Friday, June 22, 2001 – 8:00 a.m.

My dear son, one more milestone reached! Every step, each one of your actions, brings you closer to us. You carry on out of a sense of duty. You act out of love for us, and you rise a little more each time. Your mission on this Earth is greatly accomplished. Your range of action is astonishing.

The Earth is unwell, it is suffering, and humans are the cause of it. When will they stop being predators? It will be necessary to resort to drastic measures in this respect. The consequences of people's actions will be dramatic, and nothing will be able to stop this hurricane when it unleashes its fury. This civilization is devastating, and it will not stop on its own initiative; only the elements, through their lightning retort, will be able to stop human beings in their madness.

The Earth is overpopulated, and some demonic elements are leading a game that is difficult to oppose.

Let us pursue our work, my son. Our joint efforts provide a significant moderating element. Let us continue to illuminate the world, despite the pervading tenacious opacity. Our action helps maintain a sort of balance that is precarious in this context but that prepares solid foundations for the future.

Continue to work for this bewildered humanity; your action is added to the core of vital forces that will prevail in tomorrow's world.

You have all our support and love as your armour, my dear son.

Babuji