Thursday, March 8, 2001 - 8:00 AM

When a soul like yours is imbued with love, it feeds on its own substance. It lives its most beautiful moments within itself. It sacrifices itself in the place where the Divine awaits it. It lulls and carries it with such an impetus that it remains stunned—panting!

"These moments of sadhana are intense and unique. What's worth expecting and more beautiful and inspiring than this meeting within the Immutable! In these moments when torments are forgotten and only peace remains in oneself, the soul exults gratefully; it loves, infinitely.

"The being's aspiration to live these states is latent. He knows deep in his heart that beauty exists and that a pure flame shines therein, permanently, attracting Divinity. The heart calms down, it loves endlessly. Torments of life fade away and give way to beauty: the infinite beauty, that which cannot tarnish, and which, like a thread, connects him to space, where the true life lies.

"This plunging in oneself is ineffable. In those moments, words are superfluous. The union of the soul with its Creator is a sublime and blessed moment that will not end."

Babuji