Beloved Master
Revered Babuji Maharaj

Whispers from The Brighter World

Sunday, February 18, 2001 – 8:00 a.m.

Life does not only hold sorrows, days are also punctuated by joys.
The true ones emanate from the soul when the heart sings its deep joy, overwhelmed by love and rising towards God like a sacred offering.

This kind of pure, unreserved love is the most beautiful. Its vibrations travel through the ether, towards subtle levels, and delight the angels.

Love endlessly, boundlessly, unreservedly, my daughter. Let your heart be but a melodious song! Love more and more; let nothing and no one stop you. Who are you answerable to, except Him?

Loving Him is your vocation, is it not the most beautiful? Your song does not weary Him; it comes from a child's heart that managed to preserve itself in that state and thus give its full measure.

Never hold it back again; it is free from now on. It is blissful and wise since it has succeeded to find its way unpretentiously and quietly.

It is finally itself, like the butterfly that, in all its grace, rises weightless and joyful towards the light which attracts it.

Babuji