Sunday, October 3, 1999 – 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: O Babuji, I love you. Love transports me with joy and lifts me up off the ground. To no longer leave this state, to not have any more worries – material or otherwise – is paradise, I suppose?

Yes, it is something of the sort, but one doesn't just glide there. Knowing you, you will not wish to remain idle. You will be able to catch up in the way you're so eager to. Even if you're not satisfied with this kind of activity, I must tell you again that you're very useful, here in this world.

You are, among other things, our messenger. This role is not sufficient for you, we know it, but please realize how much you are helping. Even my son will benefit from it.

All we can say on this subject you already know. We know how hard it is for you to stay cooped up in this apartment and to be dependent on others.

This woman whom you find so difficult to put up with, you help her too.

Her stay at your place was necessary, so look at it that way. You know well that everything has its raison d'être. The beings who orbit around you receive, one way or another, according to their need.

Therefore, my child, a little more patience. Remember my family situation 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 that we do not easily understand, but that's how it is; it's always our own good that is at issue.

Babuji