Sunday, June 20, 1999 – 10:00 a.m.

It is good, my daughter; follow your path, continue to fight, for the love of us. You know the place we reserve for you.

May a great sun enter your hearts and show you what you all represent for us.

You trust us, you follow us and you recognize us as Masters. You have our gratitude.

It is good to end this collection with Kabir. He knows how to express the Inexpressible.

The beauty of his writings is of a great simplicity, the beauty of his soul shines through each word. To be infatuated with God is this! His is the most beautiful example there is: total surrender and a love without limits.

He does not fear to express it, to explore the least recesses of his heart. The Divine dwells in it completely; it is divine in each one of its cells.

Feel this soul exploding with happiness – it is light, it is love, it is incandescence, and its example illuminates many a soul.

Become that. Make sure that you too become beacons.

The world needs them. We can help you in this, dear children, and we bless you on this day particularly.

Babuji

None can tell me which bird this is
That sings in my soul.
It has neither form nor contour,
It stays in the shadow of Love,
It sleeps in the bosom of the Inaccessible,
the Infinite, the Eternal.

No one knows when it flies away,
And no one knows when it returns.
More than all else
Do I cherish in the depth of my heart
That love
Which makes me live in this world
A life without limits.

—Kabir