Saturday, December 2, 2000 – 2:30 p.m.

To my dear son, God is great, human nature is weak in the face of adversity; no one escapes it.

You have immense responsibilities and you are subject to the turbulences that rage here below.

You have nothing to worry about as regards our appreciation, which is all in your honour.

What more can we request from the one who is working on our behalf with all his strength and with so much love for his Masters?

Be at peace, my son. We are far from reproaching you for anything, this is how it is. We know the least of your worries. What would we have done in your place? Would we have had the calibre that is yours, to solve all the problems you must face? We are not sure of that.

You are the man for the job; believe it. You cannot solve everything. You don't need to beat your chest, we would not have done better.

We understand your weariness as we also experienced it. We admire your capacity to reason, decide and surmount what seems insurmountable.

Don't worry, my son, let your mind be at rest! You have all our approval and moreover, all our love.

Babuji