Saturday, May 22, 1999 – 8:00 a.m.

The Medium: Being condemned to live as a recluse is one thing, Babuji. It is another to not be able to capture you anymore because of all these medicines I am afraid of. I would be very unhappy.

Be serene about that; we have a good channel in hand, we are not going to give it up.

Keep faith in us.

Your life, like that of your fellow human beings, is like a movie, where scenes are created, one image connected to the next so that the film comes together from end to end.

Different sequences follow one another to form a coherent whole, in line with what was planned by the director.

The last part of this film is important for you; you must play it close.

You are not a medium by chance. The gifts bestowed on you have, for a long time, allowed you to help others. It is your way of existing and doing what you are doing in this moment, being our preferred scribe.

Therefore, smile through your tears. Keep a cheerful heart like that of a child. You know that simplicity and purity of heart attract grace.

Do not change, endure valiantly, we admire you.

Never let anything put a dent in the best in you.

Babuji