

*Listen*, put it into your heart my  
dearest one, that the thing that  
disturbs you is the thing that  
afflicts you. *Heart* is nothing.  
Do not let your  
*Heart* be disturbed.  
Am I not here, who  
am your *Mother?*  
Are you not under my  
shadow & protection?  
Am I not the source  
of your joy? Are you not  
in the hollow of my mantle,  
in the crossing of my arms?

*Do you need anything more?*

HEART RIDGE