Thursday, April 15, 1999 - 8:00 a.m.

Love is like a cry towards the Creator; it is the bond connecting Him to his creature. Love is His food, the substance which He is imbibed with. All the remainder is a mere material vibration. You should understand that it is the key, which opens the doors; a luminous vibration making the least of your cells twinkle. Love, love—that is my recommendation! Join this imposing chain and let's vibrate in unison. Let yourself be carried away on the wings of the Divine. When you taste these moments of intense joy, you forget the realities of life and all your human miseries. The alchemist who seeks to transform metal into gold is moving astray in a futile process. Real gold is inside him. He may not know it, but unconsciously he aspires to this discovery. You, who have already understood where the treasure is, carry on your search unremittingly.

"One day, you will see the wonder come up: a thousand gold specks will dance on your heart and your inner joy will be boundless. Be joyful like children in search of a treasure. When you find it, you will remain speechless in front of such an amount of beauty. Be active, never lose heart; it is the only research worthwhile for a wise man.

"Don't dwell on form, my child. I already told you, only the content matters in our literature. Love the repetition of words. It is necessary. (Laughs)

"That is the way it goes!"

Babuji