Beloved Master
Revered Babuji Maharaj

Whispers from The Brighter World

Sunday, October 27, 2002 – 8:00 a.m.

You see that your heart never tires of singing Love. It is unaffected by the influence of time, it remains warm and enthusiastic, as on the day of its first stirring. It knows only one romance, the one it dedicates to God and its Masters, who embellish its life.

It doesn't weary, how could it, it always knew that there lies the wonder. It beats only to love; there are sadder destinies in this world, so isn't this vocation enviable?

It comes from the depths of ages where your soul never ceased to suffer from loving humanly, so its aspiration rose towards God, the saviour and the one goal, liberating it from the chains that shackle it.

Let yourself be ever more carried away by this current, my child; it takes you onto shores where bliss will never end. Love is a music that becomes more and more subtle as it rises towards divine heights. By letting yourself be intoxicated by it and carried away with no hesitation, only joy will be at the end of this ascent, the only one worthwhile in this world. You have forsaken certain pleasures to devote yourself to this noble quest. You will not regret it; the outcome will be luminous and exhilarating.

Let your heart be but a joyful and infinitely tender song, rising towards divinity; it is attentive to such accents, which it never tires of.

Loving hearts are legion, their impulses emitting sounds that can be heard and that form a sublime symphony, delectable in every respect and delightful to the angels. May this concert rise from everywhere in the world, eternally.

Babuji