Tuesday, June 5, 2001 - 8:00 a.m.

The Medium: "O Babuji, carry me on the wings of love, as you usually do so well. My heart is requesting – it feels itself as a prisoner on this Earth."



hat can be true for your body, but your heart is immortal. It can glide freely; it has its own life and has no limit.

"It is not a prisoner tied to its tower. It was moulded by the ill strokes of fate.

"It has relented; it has become wiser; wisdom can be acquired only at this cost.

"Listen to it always; it must guide your life. You understood this a long time ago; not everyone is privileged to have this capacity.

"Carry on your road by respecting this venerable guide, who can illuminate the most ordinary life. Be strong, my daughter, we are by your side, as will always be the case."

Babuji