

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

*My song  
of love  
to the Church*

*Mother*

*Enimadaol de la Santa Madre Iglesia*

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MOTHER TRINIDAD DE LA SANTA MADRE IGLESIA  
SÁNCHEZ MORENO  
*Foundress of The Work of the Church*

*The true face  
of the Church  
brimful and saturated  
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of love  
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MADRID - 28006

ROMA - 00149

C/. Velázquez, 88

Via Vigna due Torri, 90

Tel. 91.435.41.45

Tel. 06.551.46.44

E-mail: [informa@laobradelaiglesia.org](mailto:informa@laobradelaiglesia.org)

[www.laobradelaiglesia.org](http://www.laobradelaiglesia.org)

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## THE FACE OF THE CHURCH

Church of mine, how beautiful You are...!  
You are all-beautiful, Daughter of Jerusalem.

“Your eyes are doves,”<sup>1</sup> because Your gazing is with the same gazing of the Father.

Your mouth is all sweet, soft, because Your mouth is the Word Incarnate Himself Who, breaking into Word, comes forth and is scattered over us through You in a divine singing of eternal and infinite perfections.

My Church, You are kindled. “Your cheeks are like halves of pomegranate,”<sup>2</sup> reddened by the very fire of the Holy Spirit.

You are an “army in battle,”<sup>3</sup> a queen with Your queenship received from God’s very being, strong with the same strength of the “Lyon of Judah.”<sup>4</sup>

O, Church of mine! all-beautiful, bedecked with Divinity Itself that penetrates You, fills You, ennobles You, extolling You with such

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<sup>1</sup> Sg 1: 15.

<sup>2</sup> Sg 4: 3.

<sup>3</sup> Sg 6: 4 = Jl 2: 5.

<sup>4</sup> Rv 5: 5.

fruitfulness, that You, Church of mine, are the selfsame Word Incarnate Who comes forth from the Father's bosom breaking into Word and burning in the Holy Spirit. That is Your Royal Head, my Church!

How beautiful You are with the beauty of the Most High and Most Holy God Himself! All Your Bridegroom's Divinity truly spills out from You through all Your living members...!

Church of mine, You are Mother with the same heart of the Father. The one and only white Dove which contains in Her bosom the whole adorable Trinity.

O, Church of mine! All dove's innocence You are... Your perfumes spread throughout all the ends of the earth. You are a "sachet of myrrh"<sup>5</sup> lying in the very bosom of the Most High; and so loving, that the Father Himself, Who takes no other delight than in Himself, in His Son and Their common Holy Spirit, rejoices over and takes pleasure in You, because Your Head and Your Crown is His very own Begotten Son Incarnate.

Church of mine, where is Solomon to sing You in his poems...? Where all the poets to sing something of the beauties of my Church...? But no, there is no poet who can sing You as You

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<sup>5</sup> Sg 1: 13.

deserve. You have to be known as You are, and the Father alone contemplates You adequately in all Your beauty, because You, in Your Head, are His Word.

And nor is there a word which can sing You, Church of mine, beloved Church, because, by not knowing You, who will be able to express You? Who will be able to spell out the idyll of infinite love that God accomplished in You and with You, like a Bridegroom in love, O Heavenly Jerusalem! on the day of Your bridals in perpetual and eternal marriage, according to the promises of He Who Is, announced to humanity from the beginning of time?

But yes, for You Yourself, in Your Royal Head, sing and express Yourself, since He is the fruitful Word Who comes forth singing from the Father's bosom, beautifying You with Your royal crown of glorious Divinity as the Bride of the Immaculate Lamb; sealing You in Your forehead with His divine Blood, shed on the altar of the cross, which takes away the sins of the world; and bejeweling You with all the gifts, fruits and charisms of the Holy Spirit, Who at Pentecost made You break into fiery word by His loving impulse.

O, Church of mine...! Who will be able to love You as You deserve? There is no created love, my Church, Word of the Father... So wonderful You are, that the Infinite Love Himself,

is the one who suits You, and loves You and weds You in eternal marriage. And, burning You in His flames, unites You “in justice and in truth”<sup>6</sup> with the Word of Life, in such a way that, between Your Head and Your members, Love Himself works such a great mystery in such a consummate perfection, as an image of the Incarnation, that as the human and divine nature join together in one sole Person, Who is the Word, so, between the whole Mystical Body and His divine and Royal Head, such an intimate and divine union comes into being which is the Whole Christ;

the Royal Head, Who crowns You, Holy Church, with righteousness, peace and love; ennobling You with the infinite and coeternal Truth of Trinity Itself Who, in You and through You, manifests to us, donates to us and gives to us “all the treasures of the wisdom and knowledge of God”<sup>7</sup>, which are given to us by Christ and through Mary in Your Mother’s bosom, full and brimming over with Divinity; to inebriate, and fill, whoever drinks from the torrential affluents of the eternal Fountains, that spring forth 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.

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<sup>6</sup> Hos 2: 21.

<sup>7</sup> Col 2: 3.

How much my One Trinity loves Its 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 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 He loves, does so with all His being in Trinity of Persons.

All that the Father knows, is expressed by the Word and loved by the Holy Spirit. All that the Father is by His being, so the Word and the Holy Spirit are.

And thus, when the Father loves His Church, He does so so wonderfully, that He tells Her – as though in an idyll 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 such as He is, so, *standing in being of Himself* and *having so of Himself ever been*, without beginning and without end in eternal subsistence and self-sufficiency, in His immutable act of familial and Trinitarian life.

O, Infinite Love...! Neither a Prophet nor an Angel, burning in Your divine love, were sufficient for You to tell me what You are, but rather, breaking into speech from Your bosom within my Church, O 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 within Your Holy Church; the one Who, "making His dwelling among us,"<sup>8</sup> tells us the divine, recondite and arcane secret of the *Sancta Sanctorum* of the unfathomable mystery of Trinitarian life.

Like this did the Father love His Church! There is nothing however infinite, mysterious and perfect it may be, that the Father, willing to reveal it to us, has not told my Church. He willed to tell Her everything, and for that, He gave Her His Word, His eternal and infinite Utterance Who, turning towards me, expressed to me, in an idyll of love, the loving wisdom which, in an infinite concert, my Father God is.

O Holy Church! You are all-beautiful because You have within Yourself the wisdom of the Father, that in divine and human expression, He lays it for You in Your Motherly bosom.

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<sup>8</sup> Jn 1: 14.

Let us see if there is anything that my Holy Church has not told me! Let us see what secret is hidden in the recondite recess 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.”<sup>9</sup>

Let us see! Is there anything that the Word has not told us within 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”<sup>10</sup>; 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.”<sup>11</sup>

The Divine Word is the infinite Utterance in God, and when He speaks, He manifests the heart of our Divine Family, and He has manifested it within His Church.

How marvellous God is! So much so, that He gives us His only begotten Son to show us the love He bears for us, and, in an excess of that same love, He gives Him to us defenseless on the cross, singing to us, in His bloody canticle of Divinity, the heart of the Infinite One. “God so loved the world that He gave His only

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<sup>9</sup> 1 Cor 2: 10.

<sup>10</sup> Gn 12: 3.

<sup>11</sup> Jn 15: 15.

Son, so that everyone who believes in Him might not perish but might have eternal life.”<sup>12</sup>

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.

O Church of mine! I cannot even look at You... Because You are so beautiful, so much so! that I will never be able to tell the eternal joy of the infinite happiness that is contained in Your bosom. You are a precious amphora brimming over with Divinity; the spring through which divine Wisdom gives Himself to men in a bloody Song of infinite Love; the unique repository of God’s whole secret to His children. In You is havened “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.”<sup>13</sup>

How much does the Word love His Church...! He loves Her so much, that, sent forth by the Father and driven by the Holy Spirit, He deli-

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<sup>12</sup> Jn 3: 16.

<sup>13</sup> Eph 3: 9-11.

vered Himself, joyfully and blissfully, for Her, on the cross.

My Church is all-beautiful, She is all be-decked and bejeweled with Deity Itself, since It pours over Her in cataracts of being and in Trinity of Persons.

It is the Father's will that the Word becomes flesh to tell men the recondite secrets of the Trinitarian life. And at the moment when the great mystery of the Incarnation comes into being, the priestly posture of Christ's soul, turning towards the Father, is like saying: "Behold, I come to do your will, O God."<sup>14</sup> You have willed me to come to sing to men Our infinite perfections and "your law is in my heart."<sup>15</sup> Behold I come as Word to tell what You are, O Father, what I Myself am and what Our common Holy Spirit is. And I will do this by laying all our treasure in the Church's bosom, since the Three of us have only one life, only one being, and willing to pour Ourselves forth over Her, We bedeck Her by communicating to Her the whole secret of our intimate life.

Like this does the Word love His Church: fulfilling the Father's will to tell Her all that He is. And not happy with expressing it to Her through an Infinite canticle of joyful jubilation, He also tells it to Her in the most sorrowful agony at

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<sup>14</sup> Ps 39: 8 = Heb 10: 7.

<sup>15</sup> Ps 39: 9.

Gethsemane, in a bloody bursting forth of love, in a total destruction of His human nature, Who sings to us by dying on the cross, 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 within His Church?! “No one has ever seen God; the only Son, God, who is at the Father’s side, has revealed Him.”<sup>16</sup>

O, my immaculate Bridegroom...! Grant me to know how to sing the joy of my Trinity-Love, to tell the riches that are contained within my Church, to discover the mystery of Your most holy soul, to proclaim Your Immaculate Mother, knowing how to repay such a great gift with a total commitment in a response of love.

How dearly the Holy Spirit loves my Mother Church...! The three divine Persons have one sole will, one sole desire, which on being out-poured over Their creature, They give Her all the riches of Their infinite love.

It is the Holy Spirit the Love Who, within the Trinity, wraps and penetrates this same Trinity.

It is the Holy Spirit the infinite and personal Charity that, in loving will, moves the Father

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<sup>16</sup> Jn 1: 18.

to deliver to us His Word telling us His eternal and divine secret, and inflames the Word, in His infinitely loving fire, so that He may die on the cross giving Himself up for the Church, as an expression of the eternal love that the Trinity bears 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.”<sup>17</sup>

It is the Holy Spirit the one Who performs the great mystery of the Incarnation within the most pure bosom of Our Lady, all-Virgin, Who would conceive and give birth to a son, whom She would name Immanuel: “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’ ”<sup>18</sup>; although, whenever God looks outwards, the three divine Persons act jointly, each one of them doing so according to His own personal physiognomy.

And thus, the Father, beginning and source of uncreated life, gives us His Word so that He may uncover to us His eternal secret; the Word

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<sup>17</sup> Heb 9: 13-14.

<sup>18</sup> Is 7: 14.

sings it to us on the cross; the donation of the Father being along with the bloody canticle of the Word the demonstration of the infinite charity that the Holy Spirit has for His Church. Like this does the Trinity love my Church of mine!

O, Holy Spirit! eternal Love Who bedecks Mother Church, infinite Charity Who shrouds my Holy Church, loving Kiss Who anoints and penetrates all the members of my Church; grant me to be, with all my dear souls, a generous kiss of reciprocation within the bosom of the Trinity, that I may kiss each one of the Persons at the instant in which, as a sign of love towards man, They deliver Themselves as a gift to my Church.

Holy Spirit, You are the one Who, by pouring Yourself forth over the Church, enriches Her with all Your gifts and charisms.

It is through You, Infinite Love, through Whom, the day of Pentecost, that first gathering burst into fiery word, into an infinite expression of Divinity.

Through You the members of the Mother Church, penetrated by Your eternal charity, are being enriched with the gifts that You, as a gift of love, have laid in Her in order to bejewel Her; in such a way that She, as Mother and Lady, distributes with a Motherly heart all the treasures of Your heart to all of Her sons.

You are, my Holy Spirit, my Immaculate Bridegroom, the Love that drives forth the Father and the Word towards us as a gift, and the Charity that enwraps, penetrates, ennobles and fills my Holy Church to the brim.

You are the Love by Whom the Father through the Word, both burning in You, on looking outwards, bring about creation.

Through You, the divine Persons look towards man again and, through Your infinite charity, in an excess of Trinitarian love towards fallen humanity, the soul of Christ and Mary become creation.

Your love stirs forth the Word from the bosom of the Father into the womb of the Lady, so that, breaking into fiery Word, the divine Word on earth may tell all of us God's children the Trinitarian warmth of the Divine Family.

Through You, my infinite Spirit, in an unimaginable and inconceivable token of love, the Incarnate Word joyfully dies, offering Himself up for the Church, and the glorious Father, burning in Your eternal charity, in donation and gift of love, hands Him over to the immaculate Church.

Through You, on the day of Pentecost, my Holy Church is bejeweled and filled with wisdom, having all Your gifts in plenitude, and

penetrating through You into the infinite Word Who, “coming down from the everlasting hills”<sup>19</sup> told us in a bloody song the loving and secret mystery of Deity. “The Spirit of truth 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.”<sup>20</sup>

Let us see if there is anything in God that, willing to communicate it, the Holy Spirit has not given to my Mother Church...! Let us see if there is anything in God that the eternal Love has not given 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 knows not how to spell out to me with a Mother’s heart and with a Holy Spirit’s love...!

I am God’s daughter, sharer in divine life, God by participation, heir to the Trinitarian life of the Infinite one. And all this because my One Trinity, burning in the fire of the Holy Spirit, poured Itself forth over my Church, so that the latter, with infinite majesty, 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”<sup>21</sup>.

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<sup>19</sup> Ps 75: 5.

<sup>20</sup> Jn 16: 13-14.

<sup>21</sup> 1 Cor 2: 9.

It is my Church, through the Holy Spirit, the one Who has opened in me insatiable longings for the Infinite One. It is the Church Who, through the Sacraments, communicates to men the divine powers of the Son of God Incarnate: “Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you forgive are forgiven them, and whose sins you retain are retained.”<sup>22</sup> Therefore the Church is the one alone Who has the power to bind and loose 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.”<sup>23</sup>

What can my Holy Church be lacking that my God has not given Her? The Sacraments have made me capable of possessing the Eternal One. The gifts of the Holy Spirit by purifying me and sanctifying me – “be holy because I am Holy”<sup>24</sup> – enable me to live on earth in wisdom and love, savouring Divinity Itself. “ ‘Let anyone who is thirsty come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as the 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.”<sup>25</sup>

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<sup>22</sup> Jn 20: 22b. 23.

<sup>23</sup> Mt 18: 18.

<sup>24</sup> 1 Pt 1: 16.

<sup>25</sup> 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 enclosed in Her Motherly heart.

Also, O Church of mine, the Infinite Love has willed to give You a Mother as a gift. And for this, He created for Himself His own Mother, Mary Immaculate, to give Her to You as a gift and as a present of His Fatherly heart.

God created, looking on His Church and loving Her, a Mother for Himself and for His Holy Church, and gave Her all that He would lay in the Church; in such a way that all the donation of the Trinity to Its Church, before being handed over to Her, He laid it down 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 the Church, with a Mother's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

Love willed to give a Mother to His Holy Church, and in order 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.

Like this 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 is not satisfied with less.

Mary, the Lady, is God's gift to His Church. My Father God did not will that anything would be lacking in the royal crown of my Holy Church, and as He willed Her to be adorned with all His gifts, He also gave Her His Mother as Mother, so that She would not lack anything.

Like this does the Father love His Church, giving Her His Daughter as Mother; the Son, giving Her His Mother as Mother; and the Holy Spirit, giving Her His Bride as Mother!

Mary is the great gift 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, on introducing Her into the plan of Redemption, the Virgin was the means that God chose for Himself to deliver Himself to His Church. Therefore, 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 Who is Her Son and the Only Begotten Son of the Father. She also gives us the divine Word so that He may tell us the Infinite One's Canticle! Nor is She happy with less than giving us Her Son, the Word of the Father, so that He may

tell us in an idyll of love the whole secret of our One Trinity!

Mary cooperated through Her *fiat*, on the day of the Incarnation, with the donation of the Three divine Persons to the Church, to such extent that the Three were expecting Her 'yes' in order to give Themselves. Driven by the Holy Spirit, the Word was handed over as a gift by the Father to the Mother of the Church, and from Her womb, through Her maternal will, there took place the donation of God to men, the restoration of humanity and the grafting of men onto God.

It is wonderful to contemplate the Lady, as Mother of the Church, while receiving, together with all Her children, the great gift of God to man through the Word; and it is wonderful to contemplate the Lady in the divine plan close to the Incarnate Word, in order to give life to men, from God's side.

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

Therefore Mary, introduced into God's plan, on the day of the Incarnation, and later on the Cross, gave Her Son to the Church and, together with Him, She delivered 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 to possess Him, by making us His children, sharers in divine life and heirs to His glory.

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

A royal cloak of blood shrouds my Mother Church; a royal cloak that Her Bridegroom, Christ Jesus, on the wedding day put on Her, since, driven crazy with love for Her, gave Her as a gift all His divine Blood with which She could forgive, penetrate and divinize all 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.”<sup>28</sup>

How beautiful my Mother Church is! In Her is contained, concealed in the white Host, the

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<sup>26</sup> Jdt 15: 9.

<sup>27</sup> Lk 1: 49. 48.

<sup>28</sup> Heb 12: 22-24.

Infinite Word Himself, expressing in every tabernacle on earth, in an incomprehensible silence, the eternal love that for my mother Church Her divine Bridegroom had, Who, willing to remain with Her until the end of time, conceals Himself under the appearance of a small piece of bread, so that She can give to all Her children the same eternal Word that She has within Her bosom as food and drink: "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."<sup>29</sup>

The Church is the Incarnate Word, with His most Holy Mother, with all the Apostles, the Martyrs, the virgins, the Saints...

But the Church, on being so beautiful and so fruitful, is not only Church in all Her living and life-giving members, Who contemplates with the Father, sings with the Word and burns with the Holy Spirit; She is not only the joining together of all Her members who, united, form the Whole and mystical Christ, but rather, each one of those who live their *being Church* shares all the beauties which spring up in infinity from the Father's Bosom. Because, by virtue of their *being Church*, every Christian

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<sup>29</sup> Jn 6: 56-57.

who lives in the state of grace has by participation what God has by nature, as He made us “sharers in His divine nature,”<sup>30</sup> each one in the measure of their *being Church*, which is that of their transformation into God.

My Church, You have within Your bosom all the attributes and perfections of God’s being, Who in infinity of nuances, pours Himself over You bedecking You and beautifying You with His same beauty, You being like the Woman clothed in sun of the book of Revelation.

My Church, You are the truth, the holiness, the union, the charity, the fatherhood; because Your royal Head is the Word Himself Who comes forth from the Father’s Bosom. And You are so simple, that this Word, when He created You, clothed Himself in a human nature, and willed to entrust You and perpetuate in You His mission of evangelizing the poor, “having become poor He who is infinite Richness, to enrich us with His poverty”<sup>31</sup>.

You, with Christ and through Christ, are the Mother of all souls. They have all been created to enter into Your bosom, to be Your members; they are all called by God to contemplate the Word that comes forth from the Most High God Himself, manifesting Himself through Your

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<sup>30</sup> 2 Pt 1: 4.

<sup>31</sup> Cfr. 2 Cor 8: 9.

mouth, burning in the gladdening flames of the Holy Spirit.

O, my Church, how the Word of the Father is singing within Your bosom...! Everywhere the Word is singing in the Eucharist in a silent canticle of loving expression; that selfsame Word Who in the bloodless Sacrifice of the Altar, perpetuation of the Incarnation, life, death and resurrection of Christ, is offering Himself as a victim in a bloody cry of eternal and infinite love.

Word of the Father, how You sing in Your Church...! The whole Church is burning in the impetuous fire of the Holy Spirit, She is clothed in royal purple by the Blood of the Lamb of God which, welling up in torrents, is outpoured through the sacraments over all the children who want to be soaked in that divine Blood.

My Church, You are Christ, and with Him, through Him, and in Him, Priest, Victim and Altar; perennial Sacrifice that is offered “so that they may know the Father and the one Whom He sent, Jesus Christ.”<sup>32</sup> You have the marvelous and divine mission of singing, burning in the fire of the Holy Spirit, His infinite Song, 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

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<sup>32</sup> Cfr. Jn 17: 3.

Your Mother's bosom, to vivify all of us, giving us the food broken into small pieces, according to the times, races and capacity of each one of Your children.

My Church, how beautiful You are...! "You are an enclosed garden, sister of mine,"<sup>33</sup> containing within Your fence all of God's being, which, gushing forth into You, divinizes all the souls that enter into Your Sheepfold; "a fountain sealed"<sup>34</sup> with the seal of the living God and of the Lamb, which adorns and bedecks Your Queenly forehead.

My Church, You are always singing the Song that the Word has laid into Your bosom. You are singing, my Church, the divine life in every corner of the globe, which is the great mission for which the Word became flesh and that has been entrusted to You by Him.

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 happiness than to be a daughter of the Church, because She alone makes me daughter of God, sharer in and heir to His glory!

I see, in the bosom of this Holy Mother of mine, some open caverns, not healed, bleeding,

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<sup>33</sup> Sg 4: 12.

<sup>34</sup> Sg 4: 12.

awaiting to be filled with the return of some children, who, when they went away, left Her wounded, tearing Her loving bosom apart. And they went away because they did not know their Mother the Church, because, although they were Church and perhaps 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 havened in the bosom of this Holy Mother, and how the Church loves them and waits for them, and how She has been torn, and how deeply they have left Her wounded, shattered and mutilated, these children, who were most favoured children of Her loving and cosy bosom, would not have gone away from the Father's House "wandering after the flocks of their companions"<sup>35</sup>!

They have left Her Mother's bosom because they did not know the infinite happiness that lies in Her bosom, and because we, those who are Church sheltered under the See of Peter, by not living profoundly Her riches, have disfigured with our faults, heedlessness, lukewarmness, cowardice, and even betrayals, 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, clamouring

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<sup>35</sup> Sg 1: 7.

heart-rendingly, sconsolately and bitterly through Christ's Vicar on earth: "Unity, Unity...!"

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

And the Church, with Her merciful bosom, outpouring Herself in the love of the Holy Spirit, goes on clamouring, ready to forgive with the Blood of the Lamb those children who, on leaving the Sheepfold of the Good Shepherd, left Her covered with a mourning cloak, with which She covers, and hides, the vast open wounds 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"<sup>36</sup>; 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!"<sup>37</sup>

The Church is crying out through the Holy Father: Unity! She is crying out, as though with a cry of alarm: Unity! Because She sees with Her divine look that the devil is confusing souls, scattering the little sheep of the Good Shepherd's Flock. "Tell me, you whom my heart loves, where you pasture your flock, where you give

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<sup>36</sup> Jer 2: 13.

<sup>37</sup> Jn 7: 37; Rv 21: 6.

them rest at midday, lest I be found wandering after the flocks of your companions.”<sup>38</sup>

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 on founding 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.”<sup>39</sup> “I have prayed that your own faith may not fail; and once you have turned back, you must strengthen your brothers.”<sup>40</sup>

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

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

“Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name,”<sup>41</sup> known, loved and spread out throughout all the boundaries of earth, lived in its plenitude by all the little sheep of the Good Shepherd’s Sheepfold, and sung and manifested to all souls.

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<sup>38</sup> Sg 1: 7.

<sup>39</sup> Mt 16: 18a. 19.

<sup>40</sup> Lk 22: 32.

<sup>41</sup> Mt 6: 9.

“Your kingdom come,”<sup>42</sup> through the loving knowledge of the treasure of my Church, which is the Father and the Holy Spirit with Christ and Mary dwelling in Her, with all the gifts and charisms that the Trinity Itself laid in Her bosom the day It wedded Her “in justice and love.”<sup>43</sup>

“Your will be done on earth”<sup>44</sup> of unity, in the image of Your divine unity, of all those who, having left the Church’s bosom, feel somehow they are Church, and desire to live, although dispersed from the Father’s House, the mystery of Christ, Who gives Himself to us in all His divine reality in the precious amphora, filled to the brim and saturated with Divinity, of the Holy Mother Church, Catholic, Apostolic and under the See and shelter of Peter; who, as a good Shepherd, become one with “Christ, and Him crucified,”<sup>45</sup> has to “lay down His life for His sheep.”<sup>46</sup>

O, my Church, these separated children are those who have Your bosom torn apart with Your vast open wounds, those vast wounds 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 dead, floating

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<sup>42</sup> Mt 6: 10.

<sup>44</sup> Mt 6: 10.

<sup>46</sup> Jn 10: 15.

<sup>43</sup> Hos 2: 21.

<sup>45</sup> 1 Cor 2: 2.

corpses, who deeply injure Your maternal bosom, and they 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 the state of grace, do not live on the infinite life which is contained in Your bosom, and are sick and paralytic members.

Dear Mother, I see that You have a legion of souls which are the chosen people, the beloved portion of the Good Shepherd's flock. These are Your priests and consecrated souls; those who, in an eminent manner, "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."<sup>47</sup> Those on whom Jesus set all His hope and on whom He mainly laid the treasure and the mission of Your Mother's bosom; that treasure which lies in launching to all souls the infinite life that God our Father wants to give us through Your face, O Church, as continuer of the same mission for which Your Bridegroom became incarnate.

These children of Yours, many times, my Church, are "a resounding gong."<sup>48</sup> Because the voluntary imperfections of many of the souls

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<sup>47</sup> Sg 1: 2-3.

<sup>48</sup> 1 Cor 13: 1.

which are called to be continuers of the mission of Christ, choke with their feeble and sick life the expansion of the divine beats of Your Mother's heart, which wants to launch the proclamation of eternal love, that Your Bridegroom is continuing through You all times enduring, so that all Your children, living their divine filiation, united with their Head, Christ Jesus, and Mary, the Mother of the Church, forming the Whole Christ, may give to all souls the infinite life that burns in the bosom of the Trinity.

Dear Mother, Daughter of Jerusalem, who will be able to relieve Your grief...?

You are "Rachel mourning her dead children,"<sup>49</sup> those lost children who left the Father's House; and in Your Gethsemane, You also weep for the coldness, lukewarmness and lovelessness of Your consecrated souls.

My Church, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, You stand on the cross celebrating Your perennial Mass which You offer for all souls to spread out "the knowledge of the Lord throughout all the earth as waters cover the sea,"<sup>50</sup> and You are suffering the lovelessness of many of Your consecrated souls... of Your priests...; and even, sometimes, of some of the Successors of Apos-

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<sup>49</sup> Jer 31: 15.

<sup>50</sup> Is 11: 9.

ties, 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”<sup>51</sup>–; since there are amongst Your Shepherds, Holy Church, those who, because they do not know You well, do not take from Your bosom the mission that the Word laid in You to be continued throughout all times; and those who, like Judas, are salaried shepherds, “ravenous wolves in sheep’s clothing”<sup>52</sup> and meek lamb, these ones becoming a rock of scandal and ruin of souls.

God willed to give Himself to man and He Himself became flesh. And through this mystery, a great wonder has come into being between God and His creature, and it is that the People of God has become so divine, that one of them is God; Christ being the representative of all His brethren, and He is, by His Divinity, the Only Begotten Son of the Father. And by this it is understood that Christ is the Head of the whole Church and that all of Her is called “the Whole Christ.” Since Divinity has been united with

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<sup>51</sup> Mk 16: 15-16. 20.

<sup>52</sup> Mt 7: 15.

mankind through the Incarnation of the Word to be outpoured upon man and to associate him with Itself in such a manner, that the whole Church is the Christ of the Father, burning in the love of the Holy Spirit; therefore Divinity delights in Its Church, even though She is dark owed to the sins of Her children who have left Her like that: “You are dark but lovely, O daughter of Jerusalem,”<sup>53</sup> “your eyes are doves,”<sup>54</sup> enlightened by the sapiential light of the Holy Spirit.

The Church, by being Christ, is the speech of God to men, and what She has to tell them is the explanation of the Word Himself Who, through His humanity, manifests Himself to us in an idyll of love in divine and human speech. Therefore, when I look on my Holy Church, I see Her grafted onto Divinity Itself through the Word, Who by His humanity, has joined all men to Himself, making out of all of them the Whole Christ.

God wills to give Himself to man and creates a humanity onto which all His children are grafted, and unites it to Himself in a personal union, and This is the Whole Christ, Head and members.

God, in Himself, is a donation of infinite richness that gives Himself to the Word, and

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<sup>53</sup> Sg 1: 5.

<sup>54</sup> Sg 1: 15.

This One gives Himself in return to the Father in the infinite love of the Holy Spirit; the life of the three divine Persons is thus a communication of donation and reciprocation among Themselves. God Himself in Him, through Him and for Him, in eternal subsistence of Trinitarian life, by being donation, demands an infinite response, being totally rested in His own bosom, in His need of communication.

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

The Father looks outwards and gives us the fruit of His looking, which is the Word. But, as His donation has to be requited, 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 in return as response to the Father. Here too is contained the great mystery of the Incarnation with all its prolongation, which is the Whole Christ, Who has to adhere in all His members to Its Head Who is the fruit of the Father's look, and with Christ, through Him and in Him, burning and embraced in the love of the Holy Spirit, to give themselves in return to the infinite Look of the

Father, as a gift of response to His donation for the sake of our souls.

Children separated from 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”<sup>55</sup>; 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 may also be in us, so that the world may believe that You sent me.”<sup>56</sup>

All you Catholics, hear the voice of Your Holy Mother Church Who calls you to fully communicate with Her, to live on Her divine life. Hear “her voice which is sweet”<sup>57</sup> and gentle to God’s palate; since Her voice is the infinite Song of the Father, spelled out in an idyll of unprecedented tenderness towards fallen humanity, so that this one might return itself to the Infinite Love and fulfill the end for which we have been created, being children of God, heirs to His glory and “sharers in divine life.”<sup>58</sup>

Hear the voice of the Only Begotten Son of God, Incarnate, that resounds in the infinite can-

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<sup>55</sup> Sg 7: 3.

<sup>56</sup> Jn 17: 21.

<sup>57</sup> Sg 2: 14.

<sup>58</sup> 2 Pt 1: 4.

ticle of the Church, Who lovingly invites you by 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.”<sup>59</sup>

All you consecrated souls, priests of Christ, who, anointed by the mildest oil, symbol of Divinity, like the oil which, anointing Aaron’s head slid along his face spilling down to the edge of his vestments, you ought to be very mild oil that, as overabundance of your priestly anointment, 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”<sup>60</sup>; “And this is eternal life, that they should know You, the only true God, and the one whom You sent, Jesus Christ.”<sup>61</sup>

Do we know, priests of Christ, you all consecrated souls, living and life-giving members of the New People of God by our being grafted onto Christ, that it is us, through our life of commitment, of self-denial, of self-oblivion, and especially through our life of prayer, who ought to enter, living more intimately our *being Church*, into a profound intimacy with that Father of ours Whom Jesus Christ came to manifest to us, and pull out the deep thorn that

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<sup>59</sup> Sg 5: 1.

<sup>60</sup> Jn 10: 10.

<sup>61</sup> Jn 17: 3.

pierced His soul when, through the Gospel, painfully complains and cries out: “You do not know me, nor do you know my Father,”<sup>62</sup> “Righteous Father, the world has not known You!”; “He came to what was His own, but His own people did not accept Him”<sup>63</sup>?

But, how will you be able to achieve this, if, by Your scarce life of prayer, you know not the intimacy with the Divine Friend, Who is ever waiting for you? Dear 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, by receiving Him lovingly, He may not be able to tell us, maybe after a long time of priestly or consecrated life: “I have been with you for such a long time and you still do not know me?!” Don’t you know that “whoever has seen me has seen the Father”<sup>64</sup> ...? “The Father and I are one.”<sup>65</sup>

You priest, consecrated soul, do you know the intimate heart beats of the soul of your Christ, Who, palpitating within the soul of your Church and tearing it apart, is crying out: Unity!? Lean therefore, like Saint John, on His chest, for “he who rests on him will be preacher of the divine’s.”<sup>66</sup>

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<sup>62</sup> Jn 8: 19.

<sup>63</sup> Jn 17: 25; Jn 1: 11.

<sup>64</sup> Jn 14: 9.

<sup>65</sup> Jn 10: 30.

<sup>66</sup> Cfr. Evagrius of Pontus.

You, at least, are you a flowery garden, an enclosed orchard, who by living in intimacy with Christ, have no other movements in your soul than those of His most holy soul, penetrating the painful beats which lacerated it deeply? Do you know that Jesus, by being the Word of the Father, all He essentially does, because of His Person, is to express within the bosom of the Church the infinite secret of divine life?

He, by dying on the cross, bursting into blood, let out the loudest possible cry of infinite love.

And His bosom was painfully torn apart when He saw the lovelessness of souls, because “the Light came to the darkness and the darkness did not receive it”<sup>67</sup>; and amongst them, many of His consecrated souls, therefore He cried out: “I thirst”<sup>68</sup>; for communicating divine life to them “in abundance...”<sup>69</sup>! And depositing in His Catholic and Apostolic Church, founded on the Rock of Peter, the mission for which He became incarnate, He let out the supreme cry of eternal love towards the Father and towards men clamouring: “All is accomplished.”<sup>70</sup>

Returning to the Father, whence He had come out, He poured Himself over His Apos-

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<sup>67</sup> Jn 1: 5.

<sup>68</sup> Jn 19: 28.

<sup>69</sup> Jn 10: 10.

<sup>70</sup> Jn 19: 30.

bles, and enlightening them, He inflamed them in the fire of the Holy Spirit, Who made them break into fiery word. And on that day of Pentecost, the three divine Persons, springing forth towards Their nascent Church, bejeweled and bedecked 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.”<sup>71</sup>

How beautiful You are...! “As a lily among thistles, so is my love among the maidens.”<sup>72</sup> “Her Beloved has taken Her to the banquet hall and His emblem over Her is an emblem of love.”<sup>73</sup>

O, my Church! We say to You with the Bridegroom: “Show us your face, let us hear your voice”<sup>74</sup>; for Your voice is gentle, because it is the Word’s voice, and Your face is lovable, because it reflects Divinity Itself. “Your eyes are doves”<sup>75</sup> whose divine beams, from the heart of Your Apostles, glared in all souls with the same light and love which is God.

My Church, beloved Mother, joy and delight of God Himself, advance triumphally! You are

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<sup>71</sup> Sg 1: 4.

<sup>72</sup> Sg 2: 2.

<sup>73</sup> Sg 2: 4.

<sup>74</sup> Sg 2: 14.

<sup>75</sup> Sg 1: 15.

“a tower of strength against the enemy,”<sup>76</sup> You are “a sealed fountain, an enclosed garden, a florid garden.”<sup>77</sup> You are “like an army in battle,”<sup>78</sup> ready to drive God crazy with love.

Go forth! For we, united to Your visible Head, will sing the eternal joy of Your Mother’s bosom, entering through You into the bosom of our Father God, and in Him we will live on 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 let out a cry of Unity! living so that “one only Flock and one only Shepherd”<sup>79</sup> may be formed.

My Church! How beautiful You are...! How much I love You!

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<sup>76</sup> Ps 60: 4.

<sup>77</sup> Sg 4: 12.

<sup>78</sup> Sg 6: 4.

<sup>79</sup> Jn 10: 16.

13-1-1970

EVEN THOUGH  
I HAVE SEEN YOU SAD

Even though I have seen You sad,  
dark-skinned and contorted,  
in hiding for Your mourning  
and slapped while lying on the ground;  
beyond Your sadness and anguish,  
beyond Your torn innermost being,  
I perceive in Your pupils,  
in Your profound gaze,  
Such an infinite light  
that it leaves me enthralled.

It is the gaze of the Word  
that, in sparkling flames,  
through Your pupils bursts forth  
into sapiential words;  
expressing in a concert  
of melodies sacred,  
the perfections eternal  
of He Who in Your bosom rests.

Even though sometimes, in my prayer,  
I see You so offended,

I always glimpse in Your life  
the richness that overcomes You,  
the Springs that flood You,  
when I look on You in Your gaze.

Church, how I see You...!  
As divine as You are human!  
for it is the Word Who expresses Himself  
as You proclaim Your song;  
while I contemplate You  
in Your being fully soaked  
in eternal wisdom  
by Your divine Word;  
full of infinite gifts  
and brimming with charity  
when I gaze on You in Your depths,  
though You hide Your face from me.

And even if You want to show Yourself  
to my being so offended,  
cast to the ground and tearful,  
panting and bent over,  
You know that I know You;  
and that, no matter how humiliated  
You appear before me  
I see in Your silent grief  
the Bridegroom Who, on Your bosom,  
resting, is havened.

Since, even though I know You are sad  
and in Your members exiled,  
I also know that You are glorious  
in the Feast of the One You love.

Church, how beautiful You are...!  
like a bedecked Bride,  
surrounded by the children  
who, coming in the morning  
into God's eternal day,  
flatter You in His banquet.  
And "there," without mourning veil,  
without Your contorted face,  
without Your weeping gaze,  
with Your crowned temples,  
I see You overflowing with Light  
of bursting cataracts,  
resting and being aflame  
on the breast of the One You love.

Your cheeks are bright stars  
through which the Sun is outpoured,  
like a kindled volcano  
of cooling flames.

I see You full of children,  
as a wedded virgin,  
palpitating and overflowing,  
like a Bride in love,  
with the infinite spring  
of the bliss that flows forth into You.

Church, You are the same...!  
Even though I see You cast down,  
even if You ask me for help...

And even though You 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 overwhelms You,  
the beauty of the living God  
Who, behind Your nights, speaks to me.

Therefore, when I look on You  
on this tarnished earth,  
and they want to dethrone You,  
although they will never succeed,  
my soul bursts into crying  
overwhelmed by Your pain,  
due to the love I bear for You  
and the union which joins me to You,  
in the midst of darkness  
of gloomy dense nights  
and full of pain  
in which my soul gazes at You...

Church, stand up!  
and uncover Your face!  
Throw away Your mourning veil!  
reveal Yourself brimmed!  
and crush with Your power,  
with the light of Your gaze,  
the pride that spits You  
on Your sacred cheeks...!

Stand up, Church! soon!  
for confusion advances

and the little ones get scared  
at the deceitful doctrine!

Uncover yourself soon, Church!  
and with Your power seize  
the simple hearts;  
at the same time that You crush  
the pride of the haughty  
with Your Word divine...!

Stand up, Church! Delay not!  
today my soul begs You!  
for if You ask me for help,  
all my being is on guard,  
waiting for God to speak  
and to tell me His word.

I will go wherever He commands,  
I will run with no delay,  
but I do not want to see You  
with Your contorted face,  
cast to the ground and tearful,  
panting and bent over...!

Throw away Your mourning veil!  
Come on, Church, beloved Mother!  
and show me again  
through Your infinite Word  
the riches of the Sublime One,  
the beauty that overwhelms You,  
as the Bride of the living God  
Who speaks to me behind Your nights...

Come on, Church, delay not!  
for my soul is zealous  
for the glory of the Coeternal One  
and of His offended Bride;  
and if You ask my soul for help,  
with its militia it is on guard!

16-11-1964

## PILGRIM IN STRANGE LAND

Pilgrim in strange land  
I go through life suffering,  
at everyone smiling  
and within my soul sadness.

My country is not exile,  
in God alone my being rests,  
and waiting for Him day and night  
my soul is breathless,  
longing to be at last  
now and for ever in my Home.

## NOTE:

I strongly advise that in all that I express by means of my writings, because I believe it is God's will and for fidelity to all that God Himself has entrusted to me; when in the translations into other languages something is not understood well or a clarification is desired, recourse be had to the Spanish text which I have dictated, and is the authentic one; since I have noticed that some expressions in those translations do not express my thought properly.

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

*Collection*  
*Light in the night*  
*The mystery of faith*  
*given with loving wisdom*

*No. 1*



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