Sunday, May 23, 1999 – 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: Babuji, I need you so much. I am no longer in control of the situation. I'm just enduring it; I feel like a cork carried away by rapids.

In a way, that's the case, but these rapids are not dangerous. They carry you away, certainly, but not towards a dizzying and destructive fall.

Let yourself be led; you are going upstream towards the source, the source of all life, where all is only love.

When, in your progress, you will have passed all the waves, all the stormy zones of your life, after a very long journey, you will reach the golden shore and you will be dazzled! You will remain speechless in the face of so much beauty.

My child, your life is worth living. The light is at the end of the path, it will comfort you.

You will be thankful for having experienced so much damage and so many storms on your fragile skiff.

If everything on Earth were easy for you all, you wouldn't make any effort to elevate yourselves. You would think that all was fine and you would risk indulging in the easiness.

Would you think of God if difficulties didn't exist? You would be far too busy enjoying the factitious pleasures of life.

So, reasonably, prepare your boat solidly.

Arm yourselves with courage and faith to face the elements; take up the challenge. Sooner or later you will be the winners, with our blessings.

Babuji