Tuesday, December 30, 2003 - 8:00 AM

The divine love is a kind of long and poetic breath, whose beauty halos all its effects. It is warm and powerful; it takes over the hearts in greatest discretion, letting them open up to infinity ...! Happy are those who benefit from its graces; it is both powerful and soft, capable of illuminating a life, when it touches it with its wing.

"Let yourself be carried away, my child. You call it and it appears. It finds in you a place already awaiting it; it connects you to the divine heart of your Master. His heart is unlimited, having already got through the steps uniting it with its splendour. Loving in view of that provides delight; only for that, a life is worth living. Devoting oneself to it brings all joys; they appear spontaneously, any time the heart lends itself to it. Fervent, offered, it attracts them all, in view of decorating their only place of beauty. When speaking about love, one is guided on an endless road. It makes the being light, adorned with all the graces. See how wise it is to let one's heart enjoy such transports of joy! It forgets all the rest, getting stronger in adversity.

"Mentioning love in this way is not vapid, no matter the opinion of a dry heart having so far obstinately closed its doors to it. One day, perhaps, it will not resist; a powerful wave will hit and force them. Thus will start the best of its mystical adventures: loving in selflessness while expecting the graces which this kind of love attracts, in an endless movement of sharing."

Babuji