Sunday, October 3, 1999 - 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: "O Babuji, I love you. Love sends me into raptures and lifts me up off the ground. Not leaving this state any more, not having any sort of material worries any more, is paradise, I suppose?"

Yes, it is something of the sort, but it is not only a place for gliding. Knowing you, you will not wish to remain inactive. You will be able to catch up in the way you are so eager to be active. Even if you are not satisfied with this kind of activity, need I tell you again that you are very useful, here, in this world? You are, inter alia, our messenger. This role is not sufficient for you, we know it, but you should realize how much you help, even my son will benefit from it. All that we can say on this, you already know.

"We know how hard it is for you to remain locked up in this apartment and to be dependant on others. This woman whom you find so painful to put up with, you help her too. Her spell at your place was necessary; so you should look at it from that standpoint. You know well that all has its raison d'être. The beings moving around you receive, one way or the other, according to their need. Therefore, my child, be patient for some more time! Remember my marital status and how much I had to endure. With hindsight, it was excellent for me and for her as well. These are the mysteries of life which we do not understand easily, but that is the way it goes; it is always our good which is at stake."

Babuji