

Mother Trinidad de la Santa Madre Iglesia

Foundress of The Work of the Church

An extract from the Collection:

"Light in the night.

The mystery of faith given in loving wisdom"

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"VIVENCIAS DEL ALMA" ("Experiences of the soul")

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STREET CLEANERS WITHIN THE CHURCH

Today, imbued with the coeternal and infinite thought, enlightened by the light from on High, I have received a new surprise in my life... a new consciousness, even more profound, of my vocation, my mission in the Church with all who, in order to help Her, the Infinite Love has given to me!

In the twinkling of an eye, a light beam of the eternal Wisdom penetrated me, as tough with the sharpness of a sharp sword, in the most recondite and very depth of the marrow of the spirit. And, by the flashing of His illumination, made me live, in one instant, the passing of all times... of all ages... with the new and surprising contemplation of the Holy Church of God, as the sole Way that leads us, through Christ and under the shelter and protection of the motherhood of Our Lady of Pentecost, Mother of the Church, to the Father's house.

And I saw myself, suddenly, with a broom sweeping my Church...!!

An instant of surprise, refulgent with light that invaded my soul with a sweet and savoury ex-

perience...! I was electrically charged like the atmosphere in stormy days, like a volcano that needs to burst into eruptions, or like the immense ocean when, shaken vigorously by a seaquake, overflows everywhere flooding everything;

holding back the sweeping impetus that invaded me by the strength of the communication of the Infinite One, who, in a simple manner but with a powerful arm, impelled me to sweep the Church with my big broom, to carry out a cleaning in Her in the efficient way that does it a street cleaner, in the simple manner of a mere broom.

Efficiency and simplicity! humility and courage! clearness and cleanliness! reaching with my broom all corners, to leave them the way that God willed.

And thus the luminous Way that leads to Eternity would be left transparent; a mirror without spot wherein God Himself looks at Himself and, in the splendour and brilliance of the transcendent transparency of His infinite and coeternal holiness, He is reflected in manifestation of loving, clear and dazzling wisdom, in the depth of His infinite and coeternal pupils, to the men who, coming behind us, when marching in a vertiginous race through the exile towards the infinite Home, should be able to discover, in that Way full of light, brilliance and shining with clarity, the sole way, the truth, that is Christ, Glare of the divine Sun, "Light from Light and Figure of the substance of the Father."¹ one with

¹ Cf. Heb 1: 3.

the Father and the Holy Spirit; who, with the enlightenment of His Truth, through the Church, leads us to the Eternal Life.

Captivated and enthralled by the impression of the ray of light that had enlightened my soul in the refulgent lightning of the fire of God sent forth over me with kindled impetus and powerful arm; I set about praying, as usual, during the prolonged hours of one of my mornings.

After Holy Mass, with Jesus inside the chest, I began to experience that strength of God's passing who shrouds me in His coals, penetrating my understanding so that I may see and impelling my will by His infinite will so that I may speak;

and thus I were to communicate gradually, the way that I can –during the time of these whiles of prayer in which I experience myself immersed in the silence of the mystery and totally taken over by God– what, through me, with fiery word, in loving, simple and profound wisdom, He wills to communicate to men.

As the impetus of Him who makes me repeat in "Echo" His will within the Church and for the Church was progressively and lovingly seizing my whole being with the profoundly simple enlightenment of the truth that invaded me; the need to express my experience was becoming, also, more and more impetuous by virtue of the load of knowledge that the divine Mind set into my poor and tiny understanding.

At the same time that my whole being experienced a taking apart of the body and the soul; that, by becoming dislocated (exhaustion), gets me into a sort of spiritual death, by the power of the might of God's passing that captivate me and throws me by the murmur of His flight into a fiery passage driven towards Him.

Since, at the experience that the natural perceives of the supernatural, being dominated and possessed by the breeze of the savourable impetus of the Divinity, the body trembles; and as though losing its physical strength, perceives, at the proximity of the Eternal One, a sort of death chill turning into supernatural life; for the eternal life upsets the earthly, making it participate in the supernatural in the way which, only he who lives it, will know how to know how to understand it in the sacred, savoury and divinizing savouring, in order to somehow be able to come to communicate it.

Once the marrow of the spirit was saturated with the light of the Eternal Love; the penetration of His clarity made me, due to the inflammation of His more and more ardent fire, in the rays of the infinite wisdom, discover gradually the reason for this new and profound petition of God to my soul.

I saw the Church as the Way refulgent with light, replete with Divinity, straight, firm, certain, clear, luminous, transparent, unshakable, un-touchable, incorruptible, invincible! that leads to the Father's house.

Understanding that this Way, like a mirror without spot which incalculable multitudes of men had passed through; in the course of time and with the passing through of every one, had been so dirtied...! so clouded...! so defaced...! that sometimes it was even disgusting to pass through it.

A Way which, normally, in our crossing, some in one way and others in another, we dust, we deface, we dirty and we defile...!

How many men have passed through the way of the Church...! Each and every one of them with their innumerable sins, with the concupiscence of their flesh, all of them with the pride and blindness of their befuddled hearts because of the warpedness of their thoughts;

with their personal ways and styles, with the attachment to their own criteria... with the blindness of their darkened minds, with the ill will of their sinful hearts, which, in the foolishness of their darkened lives, do not let them see in the transparent mirror of the Church the face of Jesus "and him crucified"² Who invites us to follow Him, after His apparent failure, by means of His glorious resurrection, to the eternal Wedding of Christ with His Church, under the might and the sweeping impetus of the Holy Spirit.

Wherefore they attempt to confront the infinite and sublime holiness of God Himself, carried way by pride, lust, envy, rancour, and by

² 1 Cor 2: 2.

all that which is not according to God, and in fact contrary and even repellent to His infinite holiness! and rebelling crazily against God in diabolic confrontation, they say to Him: "I will not serve you"³;

the God who created them solely and exclusively so that they might possess Him, and He restored them through the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb who takes away the sins of the world, shed on the altar of the cross!

But everyone passed by... and, when passing, they left their footprint; a footprint that is more or less marked, more or less dirty, according to the size and condition of the feet of those who pass by.

I also saw that those who were bigger in the Church, wore bigger and heavier shoes; and, if they had them stained, their footprints were deeper and more harmful... leaving the Church more stained and even cracked!

Whereas those who, together with the others in bloc, went by unnoticed, marked Her with a lighter footprint, although they too left theirs.

Between the ones and the others they had disfigured, defaced, dusted and stained Her...! defiling God's holiness, when placing their smelly footprints on the mirror without spot where God Himself, in the beauty of His divine face, looks at Himself and is reflected in the majestic reverberation of the splendour of His

³ Jer 2: 20.

glory: the Holy Church, luminous Way towards the Eternity.

A Way that has as Head, with His crown of glory, the Only Begotten Son of God, the Word of Life Incarnate covered with a royal mantle of blood; who, in order to lead us safely towards the encounter with the eternal Joy, became one of us, traveller, pilgrim and exiled; and by the mystery of His Incarnation, life, death and glorious resurrection, opened with His five wounds the sumptuous Gates of Eternity in order to introduce us into the wide bosom of our Father God, closed by sin.

In the course of time I saw men with so many ways of tarnishing the Church when crossing Her...! Who when passing by a road, if he feels the need, does not spit? Who does not throw away all that is dirty that bothers him? Even on it there are left, often, hidden, even the faeces...!

What most clearly became engraved in my soul in this sparkling day of light and of truth, were these two things:

That the Church, as the luminous Way that leads us to the Truth and contains the Life, full of brilliance and beauty, of holiness and divine majesty and of plenitude, found Herself so loaded with wretchedness, with rot! that one could hardly make out in Her the beautiful face of Christ, divine and divinizing, in Her repleteness with Divinity.

And that those who had tarnished Her and disfigured Her the most, with worse consequences and larger blights, were many of those

who, for having occupied in their passing through life more important positions, of considerable responsibility and importance, wore bigger shoes;

which, if they had been laid previously on filth or were covered with rot, in their treading and rubbing through the shining and luminous way that the Church is, left very dirty footprints, very big, very marked and foul-smelling;

footprints that even made furrows and cracks along the Way, preventing others from running joyfully through it, without stumbling, to the longed for end; and that had turned the Church, apparently, into a sort of dump or dung heap.

How well did I understand in a short time, in the luminous ray that invaded my being penetrating me with love and pain...! With love for the Church, and with bitterness for having to contemplate Her in this condition. Since, due to the limitation and pettiness of my poor expression, I had to come down from the highest to the lowest, in order to explain with despicable comparisons the most sublime, the highest things that the Lord, at that period, also was communicating to me and making me live.

O what happens in a city when the street cleaners go on strike...! No matter how beautiful, luminous or pretty it may be, full of green prairies and rich and abundant springs, if it is not taken care of and well cleaned, it appears –not that it is– dirty, neglected, dusty, impoverished and even polluted. And if this comes

to linger, and something as apparently simple as a strike of street cleaners is not taken notice of, the rats come out... infections begin to appear... and even cholera...!

Poor Church of mine, so beautiful, so Lady and replete with Divinity Itself, covered, throughout the centuries, with that foul-smelling mire that many who crossed Her left on Her, and specially the biggest ones...!

“No more shall men call you ‘Forsaken,’ or your land ‘Desolate,’ but you shall be called ‘my Delight,’ and your land ‘Espoused.’ For the Lord delights in you, and makes your land his spouse.”⁴

How necessary and how impelled under the might of the divine impulse I saw myself with my broom sweeping my beloved Church, my Mother Church, my Holy Church, my Church of mine...!

How very simple and urgent was my mission...! Each day that passes without picking up my broom effectively to sweep, I collaborate to the plague’s propagating further, making some ill and even killing others with its contagion.

I comprehended that God asked me, me and my descendants, that we be as simple, but as efficient, as the broom of a street cleaner.

My descendants were the broom, and I had to hold it by its stick to sweep the filth with

⁴ Is 62: 4.

which, in the course of time, the Church had been dirtied and defaced.

It was necessary to present the brilliance of Her divine beauty, Her beauty, Her youth and Her untouchable holiness, Her inexhaustible richness and Her transcendent and suggestive impeccable virginity, before the sight of men.

Since the mirror without spot, which I saw that the Church was, in which God Himself looks at Himself, reveals Himself, reflects Himself and communicates Himself, in His loving self-giving through the participation in His very familial and trinitarian life, was so darkened! that a wave of confusion was aroused by the tenebrous cloud of one closed night that set the Church in a chilling and painful Gethsemane.

While I understood all this, I was seeing myself vehemently impelled by God, with my big broom, to sweep the Church hastily and without repose of all those human things that, in the passing of times, had disfigured Her so much, so much...! that many of the men end up, in the blindness of the darkness that shrouds us, being indifferent to or preferring any other way in their journey.

Since this one, not only appeared to them full of difficulties, but even of confusion and blights, with the styles of strange things that had been adhering to the Church; making Her so disfigured, that sometimes She came to appear, before the gaze of those who do not know Her well, as though full of putrefaction,

Her who is the immaculate Bride of God and of His Only Begotten Son Jesus Christ, Lamb without blemish before whom “the four living ones and the twenty-four elders... each holding his harp and golden bowls full of the perfumes which are the prayers of the saints, intoned a new canticle: ‘Worthy are you to receive the scroll and to break open its seals, for you were slain and with your blood you purchased for God those from every tribe and tongue, people and nation. You made them a kingdom and priests for our God, and they will reign on earth’.”⁵

Each century with its periods has had its customs more or less good, more or less confusing and tenebrous; which, by means of the men who have gradually passed through the Mother Church, have left in Her their footprints, with so much diversity of strange things that sometimes with difficulty and hardly can one recognize Her as the only true Church, founded by Christ, built on the Apostles and perpetuated throughout all times.

In view of all this, with the anxiety of a motherly heart, with the urgency that God placed in my inmost being and with the fire that burned me with zeal for the glory of the Bride of Christ, my Holy Church, I remembered my children and this presented itself to my mind: Are they all so humble and so simple as to be prepared to be within the Church’s bos-

⁵ Rv 5: 8-10.

om brooms to sweep together with me? Or could someone feel humiliated at such consideration...?

The one who feels so cannot be my descendant, because he doesn't have the effective capacity which God asks from me to sweep the Church, being together with me a cleaning tool and, maybe, due to the humiliating way of a broom, like Christ, the laughingstock and object of mockery to all who surround us.

The efficacy that I saw in the broom was so much, that I felt driven to pick it up; and so great its simplicity, that I experienced myself carried away and captivated by it. How well did I understand anew that God communicates Himself to the little ones and that, through these simple tools, He makes Himself efficacious in splendid manifestation of His glory!

Children of the soul, one desire arose in the most profound recesses of my heart: instinctively I wanted to be the last part of the twigs of the broom, the one that most directly came into contact with the rubble, with the rubbish that had been left in the corners of the Church... But my vocation was not to be a broom twig, it was to brandish the broom with its stick; and the twigs were the children of the great promise that God made to my soul; wherefore I repeated weeping:

Children, help me to help the Church; to sweep the rubbish that has fallen in the course of time on the transparent and unblemished

mirror, so luminous and shining of Mother Church, where, behind the brilliance of Her luminosity is reflected, revealing itself through the face of Christ, the face of God in Her...! And if someone feels humiliated, he is not one of my descendants and, therefore, he has no part with me; he may leave.

I do not want broom twigs with barbs that scratch and do harm and make noise; but simple, flexible, smooth, yet efficient broom twigs, that, all joined together, form a big broom so agile that it can get into all the corners, so that no dust is left hidden anywhere.

Children of my heart, you have to walk with canvas shoes, so that, when passing by, you do no harm to the Church, by the softness of your feet, in the silence and simplicity of the poor who do not leave their footprints by the subtlety of the graze of their steps.

How many times have I repeated to you that we have to walk through the Church without making noise, as though with canvas shoes, and so unnoticed that you are not heard...?! With how much need I repeat it again to you today!

Children of my heart, and if after having swept and left the Church clean of all that has been falling on Her in the course of time –with all that God has communicated for us to manifest, being living and vivifying witnesses in the midst of the world, with our word turned into life, as simple but efficient brooms– we were also dust cloths, and thus we would come up

to be able to give Her a waxing, making Her sparkle, so that God, when looking at Himself in Her, through the transparency of Her cleanliness and brilliance would reflect Himself to us so marvellously that, attracted by the beauty of the Divinity, men would see the face of God in the Church and would come hastily to the limpid and transparent Way, full of the true justice and peace, of love, of joy and of truth...?

The smallest, the simplest ones, you will be, together with me, the most useful in this job as street cleaners that has been entrusted to us today by God in the Church's bosom.

Children of my *soul-Church*, it is necessary that the enlightening of the mystery that, from God, in loving and at the same time clamorous petition, has been transmitted to us, also goes on leaving its footprint in our passing through the Church.

But, how can this be so with the efficiency that God Himself wills, in the midst of the dense cloud of confusion, materialism and concupiscences that are continuously falling upon the Church, setting Her in the chilling abandonment of a terrible Gethsemane?

If you want Her most beautiful face to shine, let men run through Her Way, attracted by "a spreading perfume, more delightful... than wine,"⁶ to inebriate themselves with the most delicious nectar of the Divinity; in this situation

⁶ Sg 1: 3. 2.

in which today Mother Church finds Herself, you must be small. The Fishermen of Galilee were the tools that Christ chose to found Her.

Do you want to be, child of the soul, together with me, a tool to help me to sweep off the Church all that is not according to God, so that the richness of His mysteries may thus be manifested in Her...?

"No one knows the Father except the Son and anyone to whom the Son wishes to reveal him."⁷ And the Son, explanatory manifestation of the will of the Father, full of jubilation exclaims: "I give praise to you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for although you have hidden these things from the wise and the learned you have revealed them to the childlike...!"; "Let the children come to me..."; "And Jesus embraced them..."; "No disciple is above his teacher..."; "and began to wash the disciples' feet..."⁸

Do you remember, child of the soul, that you only have to be the tunic...?; that it is necessary to do something like a Christian revolution within the Church, because the life of God is for all His children; and that the Father's Bosom is open expecting its fullness...?

And do you remember how the torn inner being of the Church is demanding the return of the children who left Her Mother's bosom, leaving Her broken and covered with a veil of

⁷ Mt 11: 27.

⁸ Mt 11: 25; 19: 14; cf. Mk 9: 36; Mt 10: 24; Jn 13: 5.

mourning for not having been revealed to them Her most beautiful and luminous face, replete with Divinity...?

Do you remember when She asked me for help thrown on the ground, tearful, breathless and stooping, with the face covered with tears...? And the cloud of confusion that shrouds Her...?

Do you remember the situation of Her Columns, of the Angels of the divers Churches, and how many times I have told you that God is burning in zeal for the glory of His Beloved...?

And the will of Him who, with eternal commands, has sent us only to help the Church, presenting Her such as She is and, thus, to glorify Him...?

And everything that you already know well, and I, on behalf of God, have told you secretly under the seal and the secret that you will not be able to reveal publicly until after my death; being everything that you know the most sacred, most sealed with sealing wax secret of your heart, as part of my descendants, member of The Work of the Church...!

How will they be able, those who try to reform the Church, to achieve it presenting a human Christ and without Divinity?!

As, in the life of Jesus, the arrogant eyes and the proud heart were not capable of seeing in the face of Christ the Infinite Word and led Him to the gallows; likewise the arrogant eyes and the proud heart, under diabolic snare, now also

cry aloud pitilessly to the Church: "She deserves to die...! Crucify her...!"⁹

Child, I want you very small, very simple; as agile as a tunic and as humble as the twig of my broom:

If you want to be one of my descendants, now you know the greatness that I offer to you. And if this humiliates you, son of my heart, you may leave, "you will have no inheritance with me..."¹⁰

The Church will arise tomorrow wherewith, united in the cross of Christ, become one with our dear Bishops, firmly built on the Rock of Peter and, with them, under the light, the impulse and the might of the Holy Spirit, we work today, for the authentic, true and essential renovation of the Church.

⁹ Cf. Mt 26: 66; Mk 15: 13. ¹⁰ Jn 13: 8.

PUBLISHING NOTE

It has been had recourse to the expressions “*to be Himself*,” “*is Himself*,” “*being Himself*,” etc. –allocating to them 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 utter,” etc... Following the same option used in the case of the verb “to be,” the Spanish expressions: “se lo tiene,” “se lo ve,” “se lo ama,” “se lo sabe,” “se lo dice”, “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 utters Himself so,” “He utters 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