Thursday, September 21, 2000 - 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: "Babuji, aren't you weary of this song of love which rises towards you? Isn't my heart requesting too much?"

My dear daughter, how could I be weary of hearing it? We are tired with the complaints that we hear from your fellow men, without true impulses of love being expressed towards us. The sweet perfume rising up from your soul is appreciated here. It covers and it embellishes what you can radiate, when your lassitude is great and you lose heart. We want you to be strong, continuing to fight with a smile, for the love of us. Thus, you are sowing flowers on your path. What you are doing is accessible to all, and must encourage them to follow this way of surrender of yours. In spite of your self-criticism, you have set an example for some beings. Continue to sing our praises; they go towards the Almighty who knows hearts better than anyone. Loving Him and telling Him that tirelessly does not tire Him; it is the most beautiful prayer He can receive. Do not change anything in your way of being; it's convenient to us. We bless you."

Babuji