

Bridge Across the River

**Communications from the life after death
by a young artist killed in the First World War**

In 4 Parts

Botho Sigwart Earl of Eulenburg

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Content

February 1st - 12th, 1916

February 1st, 1916

Today I want to go on telling you about the great power that comes along with the war. As long as the earth has existed, that is, as long as people have been undergoing development on it, there have been wars. They will come or, as we prefer to say, be ignited at certain intervals of time over and over again, in order that a new power may result from them afterwards. It is a new birth. There are times when super-human helpers appear, like Christ, Buddha, Krishna, and others. Then there are other times when great wars occur, and it was now time for us to go through one such war; not the luminous appearance of a redeemer, but rather the iron hand of a war. Who knows what we went through in our previous lives! The one or the other must come at certain intervals; it all takes place according to law, just as on earth it has to be cold in winter and warm in summer. But how narrow-minded the human race is, how easily they lose heart in their ignorance. I am looking downright forward to the results of this most mighty and gargantuan struggle the earth has ever witnessed in this epoch. The aftermath must be correspondingly huge and mighty. Blessed is he who can survey it fully – it will be a long time before I can.

I owe you, my God, so much,
You have made me so rich.
Where can I get all the thanks
that you deserve, my God?
Out of the urn of life that is filled to the brim with you?
You demand everything back that you gave me.
But richer, ever richer I get when I drain
the chalice of life.

I hope you will fully understand this verse over time; it contains a lot, and it has been given me from a very high source indeed. Hold it in honor.

February 3rd, 1916

I want to dictate a very difficult message to you, so please pay very close attention. I have now been in the so-called Devachan sphere,* a world that is “heaven” in the proper sense of the word. There is no more torment here, there is no more wishing here; here, everything is “spirit,” pure spirit. To ascend as swiftly to this level as I have, one has to have done work in advance. I laid the seed for this swift development in my incarnation before last. This development was my striving and my desire. Now the time came between the last two incarnations when I had to prepare for my most recent one, and there was a profound thought that occurred to me constantly: “Keep on, keep on, don’t stop for anything in the world, don’t waste time, anything but that.” Of course, this strong feeling continued while I was physically among you. There, that is, on earth, I followed through on a lot of these wishes and converted them into deeds. At the beginning, it was *very* difficult, as I didn’t have the necessary energy. I often suffered under not being able to gain power over my body. Then came my dear wife Helene, and showed me how to do it. Gradually it became second nature to me, and not until then did I really know the happiness that one feels when work that one has thought about is actually done.

* This statement will be corrected by Sigwart later, on March 31.

I'm telling you: that is life, the only true life, when you've accomplished something. Otherwise, there wouldn't be work to do, everywhere and always. Work is a condition of life, and I met it – very late, unfortunately, but thank God not *too* late. I found *all* the fruits of my labor, *here*, and I tell you it was like a revelation. I found *everything*. The spiritual side of each and every work I created, no matter how small it was: I've seen and felt them, like so many trusted old friends. Strive for that to happen to you, too. You probably understand better now what I owe to Helene. She alone gave me the key to this great truth. That's why she was destined to enter my rather short life: she was the only one who fully understood that.

God be with you,
Sigwart

February 4th, 1916

Today has been a day of celebrations. All of us were permitted to attend. Unfortunately, I cannot tell you what these celebrations were like, why they were held, or how they came about. But it was powerful, almost *too* powerful for me, who do not know enough yet about all these *highest*, greatest, and most difficult and complicated things. That is why I did not appreciate them to the same full extent as I did the other performances, the music events, for instance. These were the highest bliss for me. Today's events, though, were more like a difficult course of study that left one with the dissatisfied feeling: "You just don't understand it after all."

But that needs to be learned, too. It was very beneficent of the spiritual leaders to allow me to take part, but I couldn't understand it, all the same. That is how much I am allowed to tell you, and no more.

I've always wanted to tell you about Mama's dear mother (died 1897). It took me a long time to come into direct contact with her. I loved her immensely and did not understand why I couldn't find my way to her. Now I see the reason. The roads of her development were *utterly* different than mine, that's why we couldn't make it to one another. She was supposed to achieve a particular thing, whereas I needed more strength, which I first had to develop. Now both of us are finally ready, and we had a happy and beautiful reunion. It was the first time we were able to get really close to each other. I had seen her earlier, but there was always something in the way, hindering us from having intimately close contact. What a joy it was for her when I was able to fill her in on all the latest experiences. Your life is particularly distressing for her, Mama. She is still worried about you the way a mother is concerned for her child, and she feels that you have too great a burden to bear. It is her opinion that this much earthly suffering is better distributed over two incarnations. She sends you her thanks for the strength with which you take everything upon yourself that comes your way. She knows now how glorious the fruits of your humbly bearing pain will be here; because you have born out *everything* to the very end. That is the way it is supposed to be, but very seldom is. She awaits you and has done without a lot of things so that she can stay with you; her love toward you is great and true.

This will make you happy, dear Mama, and it comes almost as a reward after all the many difficult hours you have had to endure once more in my little house* for my sake. I was with you there a lot and was able to give you some of my strength. But it was *still* hard for us *all*, I'm not ashamed to admit it. In such moments it is not at all easy for me despite the fact that

* Lindenhaus in Liebenberg

I see you all clearly. But I feel how you all look for me everywhere and how you are yearning me over to you. And yet, I can say that your pain is now no longer a *torment* to me. Everything is clear and light in the splendid new roads I was allowed to conduct you to.

Your eternal brother, friend and son,
Sigwart

February 8th, 1916

The teachings I give you come from the masters, not from me. The sequence and composition of the exercises are considered and studied through in such a way that none but the highest and wisest of minds can give them to us. I in turn am their pupil; I also perform meditations. Not the same ones as you, but some of them do have entirely the same meaning. Above these masters in turn stand high deities, from whose wells they draw all their wisdom. But how far removed is that from us! We do – and so do you – have an inkling of this most high power, though. Even I, who stand much closer to it all, have only a dim inkling of the ever higher and higher levels of divining, at the highest of which only the One holds sway, who knows everything of us and to whom we all belong.

He is all.

February 11th, 1916

I have now had a chance to see personally into your various levels of development. The result was heartening, but each and every one of you could be much further along. By following these teachings, which require the utmost attention, a person can undergo a very rapid psychic development. Once you have attained a certain level in them, it is time to develop the other facets of your being, that is, your supersensible organs and capacities. It then it becomes evident who has already attained the potential for them in a past incarnation. For such persons it goes much faster for him, of course. But the others of you needn't lose heart over that, as long as you do your best. It is *very* difficult to attain these faculties in a single life on earth. We will all try, though.

At the moment I am alone quite a bit, which is pleasant for me, however; after all, it is only possible to make real progress in still self-contemplation. Normally everybody renounces that, though, even though they are told that it is the only way to make swift progress. But who loves loneliness? A minute percentage of humanity on earth and here. I always enjoyed being alone on earth and hence often feel a strong need to be alone here. It is only in such moments of deepest seclusion that one gets an inkling of the holiest of holy eternity of God. This is knowledge of the eternal, and even if it is ever so small, so vaguely sensed, it comes from the primal font of Truth. Is this not love enough that flows to us? It is my entire bliss when, immersed in the purest plenitude of light, I ponder on the grand, eternal progression of time; after all, there is no standing still, no tarrying at any level of development, because you have no choice: you are pulled along by the great river of eternity!

And yet there is something that stands as a kind of exception, and that is the *will*. By means of the will, one can hinder any number of things, or call forth any number of things that lie outside the turning of this cosmic grandeur. The human being has such an infinitely strong will, which can even alter what God and he himself has by law had to prescribe himself. You see, it is this will that I want to develop in you. You must attain and use the force of this will. When God once gave you the will to development, you didn't know how to

make use of it, and then came the coarseness of matter, which closed it off inside itself more and more until the poor, stunted will had lost and forgotten itself. But now the time has come to resurrect it, and so I am now asking you, whom I am allowed to lead along the righteous path, to heed this call of the will, this as yet suppressed, lamenting cry. It wants out into the free realms, it must venture forth! But you must help it along to its development; from now on you are its creators. Act accordingly! In the will lies the strength, and in this strength lies the greatness you are destined to attain.

Believe me, *your Sigwart*, your teacher and friend in spiritual matters.

February 12th, 1916

Today I experienced something quite remarkable. I was occupied with helping someone who was in a very unpleasant position. I had been told I would be doing a good deed by doing so, and so I made up my mind right away. The matter concerns a poor person who is tormented by himself, whose life had known only suffering and whose development had therefore gone in a downright astonishing direction. He died in the delusion of his self-tormented soul; he came to us inexperienced, unspoiled, like a child. He had no notion of anything, and yet he was surrounded by a world of self-created thoughts of suffering. How difficult it was to make clear to this so utterly off-track and confused human being that it was now time for him to think about himself and his development. He didn't understand at all what I was saying. Using infinite patience, though, I managed to get him to the point where he believes in me, listens to me with total trust, and accepts everything I say to him. I'm happy even about that, because now he opens himself to the spiritual streams and everything else will happen by itself.

There are often extremely peculiar cases here, where one stands as if before a riddle. In general, these abnormal cases arise either through some unbounded stupidity, or because of a stubborn learnedness, the latter of which is much harder to bring to reason. With stupidity one is almost always successful, especially when one chooses the path of love.

But it is all in vain with a soul that is extremely pig-headed through learnedness. I could only cite a few instances of success that I have seen in such cases in the long period since my separation from my physical body. That's tragic, isn't it? As far as I can tell, the divine spark seems to be missing here. That's why I always preach the following: what use is learnedness if the divine voice in us is missing?

I prefer any uneducated primitive soul a thousand times more. You all will understand; I can tell you everything, even marginal matters, now that I know that everything that comes from me is taken up by you with the utmost love and interest. That is so wonderful, because then I can just speak with you, the same as on earth, even about less interesting, more minor things. That is precisely what makes me so happy, that I can speak with you so naturally, without you always expecting only lofty communications from me. This unforcedness, which I have always loved, makes our interaction much easier. That way my conversations always vary.