Saturday, February 14, 2004 - 11:30 AM

When we come towards our sister, it is also towards you that we come, my son. She is willing, in spite of her problems, to welcome us so that we give you these few lines. Her soul exults, as the Beloved Babuji has said. Love is the force whereby its destiny is achieved. Your hearts are reunited at the end of the road, by producing writings that are out of the ordinary, in terms of how the ritual is performed every time. The power of our guide is amazing; He manages to lead us where we should go, reducing resistances that we might put up.

"We are watching over your footsteps, my dear son; the way is getting, every day, a little wider and wider. She, who gave birth to you on this earth, is so much blessed!

"This Mission, which is so close to our heart, is growing and thriving under the effects of divine grace, and the unremitting work you carry out every day. It is a joy for all of us here who love you, watch over you and support you when your morale and your strength flag. The horizon of the Mission is absolutely satisfactory. You should feel reassured.

"You, my child in this world, and yet, my Master, the divinity in you dazzles me. Loving as a mother, blessed with having carried you by the grace of God and the Masters, I can only keep thanking Him constantly, and following you with greatest devotion."

Janaki