Monday, September 13, 2004 - 10:00 AM

Let your joy of serving blossom in you and sweep your moroseness away. You have this distinguished luck of being, on the occasion, the subtle bond between the heart of my son and mine. Love makes you glide; you can shift from one to the other, surrendered and trustful, finding this means of exchanges altogether normal.

"You are living on another planet, shall we say; your very refined gifts allow you to achieve the feat of moving from one world to the other quite simply. Confined to this ivory tower where you are living exiled from the movement of the external life, the world comes to you, in its subtle form, through the visits being paid to you. The Venerable came back to you; at some time you went a long way together: a series of messages testifies to it. This great person will remain anonymous, you will find him one day, when you have left this world for good.

"Continue as much as possible to serve us like that. No, this message is not personal; you will not leave it aside, contrary to the idea that is germinating in your mind now. Yes, the tone of this message is special; you are not only a pencil in this business. You are repressing the impulses of your heart so that they would not emerge anymore, but as regards this message, at all costs, it will not be withdrawn.

"My dear daughter, what is not currently recognized by all—too many charlatans are depreciating this means of communication with the spirit—will be recognized one day, when humanity has won another status. Don't be afraid, all our brothers will end up understanding

the validity of these writings. We are not giving them in vain, they will belong to the esoteric culture of our way thus put at the disposal of all and not reserved for a small number.

"Be blessed, my child."

Babuji