Tuesday, August 22, 2000 – 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: Once again, I feel that my resistance to what you expect of me is melting away. You alone can ask me anything, because you are the king of a secret place where the seat of the soul is found. That is how it is, you are and will always be 'my Beloved'.

That's what I love in you: you know how to conduct struggles that end in victories.

Wisdom always prevails. You manage to tame your old demons, your resistance, to offer yourself to our will. We love this attitude. Without struggles, there are no beautiful victories. Your debates with your conscience enrich you; they are never useless, whatever turmoil they may entail.

You will thank us for having pushed you, in many circumstances, to go beyond yourself to be of service, quite simply and with all your heart. We appreciate these struggles that you lead against yourself; they are endearing.

A tender heart in a suit of armour, while being well protected is at the same time kept away from simple joys that sometimes embellish life.

Life has not spared you; it has deeply wounded and betrayed you. It leads you to hide behind this facade of seeming indifference. We, who know you well, know that such is not the case. We bless you and support you whatever happens.

(5:00 p.m., in meditation.)

I would like you to say to me one day: Your son can ask me anything, I can refuse him nothing.

Babuji