Sunday, September 10, 2000 - 10:00 a.m.

You are making progress in the spiral of light. Your subtle bodies are somewhat shaken up and that weakens you; it is momentary. We want the best for you and we spare you. Do you realize the progress you have made and what we have achieved together with this quantity of messages collected? But you are not amazed by anything, as usual. Like the leaf blown with the wind, you are gliding in a world to which most of your fellow men do not have access—and which is natural to you.

"Your life is special; who is really aware of it? You should be more surrounded and cherished, but humans often become aware too late of the real nature of some beings. Go on your way, my daughter, may your heart not be worried; our love carries you and haloes your tired face. We will not insist any further today; take rest."

Babuji