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How can one be deaf to the calls of your heart, it is only a long song of love. Your heart feeds on it, lives on it, forgetting what does not resemble it. It does not devise any plan. Moved and grateful for the graces it receives, it lets itself be carried by that powerful wave. It likes this kind of speech. Willing to forget all the rest, it is immersed in that ocean where it can find oblivion and joy. For a long time already, it understood it. All its life it has been seeking, being often taken in by appearances hiding a reality, which is not part of the game of life men indulge in. Its true joys did not emanate from that, but from a profound aspiration to be united with the Divine, the only inexhaustible and non-fluctuating source.

"Life in this world moulded your heart and wounded it in many ways, to the extent of leaving it bloodless and desperate. Its hidden suffering can only find comfort, in all circumstances, with what to it in this world, is the reference.

"Love, my child. Never restrain your heart; caught in this ascending movement, it manages to reach the summit of the skies. In these moments, those sufferings, which must be endured on Earth in order to rise and attain the goal, are abolished. Given that point of view, no one can escape it; laws are like that. You have the recourse of faith and hope; many do not have it and drift into afflicting delirium.

"To rise is in some way to open a breach in that wall of opacity. Therefore, my child, let your heart glide and love infinitely."

Babuji