

# **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**

Excerpt from Part 3

Translation: Joseph Bailey

## Content

December 9 <sup>th</sup> 1917 - March, 1918.....	1
--	---

### December 9<sup>th</sup>, 1917

You must never forget: physical death is only a short separation, under which we do not suffer. On the contrary, for us there will never again be any separation. Even for you, our separation exists only in your imagination. After all, a change that is perceived on the one side only is not a real one. Unfortunately, though, as long as we are on the earth, we are not all in a position to conceive of this. Let's hope for the incarnations to come! Then, physical death will no longer impinge on us in a painful way.

All of us have learnt a lot in this life, and awareness of it can make you happy.

Think of me, who dwells in your midst.

*Sigwart*

### December 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1917

Today we stand before the portals of the holy festival of Christmas. It is on precisely this occasion, the festival of joy, that I want to tell you about this place again. I have kept my word always to spend this day with you. I share your joy and give you certain currents from my world without you knowing where they come from. These are my little joys whenever I can help you see life from its brightest and most luminous side.

Life is beautiful; but only if one understands it, knows how to take it up, and how to see it. Then it can truly be beautiful indeed. I wanted to say this to you so that you might begin to love your life as well, but with a love that knows that we have to live, if we want at all times and in all places to go on striving and learning. Don't stand still, no matter what; that is a big loss of time. Always think: time is flowing away, and I must make it to my goal while I am still here.

Life here and over there is nothing but a rolling sequence of earthly time. So always try to make clear to yourselves that you must compensate every one of your deeds.

### December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1917

I want to tell you again about what ensouls me, about what my heart and my spirit have taken in during the wonderful hours you call Christmas.

The world has taken on a new face; the world is no longer suffering, because everything has donned festive apparel. The human eye's gaze is milder; even the hardest of hearts has felt at least a shimmer of love in its cold interior. This is how we see these days, the days of

the Christmas celebration, from our world, and to crown them we observe our own celebrations, which bestow great joy on us. These festivals – actually, this worldly word is an absolutely ill-suited expression, but what other one is there? – are richer from year to year and from year to year more fervent, so that it seems almost impossible for me to describe them.

Today I stand at the level of finest sensitivity, where no deception in understanding can take place. I have gone through all the schools here and have arrived in the quiet, giant world that emanates thoughts of peace, the streams of which flow down with inconceivable heavenly power, fructifying the earth with the germ of the Redeemer, who opens His arms to you in helping love.

Thus this Christmas is a festival of peace. It is just this time when most hearts beat toward the Redeemer. He needs hearts, hearts to help Him complete His grand task. You too have been a part of this task since you began collaborating on the great work of charity. The holy night of Christmas Eve and the entire Christmastide is the most fertile field for the new sowing. And that is why He chose it.

These are the mighty tidings I have brought you for these days of Christmas. That is what it looks like here this Christmas Day, and I was allowed to communicate it to you, since you belong to us.

I, your Sigwart, for whom Christ's love was the most beautiful Christmas gift this year, am unspeakably happy and send each single one of you my love, too, as a Christmas gift.

Later.

The spiritual body I now bear is so intensely oriented toward the finest of feeling that I react to every one of your calls like the most delicate of strings that resonates whenever so much as a breath touches it. Thus nothing of your deepest sensation is lost to me, because it is identical to my state of being. The feeling is the same. However, I only seldom notice this elevation on your part anymore. Not that I want to demand the impossible of you; you live, after all, in the middle of the world, and all its unrest, its hecticness, its striving, its dejection leave you only few opportunities to entertain the most exalted feelings!

Now that I have completed my difficult tasks, I can once more live for myself, and will dedicate myself to my beloved music. I want to bring hymns to life, which I intend to ensoul with my great love of justice, purity, and truth. They must through the power of my feeling become so strong that they unite as if by storm with the good currents fighting for the righteous cause. That is truly a magnificent task!

Even though much of what I tell you must sound strange and distant, in truth it is the same here as where you are; only it has a different dimension. It becomes much mightier, since here there is no matter and nothing is bound to space. I work as I did while living on earth, only in different media.

In love, your *Sigwart*

January 9th, 1918

Tomorrow is my birthday, the day that you celebrate. You are allowed to celebrate it, too, because it was the day you took me into your earthly circle once more for the continuation of our great task, which had begun long before we re-formed our circle. As I had said earlier, there had been a long-standing community among us, hence our inner connection with each other. Gradually the direction of this community is also taking an increasingly earnest course.

I, Sigwart, am with you, and celebrate here as well the day of my descent into the new, so enriching school, as we call each earth incarnation here.

January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1918

I am so grateful to you whenever, instead of mourning for me, you help me by always considering me to be dwelling among you. That way you live in constant community with me. Let the years pass – they cannot separate us.

What are years? What are epochs? Nothing but concepts! But what is love! Love is what thrones over the eons and cannot be shaken by anything.

There are two concepts I would like to awaken within you, for through them everything will seem easier all of a sudden. The first one is the concept of the eternal, the second that of what has already existed. If you call this forth deep inside you, every agitation, every pain, every anxiety – including those caused by separation – falls away.

What worry need it cause you if you lose today; tomorrow you will win again, that is the way it is with all the worries you constantly create for yourselves. *All* of them are superfluous, even harmful. For they hamper you in your deep receptivity and your progress. I entreat you from the bottom of my heart, do not worry all the time; try to think of everything destiny brings you as kind and beneficent...

February 16<sup>th</sup>, 1918

I am here, your Sigwart. It has been so long since I came, but you mustn't believe because of that that I am ever absent from you. No, my dear ones, I still take the liveliest part in your lives, in short in everything you are filled with, whether these things are bound up with worldly or with exclusively spiritual matters. After all, all of you still have obligations on earth, otherwise you would have been called away long ago; and it goes without saying that I am interested in these obligations of yours, just as I was formerly interested in your lives.

I know that lately trifling doubts have cropped up in some of you again, but that does no harm, as these doubts are not really you. All that is what adheres to every one of us owing to generations of upbringing, but it doesn't even touch the real core. How often you yourselves say that to me when we are together during our sleep. You admit to it and ask me not to be angry with you when you are often unable to master your doubting thoughts in your waking lives. You see, that is how I construe the situation, and that is why it does not hinder me from carrying on with your spiritual development.

I have new plans prepared for you, but I can only talk about them once I have made sure you are sufficiently mature for them. You see from this that I follow exactly the development and the life of each one of you, even though by your standards I am no longer as close to you as I was at the very beginning. It is only now that I actually *really* know you, for the part of you I loved while I was alive on earth was so strongly enveloped in matter that I didn't even really know what it was that I loved about you. That is different now. I now see you the way you truly are. You cannot hide anything from me. No, my dears: your lives lie before me like an open book, and I know *who* you are. How beautiful, how magnificent it is when one can take in everything with a single glance, all the while with the elated certainty that there is no longer any separation between us, that our lives are a chain of different epochs of existence on earth and in heaven; heavenly epochs, that is, inasmuch as you free yourselves at night. After all, over against your earth consciousness this is a heavenly state of being, notwithstanding the earthly fetters you still wear.

March, 1918

I, Sigwart, want today to give you a communication after a longer pause. How much lies between the last time and today! You have no idea of all that we experience, indulge in and behold in such a span of time, while your life continues at its usual pace under the burden of earthbound existence.

If I could only provide you with a single look into this present world of mine, your grasp of life on earth after this one brief moment would be completely different. I am not allowed to do so. You must carry on encumbered by sorrow and worry, and nothing save the assurance of this heaven can help you over it. You must never forget that! You too have great shortcomings to overcome; how could it be otherwise? That is why I cannot leave you yet. You still need me; we still haven't found a mode of working together that would enable you immediately to come to terms without me and my communications. Something must be accomplished first. That's why I beg you: start once again to bear our work together more in mind, consider that together we want to accomplish great things, remember that I too exerted the very greatest effort to tell you what it would take to get you over a very high mountain. Think back think on the early times when you helped me jubilantly with everything, and remember that you can still help me now by raising yourselves up fully, at least *sometimes*! We need this mood for our great labor, for our togetherness. That is what I would like to tell you today, with a fervent greeting from a world that appears so far from you but is so near.

Greetings to all the dear ones who belong to me, your *Sigwart*