Monday, July 9, 2001 - 10:00 a.m.

The Medium: "O Babuji. Beloved father, my tiredness is great; I feel so overwhelmed by weariness, that, each day, I move with difficulty. Am I still able to serve you? I doubt it sometimes. In your great goodness, you accept my weaknesses.

"I am advancing by letting the pitching of a sailing boat carry me, which takes me to a harbour that I do not know. I cannot be afraid of this strange place. You describe it to us in snatches, and this insight puts my mind at rest.

"This boat – its captain invisible – is powered by its sails. Weary of fighting and resisting, I let him take the helm; he knows better than I do where I must go and why I am facing the storm. On this point also, he is discreet, he rights the helm when the storm is raging, but he cannot shorten this long-planned journey. Maybe this is what true surrender is all about: to wish nothing but one thing, to fall asleep and never awake again, save on unexplored banks where the divine light magnifies everything and where the soul can sail, immortal and free."

Your daughter