Monday, April 16, 2001 – 8:00 a.m.

My dear daughter, why are you always afraid to express your love? We do not weary of its song. Why this restraint... why not overcome it? Loving is a noble tendency. What is more beautiful than a child's heart? Knowing how to preserve this heart, there is the mystery, and living an adult's life, strong, in step with one's times, keeping within oneself this exquisite tenderness, protected from torments, is it not a grace? This space is like a peaceful beach where the heart can open up and express its emotions, while listening to the wind – this wind, warm and soft, which speaks to it about love, an inspiring love that doesn't exist on Earth, that's of a beyond where values are different from what they are here below.

A love that can reach out to pure hearts and conquer them, completely. To let this warm wind that comes from elsewhere flow within oneself, prized by the humans who know how to call it, that is the privilege.

It can comfort the most afflicted, restore their courage and transform these poor hearts, so dark, into magic places.

Do not fear to love and to write about it, my child. These remarks, without a doubt, will find an echo. Many hearts appeal to this love and feel it intensely; they can recognize the beauty of its accents.

This long weekend, a pause in this hectic life, well deserved this poetic form even in our writings.

Babuji