Friday, March 26, 1999 – 8:00 a.m.

It has taken my son's arrival for you to achieve this feat. Maintain this good habit; it is an improvement. It is important to start off the day by meditating; uniting with the Divine is the first thing to be done. So, you see, the work continues. You understand the importance of a seminar of such scale and its effects when the openness is there. I would quite like your poem to appear in the notebook. I already told you, one should not be afraid to show the impulses of one's heart. You did not want to write, nor to prepare a collection of poems – it was a cry of love expressed through these few pearls assembled and preserved in such a tough world.

The Medium: I cannot include that in the messages, Babuji!

Remember the small song; can't we, for once, focus on something sentimental? It is up to you to see; speak to your friends. You are a child, we despair of your doubts. When will you change? Only the future will be able to convince you.

Be blessed.

Babuji

(Following Babuji's request.)

The Medium:

O Babuji, today,
I am so sad away from you!
I would like to be at your feet.
In thought, I am a little nothing,
Lying on your heart.
Each moment, I live it in you,
In your love, your light,
And your kindness for me.
O Babuji, may you purify me,
Carry me like a child,
Direct my steps, my life, totally.
Let me be nothing but love
And light, to serve you,
An instrument, a tiny one,
Only guided by you.
How good it is,
Beloved father, to rest
On your heart.
I would like to sing your praises,
Thus and always, tell you of my love
And may you never tire of hearing me.
Please Babuji, make me come to love your son
As much as you and my heart will be fulfilled.

--Cannes, January 1992