Tuesday, September 3, 2002 - 8:00 a.m.

Each day a new step is taken; you are making progress, my daughter. Through your constantly renewed joys and sorrows, you are climbing the path, which your physical condition cannot hinder. This rise is special; the summit to be reached is within oneself. This conquest is the most beautiful, and the noblest that man can make. He has a passion for many reasons and he neglects, most of the time, the principal one. The laurels of glory can actually obsess him; on this Earth, without exception, all is illusory. It takes time for him to understand this truth. He lets himself be caught up by the world and its vanities, until the day when, eventually, he has wised up to what his life really is and to its precariousness.

"Since the mist of times, things have been like that. Man must mould himself from life to life. The way to this achievement is more or less long, but he will inevitably arrive at this conclusion that there is a life within him and that he should not neglect it, since he has a feeling that it is immortal. This discovery changes his way of seeing things; he wonders about his becoming something beyond what the humans call death. He foresees other prospects, and he seeks a channel of information that he deems reliable. Thus, he will go from discovery to discovery and this search will give his heart a lot of satisfaction. He will feel a new being dawn inside him, having his mind turned towards a reality which he has neglected for so long.

"Thus is the process of all incarnate beings, which ends up leading them to the foot of this sacred mountain, the summit of which is within them."

Babuji