

Sunday, April 13, 2003 - 10:00 AM

The hearts of my beloved children are in mine. They feel comfortable in it: they are free to love and progress towards the light which men's eyes cannot see. To hear their songs of love is rapture which even angels do not get tired of.

"Far from the darkness of the world an Eden exists where divine life manifests itself as it likes. This love emanating from Earthmen, in the form of a melodious chorus of praise, can only move our hearts. Here, love is fusion; we share it and feel moved by it, since it comes from our blessed children. Yes, it is good for us also to receive love. Is there anything better that we can expect from a human heart?

"Complaints and requests are so many; they particularly pour in during trying times. The heart of your Master is so large, my child. It feeds on the special love we give him and which he redistributes. Your small voice mixes with his and reaches us as a melodious song. You are loved and chosen for this concert of a special kind. We sometimes happen to be listening, and we shower you with grace and love, as one would do for wise children, having a special place in our joint hearts."

Babuji