

# **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**

Translation: Joseph Bailey

## **Contents**

July 1<sup>st</sup>,through August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1916

July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1916, on the trip to Andechs Monastery.

Sigwart speaking:

Andechs, you consecrated site I sought out often to feel, immersed in veneration, the hallowedness that surrounds this house of God. Here I want to bless you sisters and give you a prayer I felt so deeply:

*Love, unfathomable, love –  
Blessing, hallowing of your hearts,  
Word of thanks, willingness toward all.  
Dissolve deep in humility,  
Forget all.  
Only live in love,  
Only love in the cosmos.  
Highest love,  
Purest love  
Only you endure!*

July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1916

It was not easy for me to come just now, as I was quite busy in the higher spheres. Haven't you noticed how changes have occurred not only in outward facts, but in spiritual events as well? This is the preparation for the great upheaval of the coming time.

Go your ways calmly, let everything storm in – always remain *you yourselves*. That is the only way to derive the strength from it that will come to you. I may not tell you any more than that; if I did, I might prejudice you in a way that could impede your taking in the forces of the coming events.

... You need to know that I am there with you the moment anything happens that could harm you. In such an event, I have to distinguish whether it is your destiny or not. If it is, I try my best to comfort and console you and to give you strength. But if it really is nothing more than a coincidence, I will do everything in my power to prevent it.

Time in an earthly sense does not exist here. But I feel time *through* you. Everything runs its course here according to law, but not according to time.

Your *Sigwart*

July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1916

I am here, I, Sigwart.

Blessings on you, who are allowed to hear of the world of the pure spirit. Many are called, but few are chosen. These chosen ones have obligations to meet that are not easy. They are the obligations of those who strive spiritually for something higher. Only he is permitted to place himself above others who knows his own flaws and seeks with all his might to annihilate them. A person may be called spiritually developed only if he realizes this and acts accordingly. Not the teachings, but rather *life* is the deciding factor. Teachings can provide relief, but they can never help like insight and struggle can. Higher knowledge is not what

matters for development, either. Rather, a person must *overcome his shortcomings* in order to attain the level that we call consummate.

July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1916

... Everything that needed to be done pertaining to the affairs of the war has occurred. I was witness to the way everything took form and slowly grew to a giant force. Now this force must do its own work. How splendid it is to be granted to witness this, when one knows: it will be the cause of the demonic forces keeping silence.

Remain calm, whatever happens. Believe in the power I can give to you and in the help you have achieved for yourselves in these weeks of work.

You ought to know that the approaching events have been created by a very exalted power. Receive them with an awareness of this. I don't mean what is going on at this moment, but what is coming and will bring peace along with it. For know this, that out of the battles of these times is born the power of the spirit, and from out of the blood of the millions of warriors will arise the new *spiritual* human beings. The sacrifices that people have performed for their spirits have been enormous, sacrifices that have consisted in the destruction of their physical bodies. These sacrifices promote the whole of the humanity that peoples this globe. There is not a single person who will not receive gifts from this tidal wave of selfless battles.

Your *Sigwart*

July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1916

I have to tell you that doubts on your part continue to torment me. Not in the same sense as before, no, because I no longer know any *real* suffering. But the rejection of a communication from me by any single one of you usually has unpleasant consequences. You know that my way of transmitting can never be as perfect as a medially transmitted message put on paper word for word. In return, though, my way of transmitting is a *far higher* one than automatic writing. Any medium of low standing will do for the latter, but for our purposes the person receiving a transmission must have attained a certain degree of development, without which it would be *impossible*. The connection is so incredibly valuable that I ask you *urgently* in *no* way to criticize it anymore. It is hard for me to speak to you so energetically; I is *solely* up to you whether or not we may continue to make ourselves understood to one another. If, as has now occurred, I have offended one of you by talking about the approaching difficult events, I will naturally not make any more intimations of the sort. I only did so in order to help you prepare for them.

Everything I said *was* said by me; I enabled my sister to feel every word; but it verges on impossibility for her to write it down as thoroughly as I feel it. I had to say this to you, so that you all know it. I, your Sigwart, therefore ask you out of the love of my heart and out of the holiest of sensations that I hold for you to act accordingly and spare me from criticism.

In the most faithful love I am yours *all the same*,  
*Sigwart*

July, 1916

How beautiful this forest solitude is. There is a resounding, an intoning and singing in everything that surrounds you. It is the spirits of nature touching you with their friendly emanation. This is not life as you know it; it is *the act of feeling* and of living in feeling. You too need to feel, see and hear this, so that you become rich. I have opened your senses, because you are along with me.

August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1916

I've long been wanting to continue giving you an account of my life here, but you have always lacked the proper tranquility, the concentration and complete equanimity that I now unconditionally need to be able to speak with you. Communications pertaining to *this* heaven require much more strength, will power, self-discipline, and above all silence, *perfect inner silence*. Please acquire and maintain this silence and peace; then I will come gladly.

Today I can go on telling how my current life here runs its course; so hear me: I take part in great events that take place here. These are exceedingly sublime and exalted gatherings, which end up as a kind of play, and this play is a kind of taking pleasure in the events' proceedings, which are of such lofty significance for every one of us partakers, that the sensations there can only be compared with the thousand-fold glow of the life suns that rest in each of us.

As you see, these words are no longer sufficient for me to give descriptions of this kind. There is so much I experience here that I am incapable of explaining. I'm afraid you won't understand this correctly either, but after all, in faithful beholding lies your strength. Thus you will also accept this communication even if you haven't understood it entirely.

I lived through the time of sleeping enjoyment in all its bliss and happiness. But now I have been chosen to do something else, something much more beautiful than merely enjoying, because I fulfill two things at once in doing it.

The one thing is the togetherness, as we wish to call it, about which I spoke earlier; the other thing consists in letting age-old forces re-emerge, which I form and shape, in order to enhance and enrich my next life on earth. These are the two things that imbue me fully now.

August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1916

I have finished everything I had to do for the war, rest has once more set in, the fighting is over. I now see the people's sufferings with completely different eyes than a while ago. But you too must think differently about the war, because you have become knowing ones.

Everyone who gives up his physical body in the struggle *is* one who has been graced.

Everyone who has had what he loves most taken away in this struggle has *also* been graced through the suffering.

Everyone who has to endure a time of hard trial in this struggle will be rewarded one-hundred-fold, if he has received his pain serenely.

The war had to come in order to help humanity progress spiritually, because they were lost sheep!

Out of the suffering a different kind of thinking is supposed to blossom forth; a deeper thinking. A great deal of blessed work has been fulfilled on the living as well as the departed. That must comfort you, you must understand that.

I spread my hands in blessing over everyone who has been purified by the war, and am happy with them.

I needed to say this to you so that you would understand the suffering.  
Your *Sigwart*, who was graced to sacrifice his body for the great task.

August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1916

Yes, I am in your midst once more! But don't talk about the past, don't talk about anything that makes you sad, because that sets you back and makes it hard for you to imagine me the way I am now – as *spirit only*! After all, you loved the latter part of me, you loved “me” while I was on earth, too. And I still am this Sigwart, only much, *much more* “me” than back then. My connection to you is also much closer than ever it was on earth, even if you can't feel it. What I am saying here cannot be comforting to you in the way I wish it could be, because of the dense veils enshrouding your eyes. It often feels strange to me that you cannot see me, when I am actually standing right in front of you like this, smiling at you. You look at me and yet you don't know anything about it. When the time has come, these veils too will fall from you, but you have to do a lot, a huge lot of work for that. How gladly I would take some of this work upon myself, but it has been given you, and you must perform it without my help. Only the kind of help I have given you so far is allowed, and that is infinitely much. But you are still different people with different wishing and hoping than I am here in my world of happiness. But be as happy as you can. Remain tranquil and always full of joy and peace. Then the world will be a paradise for you, too. How wonderful it is for me when I know you to be happy. In every human being's life roses can and should bloom. How few people make an effort for this to happen, though. Whether what you receive is happiness or unhappiness is up to *you*. So bear serenely what your self-created fate has determined for you. Then you will enter heaven on earth and easily climb the steps up into the higher regions.

I love you all. Your old  
*Sigwart*

August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1916

Can't you also live in the world of your thoughts more according to my concepts and wishes? You still believe too little in the inalterable laws. Every thought has its effect, perhaps even more so than deeds. Many deeds are based on hasty decisions, with little or no prior consideration, whereas thoughts are tough and indestructible entities. So don't keep on creating worrisome thoughts about things that don't exist and that only in the fewest of cases occur as you imagine they will.

Don't believe that what *you* imagine as happiness and lovingly wish for those closest to you actually *is* happiness. You all wish each other a worry-free and easy life, but you forget that in such a life only little progress is made and stand-still is the worst thing possible for the spirit. Doesn't life on earth consist almost solely of externalities? How difficult it is for the earth-bound spirit really to derive value from them, because nowhere does it feel anything but barriers. And that's why I advise you to make use of everything you deem to be a difficulty, but which essentially is a mere consequence of your own actions. Above all, don't preoccupy yourselves with what others have done. Do you have any way of knowing what motivated them? Remember this: *never judge* other people. What each person does or

doesn't do is *his* affair and has its own consequence. You have no right to condemn, because you are not perfect. I have often heard your judgments over people and heard *how little* you understood of the matter in question, and how in that moment you became overcast and everything beautiful and pure inside you began to wither. Try this for my sake, because I want to help you through this communication. Take it the way it is meant. Stay true to me, as you were in life and have been beyond, until the redemption of my spirit.

All yours, *Sigwart*