Tuesday, June 29, 1999 – 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: I accept what you tell me, since it is for my good.

So, poor body, continue to suffer for the love of Him. You know how much I love you, Babuji, but I lack greatness of soul.

Sufferings are gold mines. The great saints of all countries have understood it well. Do you believe that the gold ingot does not suffer to arrive at its final form?

The Medium: Sufferings are blessings, you say, I believe it. I have read in my youth about the lives of some great saints to whom you have alluded, and I do not manage to say, like them: Give me more, my God. That is beyond my meagre strength – there, I can see my smallness – great feats are not for me.

Conjugating the verb 'to love' in simple tenses and singing it in every key, that is within my reach – for the rest ...

Give me, please, the strength to endure without complaining.

Well, remain in your specialty, there you excel.

Let us continue our 'heart-to-heart', and with regard to this word, no censorship, the repetitions are purposeful.

Take heart; continue to take care of your 'son-in-heart'.

Babuji