Sunday, July 20, 1997 – 11:00 a.m.

(Difficult meditation, impossible to 'plunge'. I stop meditating to pick up 'my preferred book', Babuji's autobiography. I speak to him.)

The Medium: You see, I can't achieve anything today, I don't feel anything. Ah! On days when grace is absent, it does take willpower to practise.

(Suddenly, I seem to be feeling his presence.)

The Medium: Is this you, Babuji?

Yes. I am here, my child, you are advancing...! (A bit mockingly.) The objective is not to feel, but to be.

The Medium: Yes, but it is difficult to not really know where one stands. Sometimes I feel at the highest, and other times (most often) at the lowest.

There is merit in persevering without knowing.

Babuji

The Medium: Babuji, forgive me, I was referring to a day devoid of grace, and, once again, you just put me back on the rails by granting me Yours. Surrender, trust and love have always been enough for me; as for knowing, what does it matter.