

Thursday, May 31, 2001 - 8:00 AM

My dear son,

"The more you will move away from the world, the more you will want to leave it. Resting, yes! But not deserting! Beings like us cannot take the liberty of doing so; such is the Law. We are bound but to our own Mission, just like it binds us. That is our lot. You have already gone the hardest part of the way. The foundations of the Mission are solid. Do not lose heart, my son. Looks converge towards you. You are the beacon to thousands of abhyasis. Do you realize what your life represents? You are not some little master with a handful of disciples. Your position is established extensively.

"You shine in the firmament, illuminating the planet that is ours. You will have to fight to the end. This time of reflection must re-motivate you, and must offer you a glimpse of the outcome of your struggle against yourself in these moments when you would want to give up. You cannot do so. A monarch would not do so. Think of all these souls that count on you. You are their guide, their leading light, here below. You are our son, our beloved, and the beloved of the hierarchy that overwhelmingly approves of your action, supports it for long, and covers you with blessings. You have my indefectible [indestructible] and divine affection, my dear son!"

Babuji