

Tuesday, July 31, 2001 - 6:30 AM

My dear son,

"The best way to clean up the refuse dumped outside one's door is give the floor a big quick sweep. We will help you in this regard, but for pity's sake, raise yourself above this human mire.

"See the beauty only and your big achievement, as well as our very numerous abhyasis who love you and respect you above all. They live in their love for you, you are their guide, their revered Master.

"You can believe me, you move in an aura of love, created by all our candidates all over the world. You have no idea of the love that you do arouse; therefore my son, pull yourself together. Their love, added to ours, carries you very far beyond the ugly side of life. Be fully aware of the situation and don't let the mud hurt you any more. Go towards those who spend their life waiting for their Master and ignore the others.

"We fully support you in your work; you should know it. And we are looking forward to seeing you regain a more serene state.

"All here, we are with you, my dear son."

Babuji Maharaj