Thursday, May 3, 2001 - 12:39 PM

To my dear son,

"For pity's sake, pull yourself together, for the love of us. You cannot do such a purificatory work without undergoing consequences thereof. We all here experienced well the adverse effects of this cleaning.

"This divine alchemy, which consists in transcending evil, does not occur without greatly affecting the transformation element. You advance on a luminous road, my dear son, even though unavoidable and dark clouds, obscure its visibility.

"Keep heart; may our Love support you, whatever happens. We will come back toward you when our medium is in a better state of health; we must treat her gently. You have all our blessings, my son."

Babuji