

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

23-1-1971

An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

FORTIFIED TOWER

(Fragments)

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"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 re-
mained in silence when I was not able to ex-
press this pain so sacred that my grieving per-
ceives 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 al-
ways 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 rea-
son 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 breath-
less 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 full-
ness of His gift...

[...] I see Her contorted, breathless and stoop-
ed, 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 con-
sole 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, un-
breakable, 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 ex-
press...!

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

Today the Church has shown Herself so im-
mense 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 re-
ality... proud and overwhelmed, full of happi-
ness at seeing Her so sublimated, raised by God
Himself, in Her majesty.

And I am such a poor little thing, that I can-
not 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 im-
mense...! above all that is created...! So beau-
tiful, 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 my-
self 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 splendorous 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.

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.

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