Tuesday, April 13, 1999 - 8:00 a.m.

The preparations for the celebration are going on well. My son has started to relax; the most difficult has been done. He would like to achieve perfection to satisfy us. Love that develops between a Master and his disciple is a godsend. You cannot understand what it is really. It vibrates in each particle of the being. It is a special vibration; this kind of love could move mountains, build worlds and make them disappear. It is the divine game in its full greatness, a movement of construction and destruction. It partakes of the rules governing the universe. Everything, from the infinitely great to the infinitely small must be renewed unceasingly. Things are created, they move, they balance each other, harmonize each other and are destructured continuously. Nothing is immutable on the Earth as in the entire creation.

"It is this perpetual movement that maintains the cosmic forces; it is this series of comings and goings that creates life. There is one's birth, one's death, and one's reappearance in another form. It is a series of new beginnings; the universe remains true to form, while changing at every moment."

Babuji