Sunday, February 28, 1999 – 10:30 a.m.

Spiritual life is like a rose. One has to see its beauty, breathe its perfume, but know also that it has thorns. We will linger with this perfume. Be strong, my daughter, stand firm. Not everyone can do what you are doing, especially in your state of health. Get help from others; you can see that there is no lack of goodwill around you.

The Medium: Babuji, I would love so much to be able to commune with your son in the love we have for you.

That will come.

The Medium: He is so cold.

Do you believe you are not? He has taken the first steps towards you... Yes, in theory he will come in March. We are trying to iron out the difficulties so that his wish comes true. He has a great deal of preparatory work to do for April 30th; he is getting anxious. This birthday has taken on such proportions; the abhyasis are hoping the sky will open for them. All that can be done will be done, only what is feasible. It is necessary to keep things in perspective, but this will stand as a red-letter day, whatever the result obtained by each one.

What matters is to have an immense desire to advance. We will fulfill as much as possible the aspirations of our sisters and brothers. Prepare yourselves with all your heart.

Babuji