Wednesday, May 26, 1999 – 8:00 a.m.

My dear daughter, we have already come a long way together. You receive us better and better.

Why don't you feel like showing these messages to my son? What do you fear?

The Medium: That they pass from hand to hand and are not translated correctly. This has already happened in the past.
If Master himself requested it, it would have to be done, but as you can see, such is not the case. Is that what he wishes, Babuji?

He is hesitating; language is a handicap between you. When it's no longer an obstacle, the barriers that separate you will lift.

The Medium: Will I be able one day to communicate easily with him?

We are working on it. As you can see, mediumship is handy; without it, how would we manage, the two of us?

Perhaps in future times, human beings will be glad to return to a very handy form of communication – telepathy – when this world is no longer permanently disrupted by the unhealthy waves that tighten their grip on the Earth like an increasingly dense net and that shake up your neurons.

With my son, your encounter, on one plane or another, will take place in due course. The fact that you cannot speak together creates a difficulty between you. What's more, he is shy with you. You had such strong bonds in another life.

You will find each other again when necessary. It's too late for you to take up English again and, moreover, you are allergic to it.

So, don't ask yourself questions, and continue doing all you can.

It is fine that way.

Babuji