Beloved Master
Revered Babuji Maharaj

Whispers from The Brighter World

Thursday, May 31, 2001 – 8:00 a.m.

My dear son, the more you get away from the world, the more you will want to leave it. Rest, yes! But not desertion! Beings like us cannot take the liberty of doing so, such is the Law.

We are bound to our Mission, just as it binds us. That is our lot. You have already passed the hardest part of the way. The foundations of the Mission are solid, do not lose heart, my son. All eyes look to you. You are the beacon for thousands of abhyasis.

Do you realize what your life represents? You are not some little master with a handful of disciples. Your position is widely established. You shine in the firmament, illuminating this planet of ours, conceived by divine grace.

Don't give up, you will have to fight to the end. This time of reflection must re-motivate you and offer you a glimpse of the outcome of the struggle you wage against yourself in these moments when you would like to give up. You cannot do so. A monarch wouldn't. Think of all these souls that count on you. You are their guide, their light here below.

You are our son, the chosen one of our hearts, of the entire hierarchy who applaud your action, who have long supported it and who shower you with blessings. You have my unfailing and divine affection, my dear son!

Babuji