her in waterfalls of being and in a Trinity of Persons.

It is the Father's will that the Word become flesh to say to men the innermost secrets of the trinitarian life. And at the moment that the great mystery of the Incarnation takes place, the priestly posture of Christ's soul, turned towards the Father, is like saying: «Behold, I come to do your will, O God»¹⁴. You have wanted me to come to sing to men our infinite perfections and «your law is in my heart»¹⁵. Lo, here I come as Word to say what you are, oh Father, what I myself am and what our common Holy Spirit is. And I will do this by depositing all our treasure in the Church's bosom, as the Three of us have only one life, only one being, and wanting to pour out ourselves over her, we adorn her by communicating to her the whole secret of our intimate life.

In this way does the Word love his Church: fulfilling the Father's will to tell her all that He is. And not happy enough to express it to her with an Infinite canticle of joyful jubilation, he also says it to her in a most sorrowful agony at Gethsemane, in a bloody bursting out of love, in a total destruction of his human nature,

¹⁴ Ps 39, 8 = Heb 10, 7. ¹⁵ Ps 39, 9.

who sings to us in the cross, dying, the infinite love of our Father God.

Let us see what is there in the bosom of my Holy Trinity that the infinite Word has not manifested to us in his Church?! «No one has ever seen God; the only Son, God, who is at the Father's side, has revealed Him»¹⁶.

Oh, my immaculate Bridegroom...!, grant me to know how to sing the joy of my Trinity-Love, to say the riches that are contained in my Church, to discover the mystery of your most holy soul, to proclaim your Immaculate Mother, knowing how to correspond to such a great gift with a total surrender in a response of love.

How greatly the Holy Spirit loves my Mother Church...! The three divine Persons have one sole will, one sole desire, so that pouring themselves over their creature, they give her all the richness of their infinite love.

It is the Holy Spirit the Love who, in the Trinity, shrouds and penetrates this same Trinity.

It is the Holy Spirit the infinite and personal Charity that, in loving will, moves the Father to hand over to us his Word telling us his eter-

¹⁶ Jn 1, 18.

nal and divine secret, and burns the Word, in his infinitely loving fire, to die in the cross giving Himself up for the Church, as an expression of the eternal love that the Trinity has for her.

«If the blood of goats and bulls and the sprinkling of a heifer's ashes can sanctify those who are defiled so that their flesh is cleansed, how much more will the blood of Christ, who through the eternal spirit offered Himself unblemished to God, cleanse our consciences from dead works to worship the living God»¹⁷.

It is the Holy Spirit the one who performs the great mystery of the Incarnation in the most pure inner being of Our Lady, all Virgin, who would conceive and give birth a son, whom she would name Emmanuel: «Therefore the Lord Himself will give you this sign: the virgin shall be with child, and bear a son, and shall name him Immanuel, which means "God is with us"»¹⁸; although, whenever God looks outwards, the three divine Persons act jointly, each one of them making it according to their own personal physiognomy.

And thus, the Father, principle and source of uncreated life, gives us his Word so that he may uncover to us his eternal secret; the Word

¹⁷ Heb 9, 13-14.

¹⁸ Is 7, 14.

sings it to us on the cross; being the donation of the Father and the bloody canticle of the Word the demonstration of the infinite charity that the Holy Spirit has for his Church. This is the way the Trinity loves my Church of mine!

Oh, Holy Spirit!, eternal Love that adorns up the Mother Church, infinite Charity which shrouds my holy Church, loving Kiss that anoints and penetrates all the members of my Church; grant that I may be, with all my beloved souls, a returnable generous kiss in the bosom of the Trinity, that I may kiss each one of the Persons in the instant in which, as a sign of love towards man, they give themselves as a donation to my Church.

Holy Spirit, you are the one who, pouring yourself over the Church, enriches her with all your gifts and charismas.

It is through you, Infinite Love, for whom, the day of Pentecost, that first gathering burst into a word of fire in infinite expression of Divinity.

Through you the members of the Mother Church, penetrated in your eternal charity, are getting enriched with the gifts that You, as a present of love, have deposited in her to bejewel her; in such a way that she, as Mother and Lady, distributes with a Mother's heart all the treasures of your heart to all her sons.

It is you, my Holy Spirit, my Immaculate Bridegroom, the Love that pushes the Father and the Word towards us as donation, and the Charity that shrouds, penetrates, saturates and ennobles my Holy Church.

You are the Love by which the Father through the Word, both burned in you, looking outwards, work the creation.

Through you, the divine Persons look towards man again and, through your infinite charity, in an excess of trinitarian love towards the fallen humanity, the soul of Christ and Mary are creation.

Your love launches the Word from the bosom of the Father to the womb of the Lady, so that, breaking into Word of fire, the divine Word on earth may tell all of us children of God the trinitarian warmth of the Divine Family.

Through you, my infinite Spirit, in an unimaginable and inconceivable sign of love, the Incarnate Word joyfully dies, offering Himself for the Church, and the glorious Father, burned in your eternal charity, in donation and gift of love, surrenders him to the immaculate Church.

Through you, the day of Pentecost, my Holy Church becomes bejewelled and full of wisdom, having all your gifts in plenitude, and penetrating through you in the infinite Word who, «coming down from the everlasting

hills»¹⁹, told us in a bloody song the loving and secret mystery of the Deity. «The Spirit of truth, he will guide you to all truth. He will not speak on his own, but he will speak what he hears, and will declare to you the things that are coming. He will glorify me, because he will take from what is mine and declare it to you»²⁰.

Let us see if there is anything in God that, wanting to communicate it, the Holy Spirit would not give to my Mother Church...! Let us see if there is anything in God that the eternal Love would not give to my Church...! Let us see if there is anything in God, in his infinite Trinity and in his eternal being, that my Holy Church does not know how to spell out to me with a Mother's heart and with a Holy Spirit's love...!

I am God's daughter, sharer of the divine life, God by participation, heir of the trinitarian life of the Infinite one. And all because my One Trinity, burned in the fire of the Holy Spirit, poured Itself over my Church, so that she, with infinite sovereignty, would give me all that man by himself could never dream of, nor possess, not even fancy, for not understanding «what God has prepared for those who love him»²¹.

¹⁹ Ps 75, 5.

²⁰ Jn 16, 13-14. ²¹ 1 Cor 2, 9.

It is my Church, through the Holy Spirit, the one who has opened in me the insatiable longing for the Infinite. It is the Church who, through the Sacraments, communicates to men the divine powers of the Incarnate Son of God: «Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you forgive are forgiven them, and whose sins you retain are retained»²². For which reason the Church is the only one who has the power to tie and untie in heaven and on earth: «Amen, I say to you, whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven»²³.

What can be lacking to my Holy Church that my God would not have given her? The Sacraments are the ones that have made me capable of possessing the Eternal. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are the ones that, purifying me and sanctifying me —«be holy because I am Holy»²⁴— enable me to live on earth in wisdom and love, savouring the Divinity Itself. «Let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as scripture says: Rivers of living water will flow from within him». He said this in reference to the Spirit that those who came to believe in Him were to receive»²⁵.

²² Jn 20, 22b. 23.
²³ Mt 18, 18.

²⁴ 1 Pt 1, 16.
²⁵ Jn 7, 37-39a.

It is the Church, in her Liturgy, the canticle of the Word, and the one who spells out to me the divine message contained in her Mother's heart.

Also, oh my Church, the Infinite Love has wanted to give you a Mother. And for this, He Himself created his own Mother, Mary Immaculate, to give her to you as a donation and as a gift of his Father's heart.

God created, looking at his Church and loving her, a Mother for Him and for his holy Church, and gave her all that He would deposit in the Church; in such a way that all the donation of the Trinity to his Church, before being handed over to her, He deposited it in the Mother of the Church, by the mystery of the Incarnation, through her divine and universal Motherhood, so that She might give it to her, with a Mother's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

The Love wanted to give a Mother to his Holy Church, and to give this Mother to her as He Himself needed, first He made her for Himself, to be able to give us his own Mother.

So much God loves his Church! In such a way that, when He wants to give her a Mother, He gives her the same one that He Himself created for Himself. He does not give her less, he does not content Himself with less.

Mary, the Lady, is God's donation to his Church. My Father God did not want that anything would be wanting in the royal crown of my holy Church, and as He wanted her to be adorned with all his gifts, he also gave her his Mother as a Mother, so that nothing would be wanting in her.

So much does the Father love his Church, giving her his Daughter as Mother; the Son, giving her his Mother as a Mother; and the Holy Spirit, giving her his Bride as a Mother!

Mary is the great donation of the Trinity to its Church, being the Virgin the means through which the Father tells her his Word, the Holy Spirit hands Her over to her and the Word dies crucified for her; since, by divine will, putting her in the plan of redemption, the Virgin was the means that God would choose Himself to donate Himself to his Church. For that reason, the Virgin, Mother of the Divine Grace, is the one to «blame» for all men being filled with grace and able to go to God.

Mary gives her donation to the Church which is her Son and the Only Begotten of the Father. She also gives us the divine Word so that He may tell us the Infinite's Canticle! Nor does She content Herself with less than to give us her Son, the Word of the Father, so that He may tell us in a romance of love all the secret of our One Trinity!

Mary cooperated with her *fiat*, on the day of the Incarnation, in the donation of the three divine Persons to the Church, in such a way that the Three awaited her «yes» to give themselves. Impelled by the Holy Spirit, the Word was handed over as a donation by the Father to the Mother of the Church, and from her womb, through her maternal will, took place the donation of God to men, the restoration of humanity and the grafting of men in God.

It is wonderful to contemplate the Lady, as Mother of the Church, receiving, united to all her children, the great donation of God to man through the Word; and it is wonderful to contemplate the Lady in the divine plan, next to the Incarnate Word in order to, from God, give the life to men.

Mary is put into the whole divine plan, so much, that if She had not cooperated on one same will with God on this plan, the eternal plans for the Church and the world would not have been fulfilled.

So Mary, put into God's plan, on the day of the Incarnation, and afterwards on the Cross, delivered over her Son to the Church and, together with Him, She gave herself; and with the Son She hands over to us the Father and the Holy Spirit, according to the thought of God; who created us solely and exclusively so that we might possess Him, making us his children,

sharers of the divine life and heirs of his glory.

Mary is «the pride of Jerusalem, the glory of Israel, the honour of our People»²⁶, because for Her sake «the Mighty One has done great things» and for this «from now on will all ages call Her blessed»²⁷.

A royal cloak of blood shrouds my Mother Church; a royal cloak that her Bridegroom, Christ Jesus, on the wedding day placed on her, since, driven crazy of love for her, gave her as a gift all his divine blood with which she could forgive, penetrate and divinize all of her children. «You have approached Mount Zion and the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and countless angels in festal gathering, and the assembly of the firstborn enrolled in heaven, and God the judge of all, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus, the mediator of a new covenant, and the sprinkled blood that speaks more eloquently than that of Abel»²⁸.

How beautiful is my Mother Church! In her is contained, hidden in the white Host, the very infinite Word, expressing in every tabernacle on

²⁶ Jdt 15, 9.

²⁷ Lk 1, 49. 48. ²⁸ Heb 12, 22-24.

earth, in an incomprehensible silence, the eternal love that to my mother Church had her divine Bridegroom, who, willing to remain with her until the end of time, hides Himself under the appearance of a small piece of bread, so that she can give as food and drink to all her children the same eternal Word that she has in her bosom: «Whoever eats my flesh and drinks my blood remains in me and I in him. Just as the living Father sent me and I have life because of the Father, so also the one who feeds on me will have life because of me»²⁹.

The Church is the Incarnate Word, with his most holy Mother, with all the apostles, the martyrs, the virgins, the saints...

But the Church, because she is so beautiful and so fruitful, is not only Church in all her living and life-giving members, who she contemplates with the Father, sings with the Word and burns herself with the Holy Spirit; she is not only the group of all her members who, united, form the Total and mystical Christ, but rather, each one who lives his *being Church* participates of all of the beauties which in infinity spring from the Father's bosom. Because, by virtue of their *being Church*, every christian who lives in grace has by participation what God has by nature, as he made us «sharers in

²⁹ Jn 6, 56-57.

his divine nature»³⁰, to each one in the measure of their *being Church*, which is that of their transformation in God.

My Church, you in your bosom have all the attributes and perfections of God's being, who in infinity of nuances, pours yourself over you adorning you and beautifying you with his very beauty, being yourself like the Woman clothed with the sun of the Apocalypse.

My Church, you are the truth, the sanctity, the union, the charity, the fatherhood; because your royal Head is the very Word that comes out from the Father's bosom. And you are so simple, that this Word, when He created you, dressed Himself up with a human nature, and wanted to entrust to you and perpetuate in you his mission of evangelizing the poor, having made Himself poor He who is the infinite Richness, to enrich us with his poverty³¹.

You, with Christ and through Christ, are Mother of all souls. They have all been created to get into your bosom, to be your members; they are all called by God to contemplate the Word that comes out from the Most High God Himself, manifesting Himself through your mouth, burned in the gladdening flames of the Holy Spirit.

³⁰ 2 Pt 1, 4.

³¹ Cfr. 2 Cor 8, 9.

Oh, my Church, how the Word of the Father is singing in your bosom...! Everywhere the Word is singing in the Eucharist in a silent canticle of loving expression; that same Word who in the bloodless Sacrifice of the Altar, perpetuation of the Incarnation, life, death and resurrection of Christ, is victimizing Himself in a bloody cry of eternal and infinite love.

Word of the Father, how you sing in your Church...! This whole Church is burned in the impetuous fire of the Holy Spirit, she is dressed up in royal purple by the blood of the Lamb of God which, springing out in torrents, spills Itself through the sacraments over all the children who want to become imbued with that divine blood.

My Church, you are Christ, and with Him, through Him, and in Him, Priest, Victim and Altar; perennial Sacrifice that offers Himself «so that they should know the Father and the one whom He sent, Jesus Christ»³². You have the marvellous and divine mission of singing his infinite Song, while burned in the fire of the Holy Spirit, as the fruit of your contemplation with the Father. You are the one who has to give us the living dogma, in loving wisdom, which is contained in your Mother's bosom, to vivify all of us, giving us the food broken into small

³² Cfr. Jn 17, 3.

pieces, according to the times, races and capacity of each of your sons.

My Church, how beautiful you are...! «You are enclosed garden, my sister»³³, containing inside your fence all God's being, that, spills torrentially in you, divinizes all souls that enter in your Sheepfold; «fountain sealed»³⁴ with the seal of the living God and of the Lamb, which adorns and bedecks your Queen's brow.

My Church, you are always singing the Song that the Word has placed in your bosom. You are singing, my Church, the divine life throughout all the ends of the world, which is the great mission for which the Word became flesh and that to you, through Him, was entrusted.

And this Church of mine which is so beautiful, so fruitful, such a Lady, such a Queen and so divine, is the pride of my *Church-soul*. I have no other joy nor content than being daughter of the Church, because only she makes me daughter of God, sharer and heir of his glory!

I see, in the bosom of this Holy Mother of mine, opened caverns, not healed, bleeding, awaiting to be filled with the return of children, who, when they departed, left her wounded,

³³ Song 4, 12.

³⁴ Song 4, 12.

tearing her loving inner being. And they went away because they didn't know their Mother the Church, because, although they were Church and maybe teaching Church, they did not know their *being Church* well. If they had known what *being Church* is, and the infinite and fruitful truth that is contained in the bosom of this Holy Mother, and how the Church loves them and waits for them, and how She has torn herself, and in what way have they left her wounded, shattered and mutilated, these children, who were favourite children of her loving and caring warm bosom, would not have gone away from the Father's House «wandering after the flocks of their companions»³⁵!

They have come out of her motherly bosom because they did not know the infinite happiness that was contained in her bosom, and because we, the ones who are Church and are sheltered under the See of Peter, by not living profoundly her riches, have disfigured with our faults, unconsciousnesses, lukewarmnesses, cowardices, and even treasons, the beautiful face of this Holy Mother.

And now the Church is like the father of the prodigal son, going out to meet him and looking out from her divine height, torn, disconsolately and bitterly clamouring through Christ's Vicar on earth: «Unity, Unity...!»

³⁵ Song 1, 7.

Let those children come, those who, separating themselves from the Father's house, left the Mother Church torn, crying for their absence...!

And the Church, with her merciful inner being, pouring herself out in the love of the Holy Spirit, goes on clamouring, ready to forgive with the blood of the Lamb those children who, leaving the Sheepfold of the Good Shepherd, left her covered with a cloak of mourning, with which she covers, overlooking, the caverns that those children left open when they abandoned her, crying with the prophet: «They have forsaken me, the source of living waters; They have dug themselves cisterns, broken cisterns»³⁶; and with Christ: «Let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink, I will give him a gift of life-giving water, that springs to eternal life!»³⁷.

The Church is crying out through the Holy Father: Unity! She is clamouring, as with a cry of alarm: Unity!, because she sees with her divine look that the devil confuses the souls, scattering the small sheep of the Good Shepherd's Flock. «Tell me, you whom my heart loves, where you pasture your flock, where you give them rest at midday, lest I be found wandering after the flocks of your companions»³⁸.

³⁶ Jer 2, 13.

³⁷ Jn 7, 37; Rv 21, 6.

³⁸ Song 1, 7.

Unity!, the Word is crying out in the bosom of the Father and in the bosom of his Church through Peter, to whom He Himself said when instituting her: «You are Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church. I will give you the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven»³⁹. «I have prayed that your own faith may not fail; and once you have turned back, you must strengthen your brothers»⁴⁰.

And this Peter, who is the Holy Father, is crying out from God's bosom with the Word: Unity of all the little sheep and of all the shepherds in his Sheepfold...!

Unity!, cries out the Church, praying to the Father.

«Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be your name»⁴¹, known, loved and extended throughout all the confines of the earth, lived in its fullness by all the little sheep of the Good Shepherd's Sheepfold, and sung and manifested to all souls.

«Your kingdom come»⁴², through the loving knowledge of the treasure of my Church, which is the Father and the Holy Spirit with Christ and

³⁹ Mt 16, 18a. 19.

⁴⁰ Lk 22, 32.

⁴¹ Mt 6, 9.

⁴² Mt 6, 10.

Mary dwelling in her, with all the gifts and charismas that the Trinity Itself deposited in her bosom the day it wedded her «in justice and love»⁴³.

«Your will be done on earth»⁴⁴ for unity, as image of your divine unity, of all those who, having left the Church's bosom, in one way or another they feel they are Church, and they desire to live, although dispersed from the Father's House, the mystery of Christ, who is given to us in all his divine reality in the precious amphora, replete and saturated with Divinity, of the Holy Mother Church, Catholic, Apostolic and under the See and shelter of Peter; who, as good Shepherd, made one with «Christ, and Him crucified»⁴⁵, has to «lay down His life for His sheep»⁴⁶.

Oh, Church of mine, these separated children are those who have your most inner being torn apart with your open caverns, those caverns which nobody but they can fill, and that will remain open without healing until their return.

You have other children who, living within your own bosom, are wandering deads, float-

⁴³ Hos 2, 21.

⁴⁴ Mt 6, 10.

⁴⁵ 1 Cor 2, 2.

⁴⁶ Jn 10, 15.

ing corpses, who deeply injure your maternal inner being, and are, Mother of mine, those who, being your children through baptism and faith, live in mortal sin.

You also have other children who, being in grace, do not live of the infinite life which is contained in your bosom, and are sick and paralytic members.

Beloved Mother, I see that you have a legion of souls which are the chosen people, the preferred portion of the Good Shepherd's flock. These are your priests and consecrated souls; those who, in an eminent way, «ran attracted by the scent of your perfumes, for your anointed oils are delicate and your name spoken is a spreading perfume; that is why maidens love you»⁴⁷. Those in whom Jesus placed all his hope and in whom principally deposited the treasure and the mission of your Mother's bosom; that treasure which is to hurl to all souls the infinite life that God our Father wants to give us through your Church's face, as continuer of the same mission for which your Bridegroom became incarnate.

These children of yours, many times, my Church, are like «a resounding gong»⁴⁸. Because the voluntary imperfections of many of the

⁴⁷ Song 1, 2-3.

⁴⁸ 1 Cor 13, 1.

souls which are called to be continuers of the mission of Christ, choke with their rachitic and sick life the expansion of the divine beats of your Mother's heart, which wants to launch the announcement of eternal love, that your Bridegroom is extending through you at all times, so that all your children, living their divine sonship, united with their Head, Christ Jesus, and Mary, the Mother of the Church, forming the Total Christ, may give to all souls the infinite life that burns in the bosom of the Trinity.

Beloved Mother, Daughter of Jerusalem, who will be able to console your pain...?

You are «Rachel mourning her dead children»⁴⁹, those lost children who left the Father's House; and in your Gethsemane, you also weep for the coldness, lukewarmness and lack of love of your consecrated souls.

My Church, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, you are on the cross celebrating your perennial Mass which you offer for all souls to extend «the knowledge of the Lord throughout all the earth as waters cover the sea»⁵⁰, and you are suffering the lack of love of many of your consecrated souls..., of your priests...; and even, sometimes, of some of the Successors of the

⁴⁹ Jer 31, 15.

⁵⁰ Is 11, 9.

Apostles, to whom Jesus entrusted the shepherding of his Church –«Go into the whole world and proclaim the Gospel to every creature. Whoever believes and is baptized will be saved; whoever does not believe will be condemned. They went forth and preached everywhere, while the Lord worked with them and confirmed the word through accompanying signs»⁵¹–; since there are amongst your Shepherds, holy Church, those who, because they do not know you well, do not receive from your bosom the mission that the Word deposited in you to be continued throughout all times; and those who, like Judas, are salaried shepherds, «ravenous wolves in sheep’s clothing»⁵² and meek lambs, turning themselves into rock of scandal and ruin of souls.

God wanted to give Himself to man and He Himself became flesh. And through this mystery, a great prodigy has taken place between God and his creature, and it is that the People of God has become so divine, that one of them is God; being Christ the representative of all his brothers, and being He, by his divinity, the Only Begotten Son of the Father. And in this manner it is understood that Christ be the Head of all the Church and that all of her be called

⁵¹ Mk 16, 15-16. 20.

⁵² Mt 7, 15.

«the Total Christ». Because the Divinity has united Itself with the mankind through the Incarnation of the Word to give Itself to man and to associate him to Itself in such a way, that all the Church is the Christ of the Father, burned in the love of the Holy Spirit; for this reason the Divinity delights in its Church, even though she be dark by the sins of her children who have made her like that: «You are dark but lovely, O daughter of Jerusalem»⁵³, «your eyes are doves»⁵⁴, illuminated by the sapiential light of the Holy Spirit.

The Church, because she is Christ, is the speech of God to men, and what she has to tell them is the explanation of the same Word who, through his humanity, manifests Himself to us in a romance of love in divine and human speech. This is why, when I look at my Holy Church, I see her grafted onto the same Divinity through the Word, who through his humanity, has united to Himself all men, making out of all of them the Total Christ.

God wants to give Himself to man and creates a humanity onto all his children are grafted, and unites her to Himself in a personal union, and This One is the Total Christ, Head and members.

⁵³ Song 1, 5.

⁵⁴ Song 1, 15.

God, in Himself, is donation of infinite richness that gives Himself to the Word, and This One gives Himself back to the Father in the infinite love of the Holy Spirit; the life of the three divine Persons being a communication of donation and a mutual giving back. God Himself in Him, through Him and for Him, in eternal subsistence of trinitarian life, by being donation, requires an infinite response, being totally rested in his very bosom, in his necessity of communication.

The fruit of the Father's look is the Word; this is why when He looks into Himself, the Word responds, burned in the love of the Holy Spirit, to the whole donation that the Father gives Him, having compiled in Him the infinite donation of the Father.

The Father looks out and gives us the fruit of his look, which is the Word. But, as his donation has to be reciprocated, and the Word is the infinite Response of the Father, the Word gives Himself to us in the Incarnation, compiles in Himself all creation and, in the love of the Holy Spirit, gives Himself back in response to the Father. Here is also enclosed the great mystery of the Incarnation with all its prolongation, which is the Total Christ, who has to adhere in all his members to its Head which is the fruit of the Father's look, and with Christ, through Him and in Him, burned and embraced in the

love of the Holy Spirit, giving back themselves to the infinite Look of the Father, as a gifted response to his donation to our souls.

Separated children of the Church, come to her «Mother's bosom which is a precious amphora, that will never lack for mixed wine; and her womb is a heap of wheat encircled with lilies»⁵⁵; listen to the voice of the Good Shepherd who is crying out: «Unity», expression of that infinite union of the three divine Persons. «That they may all be one, as you, Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that you sent me»⁵⁶.

All you catholics, listen to the voice of your Holy Mother Church who calls you to identify closely with her, to live on her divine life. Listen to «her voice which is sweet»⁵⁷ and smooth to God's palate; because her voice is the infinite Song of the Father, spelled out in a romance of unprecedented tenderness towards fallen humanity, so that this one may return to the Infinite Love and may fill the end for which we have been created, being children of God, heirs of his glory and «sharers in the divine life»⁵⁸.

⁵⁵ Song 7, 3.
⁵⁶ Jn 17, 21.

⁵⁷ Song 2, 14.
⁵⁸ 2 Pt 1, 4.

Listen to the voice of the Only Begotten Son of God, Incarnate, that resounds in the infinite canticle of the Church, which lovingly invites you saying: «Come to take from my myrrh and my balsam, to eat from the honeycomb's virgin honey, to drink from my wine and from my milk, come and inebriate yourselves with me, my dearest»⁵⁹.

All you consecrated souls, priests of Christ, who, anointed by the smoothest oil, symbol of the Divinity, as the oil which, anointing Aaron's head slid down his face overflowing to the edge of his vestments, you have to be very smooth oil that, in overabundance of your priestly anointment, you may give to all souls this life which Christ came to bring to us, as He said: «I came so that they might have life and have it abundantly»⁶⁰; «And this is eternal life, that they should know you, the only true God, and the one whom you sent, Jesus Christ»⁶¹.

Do we know, priests of Christ, all you consecrated souls, living and life-giving members of the New People of God through our insertion in Christ, that it is we, through our self-giving life, of self-denial, of self-forgetfulness, and especially through our life of prayer, who have to enter, living more intimately our *being Church*, in a profound intimacy with Him our

⁵⁹ Song 5, 1.

⁶⁰ Jn 10, 10.

⁶¹ Jn 17, 3.

Father whom Jesus Christ came to manifest to us, and pull out the deep thorn that drilled his soul when, through the Gospel, painfully complains crying out: «You do not know me, nor do you know my Father»⁶² «Righteous Father, the world has not known you!»; «He came to what was his own, but his own people did not accept Him»⁶³?

But, how will you be able to achieve this, if, by your scarce life of prayer, you do not know of intimacy with the divine Friend, who is always waiting for you? Beloved soul, if at least you would listen to Him, would love Him and would know how to receive Him...!

Let us be the intimate ones of Jesus, so that, lovingly receiving Him, He may not tell us, maybe after a long time of priestly or consecrated life: «Have I been with you for so long a time and you still do not know me?!» Don't you know that «whoever has seen me has seen the Father»⁶⁴...? «The Father and I are one»⁶⁵.

Priest, consecrated soul, do you know the intimate beats of the soul of your Christ, which, palpitating in the soul of your Church and tearing it, is crying out: Unity!? Lean then, as Saint

⁶² Jn 8, 19.

⁶³ Jn 17, 25; Jn 1, 11.

⁶⁴ Jn 14, 9.

⁶⁵ Jn 10, 30.

John, on his chest, for «he who rests on him will be preacher of the divine's»⁶⁶.

You, at least, are you a flowery garden, an enclosed orchard, who living in intimacy with Christ, do not have any other movements in your soul than those of his most holy soul, penetrating the painful beats which lacerated Her deeply? Do you know that Jesus, because He is the Word of the Father, what he does essentially, by reason of his Person, is to express in the bosom of the Church the infinite secret of the divine life?

He, dying on the cross, bursting out in blood, gave the loudest cry of infinite love.

And his innermost being was painfully torn apart when seeing the souls' lack of love, because «the Light came to the darkness and the darkness did not receive it»⁶⁷; and amongst them, many of his consecrated souls, for this He cried out: «I thirst»⁶⁸; I am thirsty to communicate to them the divine life «in abundance...»⁶⁹! And entrusting to his Catholic and Apostolic Church, founded on the Rock of Peter, the mission for which He incarnated Himself, gave out the supreme cry of eternal love towards the Father and towards men clamouring: «All is accomplished»⁷⁰.

⁶⁶ Cfr. Evagrius of Pontus.

⁶⁷ Jn 1, 5.
⁶⁸ Jn 19, 28.

⁶⁹ Jn 10, 10.
⁷⁰ Jn 19, 30.

Returning to the Father, from whom He came out, he poured Himself over his Apostles, and enlightening them, He burned them in the fire of the Holy Spirit, who made them break into a word of fire. And in that day of Pentecost, the three divine Persons, hurling themselves over their nascent Church, bejewelled and adorned her.

My Church, how beautiful you are...! «Draw me! We will follow you eagerly! Bring me, O king, to your chambers. With you we rejoice and exult, we extol your love; it is beyond wine»⁷¹.

How beautiful you are...! «As a lily among thistles, so is my love among the maidens»⁷². «Her Beloved has taken her to the banquet hall and his emblem over her is an emblem of love»⁷³.

Oh, my Church!, we tell you with the Bridegroom: «Show us your face, let us hear your voice»⁷⁴; for your voice is soft, because it is the Word's voice, and your face is lovable, because it reflects the Divinity Itself. «Your eyes are doves»⁷⁵ whose divine beams, from the heart of your Apostles, reverberated in all souls the same light and love which is God.

⁷¹ Song 1, 4.
⁷² Song 2, 2.

⁷³ Song 2, 4.
⁷⁴ Song 2, 14.

⁷⁵ Song 1, 15.

My Church, beloved Mother, recreation and pleasure of God Himself, advance triumphally! You are «a tower of strength against the enemy»⁷⁶, «you are a sealed fountain, an enclosed garden, a florid garden»⁷⁷. You are «like an army in battle»⁷⁸, ready to make God crazy with love.

Push forward!, for we, united to your visible Head, will sing the eternal joy of your Mother's bosom, entering through you in the bosom of God our Father, and in Him we will live by Christ Jesus, who, through Mary, sang to us his love and yours in your maternal arms; and burning all souls in the fire of the Holy Spirit, we will cry out Unity!, living in order to form «one only Flock and one only Shepherd»⁷⁹.

My Church!, how beautiful you are...!, how much I love you!

⁷⁶ Ps 60, 4.
⁷⁷ Song 4, 12.

⁷⁸ Song 6, 4.
⁷⁹ Jn 10, 16.

13-1-1970

ALTHOUGH I MAY HAVE SEEN YOU SAD

Although I may have seen you sad,
darkskinned and distorted,
enshrouding yourself in your mourning
and slapped on the ground;
behind your sadness and anguish,
behind your torn soul,
I perceive in your pupils,
in your profound look,
a so infinite light
that leaves me enthralled.

It is the look of the Word
who, in sparkling flames,
bursts through your pupils
in silent Word;
expressing in a concert
of sacred melodies,
the eternal perfections
of Him who in your bosom rests.

Although sometimes my prayer
may see you so outraged,
I always glimpse in your life
the richness that overcomes you,

the Waters in which you bathe,
when looking at you in your look.

Church, how I see you...!:
all in your being impregnated,
shrouded in Wisdom,
filled in Charity,
when I look at you in your deepness,
even if you may hide your face from me.

And although you may want to show yourself
so outraged to my being,
you know that I know you;
and that, no matter how humiliated
you present yourself to me,
I see in your silent sorrow
the Bridegroom who, in your bosom,
resting, recreates Himself enthralled.

For although I know you are sad
and in your members exiled,
I also know that you are glorious
in the Feast of Him whom you love.

Church, how beautiful you are...!
plenteous in your glory,
surrounded by the children
who, arriving in the morning
to the eternal day of God,
in the feast they lovingly give to you.
And «there», without veil of mourning,
without your face distorted,

without your weeping look,
with your temples crowned,
I see you flowing in Light
of breaking waterfalls,
burned and resting
on the Chest of Him whom you love.

Your cheeks are bright stars
from where the Sun pours itself,
as a lightened volcano
in cooling flames.

I see you full of children,
as a spoused virgin,
palpitating and overflowing,
as a crowned Bride,
in infinite spring
of the joy that flows forth in you.

Church, you are the same...!
although I may see you thrown down on the ground,
although you may ask me for help...

And although you may hide your face from me,
enshrouding yourself in your cloak
as an abandoned woman,
I know how to look into your anguish
the beauty which overcomes you,
the beauty of the living God
who, beyond your nights, speaks to me.

That is why, when I look at you
in this tarnished earth,

and they want to dethrone you,
although they would never be able to,
my soul bursts in crying
by your pain overwhelmed,
due to the love I have for you
and the union which joins me to you,
in the midst of the darkness
of thick closed nights
and filled with pain
in which my soul looks at you...

Church, stand up!
and uncover your face!
Throw away your veil of mourning!,
present yourself plenteous!,
and crush with your power,
with the light of your look,
the pride that spits you
in your sacred cheeks...!

Stand up, Church!, soon!,
that confusion advances
and the little ones get scared
with doctrine that deceives!

Uncover yourself soon, Church!
and with your power snatch
the simple hearts;
at the same time that you crush
the pride of the big ones
with your sapiential Word...!

Stand up, Church, do not delay!,
Today my soul begs you!

If you want help,
all my being is on guard
to wait when God may speak
telling me his Word.

I will go where He sends me,
I will run without delay,
but I do not want to see you
with your distorted face,
thrown down on the ground and tearful,
breathless and hunched...!

Throw away your veil of mourning!,
come on, Church, beloved Mother!,
And show me again
the beauty that overcomes you,
the richness of the living God
who beyond your nights speaks to me...

Come on Church, do not delay,
for my soul is jealous,
and if you ask it for help,
with its militia is on guard!

16-11-1964

PILGRIM IN STRANGE LAND

Pilgrim in strange land
I am walking through life suffering,
I am smiling at everyone
with sadness in my soul.

My country is not the exile,
only in God does my being repose,
and in His wait night and day
breathless is my soul,
longing to find myself
at last for ever in my Home.

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