Sunday, February 28, 1999 - 10:30 a.m.

Spiritual life is like a rose. One should see its beauty, breathe its perfume, but they should know also that it has thorns. We will not go beyond this perfume. Be strong, my daughter: resist. Not everyone can do what you are doing, especially in your state of health. Get help from others; you can see that there are people of goodwill around you."

The Medium: "Babuji, I would love so much to be able to commune with your son in the love which we have for you."

"That will happen."

The Medium: "He is so intimidating."

"Do you believe you are not like that? He made the first moves towards you...! Yes, in theory he will come in March. We are trying to iron out the difficulties so that his wish comes true. He has a very big preparatory work to do for April 30th; he gets anxious. This birthday has reached such proportions; the abhyasis hope that the sky will open for them. All that can be done will be done, only that which will be feasible. Moderation should be exercised, but this will stand as a red-letter day, whatever the result obtained by each one.

"What matters is to have an immense desire to advance. We will satisfy as much as possible the aspirations of our brothers."

Babuji