Saturday, October 2, 2004 - 10:00 AM

Love him. Love your Master, my child, and do not curb this love divinely inspired. Loving that way is in a way taking part in the feast of the Greats, of the Chosen Ones of a world where ugliness does not exist. Call him in the secrecy of your heart, where there is no limit, nor boundaries, only the quintessence of love imposes its own law: that of the absolute splendour emanating from the Divine.

"Your heart needs this speech. It is in need. It requests what it cannot find in this world where it feels like an outsider. This kind of frustration generates a heightened devotion, as is proper for great souls in search of perfection. Your Master represents what it is striving to attain. He is the torch that guides it and reassures it in moments of doubt and lassitude.

"All who are on this way must carry out the same combats. The greatest went through that; they suffered and they loved, infinitely. The divine splendour sustained them, without sparing them the torments, which necessarily strengthen the souls in their progression on Earth.

"Your Master does not forget you. Don't be afraid, he is attentive to your wishes, your dearest wishes. He does hear you and he too loves you. In his own way, he answers you; both your hearts being united with mine in a beautiful mystical story reported throughout these pages.

"Be at peace. We love you, my child."

Babuji