Beloved Master
Revered Babuji Maharaj

Whispers from The Brighter World

Wednesday, November 17, 1999 – 10:00 a.m.

You write strictly what we dictate to you; don't worry about that, my child. You try to formulate it as correctly as possible in the French language, given your knowledge.

You are not a certified linguist, but no need to have complexes about it. Each one, whatever their knowledge, is someone else's know-nothing; do not dwell on that sort of consideration. You are doing the most important thing, isn't that what counts? Overcome that kind of reaction.

Without you, these messages would not be written. It would be a pity, don't you think?

Even if in the future they are picked apart by minds believing themselves to be superior, you are doing exactly what should be done. Don't you have your relief team? Each one has their role and that's fine as it is.

My son is preparing for a long tour. His life takes a new turn. The mission that brought him to Earth is reaching its peak.

Venerate your Master, all of you; his action is salutary for humanity. You cannot assess his work, but you benefit from it, consciously or not; isn't that the main thing!

Babuji