

Bridge Across the River

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

In 4 Parts

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Content

February 14th - 29th, 1916

February 14th, 1916

I have experienced too much today, beautiful things, but not so beautiful things, as well. Grand things, and hard things, too. I can only hint at a depiction of these matters. These experiences released such an abundance of feelings and sensations in me that I lapsed into a state of spiritual weakness, which for you would be called utter exhaustion. Unfortunately, I still do give in too easily to the depth of my sensations. This is a lack of self-education, which I need to overcome, because, you see, every feeble empathy torments not only oneself, but above all it increases the harm done to the sufferer himself. Hopeless thoughts of pity of this kind, in which no active help resonates, causes waves of aversion, which are harmful. That is something that you can learn from, even though it does not wreak nearly as much havoc on you as it does on us. I have had to witness so many jarring things here today that I am completely defeated in my feelings. I come now to get strength from you, which now surrounds you since you have been so busy with spiritual matters. After all, I know how gladly you give of yourselves to me. How wonderful such belonging together is; it helps carry everything and its firmness does not loosen. Times may change and fate separate us, but that's only for a short time. All of eternity holds us together. Just dwell on this always, and you will know what it means to persevere in patience until we see each other again. You can probably tell that I'm in an especially tender mood today. That's the result of these immense impressions. I feel so well now in your surroundings which, after all, are and will remain my second home: *in your midst*.

Your yearning's wings bear you to me,
And in delicate beating of wings come I to you,
Each of us giving the other what love is capable of bringing.
The stars' well-enwrapped splendor would I bring you,
If in your longing you so yearned,
So that I might display to you
Everything of the extensity of my love.
Thus alternate eternally abundance's rich gifts.
Sometimes it comes from me to you,
Other times you, blessing, overflowing, give me gifts,
Ever giving, taking from love's chalice,
Whose abundance is but a blend of me and you.
Rich and richer day and year become,
Grown together ever more fervently through the same drink.
Thus we ascend the white steps
Hand in hand, together.
And as we climb there slowly sinks from heights of light
God's silence!
This quietness, final goal of all time.
Thus is our striding.
Yet in darkness lies the path,
But everyone can already behold the shining
Of higher steps' purple holy glow.

I had to say this to you today, since I feel myself in such complete and loving, closest connection with you today that my love knows no boundaries.

I thank you for everything you've given me.

Your Sigwart

February 17th, 2007

You have all given me very much strength. You need to understand that properly. It is not strength in the sense of “becoming strong”; rather, it is a strength that lifts a person out beyond everything; in a way, it weaves a veil around one, with which one can penetrate into and permeate everything. That is why I so often wish you would close this circle, because then you are so close to me and I can sense more strongly along with you everything that you feel, speak and think in the moment. It does me such good too, when you are cheerful and can laugh from the inside out.

February 21st, 1916

After I left you yesterday, I experienced many great spiritual processes similar to a Pythagorean mystery play. These processes involve schooling for the budding pupils of this secret science and society. I was at one of these mystic procedures for the first time, and it took hold of me most powerfully. Unfortunately, I only understood a very small portion of it; but even without comprehending it, a celebration of this kind leaves a profound and unforgettable impression. Many of the pupils were not mature enough for it yet, so they were excluded soon after it began. I was permitted to stay on as a spectator, no doubt because they felt my earnest and my deep interest toward spiritual matters; otherwise it probably would never have been granted me, since it is not my intention to become a pupil there. Under the present circumstances, I wouldn't be able to, because first all our correspondence would have to cease and second, I could no longer devote any attention to my music, as I could only devote myself to this one direction. I cannot do that at the moment. These celebrations are like the ones in past times, except here they are easier to conduct, since now they take place in the spiritual world, whereas then they occurred on earth, where the most difficult task of mastery over matter was demanded. Now that that is no longer an issue here, it is less difficult.

The vocal performances were of a delicate mystic timbre and they hovered in a way that only comes from the deepest, holiest mysteries. How these harmonious symphonic resonances came about and whence they originated I was unable to find out. The resounding is still inside me, but I cannot find the origin of this indescribable effect.

My music studies and my receptive ability in general are likely also a reason for my having been allowed to take part. A celebration of this kind lasts seven hours, and yet it seems much longer, as if one had spent many days there. There were all kinds of other listeners there, all of them great, gifted human beings. I did not know them before, nor am I close to them in any other way. For them, too, this music remained a riddle. But I want to and will plumb its depths, no matter how much time it may demand. These are experiences that one does not simply let pass by without investigating their primal origin. I know I will be very preoccupied with it in the time to come, and then I will derive the most splendid reward from it: an understanding of this mysteriously resonating power, which will be of great use to me later. Once I understand its consistency and the means of evoking it, I will be able to apply the indescribable color of the waves of this resonance. I have in mind those among you

who love music, as well. How great the pleasure will be that I can impart to you once I have mastered this special kind of music!

My greeting to you was from the luminous homeland that is also your own, that even now is your *true* homeland, because you are in it so much that one can well say the earth is no longer your real homeland. How it fills me with joy when I can say “*our homeland*”!

You may have been puzzled that I have often been unable to say a particular thing through you, and that when this happened I didn’t talk about it afterward. There are different reasons for this. For example, your receptivity is not the passive kind that would make it easy for me to communicate certain things to you, such as words and names that are unfamiliar to you. That doesn’t work. It would only work through a totally passive, will-less medium, which you – thank God – are *not*.

Our interaction is a great exception and for this reason the conditions linked with it must be followed strictly.

The teachings and exercises given to me for you are received by your higher selves and transformed into a mighty force. This force flows back into your bodily sheaths and glows them through, inasmuch as they open to its influence.

You have earned this mediation and liberation for yourselves, though, through your love, the strength of your will, and your devotion in understanding my life in spirit not long after my own liberation.

Yours faithfully, *Sigwart*

You needn’t be discouraged if for short periods you feel less drawn to spiritual matters. That’s not *you*, not yourselves! It is disruptions and bodily fatigue. This must seem hard for you to understand, but you ought to know that I always speak separately of the physical and the spiritual. Your higher I-beings are always the same, always open and devoted to everything spiritual, always filled with happiness and the feeling that you are growing, always prepared to receive me in love. *That alone* is what you are, you, with whom I have been united for eons. Please read this through and from now on do not place any importance *whatsoever* on transitory, ill-suited feelings, should they ever arise again.

February 24th, 1916

I want to respond to your thoughts from a while ago: of course even here one can stand aside of the overall surging, if one wants to, but it is hard and it takes time to learn to do so. Back then, when I met the wise man who performed experiments for me, I couldn’t do it either. But I have learned it in the meantime.

You needn’t imagine this unrest as a constant surging, although there *are* times and moments when it is confusing. It all simply has to be learned. Once one has grown spiritually and developed beyond the stage where one is not able to resist being pulled along by the rushing torrent, one can stand aside from the whole, just as one can on earth. In this process, it is also necessary to send the will in the right direction. I surmise from your conversations that because of my teachings and communications my world is taking on greater and greater contour for you. This is a true joy for me. The difference between the worlds no longer separates us; your spirits are penetrating into the spheres of my present home. Thus we are no longer in a state of separation from each other; rather, you are merely unable to perceive the lighter substance and its manifestations...

I am pleased about your being together; I am with you often, even if you don’t feel me.

Your *Sigwart*

February 26th, 1916

A beautiful, great new time is now coming for me, the time of the resurrection of my age-old forces, which lay dormant in the pool of my sleeping experiences. I was not permitted to take them up again, they had to remain dormant until such time as I had gained control of my entire physical character traits, those to which I had been educated and those I was born with. These features play a major role in the spiritual world for a long time, until one has freed oneself of them. This has now happened with me, sooner than I had expected. In the sphere where I am now, the *final* great shedding, or stepping out of the one body into a different one, takes place.

Now there is something new in store for me: the phase of my preliminary development, which will gradually set in after this period of greatest bliss. And after that will come the time of preparation for my new descent. I am unable to convert this to your time reckoning, but this level I have entered is a most grand and splendid one. A whole lot of new things await me here. I will still be able to interact closely with you, albeit perhaps a bit less frequently. Still, what I am permitted to communicate to you will for the most part be great things and rich.

If my life on earth had continued, I would most certainly have had the wish for my child to grow up normally, like every other child, and would have kept it apart from all things that were supersensible or too spiritual. But now I think differently, because I see now how it is possible to hurt such a small, fine ephemeral soul by not letting it feel the divine always and in everything. In every flower, coming from every animal: everywhere one ought to strengthen the small soul with the thought of God. Also, every thought one thinks oneself is a gift one gives the child.

Believe in me as I constantly remember you and envelop you with the peace of the luminous heights lying before us and uniting me with you in eternal communion and love.

I am your *Sigwart*.

February 27th, 1916

As a supplement to my message that so preoccupied you, the one about counterproductive empathy, I wanted to add that it is not only important for us here to avoid pity or moaning in cases where it is not possible to help. You as well must learn it and remember that it is a sign of weakness if one immerses oneself too deeply in such oppressive feelings. By contrast, how often do we help someone through an encouraging look! That person reads in our eyes that we are strong rather than weak, and receives it as a good deed. Naturally, you should never close your heart to others' suffering. But the arrows sent out to you by suffering shouldn't hurt and wound you; *no*, you are supposed to catch them, gather them up with a strong hand that so doing frees the poor person from his or her torment and proffers the refreshing drink of your strength. Even if you are unable to help the person's physical suffering, this is still a gift that always helps. Always be willing to help in this respect! Whether by spiritual or physical means: anybody can help, each according to his or her own forces!

Greetings from my world! *Sigwart*

February 29th, 1916

I want to tell something beautiful while you are united here in the mountains! Together you are generating great strength through your faith, and so it will likely be permitted me to tell you great and beautiful things once more.

My life is so wonderful here! A sense of limitless bliss floods me here, which is clouded only by the consciousness that you poor people still suffer and cannot feel my bliss along with me. Your earthly pain on my behalf can still reach me, though; do not forget that. How great my yearning is to for you to be flooded around by this divine state of being as well. It is not allowed yet – you would be taken hold of by such an immense longing that you would no longer be able to carry the burden of earthly life.

But you too will one day be filled with the splendor, and my bliss will only be consummate *with you*.

Now another beautiful verse:

I have given myself entirely over to You, God, my God.
The faith that lies within me is the life-chalice
of my heart and my conscience.
Clear is the water that, trickling, flows forth from it for me.
Every hour and evermore I feel Your goodness,
Your grandeur and You Yourself.
From hour to hour a growing permeates me
from You, my Father.
*Blessing I spread my hands over myself,
because You dwell in me.*