

*The Holy Mother Church  
is the New and Heavenly Jerusalem,  
not built by hand of men,  
but by God Himself;  
bedecked with all the gifts,  
fruits and charismas of the Holy Spirit  
whom Jesus sent to Her from the Father,  
the day of Pentecost*

*\* \* \**

*Church grieving with Christ in Gethsemane,  
and Church glorious and triumphant  
with Christ risen from the dead and glorious*

*\* \**

*Because I am more Church than soul  
I cannot live without Bishop  
as I cannot live without God*

*\**

*Under the see of Peter*

*Mother*

*Enimidad 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*

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**THE HOLY MOTHER CHURCH  
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WHOM JESUS SENT  
TO HER FROM THE FATHER,  
THE DAY OF PENTECOST**

O sovereignty of the infinite Power...! O sublime and consubstantial excellence of the Divine Family...!

O splendour of the magnificence of He who Is! who, being and having in Himself, by Himself and for Himself His very reason for being, freely and voluntarily wants, in an outpouring of His infinite will, to donate Himself –full of compassion, tenderness and love in an overflow of infinite mercy– to man;

created in His image and likeness and according to His eternal design, so that he might live on Him here on earth in faith, and in the

morning of Eternity came to possess Him in the eternal and consubstantial splendour of His very perfection; becoming holy with the holiness of God Himself, His Son and heir of His glory;

beginning to participate in His same life: gazing at Him with His Eyes, introduced into the Fires of His consubstantial and divine Wisdom; singing to Him, with His same song, His infinite perfections in the melodic concert of His unprecedented, sublime and divine *touchings*; and aflame in the intercommunicative love of the Father and the Son, the Holy Spirit: Kiss of reciprocal love of the Father and the Son; kissing Him with His Mouth and loving Him with His loving fire in enjoyable savouring of His own joy and in the divine and divinising rapture of His very divinity.

And for that, by means of an unsuspected and overflowing wonder of compassion, love and tenderness towards fallen humanity, by the will of the Father and under the impulse of the Holy Spirit, “the Word became flesh and made His dwelling among us.”<sup>1</sup>

This being realized in such a marvellous and enthralling manner for the manifestation of the splendour of the glory of Yahweh, that, by means of the union of the divine nature and

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

the human nature in the person of the Word, God broke out into songs of unprecedented and divine melodies through His Incarnate Only Begotten Son, eternal Singer of His inexhaustible, ineffable and infinite perfections.

Being God united with the Man in eternal nuptials in a way so sublime and transcendent that the Son of God is as much God as He is man and as much man as He is God.

Unfathomable and unimaginable mystery, in superabundance of eternal gifts! He being Himself the Gift who gives Himself, the Holy One who, dwelling with us, sets up His Sanctuary amongst men, so that man, turned towards Him, may respond to Him in reverent adoration of loving return.

Amazing secret! that manifests itself to us by the infinite power of He who Is in the mystery and through the mystery of the Incarnation, full of eternal gifts; in which and through which God *says Himself\** to us in divine and human spelling out in His romance of love, giving Himself to fallen humanity, which He restored in loving superabundance with the price of His divine blood.

Mystery so full of compassion in an overflow of merciful love that, all times enduring, in the manner and the way that in His infinite thought

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\* On the last paragraph of the Publishing Note, it is defined the sense of these reflexive expressions, shown in *italics*.

He wanted it and determined it, Yahweh, He who Is, could say in fulfilment of His promises which are eternal:

“I will be their God, and they shall be my people and I shall be set up among them forever”<sup>2</sup>;

God’s self-giving to man being realized in the most pure inner being of the Virgin, the new Eve promised by God to our first Parents, who would crush the head of the dragon through the Fruit of Her blessed womb; who would take away the sins of the world, releasing us from death and raising us to a new life.

O sublime wonder of the infinite power of He who *Is Himself*\*, in whom, through the hypostatic union of the divine nature and the human nature in the person of the Word, God united Himself with the Man in indissoluble and eternal marriage; so that the Son of God, become man, was at the same time the Son of Mary, Fruit of Her maternal virginity.

Therefore the Virgin who, from being so Virgin, burst into Motherhood, and divine Motherhood! through the work and grace of the Holy Spirit alone, She gave birth to the Emmanuel promised to the holy Fathers and Patriarchs and

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<sup>2</sup> Ez 37: 27-28.

\* The expression “*is Himself*,” as well as “*being Himself*,” “*to be Himself*,” etc... shown in *italics*, are used with a meaning much more profound than their proper grammatical sense. See Publishing Note at the end of this booklet.

announced by the holy Prophets of the Old Testament.

O Motherhood, divine Motherhood of Mary as sublime as it is transcendent! in which and through which God gives Himself to us with a Father's heart, through the expression of the Word groaning through the weeping of a Child, and bleeding in bloody immolation nailed on log between Heaven and earth; in the coeternal and consubstantial embrace of the Holy Spirit; through the Fruit of the blessed womb of the Virgin, the Only Begotten Son of God, Incarnate...!

Who, being as much man as He is God without ceasing to be God, and as much God as He is man without ceasing to be man, in and through the plenitude of His Priesthood, by means of the mystery of His Incarnation, life, death and resurrection, grafted us onto Him as the vine unto the branches: Tree of Life that flows from the infinite Springs of Divinity in overflowing outpouring of His torrential affluents, being able to exclaim: "I am the fountain of life, let anyone who thirsts come to me and drink,"<sup>3</sup> he who hungers come to me and eat; quenching the thirst of all those who come to Him, as to the Spring of living waters, with the luminous twinkling of the fires of His eternal Bright Stars: "When I awake, let me be filled with your presence"<sup>4</sup>:

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<sup>3</sup> Ps 36: 10; Jn 7: 37.

<sup>4</sup> Ps 17: 15.



of the brightness of the Only Begotten Son of God, Jesus Christ, whom He has sent, who, through the fruit of His bloody and glorious triumphant and victorious redemption, in trophy of infinite conquest of glory in eternal loves –since “no one has greater love than this, to lay down one’s for one’s friends,”<sup>5</sup>– He washed us from the blemish of our first Parents, redeeming us from our own and personal sins; vivifying, saving and glorifying all those who may will to avail themselves of the fruit of His blood shed down on the altar of the cross.

And He who is all and can do everything, “loved his own in the world, and he loved them to the end.”<sup>6</sup>

And in order to remain with us until the consummation of the ages, He founded His Church, entrusting with Her the Apostles, descendants of Israel, humble Fishermen of Galilee and their Successors. Fulfilled promise of God among men and repository of His eternal designs.

Holy Church, New Jerusalem, built by and upon the corner-stone that is Christ Himself, sustained, maintained and perpetuated by His very divinity upon the Pillars of the Apostles, and founded on the Rock of Peter;

making Her embracer in perpetuation of the mystery of the Incarnation, life, death and res-

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<sup>5</sup> Jn 15: 13.

<sup>6</sup> Jn 13: 1.

urrection of the Son of God become man; full of fruits of eternal life by means of the coming of the Holy Spirit promised and sent by Jesus Himself:

“And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Advocate to be with you always, the Spirit of truth.

The Holy Spirit that the Father will send in my name, he will teach you everything and remind you of all that I told you... and 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 testify to me. And you also testify, because you have been with me from the beginning.”<sup>7</sup>

And the Holy Spirit, through the outpouring of His gifts, fruits and charismas and by means of the infinite and overwhelming impetus of His divine fire, made the Apostles burst into living word that expresses God.

Who under His irresistible impulse rushed to manifest the thoughts “hidden from ages past in God, so that the manifold wisdom of God might now be made known through the Church”<sup>8</sup>;

fulfilling the command of Jesus: “Go into the whole world and proclaim the gospel to every creature. Whoever believes and is baptized will

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<sup>7</sup> Jn 14: 16-17. 26; 16: 13; 15: 26-27.

<sup>8</sup> Eph 3: 9-10.

be saved; whoever does not believe will be condemned.”<sup>9</sup>

Making Jesus His New People, New Sion, the nascent Church, repository of the mystery of the reconciliation of God with man and of the restoration of fallen humanity; in such a marvellous way, that He stayed with Her throughout all ages:

“I am with you always, until the end of the age.”<sup>10</sup>

And by the sublime power of the splendour of the glory of Yahweh, Jesus, in manifestation of how He loved us with infinite love,

“On the night he was handed over, took bread, and after he had given thanks, broke it and said: ‘This is my body that is for you.’

In the same way also the cup, after supper, saying: ‘This cup is the new covenant in my blood. Do this, as often as you drink it, in remembrance of me.’

For as often as you eat this bread and drink the cup, you proclaim the death of the Lord until he comes”<sup>11</sup>;

remaining with us throughout all ages as Bread of life and Drink of salvation.

And as where the Son is the Father and the Holy Spirit are, because the Son always dwells

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<sup>9</sup> Mc 16: 15-16.

<sup>10</sup> Mt 28: 20.

<sup>11</sup> 1 Cor 11: 23b-26.

in the Father's bosom and both are one in the coeternal and consubstantial embrace of the Holy Spirit; when Christ remained with His Church and in His Church, He brought with Himself the Father and the Holy Spirit, making Her the living Temple and Dwelling of the Most High, Sanctuary of God with men, and Torrent of the eternal Springs of living water that wells up to eternal Life, which is the immaculate and immolated Lamb who takes away the sins of the world.

Therefore the Church, holy Assembly, new People of God, Christ's Spouse, is replete and saturated with Divinity, covered and enveloped by the beauty of God Himself; being the Jerusalem restored by Christ and built upon the twelve Pillars of the Apostles; and that, as a "tower of strength" and a "city, walled round about"<sup>12</sup>, needs to congregate under Her walls men of all times, people, race and nation, to make them live, drinking in the streams of the water that springs out in torrents from the eternal Springs, and that from the Father's bosom, through Christ's open side, overflows on the whole humanity.

Torrents of living water become a haven in the wide and gladdening bosom of the Holy Mother Church, the New and Heavenly Jerusalem, that is enveloped by God's Holiness; Virgin, participating in the transcendent Virginité of the

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<sup>12</sup> Ps 61: 4; 122: 3.

infinite Being; Spouse, immaculate and without blemish, of the Lamb.

Pilgrim Church that, under the shadow of the Almighty, walks through the exile of this life and leads us with a steady foot and a brave step to the Father's house.

Being the light in the night that illuminates the darkness of this world, taking us along after Her, driven as the fire chariot of the prophet Elijah; and that by the power of the impetus of the Holy Spirit in the passing of His loving breeze, in His swift flight, raises us as far as the possession of Him who awaits us and calls us with infinite voices of inexpressible clamours, to introduce us into the banquet of the eternal Wedding; where there are all those sealed by God and marked on their foreheads with the blood of the Lamb, the only one capable of opening the book of the seven seals, making us children in the Son, coheirs of His same glory, to live, in the company of all the blessed, the same life that God lives.

Church of mine! You are so beautiful...! You are an "enclosed garden," my Church, beloved Mother, "fountain sealed"<sup>13</sup> and lovely, who at the beauty of Your face, You make God Himself go crazy with love; divine Bridegroom, who loved You so much, that "will espouse You in right and in justice, in love and in mercy,"<sup>14</sup> and who takes delight in You as the Beloved most

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<sup>13</sup> Sg 4: 12.

<sup>14</sup> Hos 2: 21.

in love, attracted by the scent of Your perfumes, for “more delightful is your love than wine”<sup>15</sup>;

since You are inebriated with the same nectar of the Divinity to pour it over all men and to enrapture them and saturate them with that same Divinity.

Church of mine...! I contemplate You so divine...! so beautiful...! so graceful...! and so Lady! that You have God Himself who, dwelling in Your bosom by His eternal nuptials with You and captivated by the beauty of Your face, made You His Sanctuary amongst us, no “by hands, but Heaven himself.”<sup>16</sup>

He being the light of Your eyes through the sparkling and sapient bright stars of His very divinity; and by You and through You, Church of mine, beloved Church, He gives Himself to us with a Father’s heart, making You the expression of the infinite Canticle of the Word and burning You in the overwhelming and gladdening fire of the Holy Spirit Himself.

Therefore “Your cheek is like a half-pomegranate”<sup>17</sup> and Your perfumes “like precious ointment on the head, running down upon the beard, upon the beard of Aaron, upon the collar of his robe,”<sup>18</sup> soaking You with His infinite, transcendent and eternal Virginity.

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<sup>15</sup> Sg 1: 3.

<sup>17</sup> Sg 4: 3.

<sup>16</sup> Heb 9: 24.

<sup>18</sup> Ps 133: 2.

Church of mine...! You are adorned with Your Queenly crown, with which the divine Bridegroom ennobled You the day of Your Wedding; Christ Himself being the royal Head that flies, as a flag of love, from Your Motherly temples; in order to replete us all with the love of the Holy Spirit Himself who extols us and ennobles us so divinely, that He makes us follow the immaculate Lamb, together with the choir of virgins, wherever He goes, under the consubstantial and sacrosanct murmur of His loving passing.

Therefore Christ, pouring Himself in *loves* over You, took You as a Spouse, anointing You with the plenitude of His Priesthood and making You the precious amphora, full and saturated with Divinity, through which the very God gives Himself, manifests Himself and communicates Himself to men from Your Motherly bosom with a Father's heart, a Word's song and a Holy Spirit's love.

Church of mine...! how beautiful You are...! Advance triumphant, Daughter of Jerusalem, for there will be none to get in Your way!

You are like an army in battle, ready to drive God Himself crazy with love on account of the beauty of Your face, the gallantry of Your might and the freshness and beauty of Your Youth.

You are holy with God's Holiness, virgin with His Virginity, queen with His Dominion, strong with His Strength, beautiful with His

Beauty, divine and divinising with the very Divinity that saturates You, enriches You and ennobles You as Spouse of the Lamb without blemish;

who, immolated on the altar of the cross, wraps my Mother Church with a royal mantle of blood, so that She may pour it in fruit of redemption over the whole earth in melodic song of Divinity, received from the very Bosom of God through the Song of the Word, under the caressing murmur and the impetus of the Holy Spirit.

Who makes You burst, Mother Church, New Sion, into a word of fire, in infinite canticle, in repetition of the songs that only God Himself can sing to Himself in the innermost, intimate and sacrosanct depth of the mystery of His *Sancta Sanctorum*.

Where He who Is *stands in being of Himself* in Himself, by Himself and for Himself His very reason for being and His very divinity; bursting into loving Contemplation of singing Explanation of eternal Love, in the consubstantial, infinite and comprehending embrace of the Holy Spirit; God Himself *singing Himself* to us through the Word in a romance of love through You all the ages enduring, as compiler of the sacrosanct mystery of redemption.

Sing, Church, Your song! Keep not quiet, because Your voice is sweet to God's palate, since it is the Father Himself who through Your face



shows and communicates Himself to us through His infinite Word, His Incarnate Word, in a loving spelling out of unprecedented and consubstantial melodies; hurling Himself to earth and raising us, attracted by Him, to the chest of the Most High to dwell in loving intimacy with the Divine Family.

Church of mine...! Church Mother...! Church beloved...! Church Holy...! I love You much and I love You so much! Since it is God Himself who dwells in You, who by You, Mother Church, and through You communicates Himself to us in gifts of coeternal romances of love; at the same time that You are bathed with the Blood of the Lamb who He joined You to Him in perpetual and eternal nuptials.

That is why, under the splendour of Your glory, Christ shows Himself to us and gives Himself to us, and He crucified, who soaks us with the fruit of His redemption, bathing us with His divine Blood; remaining sealed on our foreheads with the mark of God and of the Lamb.

Church of mine, Mother beloved...! how great and how beautiful God made You! New, eternal and Heavenly Jerusalem, perpetuation of the donations of the Infinite One and holder of the eternal Gift, who immolated as Victim, offers Himself to the Father each day, in perpetuation of His bloody Sacrifice, in the bloodless

Sacrifice of the Altar, for the forgiveness in perpetuation of the remission of the sins of all men, and in infinite reparation for all of them before the Holiness of the thrice Holy God, offended.

Church of mine, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, fulfilled Promise of God to our Parents, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and announced by the holy Prophets enlightened by Yahweh and under the fire and the impetus of the Holy Spirit; You are the perpetuation of the union of God with men, because You are the holder of His mysteries in a pouring out of eternal *loves*, full of mercy, tenderness, compassion and love.

Church of mine...! You are so beautiful...! I love You much and I love You so much...! Advance triumphant, Daughter of Jerusalem, keep not quiet.

Place Your songs in my soul, Your melodies in my heart, Your tenderness in my chest, Your requests in my spirit, and Your lamentations in the very depths of my being, so that I may proclaim You, Church of mine, Mother beloved, under the smallness of my nothingness and the meanness of my wretchedness, in the manner I can, in the infinite melody of the *touchings* of the Divinity which, from Your height and through Your royal Head, fall as far as Your feet over the poorness of my limitation.

Let me express You in Your beauty and make flattering comments to You at the contemplation

of my soul delirious with tenderness and love for You, Church Mother, Virgin, Queen and Lady; New Sion, fulfilled Promise of God amongst men, repository of the plans of God Himself, holder of “the inscrutable riches of Christ and of the mystery hidden from ages past in God, and now been revealed to his holy apostles and prophets”<sup>19</sup> which, in You and by You and through the Liturgy pour themselves out over us in fruits of eternal life from the infinite and co-eternal Springs in order to replete us all with Divinity.

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

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But, despite knowing You in the magnificence of the enthralling of Your glory, in the sovereignty of Your splendour, in the majesty of Your power and the beauty of Your Youth, by the manifestation of the mysteries of God that are poured down over You from His infinite power and overflow through You, over my soul-Church, from Your Motherly bosom to the filiation of my smallness in communications of eternal *loves*;

because You contain in Yourself the whole mystery of Christ’s bloody Passion, the horrifying drama of the sacrilegious immolation of the Holy One of God for the sins of the world;

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<sup>19</sup> Eph 3: 9. 5.

on whom all our sins and iniquities fell, making the Righteous One die, Him who was the infinite Holiness, the Light of the divine Brilliance, the Manifestation in expression of infinite songs of the glory of Yahweh: “So marred was his look beyond that of men..., no stately bearing, nor appearance, spurned and avoided by men, a man of suffering..., but he was pierced for our offences, crushed for our sins”<sup>20</sup>;

because You have, Church of mine, Church Holy, all that contained in the amphora of Your universal motherhood, to give us to drink to satiety of the Affluent Springs of He who Is, through the shedding of the Lamb’s blood as a victim offering of immolating sacrifice;

despite seeing and knowing You so beautiful, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, fulfilled Promise of God, my Church beloved, and knowing God’s infinite designs from His divine thought before all the centuries falling on Your Mother’s bosom;

I have also had to contemplate You covering Your rich jewels and the splendour of Your glory with a black cloak; cast down on the ground and tearful, breathless and stooped; and enveloped in the cloud of the confusion that invades us;

because my soul has been made by God the tiny Echo in repetition, not only of Your beau-

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<sup>20</sup> Is 52: 14-53, 5.

ty and Your infinite richness through the outpouring of His divine life that so splendidly be-decks and ennobles You and through whom the treasures hidden in Him from all ages are given and manifested to us; but also the Echo of Your tragedy, repository and perpetuator of Christ's mystery, and This One crucified.

“The Church unloaded Her suffering  
in my pained soul,  
and wrapped me with Her cloak  
increasing my agony.

She told me Her *bitternesses*,  
which in Her chest She had,  
covering me with the cloud  
that hovered over Her.

The Church uttered Herself in ‘Echo,’  
leaving me immersed  
in suffocating anguish  
of Her chest repressed;

and She told me the whys  
for all that overshadowed Her  
with the sorrowful confusion  
that everywhere enveloped Her.

The Church wept in my soul...  
How bitter this day was to me!”

18-4-1975

Church of mine! Church Holy...! on the 30<sup>th</sup> of March of 1959 You have been presented to me by God Himself all dressed in mourning, covering Your rich jewels with a black mantle; with Your inner being torn by the children who left Your Motherly bosom, “found wandering after the flocks of Your companions.”<sup>21</sup>

Who, many of them without knowing it, left Her Motherly bosom torn apart, with open caverns that will not be closed again unless with the return of those children of Yours, so deeply and tenderly loved, to Your bleeding and pained bosom, that waits for them, watching from a distance, like the Father of the prodigal Son, without tiring.

So that they may fill the spaces that were left empty in Your Motherly bosom and cure the wounds that no one other than they will be able to heal, and the bleeding caverns that will not be closed unless with the filling of those children who, when they went away, left You weeping, like Rachel, with moans, that are inexpressible, by the Holy Spirit.

30-3-1959  
“Church in mourning”  
(*Fragments*)

“Oh, Church of mine...! What a sight You are...! You are in mourning, Church beloved,

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<sup>21</sup> Sg 1: 7.

for Your children [...] <sup>22</sup> who left the Paternal House...

But... look at the way She weeps...! Look at the Church weeping for Her lost children...!

Church of mine, I need to flatter You... to sing Your glories...! And I drown in Your own weeping, torn apart on account of Your distressing sorrow. Church of mine, look at the condition in which I see You...!

What happens to You, Church of mine...? [...] Why are You in mourning? [...] Daughter of Jerusalem, why don't You advance triumphant and victorious...? What happens to You, my Mother Church...?:

They have wrenched Your children from Your maternal and warmish bosom...!! [...]

The Church has many living members that sing Church, that sing Christ. She has in Her Motherly bosom crowds of souls, who being witnesses by their life and their word, follow 'Christ, and Him crucified'<sup>23</sup>; and countless of them offer their lives in bloody or bloodless immolation in order to give glory to God and life to souls being a seedbed of Church, consolation for Christ and unshakable support for the Church Herself. But today the Church in spite of this is sad and tearful because She has open caverns,

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<sup>22</sup> This sign indicates the suppression of passages more or less wide that it is not deemed appropriate to publish in the authoress lifetime.

<sup>23</sup> 1 Cor 2: 2.

open...! open...! without healing, owing to the prodigal children who left Her Mother's bosom, and no one else will be able to close them but those children with their return to the Church of mine! I see it...! I see it...! No one else will be able to occupy this space that they left in the bosom of my Mother Church! These children alone will be able to fill, close and heal the wounds that they opened with their parting, leaving the Church with bleeding and painful caverns, awaiting the return of the children who left Her Motherly bosom!

[...] But You are so beautiful, Church of mine...! But You hold indeed the Word that comes out singing from the Father's bosom...!

Rejoice, for You are fruitful and come out singing in the Holy Father the silent Word from the Father's bosom, who is the Word...!

Why are You so sad...? You are bedecked and I see You full of jewels...!:

Jewels covered with a cloak of mourning...! Oh, Church, how truly in mourning You are...! [...]

Why are You so sad, Church...? She weeps disconsolate for the parting of Her children...! and of the children who are not included in Her Sheepfold...! They took them out of the bosom of my Mother Church...!

No matter how I look at my Church, I see Her with a black veil..., as if She were a woman



whose children have died; covering Her jewels with a cloak of mourning...

And I am in mourning indeed together with my Church... I don't know who has died... We are singing the Memento of the dead... We are very sad, the Church and I...!

The Church keeps Her sorrow in the silence of incomprehension...! The Church is bleeding in silence...! And while the Church is bleeding and torn apart, many of the members of the Church are seeking happiness in worldly things, instead of getting to know the Church, entering into the intimacy of the Church participating in Her pain and Her terrible and devastating bitterness..."

How many children who, in one way or another, left and leave the Church sunken, overwhelmed and torn apart in the hair-raising, chilling, heartrending, dramatic and immolating silence of the incomprehension...!

Some because they never knew Her; others because, even knowing Her, did not discover Her in the splendidness of the beauty of Her reality; and others, with more or less good or bad will, who owing to their obstinacy, do not want to recognize in Her beautiful face, replete and saturated with Divinity, the face of Christ who, in Her and through Her gives Himself to us with a Father's heart and a Holy Spirit's love, in all and with all his Truth, as the way that

leads us to life, being “a light for revelation to the Gentiles, and glory for your people Israel.”<sup>24</sup>

And those who treacherously, like Judas, seek the moment to hand Her over the hands of Her enemies; because they are rapacious wolves who, treacherously, dressed in sheep-skin and meek lamb, hastily plot the way to disfigure Her and, even were it possible, to make Her disappear.

Jesus already said: “Beware of false Prophets, who come to you in sheep’s clothing, but underneath are ravenous wolves.”<sup>25</sup>

And Saint Paul: “I know that after my departure savage wolves will come among you, and they will not spare the flock. And from your own group, men will come forward perverting the truth to draw the disciples away after them.”<sup>26</sup>

Whereas many of the children of the Church and amongst them also of the consecrated people, more or less unconsciously, instead of getting to know the Church, of living on Her life, of helping Her in Her mission and comforting Her in Her tragedy, live seeking the pleasures of this fleeting world, withdrawing from God’s plan and leaving the Church alone, torn apart in Her painful and most sad abandonment of Gethsemane.

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<sup>24</sup> Cf. Lk 2: 32.

<sup>25</sup> Mt 7: 15.

<sup>26</sup> Acts 20: 29-30.

Faced with that, my lacerated and distressed spirit, as the Echo of Her poetic, dramatic and prophetic songs, exclaims high-spirited and breathless owing to the bleeding sorrow that invades and overwhelms my Holy Church, and the incomprehension in which I have to contemplate Her asking me for help so that I may present Her before all men in all Her beauty with all that God Himself, so that I may manifest it, communicates to me, and these, when looking at Her, may see the face of God in Her:

“Arise, messenger,” Church Mother, Church of mine, “be not quiet, You who brings good news to Israel.”

You who has the Father’s Word in Your bosom to show it to men in divine and human romances, and to gather them from the five Continents and make them live drinking of the Springs of the eternal Fountains by You and through You, as the Spouse of the immaculate Lamb, covered with His royal mantle of Blood, and saturated and replete with His divinity;

give it to all, intoning Your unprecedented songs and attracting them to Your Mother’s bosom.

And in that way I should not have to see You wrapped with a cloak of mourning, so torn apart and pained, covering Your rich jewels all dressed in black.

“My Church is suffering without complaining, my Church is in mourning in Her secret,

my Church is bleeding in Her moans,  
and with a black cloak She is covering  
the caverns that children of Her innermost being  
owing to unconsciousness or pride,  
are opening in Her bosom.

Christ's Vicar is grieving,  
and my spirit, with him, is dying.

My Church with the Pope is bleeding  
in a terrible, frightful silence.  
How sad is my soul together with my Church!  
with Her I am plunged into Her silence.

How wounded my Church is...!  
How wounded my chest is...!  
My Church is grieving  
and, together with Her and with the Pope,  
my spirit, dying!"

1-8-1968

Also, Church of mine, on the 6<sup>th</sup> of January  
of 1970, I have had to contemplate You cast  
down on the ground and tearful, breathless and  
stooped, sitting upon Your stone, and who  
again, turned towards me with Your contorted  
and tearful face, asked me for help...!

Owing to that, my soul, destroyed and hurt,  
full of lamentations when it sees my Holy  
Church like that, burst into tears from the heart  
and expressed as it could the prostration in

which she saw the Holy Temple of God and dwelling of the Most High on earth, my Holy Mother Church:

6-1-1970

“The Church lying on the ground”

*(Fragments)*

“Where is God in the hearts of men and even of most Christians...?”

Where is the truth of the divine Wisdom, lived and communicated in loving wisdom in its whole truth in the midst of men...?

Where is the divine thought received, contained and explained...?

Where are the men who live on the eternal truths of the spirit...?

Millions of men seeking the light in the darkness...! Millions of men in the midst of the light, enveloped in the darkness of confusion due to their pride or unconsciousness...!

The Church is disjointed, despised and outraged, for being disfigured and unknown. And that is why, when speaking about the Church, most of the children of men let out their mocking smile at the bewilderment in which many of the children of the Church present the Church Herself.

Confusion invades us because God practically has disappeared from the heart of most Christians. Intellectualism is crushing the minds and the simple hearts, and is obfuscating the truth that divine Wisdom reveals to the little ones in His loving dialogue from heart to heart.

Is devastating the humanism that obfuscates the minds of almost the totality of men...!

The Church appears, to those who have no light, become a monstrosity, because the life of faith of Christians sometimes is so weakened and disfigured, confused and darkened, so much, so much, so much! that the infinite mystery that is contained in the Church, is presented smothered and hidden before the confused and obfuscated mind of most of Her children...

Where are the hearts that truly seek God...? Where are the men who discover the infinite beauty that there is in the Church...?

Materialism, confusion, sensuality, impurity, pride –Lord! what word should I use...?– they have covered with dust and as though buried! the eternal reality that the Church, New and Heavenly Jerusalem, has in Herself lived, possessed and aflame in infinite longings to communicate it.

Who has remained as though buried, just as in a desert, after a hurricane and a dust storm, any object that would be in the midst of that storm remains hidden.

Whereas the true children of God who know the truth, await moaning distressed, even frightened, for the earthquake to be over and the storm to abate, so that the breeze of the Holy Spirit may make itself felt and, in His infinite light, gradually clarify and unearth again the most powerful truth which, after years of confusion, seems to collapse owing to the power of pride.

Where is God in the hearts of the majority of men and of many children of the Church...? And where are the children of the Church who, living not only by the material senses but also by the spiritual, discover the infinite light of truth in all its truth, and be living witnesses, by their life and their word, of God and Jesus Christ His One He sent...?

Truth is clear in the Church, but those who are seated and settled in darkness and shadows of death do not see it, they do not discover it; they live on death, on its darkness, getting many of them, in the gloomy darkness of their obfuscation and their pride, to become doctors of the light in the midst of their terrible confusion.

Desolation shrouds the Daughter of Sion and disfigures the New Jerusalem! And in view of so much desolation, I would wish to flee hastily to the kingdom of Light, so that I may not go on seeing in exile the Spouse of the Lamb so outraged, so that I may not have to con-

template with so much pain how blatantly the children of darkness spit and slap Her in Her divine cheeks.

But... how, Lord, for I have perceived that the Church, tearful and collapsed on the ground, shrouded in Her cloak of mourning, has looked to me again asking me for company, asking me for my surrender, my understanding, my love and my effort, asking me for help...!?

Oh, how do I see my Church of mine today, sunken in Her own humiliation, tearful and haggard, concealing again Her face and the beauty of Her Youth with Her cloak of mourning...!

Although it is no longer a black cloak what shrouds the Church of mine... She is all covered with black, almost without a human figure... She is as though in an apparent failure, with Her voice, which is the Word's voice, choked and hoarse; for that reason She cannot burst into song faced by the great crush and asphyxia from the inhuman shouting of the proud ones, who, raising their voice full of confusion, drown out the infinite canticle that the Word, through Her Spouse's voice, communicates to men on earth.

Oh, what a terrible dread...! The way in which I see today the Throne of the Most High on earth, that is the Church, the New and Heavenly Jerusalem, where God sits and settles in order to



give Himself and communicate Himself –in participation in His happiness– to all men!

The shape in which I see today the Ark of the New Covenant, the Gate of Heaven, the Salvation of our People, the Pride of our race...!

I clearly understand that the life of faith, hope and charity be languishing among men...! How all the confusion in which we find ourselves, to me, today has an explanation in the sight of the Church cast on the ground, slapped, outraged, beaten...!

Church of mine...! Why do You hide Your face from me...? Look at me, for I will never be ashamed of You, for I will always be with You!

Church of mine, how do I see You...! How do I understand today that the world be in darkness for wanting to take away from You the beauty with which Your Bridegroom has bedecked You...!

I do not know the way I have seen Her, and I have Her engraved in my mind as the most real reality that the senses of the soul can give to us.

Look at the way I have seen today Jesus in the Church, or through Her, scared at the wickedness of the children of men...! Look at the way I have experienced the humiliation of the infinite Love who, out of love, became a

slave and, because He loved us, He asked us for our love in that way...!

How well have I understood that the Church and Jesus are one same thing; and therefore Jesus, in His mortal life, suffered His Gethsemane with the Church; and that is why the Church, in Her time, lives in Gethsemane, with Jesus, Her tragedy...!

Today more than ever I have understood that Jesus should be fallen to the ground in Gethsemane. And I have understood it when I saw the Church fallen to the ground, –because She was indeed fallen down!– though not on the ground: She was sitting on a round and rocky stone...

I understand so well the need for the union with the Pope...! Because the one who separates himself from the Pope, is not founded on the living and corner stone where the Church rests. 'You are Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of the netherworld shall not prevail against it. 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 will shall be loosed in Heaven'.<sup>27</sup>

And through the Church and by the Church, and not outside of Her, Christ gives and com-

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<sup>27</sup> Mt 16: 18-19.

municates Himself in infinite irradiation to all men on earth who of good will seek Him in order to find Him.

But in the Church alone, where Christ is manifesting Himself through the Pope, there is the Truth in all its truth to the man who actually seeks it in the voice of the Supreme Shepherd...!

We must pray for the Pope so that he may not collapse, fallen on the ground like the Church, so that he may cry out loud teaching the Truth, even though it be in the midst of sobs; so that he may not lose heart and remain in silence like me; so that he may be the torch that, with his powerful voice, may illuminate in the midst of the night; and my soul with its descendants, like a small sheep of the Good Shepherd's Flock that has been entrusted thereto by Christ may be able to glimpse always His light and may follow Him vigorously until the end of the time.

“Simon, son of John, do you love Me more than these?” He said to Him, “Yes, Lord, You know that I love You.” He said to him, “Feed my lambs.” He then said to him a second time, “Simon, son of John, do you love Me?” He said to Him, “Yes, Lord, You know that I love You.” He said to him, “Tend my sheep.” He said to him the third time, “Simon, son of John, do you love Me?” Peter was distressed that He had said to him a third time, “Do you love Me?” and he said to Him, “Lord, You know everything; You

know that I love You.” (Jesus) said to him, “Feed my sheep.

Amen, amen, I say to you, when you were younger, you used to dress yourself and go where you wanted; but when you grow old, you will stretch out your hands, and someone else will dress you and lead you where you do not want to go.” He said this signifying by what kind of death he would glorify God. And when He had said this, He said to him, “Follow me.”

Peter turned and saw the disciple following whom Jesus loved, the one who had also reclined upon his chest during the supper and had said, “Master, who is the one who will betray You?” When Peter saw him, he said to Jesus, “Lord, what about him?” Jesus said to him, “What if I want him to remain until I come? What concern is it of yours? You follow me.”<sup>28</sup>

The world was in darkness in the Old Testament, and the Light shone in the night. And from that day on, that Light perpetuates itself visible—in the midst of the darkness and of the confusion that envelope humanity—, in the bosom of the Church, New, Universal and Heavenly Jerusalem, through the Pope and the Bishops who united to him, have one same feeling and one same mind, and proclaim the unity of the Church in Her truth, in Her life and in Her mission.

For although, as the Apostle says, “we hold this treasure in earthen vessels, that the sur-

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<sup>28</sup> Jn 21: 15-22.

passing power may be of God and not from us”<sup>29</sup>; and at any moment one or some of them may break or crack, in the community of the united Episcopal College they are a precious amphora replete with divinity, to saturate all men of good will who want to find the Way to the Truth that leads us to the Life, full of peace, justice and love.

Being the Only Begotten Son of God in person the one who was gradually depositing in them His same mission: “As the Father has sent me, so I send you”<sup>30</sup>; and “whoever receives me does not receive me, but the Father who sent me,”<sup>31</sup> commanding them to preach the Gospel to the whole of creation and entrusting them with His Church: “It is you who have stood by me in my trials; and I confer a Kingdom on you, just as my Father has conferred one on me,”<sup>32</sup> handing everything over to them in a manner so sublime, that through it, by means of the Liturgy and the Sacraments, the infallibility of their doctrine and the plenitude of their shepherding, Christ realizes and perpetuates throughout all ages His saving and sanctifying action amongst men: “Receive the Holy Spirit. Whose sins you forgive are forgiven them, and whose sins you retain are retained.”<sup>33</sup>

That is why the Apostles, humble Fishermen of Galilee, being the Pillars of the Church have

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<sup>29</sup> 2 Cor 4: 7.

<sup>30</sup> Jn 20: 21.

<sup>31</sup> Cf. Jn 13: 20.

<sup>32</sup> Lk 22: 28-29.

<sup>33</sup> Jn 20: 22-23.

to support Her, maintain Her and perpetuate Her all ages enduring, since as Jesus said: “I am with you always, until the end of the age.”<sup>34</sup> Therefore the Successors of the Apostles, being the Pillars of the Church, something that the Lord also made me see on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September of 1972, are the ones who have to lead Her and support Her firmly on their shoulders, steering Her valiantly; for if one or some of them owing to unconsciousness, human weakness and even bad will, like Judas betraying the Master –“are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss,”<sup>35</sup>—relaxed the shoulder or withdraw it, the Holy Temple of God even though it be supported by the other Pillars, due to the unbalance may seem that She staggers.

Becoming these Shepherds, when they sow or allow that confusion filter in, into a stone of scandal and ruin of the souls. All this reminding me of the passage of the Apocalypse to the Angels of the diverse Churches:

“To the angel of the Church in Ephesus, write this: The one who holds the seven stars in his right hand and walks in the midst of the seven gold lampstands says this: I know your works, your labour, and your endurance, and that you cannot tolerate the wicked; you have tested those who call themselves apostles but are not, and discovered that they are impostors. Moreover, you have endurance and have suf-

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<sup>34</sup> Mt 28: 20.

<sup>35</sup> Lk 22: 48.

ferred for my name, and you have not grown weary.

Yet I hold this against you: you have lost the love you had at first. Realize how far you have fallen. Repent, and do the works you did at first. Otherwise, I will come to you and remove your lampstand from its place, unless you repent. But you have this in your favour: you hate the works of the Nicolaitans, which I also hate.

‘Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches. To the victor I will give the right to eat from the tree of life that is in the garden of God.’

To the angel of the Church in Smyrna, write this: The first and the last, who once died but came to life, says this: I know your tribulation and poverty, but you are rich. I know the slander of those who claim to be Jews and are not, but rather are members of the assembly of Satan. Do not be afraid of anything that you are going to suffer.

Indeed, the devil will throw some of you into prison, that you may be tested, and you will face an ordeal for ten days. Remain faithful until death, and I will give you the crown of life. ‘Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches. The victor shall not be harmed by the second death.’

To the angel of the Church in Pergamum, write this: The one with the sharp two-edged sword says this: ‘I know that you live where

Satan's throne is, and yet you hold fast to my name and have not denied your faith in me, not even in the days of Antipas, my faithful witness, who was martyred among you, where Satan lives.'

Yet I have a few things against you. You have some people there who hold to the teaching of Balaam.

Likewise, you also have some people who hold to the teaching of (the) Nicolaitans. Therefore, repent. Otherwise, I will come to you quickly and wage war against them with the sword of my mouth.

'Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches. To the victor I shall give some of the hidden manna; I shall also give a white amulet upon which is inscribed a new name, which no one knows except the one who receives it.'

To the angel of the Church in Thyatira, write this: The Son of God, whose eyes are like a fiery flame and whose feet are like polished brass, says this: 'I know your works, your love, faith, service, and endurance, and that your last works are greater than the first. Yet I hold this against you, that you tolerate the woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess, who teaches and misleads my servants to play the harlot and to eat food sacrificed to idols.'<sup>36</sup>

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<sup>36</sup> Rv 2: 1-13. 15-20.



“I will also put her children to death. Thus shall all the Churches come to know that I am the searcher of hearts and minds and that I will give each of you what your works deserve.

But I say to the rest of you in Thyatira, who do not uphold this teaching and know nothing of the so-called deep secrets of Satan: on you I will place no further burden, except that you must hold fast to what you have until I come.

To the victor, who keeps to my ways until the end, I will give authority over the nations. He will rule them with an iron rod. Like clay vessels will they be smashed, just as I received authority from my Father. And to him I will give the morning star.

‘Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches’.<sup>37</sup>

“To the angel of the Church in Sardis, write this: The one who has the seven spirits of God and the seven stars says this: I know your works, that you have the reputation of being alive, but you are dead. Be watchful and strengthen what is left, which is going to die, for I have not found your works complete in the sight of my God.

Remember then how you accepted and heard; keep it, and repent. If you are not watchful, I will come like a thief, and you will never know at what hour I will come upon you.

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<sup>37</sup> Rv 2: 23-29.

However, you have a few people in Sardis who have not soiled their garments; they will walk with me dressed in white, because they are worthy.

The victor will thus be dressed in white, and I will never erase his name from the book of life but will acknowledge his name in the presence of my Father and of His angels.

‘Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches.’

To the angel of the Church in Philadelphia, write this: The holy one, the true, who holds the key of David, who opens and no one shall close, who closes and no one shall open, says this: I know your works behold, I have left an open door before you, which no one can close. You have limited strength, and yet you have kept my word and have not denied my name.”<sup>38</sup>

“Because you have kept my message of endurance, I will keep you safe in the time of trial that is going to come to the whole world to test the inhabitants of the earth. I am coming quickly. Hold fast to what you have, so that no one may take your crown.

‘The victor I will make into a pillar in the temple of my God, and he will never leave it again. On him I will inscribe the name of my God and the name of the city of my God, the New Jerusalem, which comes down out of

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<sup>38</sup> Rv 3: 1-8.

Heaven from my God, as well as my new name. Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Churches.’

To the angel of the Church in Laodicea, write this: The Amen, the faithful and true witness, the source of God’s creation, says this: I know your works; I know that you are neither cold nor hot. I wish you were either cold or hot. So, because you are lukewarm, neither hot nor cold, I will spit you out of my mouth.

For you say, ‘I am rich and affluent and have no need of anything,’ and yet do not realize that you are wretched, pitiable, poor, blind, and naked.

I advise you to buy from me gold refined by fire so that you may be rich, and white garments to put on so that your shameful nakedness may not be exposed, and buy ointment to smear on your eyes so that you may see.

Those whom I love, I reprove and chastise. Be earnest, therefore, and repent. ‘Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears my voice and opens the door, (then) I will enter his house and dine with him, and he with me. I will give the victor the right to sit with me on my throne, as I myself first won the victory and sit with my Father on His throne.’

‘Whoever has ears ought to hear what the Spirit says to the Church’.<sup>39</sup>

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<sup>39</sup> Rv 3: 10-22.

Church of mine, how much pain there is in my soul...! at the contemplation on the one hand so glorious and on the other so dramatic, of the situation that in the passing of times You are encountering.

Today I wish to open myself completely to Your choking and breathless voice, and to pick up the heartrending sobs that are fading away from You in the silence of incomprehension.

Today I want, together with my descendants, to renew again my mission and my intention to be “the Echo” of the Church of mine...

Today I want to be able to call myself: “Trinity of the Holy Mother Church,” in the full sense of the word, and thus be a relief to the Church in fruit of renovation.

“Tears from the soul burst into the chest with great moans from my heart, for the great nostalgia that I keep in silence, in nights enclosed by an incomprehension...

Moans slip out in deep laments...; everything remains inside without explanation, because unconsciousness envelops the life of those who pass around me.

Prolonged nights are my agonies; only God understands, ‘by His request,’ all of the sacred pain that I hide, under the smile of an immolation.

The soul that goes to the Eternal nothing asks;  
God covers with jealousy everything  
that He instilled in it;  
it alone knows how to keep secretly,  
deep oppressions in its contents.

What does it matter that I suffer,  
if silence alone  
knows the mystery that worked in me  
the Love...?!  
Sacred silences I press on my innermost being,  
concealing days in fruits of gift.

Time goes by and plays with my agonies;  
I wait in the night for the Liberator.  
Conquests of glory are my strictures,  
life of men, fruit in redemption.

Let the groan of my great nostalgia fade away;  
God spoke to my soul, in victim-offering,  
strong requests that are drilling  
the secret depth of my heart.

Nothing is so bleeding as indifference,  
that leaves me wounded in crucifixion.  
Let the silence of my containments burst today  
into explanations by a kiss from God!"

13-1-1975

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And so that I might not remain as though  
collapsed with You, Church of mine, but in order  
that I might know You in Your whole real-

ity, like Christ Your Head both divine and human, You were also shown to me by God as an invincible tower...! fortified! on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January of 1971; when torn apart and shrouded by the grieving of the Church, hurt, it seemed that I could not endure it anymore, and I expressed as I could Her tear, immersed and overwhelmed by the grief of this Holy Mother, who in so many ways has asked for help my poor, scared and trembling soul.

23-1-1971

“Fortified tower”

*(Fragments)*

“I see the Church tearful, breathless and stooped; shrouded and contorted in Her own humiliation.

I see how tears of immolation run down Her sacred cheeks, as set pearls.

Two bright stars are Her eyes, as suns aflame in divine glares and Heavenly glints.

And, despite being two suns Her reddened eyes on account of the hurting grieve of Her silent weeping, I perceive in Her look a pain so painful, so deep and moved, that when I see Her in so much grieving, my chest bursts into moans without being able to console Her.

I do want to cry with the Church...! and, with Her collapsed, to be gathering adoringly the pitiful quiet tears that, in Her deep sobbing, makes

my Mother so beautiful, when they slide down  
Her sacred cheeks like pearls full of Divinity...

My soul feels it is Church, so got into Her truth! that, being Her confidant in this pilgrimage, I have to show people what the silent Church tells me in Her sobbing...

I am 'the Echo' of the Church and, being singing to tell the greatnesses that God wanted to show me notwithstanding, today I have remained in silence when I was not able to express this pain so sacred that my grieving perceives in the chest of the Church with sobbing clamour.

I would like, if I could, in the manner of loving with which I love the Church, to live always in exile next to Her in Her grieving as long as the centuries would endure and the times would last, should She come to seek me.

My martyrdom today does not cease... [...] I want to utter the Church, but pain suffocates me...!

I know the suffering of the Church, the reason for Her fright, Her mission amongst men and Her divine splendour, the infinite secrets that She contains in Her heart. That is why I have in the chest a piercing pain, when I do not find anyone who may listen to my breathless announcement; a martyrdom so closed by the weight so sacred that the Lord placed in

the depth of my depth, that I drown in the fullness of His gift...

[...] I see Her contorted, breathless and stooped, with Her cheeks sunk, in soaked tears...! I see Her as though frightened, seeking where to find him who gives Her help in Her hard journey...

Next to Her, kneeling down, wanting to console Her I see the 'Echo of the Church' as a poor child who only knows how to cry.

When it already seemed that my torture was irresistible, for not being able to hold, nor to want to express, not even to betray anything of what I contained in my heart; suddenly I have contemplated the Church once again, even with Her painful bitterness and with the terrible situation in which She find Herself: serene...! calm...! majestic...! immense, unbreakable, invincible, strong, unshakable...!

While I have seen myself as a tiny girl, so much so that next to the Church I was not taller than Her shoes –if This had had shoes–.

I saw myself so tiny, that I did not know whether to compare myself with a mouse or with an ant... I did not know whether the Church was going to rebuke me, whether I had done something wrong...

I even felt fear, without knowing why; for, when I saw that the Church began to grow so much before my eyes and I appeared so tiny compared to Her, I was afraid I had upset Her in anything...



O how terrible...! The way I see the Church...!  
[...] What a royalty...! what a fortitude...! what a  
majesty...! what a firmness...! what a stateli-  
ness...! How immense...!

Oh, how I see Her...! I never contemplated  
Her like this...! I have remained so tiny, so tiny!  
compared to Her, that I am afraid of Her im-  
mensity and my smallness...

Ah...! Why, no...! Why, She is my Mother...!  
She loves me with the heart of God...! I am  
Her Echo, Her little one, the receiver of Her  
suffering and of Her quiet sobs, of Her difficult  
breathing from the pain...!

How I see the Church...! O how I see the  
Church...!

Like an invincible rock of unusual charity,  
in terrible power, replete with the living God,  
in Her resplendent light, full of Divinity...!

I do not know how I would expound, with  
my powerless expression, this my new concept  
that today God has willed to give me, when I  
discovered the Church, as a 'fortified tower,' in  
Her immovable truth.

I am all scared by Her awe-inspiringness,  
feeling that I am so little, when I want to con-  
template Her, that, wholly translimited, I do not  
get to take Her in...

The Church is like a queen, who, although  
I may see Her stooped in Her terrible suffering,

She has in Herself such royalty, such stateliness and greatness which I will never be able to express...!

I never saw myself so small compared to the Church, without being able to rise a few inches...! She is upright and beautiful, all strong and valiant!

Today the Church has shown Herself so immense to my gaze, that although I were to see Her cast off and even though She may sink in the depth of Her deep bitterness and in Her mortal sadness, I feel collapsed before Her reality... proud and overwhelmed, full of happiness at seeing Her so sublimated, raised by God Himself, in Her majesty.

And I am such a poor little thing, that I cannot explain it...! I feel so tiny as I could never have thought...!

What a mystery...!: and, despite all this, I have to console Her...!

Oh, how I have contemplated the Church...!: As a 'fortified tower'... awe-inspiringly immense...! above all that is created...! So beautiful, that She was able to drive God mad with love because of the splendour of Her beauty and the loveliness and freshness of Her Youth. And at the same time I have contemplated myself tiny and small-sized as if I were Her tiny shoe...

And from my smallness, looking upwards, I contemplated the enthralling loftiness of the infinite Power that poured Itself over Her, and saw how the repleteness of the Divinity, the spring of Her life, Her splendourous mission and Her bleeding pain slid down, from His divine and royal Head, over His whole Mystical Body soaking all Her members, down to the tiny small-size of Her tiny shoe; which, from there, on the ground, I perceived, from the quiet crying of Her sublime cheeks, the sob of Her heart, the beating of Her chest and the moaning of Her depth, with Her plethoric reality, so that I might receive it, get soaked, saturating me, and I thus, for my part, driven by the strength of Her power, might communicate Her. I saw that She gave me everything; but from Her greatness to my littleness, from Her height to my baseness, from Her richness to my poorness, from Her motherhood to my filiation, from the Her all to my nothingness, from Her singing to my repeating in Echo.

Whereas I was like a very small case that is receiving all that living and bleeding of my Mother Church, in order to open then my heart and bring to view the whine, in palpitating of infinite tenderness and bleeding agony, that She is depositing in me for Her rest and for communication and handing Her treasure over to men.

Because the treasure of the Church is communicated to me through Her moans, Her tears, Her tremulous speech, Her words broken by

weeping; through the sparkling of Her heart, of Her bleeding silence, of Her unsuspected loneliness; through Her mission not listened to and Her not received secret; through the infinite spring of Her life, held and contained in the deep marrow of Her chest and in the caverns of Her being.

All this the Church is sliding and pouring, exposing and depositing in the tiny coffer of my heart. And like a repressed press, my soul sighs breathless, seeking where and in whom to deposit my treasure...”

And that is why, again in the course of the years, the Lord kept on showing me in loving wisdom of acute penetration the dramatic situations through which the Church was and is going through, through the pilgrimage of this exile, and in which the shameless or underhanded deceit of Her enemies and the unconsciousness, the coldness and even the betrayal of many of Her own children place Her.

25-2-1975

“Church, why do You conceal me Your face from me?”

*(Fragments)*

“On the 23<sup>rd</sup> of February of 1975, praying by the tabernacle [...] I have, in a bright ray of pro-

found penetration of loving wisdom, contemplated again in light from the divine thought and bursting into the burning flames of the Holy Spirit, with the eyes of the spirit, the chilling situation of the Church.

In a dense night of darkness and stifling storm clouds my hurting soul has contemplated today my Holy Mother Church, who, collapsed from pain, has been shrouded by a dark gloomy and thick cloud; which conceals in its interior the suns that, the infinite and sparkling light of the Word, as Head, makes shine to men in manifestation of the infinite Being.

A dense night covers the New Jerusalem, the City of God amongst men, wrapped in dark storm clouds of confusion which conceal the resplendent light of Christ's face, filling up to the brim and beautifying Her with His very divinity...!!

'You are dark –but lovely, O daughters of Jerusalem—<sup>40</sup>; dark-skinned and as though blackened by the sins of pride, unconsciousness and cowardice of many of Your children, who, sowing confusion or allowing it to spread, have made You look like that.

How will my soul be able to contemplate my Church of mine as though dying of pain, without dying...? Why will I have to go on living in the land of ingratitude and lack of love,

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<sup>40</sup> Cf. Sg 1: 5b.

to know, in such a bitter savouring, the grievous Gethsemane of my Mother Church torn apart...?

Who will be able to understand the sad sadness that seizes my soul in the presence of my Mother Church, as though suffocated! by a big wave of filth that envelops Her, wanting to destroy the invincible power of Her strength, founded and sustained by the omnipotent hand of Him who, with most tender Bridegroom affection, shelters Her under His protecting shadow...?

A royal cloak of blood envelops the Church of mine, because it is Christ, the Father's infinite Word, who, taking Her as spouse, raised Her before all men as a flag of love, justice and peace...!

I have felt that my chest remained deeply pierced by the hard wound that the contemplation of my Church opened in the core of my spirit in a heartrending cry of: I do not want to see my Church, the New Sion, like that...!!

For a while I have been suffering inconsolably the heartrending desolation of the Church. I have now understood even better the words of Paul VI: 'The smoke of Satan has penetrated through the cracks of the Holy Temple of God, which is the Church...!'

The wave of confusion is so dense, so dark and so gloomy, that it totally envelops the

Church collapsed on the ground, concealing to the sight of all Her children the splendour of Her glory that is always manifested to me, even though it be in the bleeding night of Gethsemane!

I have experienced so much pain, so much, in my chilling helplessness, that, falling collapsed together with the Church, I have desired with all the strength of my heart to die for Her in destruction of heartrending victim-offering.

I have lacked the strength to go on living, desiring the annihilation of my poor being, that, in the presence of Her apparently dying Mother Church, has felt the need for the gloomy cloud that shrouded Her, not to leave me out, but to wrap me too, so that what was Hers would become Her little 'Echo.'

I could only repeat from the very depth of my heart, in tormenting howls that wounded the marrow of the core of my being, madly enthralled by the love to the Church in affection and tenderness of a little tiny daughter who does not bear to see Her Holy Mother in such a chilling situation: I don't want to see the Church like that...! I cannot see the Church like that...!!

I need to die, as the supreme surrender of my helplessness which, not knowing how nor what to do to help Her, desires, owing to such a devastating contemplation, to destroy itself as a response of total surrender.

I do not want to see my Church like that...!!  
I do not want to see my Church like that...!!

Why, in Her bosom, the beautiful face of the Incarnate Word has been left darkened...?

Why does the power of darkness wrap the Church of mine...?

Why does the tiny 'Echo' of the Church, kneeling and prostrate in collapsing with pain, have not been able to discover, behind the storm clouds that covered the Church, the face of Her Holy Mother...?

What is it that conceals from me Her beautiful face, even though it be wrapped in a cloak of mourning and desolation...?

I want not nor cannot see like that, from the outside, my Church of mine...!! I want not to see my Church of mine like that...!!

I want God to let me free, to go deep into His cloud, even though I drown in the dark and hair-raising storm clouds in which I contemplate Her wrapped, to suffer with Her the smoking asphyxia of the confusion that tries to suffocate Her...! [...]

I want to be Church with all its consequences, in vibrant expression of all that She is, lives and manifests, within each and everyone of the situations in which the pride of the greats and the cowardice of the fainthearted leave Her, with the ingratitude and the heartrending indifference of their lack of love...!



The Church can hardly say today: 'I looked for compassion, but there was none'<sup>41</sup>; because I sought who might understand me, who might accompany me, who might know me, who might raise me and who might present me at the sight of all men in the plethoric splendidness of my reality, and I found him not...!

The light is in the darkness, and this, not only did not receive it, but rather tries to stifle it with a suffocating cloud of inexplicable confusion...!

'The children of this world are more prudent in dealing with their own generation than are the children of Light'<sup>42</sup>; and when seeing the Church cast down on the ground and as though in an apparent abandonment by God and men, they have pounced on Her in a sarcastic guffaw of triumph, without knowing that the infinite love of Yahweh is in zeal for the glory of His Beloved: 'The zeal for your House consumes me.'<sup>43</sup>

That is why the hand of the Almighty, if the situation of the Church does not change, may perhaps fall on those who, defiling His Holy Temple, try to turn it into a 'den of thieves.'<sup>44</sup>

After seeing the Church in such an inexplicable situation, I have understood, full of pain

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<sup>41</sup> Ps 69: 21.

<sup>42</sup> Lk 16: 8.

<sup>43</sup> Ps 69: 10; Jn 2: 17.

<sup>44</sup> Mt 21: 13.

and at a same time of joy –of joy because it was the light of the eternal loving wisdom what impregnated my spirit, and of pain by the comprehension that this same wisdom gave me in penetration of the sapiential word of the Word, who, without saying anything, enlightened my soul with His fire–, the reason why the Church was wrapped by a dense cloud of dark and gloomy confusion: The suns of the Holy Spirit are smothered by this dense cloud of confusion, that has been produced by the pride and cowardice of men from outside and from within in the bosom of the Holy Mother Church. [...]

I have also understood clearly, in a surprise of ineffable joy, that it is necessary that the Virgin burst from the Church's bosom with the brilliance of the suns that, enveloping Her during Her whole life, specially from the moment of the Incarnation, make Her be, in the bosom of the Church and for the Church Herself, the Mother of the beautiful Love, in whom and through whom, the eternal self-giving of the infinite Love is communicated to us...!

Through Mary, the Incarnate Word brings to us the Holy Spirit with the fullness of all His gifts, saturating us with Divinity. It is the Virgin, the new Eve, Spouse of the Holy Spirit, Mother of the Incarnate Word and favourite Daughter of the Father, who, by God's will, has to break out and break through with the suns of the Holy Spirit Himself that She contains, from the Church's bosom; which is a precious amphora

replete with divinity that needs, as a light volcano, to burst into eruptions with the infinite glows of Divinity Itself; and through the Virgin, and under the shelter of Her Motherhood, as universal Mother of God's Holy Church, the New Sion, wants to instil Herself in the souls of men with a Mother's heart and a Holy Spirit's love.

Look at the condition in which has come to my mind that reality which, being left engraved in my soul in the year 1959, made me clamour that it was God's will that the Virgin should be placed in the Church in the place that befits Her as Mother of God and of the Church Herself, who is the fruit of Her divine Motherhood...!

Since through Her, new Eve, through the virginal fruit of Her blessed womb came down to us the Author of life who takes away the sins of the world; raising us through the fruit of His glorious resurrection to a new life, and who leads us to the New and Heavenly Jerusalem, triumphant and glorious, without a cloak of mourning and dressed as a bride.

Well have I understood the insistence of the children of darkness on making disappear or darken the shining figure of the Mother of God from the gaze of men...: 'The full of grace' in such a way that any grace granted to men at any moment of their lives, She had it in plenitude during each and every moment of Hers. That is why my soul cried out in the same year of 1959:

It is Mary whose fault it is that all men are filled with grace and go to God. Because through Her is given to us the Fountain of life that rises from the eternal and vivifying springs from the Father's bosom, from Christ's open side and through Him it gushes out over the whole humanity.

And how I have also comprehended the work of the sagacity of the Church's enemies to disfigure Christ's divinity! 'Brood of vipers and whitewashed tombs...!'<sup>45</sup> [...]

My spiritual gaze has remained penetrated by such a deep comprehension regarding the most important mission of the Virgin within the Church's bosom, because She is the Mother of the Word Incarnate, the Only Begotten of God, that I have come to see again with a more luminous penetration that, in the same way that by Her and through Her the mystery of the Incarnation was realized, and through it God's self-giving which is Christ, to men; today, in view of the chilling situation of the Holy Mother Church, it is by Mary and through Her through whom the suns of the Holy Spirit want to burst in, clearing the darkness of the dense cloud that wraps the Holy City of God, New and Heavenly Jerusalem.

They are darkening the Virgin inside the bosom of the Church of mine...! They try to take

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<sup>45</sup> Mt 23: 33. 27.

Her out from the heart of Her children! They want to conceal the suns of the Holy Spirit which envelop Her, which make Her Mother of the Incarnate God Himself and Mother of the universal Church...!

And furthermore, they dare, with confused and even deceptive doctrines, to disfigure Christ's divinity. Wherewith the Church has been left immersed in a night of dense and gloomy darkness!"

“O New Jerusalem!  
If I always contemplated You  
as on the day in which I saw You  
like a bejewelled queen...

If I always saw You beautiful,  
triumphant and bedecked,  
as the spouse of the living God  
and by all acclaimed...

O New Jerusalem!  
My soul is torn apart  
at seeing You sad and tearful,  
breathless and stooped.

I saw You dressed in mourning,  
in Your innermost being pierced  
by the departure of Your children  
who left for other lands;

I saw You concealing Your jewels,  
dark-skinned and heartbroken;  
but I never saw You  
so sad and so outraged!

Today I know not how to express  
this that my soul feels.

It is such a deep martyrdom  
to see You slapped,  
by Your children spat upon,  
wounded and mistreated,

in Your gruelling walk  
in this stained land,  
that, if I did not know You,  
I would believe You abandoned.

Not so! God is in zeal  
for the glory of His Beloved;  
His love feels angered,  
His look is irritated.

O what a terror! if God weeps  
when He sees my beloved Church...  
And if God weeps when He looks at Her,  
how would my being not weep?

My soul is also in zeal,  
it also feels outraged,  
it also walks shaking  
and it sees itself slapped!

Also... because I am Church!  
Church alone is my soul,  
and Her mission is mine,  
Her tragedy is in my innermost being,

and the glory of Her name  
is the glory that burns me,  
because I have no other joy  
than to see Her glorified.

Oh, how sad is my Church!  
Oh, if I consoled Her  
and saw Her again  
as a bejewelled queen...!

Oh, my Church is so wounded!  
Oh, my soul is so sad!  
But... if God Himself weeps,  
how would I console Her...?"

28-4-1969

“What a pain so painful, I have inside my innermost being! what an agony so deep and what a sorrow so bitter...!

Only God knows the mystery, of that which overwhelms my soul, for it is the silent groaning that touches that wounding point, where God kisses me in sore...

Loneliness I have in my depth, because my life thus wanders, feeling myself misunderstood, there inside in my inner chamber...

I moan with sad lament, without breath for anything, because I have been imprisoned with chains so closed, that my days are enclosed, pierced by my pain...!

Father, if it were possible that the chalice should not overflow, because I were to find the comfort, that my spirit demands...

But, if it were not possible, I will drink the bitterness of its bile until I finish it off, for the replete glory of the Bridegroom and the Church that was crowned by Him...

I want to offer for Her, in sacred returning, the dying of my existence in days that never pass, because they are always repeated crucified on my cross...!

But what does it matter! if my Christ, with zeal that bursts into flames, looking at me with sadness, demands my poor help, in order that I may raise the Church in the manner that He would show me...

What a long pilgrimage that over which my soul crosses... in my constant sighing seeking Him who calls me...!

But as long as I live dying, I have to be nailed on the cross living my priesthood, caught between God and man, as Jesus taught me...

I wish to reject nothing, since I was sealed with my 'yes,' the day when I offered myself as a victim-offering for my Church...



Bridegroom, I am in Your hands! I will never from now on fear anything, because rocked in Your chest, thus, I find myself lulled with infinite *loves*, because God Himself embraces me, as a jealous Loveable Hero, telling me that He loves me...!

I accept everything, Master of mine, I want not to reject anything; I want, crucified hanging with You, myself on Your cross, to be glory of the Infinite in silent immolation...

If it is possible, my Bridegroom, that this chalice should pass...! But if it is Your will that I always live immolated, I have to find the way to rejoice when they nail me, since I know what Your *loves* are, victimizing those whom You love, those that ask of me renunciations in silences that have no end..."

1-10-1977

And so many times, since the 18<sup>th</sup> of March of 1959 in one way or another God showed me the Church so beautiful...! so sublime...! so divine and so Lady...! Spouse as a Youth of the immaculate Lamb, wedded to Him in eternal marriage.

Nostalgia of a past kept in the secret and the silence of incomprehension, in tireless wait that the moment arrive after my departure towards Heaven, for it to be uncovered, according to how the divine mind has shaped it in my heart,

and be manifested in this hard exile the deep and plethoric reality of the Holy Mother Church, Spouse of the immaculate and immolated Lamb;

being like Him and with Him, despised, outraged, cast down on the ground and tearful, breathless and stooped; concealing the beauty of Her face, the splendiddness of Her Youth, behind the cloud of confusion that asphyxiatingly tries to drown the infinite canticle of Christ for the Church, with Her lamentations full of tear owing to Her painful and devastating Gethsemane:

the Holy Mother Church, whom in some and other ways God has discovered to my soul: in Her triumph of glory and the tear of Her bloodless crucifixion, and continues to show me in even more dramatic situation, were it possible, through this hard journey; so that I might proclaim Her and might manifest Her at the very moment in His infinite will in the manner that, before going to Eternity, I may realize it; and that I now want to reveal gradually, evoking something of what, in order that I might manifest it, God printed in the deepest, most hidden and sealed part of my heart.

That is why only in fragments I have let unveil some of the lamentations full of requests of the Church in my soul, Her whine in my chest and Her *loves* in my heart.

I am the Echo of the Church and the Church is my song.

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

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

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

8-4-1959

“Beauty of the Church”

*(Fragments)*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>46</sup> Cf. Sg 1: 5. 15.

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>47</sup> Sg 6: 4.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>48</sup> Ps 133: 2.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>49</sup> Rv 7: 14.

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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>50</sup> Rv 21: 9. 2. 23.    <sup>51</sup> Is 6: 3.

<sup>52</sup> Rv 19: 6-7.

## THE PILLARS OF THE CHURCH

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

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

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

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<sup>1</sup> Sg 6: 4; Jl 2: 5.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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<sup>3</sup> Cf. Mt 16: 18(19)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rome, 28-3-1993

## **NEXT TO THE SEE OF PETER**

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

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

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

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

Going through so many torments  
between life and death,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

whether to remain here  
or to go to Heaven.

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

## PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*is Himself*,” “*to be Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. –allocating to it a deeper, dense and original sense– in order to translate the expressions “*serse*,” “*se es*,” “*siéndose*,” etc. by means of which Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia expresses the multiple lights she has received from God about His infinite Being.

The explanation that the very Mother Trinidad did in one of her writings, is transcribed as follows:

“God is Himself...! And this phrase, according to my poor understanding, embraces and explains for me all that God is. In such a way that, when I say: God is Himself, or God stands in being of Himself, or the being Himself of God, I understand in these phrases all these ideas that I am going to say:

First: I see how God is Himself by Himself; how all that He is He stands in being of Himself; I see the eternal instant of the Eternity, in which God is Himself by Himself and in Himself; I see how He is Himself so, and why He is Himself so; and I contemplate Him being Himself so in that eternal instant, without time, in which the Being, being Himself One, is Three divine

Persons who, being a sole Being, in Trinity is *Himself*.

Second: I see in that same word: the being Himself or God is Himself, the Father *being Himself* Father by Himself and in Himself as Source; the Word *being Himself* Son in Himself and by the Father; and the Holy Spirit *being Himself* personal Love between both, in Himself and by the Father and the Word. And I see in this word: to be Himself, the way of being Himself so each one of the Persons, and the difference of each Person. So that, for me, this simple word that I use so much, says to me all the glorious mystery of my Trinity and all the hidden and very depth secret of my Unity in its root.”

Similarly Mother Trinidad refers to God the reflexive use of many other verbs, such as “to have,” “to see,” “to love,” “to know,” “to say,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se la ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se dice,” etc... have been translated into English as follows: “He *has Himself so*,” “He *sees Himself so*,” “He *loves Himself so*,” “He *knows Himself so*,” “He says Himself,” etc...

## NOTE:

I strongly advise that all that I express by means of my writings, for believing it God's will and for fidelity in all that the very same God has entrusted to me; when in the translation into other languages it is not understood well or a clarification is desired, recourse be had to the authenticity of what I have dictated in the Spanish text; since I have seen that some expressions in the translations are not the most proper to express my thought.

The authoress:

Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia  
Sánchez Moreno

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