

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

June 13th - October 30th, 1917

June 13th, 1917

A lot has happened since I last wrote. A period of time has passed that was very important both for you and for me. I have created and experienced significant things. The first phase of Devachan is behind me, and I am now entering a second phase, one richer and more filled with divine essence.

These differences say little to you, but I wanted to tell you about them anyway, so you can continue to accompany me on the path of my development. Our connection remains the same as it was before; I will not be taken from you.

July 15th, 1917

Lately I have spent a lot of time in the distant past. There was quite a bit there I had to relive that was more withdrawn from my thought world. I relived in a particularly strong way everything having to do with artistic thoughts I once created, even ones of the most primitive kind. All these creations were levels of development I concluded while I was united with you in this last incarnation of mine, in which work I did ages ago was now bundled to form the one even greater talent. *Nothing* was lost of all I once willed and created! It must also fill *you* with joy that every one of your own works is a fragment for eternity. That is how you must regard *everything*, no matter the field it belongs to. Everything must always be followed through with great sacrifice and tenacious energy, so that it can bear the pure blossoms of a sincere willing striving to transcend itself.

Doing this, we unite the attainments of the old with the lofty aspirations of the new, for what we have achieved in the past makes what is to come a reality, and all this reality lacks is the force of life.

July 17th, 1917

I, Sigwart, am among you and I heard you praying together. That pleased me, because the way you pray now is vastly different than before. When I first saw you from here, I sensed that you no longer prayed right, and I felt very badly about it. After all, I knew what great power lies in proper prayer. Now you have found it out for yourselves, and that is your good fortune and mine. Don't believe for a moment if your lives are strewn with roses, that you are exalted by all this splendor. No, we only want roses when we have first picked off the thorns ourselves. So do not take gifts that seem ever so beautiful and titillating. Bend down and take a closer look. There is always something looking out at us from given glory whose own proper being is the suffering we in turn have to remove ourselves. You do this much too seldom...

In faithful love,

Sigwart

October 4th, 1917

I, Sigwart, am among you.

What an exhilarating hour when I can enfold myself in the substance of your midst and thus make you able to feel me. This substance is woven of your fluids, which *you* needed to

give to me for me to be able to connect with you. This hour is like a miniature incarnation for me. Now I am among you with this finely-spun substance that came from you, substance very dear and close to me, similar to the substance I had when I lived with you on earth. This is why you mustn't say I left you. I never separate from you entirely – how could I do that? Love, after all, is all that exists eternally. Thus I am in your midst, enwoven in your thoughts, garbed in the splendid streams you have sent me...

How gladly I always come to you, but when I do you must have time on your hands, as the process of my enraiment is not a swift one.

Now I clothe myself once again in the mantle of *my* world and thank you for your devotion.

October 7th, 1917

You are now listening to the tones I created while on earth. They hover to me to receive me, their creator. What I sought to embody in these tones was the holiness that held sway over me and that I revered with ardent longing and yearning. It filled me with awe to know that it had been given me to reproduce what flashes as an inkling through the human being beholding the most exalted, and to do so in the form of musical harmonies. Homeland of my longing, which I have finally found after times of tribulation! Do you know, though, just *how* happy I am? There is no way you can, because you would no longer feel suffering if you could. Happiness of this kind rays out, communicates itself, drenches everyone grown so close to one.

Hovering, I hold your emanation and embrace everything wanting to flow to me from the deepest veneration of your deepest hearts.

Slowly I take your hands and join them together, so that you continue to follow me, enwoven as I am in the radiant substance of the Devachanic world, which admits love only – and never anything but love!

Don't you hear me speaking to you softly, ever so softly out of the tones I create? Take them as a salutation, as my speech resounding into your hearts and wanting to guide you upward for brief moments into a higher world.

Let this speech of mine resound often, this language of the intoning harmonies.

To conclude, I now want to tell you about myself, according to your wish. Listen, then:

The world that has now become heaven and homeland to me consists of seven steps. Each of these steps in turn has its sub-steps, which include everything one needs for the attainment of a higher level. There is a so-called trial stage, which is necessary prior to gaining entry to the respective larger step. These are usually omitted for me, because rather than indulging in the consciousness-less, all-forgetting bliss, I always have interims of thinking and researching. This is why I am able to glide consciously from one sphere into the next. More on that later.

Your Sigwart

... October, 1917

I heard your singing, I took it in, the lovely sounds of your voices, which found their way to me and enveloped me. This time not as an iron vestment, but like a cloak woven of the finest material, spun of shimmering, luminous gold. I thank you. I enwrapped myself in the waves of the tones I created back when I still dwelt among you, when I was still young in earth

years but nevertheless felt the maturity of the heaven that one day would open its gates to me. It was a pleasure for me greater than you can imagine.

It was like a prayer that found its way from you to me, and I received it in deepest reverence and consecration.

Is there anything more precious than our joint art, our lives, which have been formed exclusively by our common feeling, thinking and creating and have been lived as One these many past years.

Art, holy art, you ensouled us all, occasioning us all to sense the same thing. You closed around us so tightly that we never let go of each other. Whether this existence of ours took place on the earth or in the heavenly world, it was all the same. The only separations we had were minor ones, such as presently.

What does this separation mean against the reunification to come? Is it worth grieving over and worrying about, rather than striving, developing, progressing in everything that comes to meet us on earth? Is not every painful thought much rather a crime against oneself?

Be in good spirits, as we always were when we were together, and keep watch over this bond as if it were a jewel. Do not disturb it through useless mourning. Bear in mind that it is a sacred union requiring you to overcome and discipline your feelings. Then our ascent will be a joint one. Otherwise, the time could come when we are separated.

If this *should* happen to us for a brief period of time, it will only be if circumstance requires it, and if a corresponding law asserts its fulfillment. But I know that this will only happen once the bond connecting us has been firmly forged. And then... then you will no longer need me!

Raise yourselves up. Speak the language of my world. This I beg of you.

Your Sigwart

Mid-October, 1917

There are infrequent moments of uplifting that even you experience from time to time, and if during these moments you imagine heavenly bliss, your divining draws near the truth. Nevertheless, I must say that there are no words, there is no state of being on earth that could even come close to comparing with genuine heavenly bliss. Anyone who has ever had a taste of the bliss of Devachanic heaven knows what happiness – limitless happiness – is! To him or her the earth appears as a wretched valley of lamentation.

Now you are parting from one another. For me there *are* no more partings. This in itself is a feeling that imbues one with bliss – no separation! I want to go on helping you – each of you in his own way. You stay together, too – come what may!

Sigwart

October 21st, 1917

I have experienced things today that I would like to tell you about:

The festive round dance of heavenly unifications that we “Brothers of the Light” were granted to witness. These are large gatherings of exalted beings not belonging to our sphere. Here we call unifications of this kind “Unifications of the Children of God”, while we are called “Sons of the Light”. I can only hint at some of these things for you. They are currents

of such indescribably subtle nuance and effecting only the very most delicate spiritual organs, that a description is out of the question, and could hardly satisfy you anyway. Just think of the most beautiful and holiest sensation you can imagine, then multiply it a thousandfold, and you will at least have a slight notion of the effect this kind of “festival” has on us.

I would gladly go on telling you about this place, but I see you are too tired and no longer able to take it in.

I send you my world’s most luminous salutations.

Your Sigwart

October 30th, 1917

Advice to a friend who a few days prior had asked Sigwart about her mother.

Today I can tell you about your mother. I saw her. I told her about our work together and want to go on initiating her into everything that gives our circle a sense of fulfillment. Because that will be of infinite help to her, too.

You have brought with you special abilities to process the great things that come to meet you; thus you are in turn obliged to pass these things on.

Help your mother as much as you can! She has grasped all too little of the wisdom that holds sway here. Nevertheless, she is not suffering one bit. She is quietly submitting, as she was in life. She holds especially firmly to you, drawn as she is to your spiritual interests.

I am glad to help her to the degree permitted me, because she is the very personification of goodness, and I can affirm with nearly complete certainty that with the help we give her we will soon have her spiritual eyes open. For although she still lacks the deeper beholding, she has an abundance of the most important thing, which is love, self-sacrificing love.

I want to give you one more piece of advice for your mother: Every evening when you go to sleep, make a resolution to impart some of your knowledge to her that night, each night a different topic. That way, you will be able gradually to pass on to her all that you know.

But you should always bear in mind that there is only a point to knowledge if one has first purified one’s character and overcome everything having to do with base character traits. *First* develop love, humility and faith, then knowledge. Knowledge always comes in *second place only!*

Have faith in what I have told you today.

Adieu, believe in my love.

I, your *Sigwart*, send it to you.