Saturday, December 2, 2000 - 2:30 PM

To my dear son,

"God is great, the human nature is weak faced with adversity; no one escapes it. You have immense responsibilities and you are subject to all turbulences that rage down here. You don't have anything to worry about as regards our appreciation, which is all in your honour.

"What more can we request from the one who is working on our behalf with all his strength and with so much love for his Masters? Be in peace, my son. We are far from being reproachful at you, so it is. We know the least of your worries. What would we have done in your place? Would we have had the calibre that is yours, to solve all the problems which you must face? We are not sure of that.

"You are the right man of the situation; believe us. You cannot solve everything. You don't need to feel guilty; we would not have performed better. We understand your weariness as we also experienced it. We admire your capacity for reasoning, deciding and surmounting what appears insurmountable.

"Don't worry, my son, let your mind be at rest! You have all our approval and moreover, all our love."

Babuji