Friday, March 26, 1999 - 8:00 a.m.

It has taken the arrival of my son for you to achieve this feat. Keep this good habit; it is a great step forward. It is important to start off the day by a meditation; uniting oneself with the Divine is the first thing to be done. So, you see, the work continues. You understand the importance of a seminar of such a scale and its effects on receptivity. I would actually like your poem to be inserted in the notebook. I already told you, one should not be afraid to show the impulses of one's heart. You did not want to write or to prepare a collection of poems: a cry of love expressed through these few pearls assembled and preserved in such a hard world."

The Medium: "I cannot include that in the messages, Babuji!"

"Remember the small song; can't we, for once, focus on something sentimental? It is up to you to see; speak to your friends. You are a child; we despair of your doubts. When will you change? —Only the future will be able to convince you.

"Be blessed."

Babuji

(Following Babuji's request.)

The Medium:

O Babuji, today,
I am so sad, far away from you!
I would like to be at your feet.
In my mind, I am a small nothing,
Lying on your heart.
Each moment, I live it in you,
In your love, your light,
And your kindness for me.
O Babuji, may you purify me,
Carry me like a child,
Guide my steps, my life, completely.
Make me become love altogether
And light, to serve to you,
An instrument, a very small one,
Only guided by you.
It's so good,
Beloved father
To rest on your heart.
I would love to sing your praises,
Thus and always, to tell you my love
And you would never weary of hearing me.
Babuji, make me manage to love your son
The way I love you and my heart will be fulfilled.

-Cannes, January 1992