Wednesday, January 3, 2001 – 9:45 a.m.

My son, regain stature. Remember what I endured, which wasn't measurable to you but which undermined my days. It is all part of the game; it can't be otherwise. Let us pity these beings who have no excuse of a limited advancement and yet put up so many obstacles on your road, against you – the chosen one of our hearts and of an all-powerful hierarchy.

These bad actions are counted and will remain sadly famous in the history of our Mission. So will it always be. Revisit the lives of great Masters who have marked history – what they had to undergo from strangers but also from their nearest and dearest who shot them in the back in cold blood.

You are doing your work. They do a dirty work; they are to be pitied.

Continue on your way, my dear son. We cannot say any more for the moment as regards cases mentioned in your mail.

Your appeal is received and results will be felt as per needs.

Be confident, only your action matters. Detach yourself from these conflicts, which are deplorable, even more for the people who create them than for the Mission.

It will continue its way with its head high, getting over these obstacles put up by human beings blinded by their own stupidity.

We will come back to your questions. We are close to you, my son.

Babuji