

Tuesday, January 22, 2002 - 5:00 PM

Would you forget your body for a while and take down a message for my son? There was too long a silence between us.

"I would like, through this way, to speak to him and tell him that our footsteps do not dissociate from his and that we follow him on his laborious path. We can only reiterate our love for him, without making big pronouncements on topics that bother him. All ends up being resolved, even though the solution may not comply with one's wishes.

"My dear son, you know how much you have the support of my heart and I would like to be able to solve all your problems. We make sure that some of them are resolved for the best. Leading a Mission like ours, at an age when you would wish to live in peace, is a vocation. Only great beings having a specific mission manage to surmount difficulties that many human beings could not manage. That is what makes you different from others, my son.

"Our choice was judicious. You are great and you accomplish great things, the impact of which you will actually understand when you come to rejoin us. That time has not come yet. The wait is long and you long to leave this Earth. It remains for you to complete your work. You will make your mark in our Mission: the Master who would have taken it to different points on the Earth, and who would have sorted out issues like the big head of a company. The impact of your work is resounding; you do not hear echoes that reach us here.

"Be thanked, my son. We all here, are together to tell you how much we appreciate you. May your heart be filled with grace!"

Babuji