Monday, May 7, 2001 – 10:00 a.m.

My son would like to come towards you; give him time. No, you have not come to the end of the road.

Everything about these messages is being put in place as we wish; you can see how much we have progressed these past few months.

My dear daughter, we understand your lassitude, your exhaustion; you live in isolation while giving much of yourself. Your strengths are not unlimited; we reinvigorate you as much as possible, your courage provides for the rest.

As we already said, these messages are soaring. They inspired my son and fed the hearts of abhyasis during the celebrations of April 30 – this is just a beginning.

Your meeting will take place, we hope. The prevailing circumstances in France are not conducive to it for the moment, but it's being prepared in the secrecy of your hearts and it will take place in one way or another.

The current means of communication are very sophisticated; they provide for feats that will perhaps compensate for an actual meeting. We must consider this possibility, but we are holding out hope for my son travelling with the objective of visiting France. Continue your work without worrying about the rest and remain in total surrender.

*These messages are in good hands, we appreciate your choice, which is judicious. They remain nevertheless entirely entrusted to your vigilance, and for the remainder of your lifetime.*

*Babuji*