

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

September, October, 1916

September 4th, 1916

There are huge things happening now, but unfortunately I'm not allowed to say anything to you about them, and that is why I've been coming so seldom. It is the only reason. Also, I can no longer give you so many communications about Devachan, because it is too difficult to describe what I experience. You all wouldn't understand it anyway, and would only believe that you, dear Sister, hadn't heard my words correctly. And I do not want that. I only want to give you messages that are comprehensible to you. It *has* happened frequently in the past that I've said things you received properly but which appeared wrong nonetheless, since you couldn't grasp them.

September 13th, 1916

... Everything you just said is quite different than you imagine. This brief stretch of time that we lived together on earth does not matter; no, it is quite *different* things that matter then. The past will seem to you like a short and not very pleasant dream, since awakening from it and being able to go on living the True Life will put you in a state of bliss. Everything here is so beautiful that you will be happy not to have to dwell on the past – I mean your lives on earth, which after all is *always* a time of worry and sorrow.

That is why I said once before that I look forward not so much to our next incarnation together as to life and communion with you *here*. Just envisioning that time to come fills me with the greatest happiness.

September 14th, 1916

I, Sigwart, am speaking. You must *never* make any use of my communications by reading them to others, not even if you do not divulge that they are from me. That would do inestimable damage to our whole undertaking. I even fear our interaction with each other could be forbidden. Be careful and never leave the manuscripts lying around, as the very glance cast on them by unauthorized persons is highly dangerous. Let that be a warning to you.

Later:

I heard very well what your conversations were about. I didn't only hear the intellectual content, because I now see and *feel* the thoughts within you.

Again the first thing I have to say to you is: *be calm!* Infinitely much is yet to happen before the final chords are struck. After such enormous struggling, no quiet ending is possible. No, it will come like thunder from heaven and with the force of the eternally existent. That is how peace will enter; not with the mildness of spring, but with the forceful impact of a hurricane. You have to and are allowed to know this, so that you don't make a false image of it. But things aren't ready yet. ... Remain patient!

September 23rd, 1916

I have heard quite often how bewildered you are that I haven't told you anything more about this place for quite a while... Let me explain this to you. What interests me here is so totally different than anything having to do with life on earth. This heaven is so transfigured and so free of everything connected with the earth that I often have no idea where to begin telling you about it. There is so much that I experience here and it is so indescribably wonderful that I could tell you about it all day. But when I say to you that I oscillate in thousand-fold resonating, thousand-fold radiating and thousand-fold color sparkling ether, that isn't enough for you! You want images that resemble your current life somewhat. *And there are none.* I would also gladly give you an account of what I create, but it would tell you too little. Pressed into words, the power of what I experience diminishes to such extent that it would be almost unfair to attempt an explanation of it. I would sense such attempts as an indignity, since it would be a mutilation of the highest, most exalted, even divine events. Does that make sense to you?!

I *would* be glad to resume communications with you and tell you about all that can *make sense* to you. But then *all* of you must *always hear about it, because I am writing for all of you, not just one of you alone.*

Always in the same love, your
Sigwart

October 5th, 1916

I, Sigwart, want to say a few things to you today:

The war in the spiritual sphere has now died out in an eventful way. This has been perhaps the most significant event of the whole time.

The great folk spirits have come to an agreement. *Consonance* and unity hold sway between them as never before. However, the implementation of their intentions is not quite complete. Each spirit now wants to conduct the best spiritual portion to its people. But the folk spirit of the people who instigated the war and proceeded in a strictly self-centered manner is *not* in consonance with *its* realm. It demands much, but it receives too little. These are the things yet to be expected.

If you only had an inkling of what it looks like here at this time! The *whole* earth is enveloped in different colors, surrounded by different forces.

Graced by God is he who is permitted to behold these processes. I am one such person and am grateful for my so-called heroic death. The gates stand open for you, the holy gates of the higher spheres! Stay true to your task! Guard your earnest striving like a holy treasure, so that one time the spiritual worlds will include you in their peace. The insights you receive from my world are worth more than even the most beautiful thing the earth could give you.

With loving greetings from my heavenly world, your
Sigwart

October 9th, 1916

I, Sigwart, want to try to give you a larger communication again today:

I am passing through a period of the greatest enjoyment and am giving myself over entirely to the streams rushing around me. Rejoicing, I mingle with them all, because I am "I", stable, certain, and no longer wavering. Gaze into a golden evening sky containing all

there is in the way of the finest color pageantry and steadily re-shaping itself to new and life-filled images. This process of the blending of constantly changing images resembles my entry into the eternally new world of currents, which can put one in a state of bliss through the very glory of its colors. I also perceive all the worlds of tone, which begin to oscillate of their own accord when this commingling starts. This is the highest joy for me, musician that I still am, since I reach out much further with my feelings than most others. For me everything oscillates doubly and trebly. At times it is even an amplification of all tonal groups; there is no way you can imagine it. This is the creation around us, the independent creating, and everything from before appears negligible in comparison. But even this belongs to of the realm of the gods and has been called to life by them.

I am not advanced enough to be able to explain this to you; I only want to give you an image of how I hover, spread myself out and oscillate in the art that permeates everything here. Here, I am not just a musician; rather, I am a painter, creator of every possible fantasy, intoner, narrator, resounder and distributor of these currents that are near me, are of one nature with me, and walk the same paths as I.

This is living, loving.
Through our own activity
we drift into the arms of the light;
through our own flowing
we flow together
and as it drenches everything
with its blessing and healing freshness
the flowing lifts itself out of its own course,
rushes from the mountain top far down into the valley,
and you will help in the same measure as I do.
Except that my paths roll deeper,
having advanced deeply
into the wisdom of the spheres,
while your helping is still intended for the earth
and the people whose paths you cross there.

I must close; you are no longer able to receive properly.
Sigwart

October 23rd, 1916

In *this room* I experienced a very great deal, which I find here once more. But it is something different if, after having shed one's earthly garment, one roams through the rooms in which one once lived. If I want to, I can now feel through you every individual thought I had here. I wasn't able to do that before.

And this is why I now quite strongly feel you here too, sister, who has fought and suffered much. Thank God all that has now been overcome and the sublime, sacred feelings are stronger than the pain. How deep the love is that I feel for you. you have the right to consider me entirely *yours*, because that is what I am. You have proven to me that your love is stronger than death; that is why you will always be entitled to me. You attained that in hour hours of tribulation when it seemed to you as if the sun had met its demise. In these

dark days you were allowed to don the most beautiful garment, the garment of faith in eternity.

October 15th, 1916

I feel that sometimes you still make too false an image of me. But let me reassure you: even from this sphere I can quite consciously feel everything around you and everything that gives you happiness. Whenever I come to you, I come as a *human being*, that is, with the interest of a human being like I once was when I dwelt visibly among you. I've been wanting to say that to you for quite some time now.

If I am with you and you feel something that amuses you, for instance, I feel the exact same thing as you. Bear in mind that I feel joy along with you and see everything that enriches you in the way of exalted feelings. In this way I am still just the way I was before.

Sigwart

October 26th, 1916

I, Sigwart, want to tell you today about what thrones above you, about the stars in heaven, the luminous firmament, the queen who reigns in the night; about the stars, which appear to you as glittering points on heaven's mantle of night. Those stars up there are *worlds*, worlds at different levels of development; we have all met on them often. We need *them* for the development of our selves; they were created in order to conduct the spiritual beings we once were back on to the path we once set out on. You worlds existing from the very beginning, who were once our home! Worlds that remain veiled to us until the mists recede and we can once again make use of our wings!

Thus have I seen them again, these worlds, all of them, at whose sight you are at a loss. Like an open book they lie before me: the stars, to whom your yearning at night is a serenade.

Thus in this way you may think of the stars not with the naïve acceptance of a child, but rather as sages who understand more and more what lives and weaves around them.

October 27th, 1916

Now it is starting to resonate around you in a thousand tones, tones that are the strongest link between you and my world. Let yourselves be borne to me on these tones' vibrating force.

When I said to you one time that everything around you is becoming light, I had no idea just how far the connection could be established between my realm and your earthly realm. Now I've found out! Barriers have been exceeded by us, which stands above everything else as a big exception. Just feel how I stand with you unhindered, how I whisper to each of you, how you, observing silence, listen to me, how you understand me. You always followed my instructions lovingly. That was good, because it was through this love, which adapted itself to me and was so devoted to me, that you became so great.

I know how you are beset by the worries of everyday life. Often, I want to guide you to me, in order to free you for an hour or two from all those minor troubles, most of which you

yourselves have created. Then I will guide you out of all the murkiness toward the light flowing around us so brightly. Here you see that you yourselves create even the smallest of your woes, thus making your lives even harder than they already are. Therefore, pray for the mild glow of the higher worlds to ensoul you; don't place value on things that are worthless! *Look further*, look at me; I am reaching out my hands to you and showing you where serene silence holds sway.

Ponder on that, and I will be happy.

Your *Sigwart*

October 30th, 1916

[While listening to one of his compositions, "Euripides".]

What good it does me when you summon me to the hour when tones connect us. I come gladly, so that I can give you strength from my heaven. Do not forget that created works last forever, and that the threads that once tied the work together with heaven when I created it on earth –I enabled *you* to feel them, so that you might sense how closely fused I was with *this* heaven, which is the homeland of the highest of powers.

I was permitted to give you some of what ensouled me when I was creatively active, active with the insight of the *most holy* force, which drew me upward. It was always exalted, holy motives that ensouled me in the process.

It was of *Thee* that I wanted to sing, *Thee*, Godhead, who resteth in everything. I was drawn unconsciously to Thee, heaven that I now inhabit, Thou heaven, who as I was *truly* creating allowed me to divine how magnificent Thou art, Thou goal of all longing. Thou heaven, who showed me that it was grace to renounce the long earthly path early on. The chains that pulled me to Thee were stronger than the bonds that fettered me to the earth.

Feel what *I* sense when I now fathom fully the process of my creating, how all at once the work once created lies at my feet as a palpable and splendid spirit child. Love this child as I did when I was destined to awaken it.

May worry and sorrow never fill your souls at the sound of my world! No, my dears, may you immerse yourselves fully into the tones in order to find me there! This is my heart's desire.