

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 (January 11th 1917 - September 28th, 1919)

Translation: Joseph Bailey

Content

Excerpt from Part 3: April 8th 1918 - August 3rd, 19181

April 8th, 1918

I am with you. How happy I am to still be permitted to be in direct contact with you without it holding me back, as you had feared and as should normally be the case.

A time of trial lies behind us that preoccupied me quite a bit. I may continue to communicate with you and to be your teacher, but I had to promise much and take a lot upon myself. That is why I have to warn you once more today and say: Take your prayers and meditations more seriously! I have assumed responsibility for you, I must bear the consequences. I asked for it, and I vouch for it.

I am aware that *all* of you have had to endure times that made the execution of your spiritual work very hard for you. But that is over now! Now the time is returning for you to elevate yourselves. Everything disruptive will submit before the might of the great, indestructible, all-permeating faith, which is deeper than any of you know, which permeates your being.

From now on in, you need to begin your day with the conviction: "We have something great to fulfill. We want to listen to what our inner voice tells us." This voice knows more than the human voice. The latter would lead you off the path shown me to free you from the dark atmosphere of the destructive, earthbound concepts that burden people and hold them back from their tasks. All that has been taken away from you, which is why you must hold fast to what is given you and not give it up, come what may.

Believe me, because as true it is that a God lives and watches over us, I am the one allowed to communicate all this to you.

April 25th, 1918

I, Sigwart, am speaking to you. But you need to concentrate harder on my communication; otherwise the process of transmission will be too difficult for me. I know you have obligations toward people who want nothing to do with any belief in the beyond. I want to give you some suggestions for that. I am always willing to help you when it comes to convincing others of an afterlife. But don't put too high hopes on always being successful. In just this field one encounters the hardest resistance.

Help where you can and don't give in. You in particular have taken on great strength through your connection with me, and you impart it to the others, even when you observe silence. Unfortunately, words are a feeble substitute for a quite different language, which we speak and understand. This is the way you should speak too, soul to soul, spirit to spirit.

May 9th, 1918

Today, the anniversary of the day I was wounded, I, Sigwart, am allowed to tell you something of great meaning:

When I was shot in the lung three years ago, my first opinion was that it was a heavy blow for me. But then I was able to make out a man who said the following to me:

"You needn't despair! I have come to tell you that you still have great tasks to perform. Maintain your composure; receive everything as a gift from God."

I didn't understand him at the time; that is, I thought I was dreaming, as I had lost my senses because of the wound. But when I pondered on the matter some more, I occurred to

me that the man was not at all dressed the way we are. He had been wearing a different costume and seemed so jarringly earnest.

It was not until much later, once I had woken up completely, that this encounter seemed like a dream to me. I only thought about it infrequently as long as I was still bedridden, because everything was distant from me that had nothing directly to do with either you or home. All my thinking was filled by you and the strongest wish to see you all once more in my homeland, and soon. That was why I chased away all my cloudy thoughts, because I only wanted to think joyous thoughts of the future.

But one day the same man appeared *at my place*, in my little room, and greeted me. I was thoroughly convinced that he was made of flesh and blood and was a human being like any other. He spoke to me of many things, you included, and inquired precisely as to whether it was my great wish to return home. I answered yes, of course, and then he said, in a remarkable tone of voice: "But I have to inform you that you still have great things to accomplish, and that is why you mustn't always think only of returning home to your loved ones. You have bigger tasks!"

Not understanding him, I associated everything he was saying with earthly circumstances and with the strange feeling that had surfaced in me so often that I had *something great* to carry out.

And this task was the one I have concerning you – *our circle*!

Isn't it odd that even before I shed my earthly garment the apparition of this man (for mere apparition it was) predicted to me that I had great things to accomplish?

I wanted to tell you this on this day that commemorates the first time I heard of our gladdening bond – even if I didn't understand it the time.

I believe it will cheer you, because it will prove to you once more how extraordinary everything is that came of from my departure.

So let's all be grateful that through the *one* having been killed in action, our family was granted the opportunity to help the *others* in their further development.

That is the blessing of love!

June 2nd, 1918 (the anniversary of Sigwart's death)

I am with you and want to bless you today, this day that is so full of memories for us all. The years go by, and they carry more and more precious things that connect your lives with ours. They are not empty, these years, no; they are valuable for you and me alike, because as they pass the circles close ever more tightly, and ever more gates open to make your view into our realm here all the clearer.

What are years? Segments of development for you and me alike. And since we are pressing on to a common goal, we are coming closer and closer to each other as we progress.

We want to give you some pleasing news today, pleasing not to you alone, but for everyone who belongs to us.

The time of the summer solstice has begun. The great call that will permeate all living things is resounding from the highest peaks. It is the call of *unity*! Do you know what that is? It is the most magnificent peace, which bears the name unity. It is the union of the conscious in the human being and the non-conscious asleep in him, the union of joint willing under the guidance of uniform powers.

And so we too are One with you who still walk around in earthly garments. And not just our personal relationship has been heightened; no: humanity as a whole has – whether aware or unconsciously – raised itself to a new level at which its development is now to take

place in a new context. Humanity on earth has now put a developmental phase behind itself. Look cheerfully into the future – it belongs to you, because you carry the victory in your hearts! And I have prevailed with you. Have we not vanquished death? Ours is love, eternally strong love that knows no gloominess, because it holds the bond connecting life with eternity.

I reach my hands out to you as a sign of the eternal bond of peace that watches over us.

Your *Sigwart*

Later. June 8th, 1918

Our circle was not created for this world, but for another. That is why it is as significant as it is. It is consequently *purely spiritual*. This is how we construe it, all of us who belong to it – and this is how you as well must comprehend it. I consent to your telling about me to others who believe and people who can be helped by it. That is the way it should be! Our circle *is supposed to grow!*

But there's one thing I still want to tell you, so that all of you know that every new admission into our circle must be duly considered. Because whoever declares him or herself willing to take part is included in the circle and thus also in the stream of life just as you are, never again to be separated from it.

It is a brotherhood in the true sense of the word; it is a force that rests as a blessing on whoever belongs to it. The more strongly all of them are permeated with it, the stronger they will sense it.

Tell it to everyone you take up into our circle that I am enthralled to be able to count them as ours and that I am also *their* brother.

All yours, *Sigwart*

June 9th, 1918

Once more I have gone through many different phases of late, and am over and over filled with admiration for the manifoldness of the worlds that lie within and interpenetrate one another, but still do not touch. It is all so beautiful, so god-filled, no matter where one turns one's gaze. Everything except the physically condensed state of the beings currently compelled to undergo development on earth. Seen from here, this state is the most difficult one, because it involves so much suffering. If despite it all you neither become tired of living nor complain about life, but rather take hold of it and shape it as beautifully as ever you can, that is great wisdom, and you stand above it all.

I greet you from the homeland, Your *Sigwart*

July 17th, 1918

I am pleased about every one of my brothers who comes to our circle.

It is entirely up to the will of the individual to do, or not to do the meditations. Each person must feel for himself whether he needs this help or not. It is in no way coercion.

A great work is to arise out of the love that was strong enough to overcome death.

Everyone contributes building stones out of his own strength. The one person adds large ones, the other small ones – small stones are needed in the building, as well.

But when the dome will once form its arc and I have my entry with you into the world we have created, that moment will be mighty and shaking. Not only will we find ourselves again, no: we will find every thought, every action that served the construction.

Trumpets will resound as they did when I held my entry into this realm of light. Your works will hail you, you will be carried aloft by their force to the steps of the altar of the Godhead.

I can sense that you are no longer able to follow.

I greet you, Your *Sigwart*

August 3rd, 1918

Finally another cheerful hour with you and thus connected with you all. I wanted to come to you other times before this, but you were surrounded by too great an unrest. I know that you don't have it easy, dear sister. But why despair? Is that in keeping with your dignity, who have shown greatness and not let anything bring you out of balance? No, it can't go on like this! From this day on you are up to everything that crosses your path as insurmountable. You must believe in your strength, otherwise you will lose it. I gave you this strength. You mustn't forget that, not even in times when you think you have been defeated.

God with us all,

Sigwart