

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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Words to Accompany Sigwart's Communications

Sigwart! For long years we guarded your legacy, in anxious concern that the ignorance of callous thinking should not disturb the tender strands uniting us with you, our brother. Now, in a time when many arms reach out to your worlds in bitter need, may your words sound forth to others as well, as comfort and hope.

We too believed back then when you were torn from us and from your glad flurry of artistic activity that we would never be able to laugh again. Too deep was the rent in our ardent companionship. But your strong force of soul and our love, purged in suffering, overcame all obstacles. Out of widths of worlds, beyond space and time, your words resounded in our hearts, at first faintly, then ever more clearly.

We did not force you down to us in ghost-like nocturnal seances; no, in light and sun you came to us freely and called on those souls capable of taking in your words with clear spirit and lucid consciousness.

In this way we took part in the life of your spirit. Your love built the bridge of light across which we came to meet you.

May your words now resound in other souls and give them the certainty that there is a fervent bond uniting us on Earth with the departed and their world.

Those who humbly seek and bow down in reverence may themselves hear the silent call one day, coming toward them lovingly from the other side.

Whitsun, 1950

Marie and Lycki

Part 1: Communications July 28th – September 29th, 1915

July 28th, 1915

I myself am speaking, I, your brother Sigwart, who loves you, who is around you, who is so closely joined with all of you.

You all must not mourn any longer; it is so anguishing for me. You need to make yourselves free of painful thoughts. You always were my brothers and sisters, and we always will be.

I see you have now grasped and received everything correctly. Now nothing more can separate us all. Tell that to our brothers and sisters, tell it to our parents, whom I thank for everything.

You must become the mediator; after long struggles I have attained this. I wanted it even at the beginning, but you did not react.

Through the great love and reason on your parts, I am getting ever closer to all of you. You will all find a joyous sense of fulfillment, because through me you will be able to progress and learn a great deal; after all, I also died for your sakes, in order to communicate the teachings of the spirit to you.

July 29th, 1915

I am now very content with you all. In the beginning, your pain tormented me. Then I made the greatest of efforts to make you able to feel me. Now it is better.

How easy dying is. I am not permitted to tell you everything, but I am doing very well, and you must think of me as a figure of light that no longer has any suffering to bear.

I occasioned my own death, because I have much bigger things to do here. You have no notion of these tasks; no, you haven't so much as an inkling of how beautiful, how grand, how consummate they are.

Hail to the one allowed to fulfill them!

Your body wants rest. Sleep as much as you can. In sleep, we two come together and help each other. Soon you will also know in waking. This is the first beginning.

If you all only knew the many beautiful things I have already experienced here. But I will show you all that myself once.

You are surrounded by inalterable laws compelling you to live your lives the way you yourselves have caused it. Everything is guided by the Almighty One, but you made your own destiny.

July 30th, 1915

Now none of you must doubt any longer. I have so much to tell you yet – why don't you believe firmly in me, in my closeness? I will hardly be able to stay in connection with you in this way for long, so take advantage of it as long as I, your brother Sigwart, speaks through you.

Do not think me unable to be happier with you now as your spiritual brother than I was before as a human being. I have not been changed; it's just that I no longer carry a physical body, that I now know much more and am filled with joyous contentment over being allowed to fulfill a great mission. But other than that I have remained fully the same as all of you know me. Now you no longer entertain any doubts, do you.

And now something more about the "other world," as you call it.

Everything is so much purer and clearer. I hadn't thought I would see it this way at the early stage. Thanks to my interest in the supersensible, I experienced no disappointments; on the contrary, I couldn't have imagined a more beautiful awakening. Everything was exerting its influence on me and right away I was aware of what had happened with me – and that was that I had stepped through the "portals of death," as is said quite correctly in your world.

I did suffer quite considerably at the end of my time on earth. The shedding of matter, though, takes place in a sleeping state. Awareness only returns gradually, and then the conscious partaking in freedom comes – provided one is not a novice in these things.

What good it does no longer to have a physical body!

But then the longing returns for the dear people one has left behind. One sees their mourning, and that is terrible! This was – and to a certain degree has remained – the only real agony for me. But now you know how I am doing and no longer have any grounds for mourning.

... Just now there came one such moment that tormented me. You look at my picture and think I am alive, because you see me bodily before you. Then suddenly you become aware of the reality, and your pain brings everything into turmoil once more. This is always a step backward for you.

For those connected by the bond of love that never ends, there is no more separation, not by life, not by death!

July 31st, 1915

The mental pictures you make of me are not right. I have not yet fully shed the sheath of the material world, hence the ease of interacting with you. Later it will be different, much more beautiful, more permeated with spirit, for I keep stripping off matter again and again. This might perhaps cause me not to be able to speak with you as easily as I do now, but you mustn't believe I am completely gone if this happens. I live with you through this band of love that ties us and, because I can now be *in* you, is much more intense than when I was alive. Hence our deeply felt contact. But I won't be able to make myself as evident to your feeling as now, where there are no barriers between us.

If you could only see what everything looks like here! A world that over against yours is the more correct, more true one, because in yours everything is illusion and human beings don't see each other as they really are. Here no one can delude himself about anything, because one sees through the people.

All this is so grand and sublime the moment one stands over here.

I now have a large overview, but I can by no means survey everything. The new environment has such a strong influence on me that the extent to which my spirit can actually penetrate everywhere is often unclear to me.

(a slight disturbance)

You must believe in your own power, otherwise the writing won't work on account of all the strong influences around you. You must discern exactly whenever something foreign crowds its way in. If you were only braver and more tranquil, there would be almost no more hindrances for me.

August 2nd, 1915

I now know more, I see farther than before; all the same, after shedding matter one is not all-knowing all at once! Great power lies within every human being, but how few know this power. I myself grasp only now how much I could have done on earth. How differently I would have developed if I had hearkened more to my inner being! I assimilated as much as I could from outside and sucked it up into myself like a bee, but I drew too seldom directly from inside myself. That was a mistake that caused me to miss out on a lot.

But I do not mean to complain. I am grateful to fate that it gave me so infinitely much in my short earthly life.

I can only be happy if you are, too. I go to the greatest of effort to further you along, and that is why you must feel my nearness as an incentive for striving higher.

God with you all, whom I love so.

August 4th, 1915

Today has been a big day for me! I have learned much, have advanced a degree further and was received back into a large community I belonged to earlier, but from which I had become estranged through my earthly life. It is in this community that I must accomplish the mission I often told you of even in my life on earth.

It concerns music! I have something to create that is higher than anything you understand as music.

Working here is totally different, much more intensive.

I am karmically very connected with you, sister. While I was on earth you felt it more strongly than I did.

On earth I was at times sad that some of you were left so cold about spiritual matters we discussed, because I was rock-solidly convinced of them. Only now that I have left you do you have the real inner wish to know what happens after death, what goes on with me. That is so understandable, but it is only too lamentable that we didn't speak much more with each other about all the spiritual things!

It would not be so strange and distant to some of you now. I feel how close we are, and it gets stronger the more deeply you enter into this direction. You have long lives ahead of you and more time to develop yourselves than I did.

It was only the last two years before my death that I immersed myself fully into the spiritual world, and now it is all standing me in good stead. I am so grateful I had these interests even then. What use is any learnedness if a person doesn't know what happens with him after he dies! If I were still on earth now, I would rather renounce all earthly knowledge than be deprived of the One Thing: belief in a future after death! That is the absolute most fundamental thought and the sole Truth; everything else is nothing compared to it.

I now follow your respective developments exactly so that I will know how to guide you one day when it is your turn.

August 5th and 6th, 1915

The battles in the spiritual world are much more intense than the war in yours, because here it is about destroying the spirit (the individual), whereas in your world only the body is destroyed.

At night, everything becomes quiet for you and active for us. Then we all have more time to help those who have died, who are now storming in to us by the thousands.

How filled with joy I was this afternoon. It was so beautiful with you.

I still live entirely as I did on earth, only I have more abilities than in my physical body. I see through many things, but I am a long way from knowing everything. I have a burning wish to progress, though. This wishing naturally helps a lot more here than on earth in a physical body, since one is much more capable of taking things in here. But otherwise one is still exactly the same as on earth. Whenever *you* discuss questions concerning the supersensible world with spiritually elevated persons, *I* profit and learn things from you that I don't hear about here. I cannot say very much to you about this myself, because I do not understand everything as yet. This is hard for you to understand, which is why I repeat it over and over. It is the biggest error to think that the human being is perfect when he has shed his body. Your conversations, for example today, have helped me *every bit* as much as they have you, yes, perhaps even more, because with my present senses I now grasp and take in things more swiftly, whereas the human brain often functions very slowly.

This is why you must comprehend that it fills me with happiness whenever you come together with such people as you did today, because then I too can learn a lot. Also, I am much closer to you during this time than in usual life when you busy yourselves with indifferent things.

How long I will stay at my current spiritual level, I do not know. But I don't believe it will be much longer.

Then I will climb out of my present body once more, similarly to the way you would strip off your physical bodies.

You surely want to know something about my life here: I live solely for the Great Task, about which I have told you often. The sacred music, which will be of great service to humanity.

My creating on earth was a small fragment of this. It will be something beautiful beyond measure, which permeates all spheres and resonates up into the highest regions. This requires a lot of strength and many great talents.

I felt that I had a great deal to create. This explains the calm with which I went off to war. I knew: it all lies in God's hand. Not for a moment did I feel regret. It had to be; it was my

destiny! I always had the feeling that I would not live to become old, but I was not less cheerful on this account; rather, I enjoyed life to the full, because I knew: everything is predetermined and I myself can do nothing to change it.

Still, I was surprised when my death actually set in, because at that moment I didn't believe it would. During the long period in which I was bedridden I had, after all, always made plans for the future, and my hope of returning home held me upright and gave me courage, in spite of the inner voice that said "Prepare yourself, you have to cross over."

I didn't properly believe it, but then suddenly I saw my life before me and I knew: now it is ending! The last minute was frightful, but only for a moment. And then it was over; that is, then the sleep of death came, which redeemed me from all the torments the body had to bear.

Unconsciously, I had made ready for my death: it was my good karma that I was allowed to remain in bed for three weeks after my being wounded, and slowly to release myself from my earthly sheath. How much worse it is for people who are dead immediately, for they cannot comprehend that they have died. Even I sometimes believed: "I am still alive," because at the beginning it is a completely similar state of being. But thank God I always immediately regained the awareness that I no longer had a physical body.

Now came the difficult task of consoling you and making clear to you that I am alive. That took a lot of time and strength, but you listened to me and in this way made it much easier for me. For this reason I thank you from my deepest soul! Never will I forget how you overcame yourselves for my sake. I will make this up to you one day! When you shed your bodies, I will come to help you. That will be a beautiful reunion! Hold fast to this; ever and again it must give you new strength that will help you over your mourning. Please do not doubt; rather, believe firmly that I go on living on your earth, only that you cannot see me and that I am doing much better because I no longer have my body to carry.

I want to give you a verse:

God created the sun
For the hail of humanity.
In us rests the great Sun of the Godhead.
All its rays make their way to heaven,
From whence they have come.
Within you lies the Godhead,
To seek it is your obligation.

Now we have spoken with each other undisturbed for a long time. It will and must get better and better, but you need to have a lot of rest and quiet, and mustn't have dealings with too many different sorts of people and matters, as these bring too great an unrest into your life, and then I cannot get through to you.

August 7th, 1915

It deeply shook and moved me when you all now read my communications to date, because I felt that you are now finally convinced it is me who is talking to you.

An unspeakable happiness trembles through me whenever I am near you in the awareness that you feel me.

Marie, my sister, I have been wanting to say something to you for a long time, and today I can, because you are in attendance. You helped me in the hour of my death. Your closeness was a great benefit to me. Without your help, dying would have been much more difficult for me. I didn't know you were spiritually so close to me. Why didn't we come closer when I was alive? You are too introverted, but now we are in close contact with each other and have become something for each other.

Brother, I see your spiritual progress exactly. When you work on yourself, it is as if out of a small pillar a great, indestructible temple building would develop.

That is your spiritual ego!

The band connecting us is much more intense than while I was alive, for I can now be in *you*. I surround you with my help and love and may protect you from odious things life always brings in its tow. Call me when you need me. Your task is large, but beautiful and sublime. Your path is brightened through the luminous love of the Christ teaching.

The feeling of gratitude toward you grows on and on, because I see you develop yourselves for my sake. I will once repay you for all this! That is my gratitude; this and the work that is slowly arising and which you must take hold of to its deepest depths.

August 8th, 1915

Today I can tell you what I am working on just now. It is a series of gigantic symphonies I have to create. The one is almost finished. You would be astounded if you could hear it, for this music is utterly different from anything I created on earth; only the keynote is the same. I have a total of seven symphonies to create, and then the smallest part of the great symphonic poem will be finished.

Of course many others are also at work on it, but I was given something very special to do: I have, as it were, the senior supervision, along with two other masters. Everything was prepared for me. This was also the reason for my early death.

Do you understand now that I am happy to be allowed to do this? The chief purpose is to conduct the attitude on earth onto a different course. This music is distributed into the most diverse spheres surrounding your world, and its influence is enormous. Perhaps you cannot properly comprehend that humanity is to become more inspirited through music, but *it* is so. Music is the highest art; it alone can have an indirect influence on a person. He neither knows nor hears anything of it, since his earthly environment fills him entirely, and yet he must listen to this voice all the same.

That is us, *our work!*

You will sense this once you have advanced a few steps further. You cannot hear it yet, but that will happen after your death. I have received permission to play the work for you then. Actually, that is an exception, because all these great creations may only be performed as a means to an end.

Every day I can speak about new topics with you, and gradually the work is coming about that is "my gift" to you from this world.

There was a presentation today, in which I participated. I was the sun-hero! A magnificent ceremony, grand beyond all measure. There were wonderful confluences, meltings-together of colors and tones. This blending evokes a tremendous effect and is so beautiful and

consummate that one feels and plays along in the highest ecstasy – this sounds unlikely, but it is true.

Every thought that pertains to me gets through to me. That is so beautiful. Even if sometimes I am far away from you, one of these thoughts comes flying toward me like a tender, loving greeting from the physical world.

How grand and splendid everything is if one has been permitted to cast a few glances into the higher spheres. That spurs one on so, and the wish to progress then becomes giant and strong.

We all have a certain course to run, so the question is if we know which way we are supposed to go, this one or that. And so we must strive to find out ourselves which is the right one. If we take the wrong one, which often happens, what awaits us in the beyond is not, say, a punishment or a reward, depending on how we have lived our lives; rather, we must go the path of renunciation, because we have missed our path on earth. Most people go this way. I am happy you know which way you are supposed to take.

Yesterday I was also present at your music, and I felt utterly inside it. You must understand properly, I am there and am unconsciously active through my nearness. I relate so closely to all music that I permeate it almost fully. What this means you must now know already, since I have said to you repeatedly: "I am with you." Likewise, I am "in the music" you hear.

It is hard for me to write today, because I have a different task to perform at the same time, so I am somewhat divided. It no longer takes me as much strength as at the beginning; it would never have worked earlier.

Do not think that I am guiding your hand. I do hold it, but I do not push it. I say every sentence to you, which you then must write down. That is how my transmission process works.

Now I must get to work entirely. God with you!

August 9th, 1915

The mountains you were admiring were once all my joy, but now they are more distant from me, because I no longer see them as exclusively and clearly in front of me as I did once. Now I gaze out beyond them and into them, and this disturbs the uniform picture.

In general, the unrest here is often terrible. It is all too much and there are too many different things mutually combating and interpenetrating each other. It takes a lot of will power to remain completely tranquil in the process. But if one loses one's patience, one stops making progress all the more. All I can do is gaze quietly into the future, my goal always in sight. That helps. Don't believe that I genuinely suffer under these things, but they are discomfiting and disquieting.

The sun plays a big role even here. It is the giver of strength in all spiritual matters. It also once gave me strength to create when I was still on earth. Its influence is mighty, on the physical earth as well. This influence permeates the earth much deeper than can be imagined. Often one does not see the sun, but it exerts its influence nonetheless. At its side are many planets, each single one of which has a different effect. All this is so unspeakably profound and grand that one never ceases to be amazed. How I regret that I am not already much further along, in order to have a clear picture of everything. The human brain simply cannot grasp that there is such a plenitude of things surrounding us and the earth.

Daily my will to know becomes greater and daily I find out something more.

A time has begun for you in which you see everything with different eyes. That is now the next step. You have the first one behind you, and it went faster than I had hoped. Now everything is being provided you by itself as you need it for your continuing development. Also, you will meet more and more people who help you further along. I cannot and must not intervene here, because that would be interfering with your karma. I may only be with you, listen, take things in along with you, console you, give you strength in knowing "that I am alive." But *I am not permitted* to alter anything on the paths of your lives. You do all that yourselves by means of your current thought world, in which you create many things that are of benefit to you.

I am now speaking mainly of the time since my departure, because your real life is only beginning now. So I may always be around you, as I said before, but I cannot intervene in anything. So do not ask things of me that I cannot give.

One more thing I wanted to tell you: whenever you think of me, try to imagine in place of the bodily Sigwart the *spiritual* Sigwart. This is not hard at all for you, and you do me a big service by it.

I have not seen any of our friends. I also hardly believe I will find anyone, because I am not connected with any of these deceased by a real bond of love – and only then does one meet! The space here is so immeasurably large that it would be impossible to meet anyone by chance. How small your entire earth is by comparison.

I want to give you some verses yet, which contain everything. I heard them here and have learned a lot from them. I ask that you read them often and immerse yourselves in them fully.

Hail the eternal Godhead,
Hail the eternally invincible force
That permeates *everything*,
That flows through *everything!*
Eons of years have been,
Eons of years will come.
All was
All is –
And the eternal surging of the seas of life,
Which always breaks on the cliffs of earth,
Will become calm
Through the Sun's holy, invincible force.

Faith is all,
Without faith you are nothing.
Every plant has its faith,
Every beast its reverence.
And you, who carry God within you,
Would deny and would know better:
What you are?
Great God Who watches over the worlds,
Who guides everything, Who created everything,
Have mercy on me, who once trod you underfoot,
Who once believed I reigned over the worlds.

Great is Your grace whenever You forgive me,
For You are love!
Therefore I come to you and entreat You for mercy –
One more time forgive me!

Now have I found You,
I was weak – now I am strong,
Since I have You, from now on and always.

This is a prayer given me in the hour of my death. I felt how little I had known God. You must feel God in everything; only then can you gradually also feel God in you. Not until you have Him completely in you, inseparable from you with every step you take, by day and by night, will you be capable of taking in the great communications I have been charged with giving.

Please make an effort, try to understand, so that it is not too late for us. It makes me unspeakably happy that I am the one allowed to instruct you pertaining to all these magnificent things. The feeling of my gratitude toward you grows day by day. I have in no way earned this love; I will make it up to you once! My thanks are the work slowly coming about through you, which is for you all, but which you must plumb to its deepest depths. That will take a long time, for, alas, one is not permitted to say everything clearly, but only to hint at it in symbols.

I would like to tell you a little story today:

There once was an ugly little man who believed in nothing and wanted to convince the whole world of his teaching. There came to him a beautiful large person and spoke: 'How far do you intend to spread your teaching?'

'Into the deepest depths of the earth,' he replied.

'Oh,' said the beautiful large person, 'that is not so dangerous. I thought you wanted to go out beyond the earth.'

'No,' said the ugly little man, 'it is too bright for me there.'

'But what do you want to do beneath the earth with your teaching?' asked the beautiful large person.

'What I want is very simple. I want to blast the earth into pieces, so that humankind finally sees I am right.'

'That is quite harmless, my friend,' said the beautiful, large person, 'everything you break up is permeated with the One Godhead! So if you annihilate the earth you will have helped it and promoted its development, for you yourself are carrying it a step further.'"

And so it is with the entire teaching of God that some would destroy by force. Whoever wants to destroy it is only furthering it.

August 10th, 1915

There are a lot of things here I am given to work on that I do not understand yet, either. Only gradually do I become enlightened to them.

If only I could speak more about the big problems; it's just that I still know too little. Be assured that I will always tell you everything I experience here, but of course only in so far as I am permitted to.

August 11th, 1915

You have transformed your mourning over me into a huge power, and it is through this power that I come to you. This is so exhilarating for me! You are now at the beginning of the maturity you will attain on earth.

My last two years on earth I was an entirely different person than before, because I had found knowledge within me. That is why I was serene, happy and fully devoted to everything that came my way, and this was simply because I *knew* and *believed*. Passing on, being reborn, it had all become clear to me. The truth had found its way into me. And now I see that you also are ready to feel what is at stake and why everything is as it is. This is when the divine serenity comes over one.

Sometimes there are things I would like to say, but which I myself do not sufficiently understand. Then I ask my helpers. They dictate these things to me and I pass them on to you. I am very fortunate in this respect, because I am surrounded by such helpers, who instruct me as often as they can. That is also a good aspect of my karma, for this happens only seldom. In this way I can learn more than the dead normally do in such a short time. How happy I am about your understanding for my current life – even though I feel how you still have little moments of doubt – that it is I who am speaking to you. I understand this; it takes a certain amount of time for one really to believe with the faith that moves mountains. But this too will come.

I would like to give you a little prayer today. I came to know it when I had fallen into doubt and asked for enlightenment:

Softly sojourn my prayers on wings of love upward to the light,
Quietly you envelop my limbs in the ether's garment of light,
Once only show me, holiest God,
Once only your heavenly eye's might.
Help me to lift my wings upward in order to behold *you*,
Once only, my God!
Upon the sight of you I immerse myself fully,
Deeply into your highest,
Deeply into my "I".

It may have turned out a bit differently, but it is hard for me to clad in words, because you must bear in mind that here I only feel the meaning, that I no longer need any words. For you to understand these prayers, I have to rework them into words.

August 12th, 1915

The verse I want to give you now is for those whose development goes too fast:

Wait – wait – wait!

Think, practice, control.
Comes the time,
I am ready.
Nothing too early,
Without effort.
All must change,
Lies in God's hands.

Dear Mother,

Your son Sigwart is speaking to you. I have seen your suffering and your sorrow and have myself suffered namelessly, but you have prevailed over yourselves. You became great for my sake, and for this I thank you, good, dear Mother.

I know everything I have to thank you for, a life full of sun and love. In your sacrificing devotion you forgot yourself. A rich planting has blossomed out of the selfless love that permeates your life.

You are so great, so strong, so mature. Yes, my beloved Mother, is it not wonderful – I can and may remain in contact with you until I have attained the next spiritual level. Then it will become harder for me, but I still have time.

And now a greeting from out of the spiritual world:

Rivers of love flow to the seas of the Godhead.
Every prayer from the depths of the heart
Awakens a little flower from the leas of God the Father.
You are love,
You are the light.
In you the Godhead,
Above you eternally the cycle of time.
Believe and pray,
Give thanks and stride over the threshold of earth,
Out to the altar of light.
Great and almighty are you
Heav'nly full of humility the silence
Lying within you,
Which blooms about you
In eternity,
For all time.

I want to tell you all why I never speak about the grave. You see, I do not want to give anything up to these corporeal remains. Every thought I spend on them is a force that contributes to their preservation. They must pass away without new strength being directed to them. It is my old sheath, but it is fully alienated from me. I no longer know it, and this is why I no longer want to devote a single thought to it.

I am often at the beautiful place under the oak because I always loved it, but I no longer think of what is passing away beneath the earth. I much rather feel myself happily surrounded by your love.

Not my transitory remains, but rather the thoughts you create there are what is of value. Not a single thought must be allowed to tarry beneath the earth. You must not breed a body through your thoughts.

Help me build a temple of consecration; then – but only then – will we always find each other there. Otherwise I cannot spend any time in this place. Your exalted thoughts are all that draws me there; not your pain, for this I cannot bear.

August 15th, 1915

Beloved Father!

Your son is speaking to you!

I know you believe in my present existence; this is why I do not first need to convince you of it. But what I must convince you of is that it is your son Sigwart who is speaking to you!

It has been granted me to interact with all of you in this way, and I am indescribably happy about that.

I know what we were to one another in my life, what we are to one another now, and I am devoted to you in the most heartfelt love.

I left you all because I have greater things to accomplish here. Everything was prepared for me; this is why you mustn't mourn, because I have been chosen for a sacred work. I have been called to create a portion of it. It concerns music. Seven heavenly symphonies are to come about! I have already completed one of them. The purpose of these grandiose creations is to guide peoples' attitude on earth into a more pure course. This is what music does. It has an indirect effect on people. It is our strongest means of influencing humankind.

I have seen your beloved mother (Alexandrine); she suffered with you in your suffering, surrounded you with her boundless love which never ceases, and is around you as only a mother can be around her child. She asks that you never think of her with the least bit of sorrow. You hurt her through your pain. We must not mourn when one of our beloved ones departs the earthly sheath. The attachment *does* remain, just as on earth, except that the one party does not yet have the ability to see. None of you knows what it means for us who no longer have a body whenever a person on earth whom we love weeps for us. It is the very hardest thing for us, because we still feel exactly as we did before. How she would have suffered on earth to see you so sad. She could not have born it – and now she has to. We feel every painful thought exactly as we did in our time on earth, for we have remained the same ones whom you knew and loved. Only through mourning does a chasm open up between us and you; later all that is left is love. It is the highest, holiest, and most intimate band. I was supposed to say this to you from her. She will receive you one day when your hour has struck.

How happy I am to have such strong support in you. I knew you would gradually believe that it is I who am speaking to you. If you had seen me yesterday while I stood next to you, listening to you as you were giving an explanation of my communication, you yourself would have become as radiant with joy as I.

You do not need to see me, you know and feel enough, and for this I thank you, my sincerely beloved Father. A tranquility has come over you that will remain until we see each other again.

Earthly life is so short, and eternity so beautiful! You have faith, a faith that can move mountains. That is so wonderful for me, so wonderful for yours, and so wonderful for you!

Your ever faithful son Sigwart

sends you a greeting from the spiritual world.

Before you give these letters to our parents, read them several times to me in your thoughts. You need to feel me entirely when you do so. That is very helpful to me in convincing the others; then your thoughts speak along. I can only find my way into persons who believe as we now understand it.

I hear everything you say, but I also feel a large portion of your thoughts – not the mundane ones, of course.

The streams of love are great
that flow through you, oh Man,
God-Man!
Father of the light and of love, ruler
over death are You
and tranquility.
Immeasurable is Your might, You gave me
of it
And I now grasp wholly Your might,
which stands guard.
Now I can stand above it even if
the world crumbles.
Only this thought remains:
I am – You are!

Today has been a wonderful day! I listened to music and created music! The highest, most heavenly tones I have ever experienced. I took part in it, had the threads in my hands, and in this way took in everything in its finest nuances. My longing was great to take this music into myself fully, and it was granted me. It was the most sublime pleasure I have ever had. All the things I sensed in the process cannot be described.

It was simply *everything!*

This holy symphony still glows through my entire being even now, and I thank my Highest Being that He occasioned me to die, so that I could hear this.

I know you are unable to understand this, but that's the way it is.

Even here I still have dismal moments sometimes; then there are always good friends standing by me who are further advanced and have also gone through these phases at some point. They help me by giving me verses, in which I must immerse myself fully. Only praying in this sense helps in such cases. Some of these verses I pass on to you in order to help you.

August 22nd, 1915

While dictating in the beginning, I oftentimes made mistakes and perhaps expressed myself in a strange way. That shouldn't happen any more now. It is like with a child first learning to write. You weren't able to listen to me with much concentration at first. If you want, I will review the early communications again, but you can also just leave them the way they are, as documentation of our progress.

Tora, dear sister!

Today I come to you to thank you. The current of your love constantly streaming to me fills me utterly. I feel every thought you send me and hear every note you play for me. I am so happy you all have overcome yourselves. It is since then that I dwell in your midst. I cannot bear your pain; I suffered under it too much at the beginning, because I love all of you so much. Your gaining control over your sorrow by playing for me led me onto the quiet paths of your music, which did me so infinitely much good. These mild, dear gifts filled me with tranquility, which I slowly regained once I had endured the initial terrible chaos.

The works I created on earth are performed here as well. They are a small fraction of a mighty work that is so hallowed, so overwhelming, that it lacks all description.

When I saw that, I knew why I had to leave you. My work, the great mission I have often written to you about, was waiting for me. If only I could say more to you about it, but none of you would grasp it. You will understand it yourselves once, and this thought is a source of great happiness to me.

I love you as always, Sigwart.

A great force lies within every human being, but how few are those who use it properly. That is their biggest flaw; their vanity is so predominant, and needs to be stripped off. Only then can one get to the true goal. I know it is very hard for you; all the same, you must prevail over this weakness if you want to attain to the highest.

Start out small, overcome yourselves in one thing every day, then in two things daily – until you ponder on it many times each day and have created a certain power. Ultimately you have to be able to make it clear to yourselves every time a vanity-related thought becomes active within you.

I heard your conversations. I too have exactly the same feelings as you and often yearn to be physically together with you. These are the only moments when I absolutely need help, and then verses and prayers are given me that help me get over them. Gradually, this wish will pass away for all of us, but it takes time.

I often suffer with you, even if I don't say it; this suffering is different here, though, not as intense as yours. But having to live so closed in within matter is what makes earthly life so hard. I do believe, however, that your hope really to see me again must make you more calm.

All of us, who love each other so much, have had the wonderful good fortune to be so closely linked by blood relations this life. It was the first time we were all together, and this will likely be repeated in the future, unless one of us incurs some kind of guilt, which I hope will not happen, though!

I have torn the bodily band connecting us, and that was very severe; but on the other hand someone had to make a start. Now it is torn for the physical earth, but the new band is already being woven, and it will be more beautiful and closer than the one that tied us on earth. This band will become closer each time we live and die, until we are so much one that neither death nor life will ever be able to separate us again. Herein lies the whole grandeur of continuing development, whose center is *love*. Do you now comprehend that everything else is small compared to this love, which exists always?

I heard your question:

A am not on the so-called "astral plane," but not on the "devachanic level," either; rather, on an intermediate level.

Thanks to my interest in everything exalted during my life on earth, I am further along than many others after so short a time.

August 23rd, 1915

You are wondering at the fact that I have never spoken about the War directly. But there is so much unrest, sorrow, despair and fear bound up with it that I am loath to preoccupy myself with it anymore. Here the enthusiasm is lacking that gets people so wound up they are capable of enduring anything. One is never in a state of ecstasy, as one was a lot during the War. There, one tended to deny what was ugly and tragic; here, one is forced to experience it all. The chaos, all the pain and the misery, the mess of sensations and emotions is terrible here.

I no longer fight along in the way very many do. I have totally different tasks, as you know.

War is in and of itself something so horrific that every thought of it torments me. You mustn't forget that I now see so much more than you. One experiences all that is cruel and terrible from two sides here. One sees not just the human body suffer, but the tortured spirit as well. It's too much, and this is why I involve myself with it only inasmuch as I can soothe suffering by doing so. But that is not to say that my death, too, was something horrific.

My death was beautiful. Everything was still, it became like a tranquil, smooth sea after a tempestuous storm. The storm was my last great experience as a human being; then the tranquil sea was the release.

I would have left you in any case; this you must believe. My destiny held no old age, so it was good to be redeemed without disease, without dwindling away over a long illness. You need to be grateful for this, as I am, because it was the most beautiful way to die. My dying was, in its kind, perfect.

August 24th, 1915

I have heard many strange things today. A prominent learned soul held long lectures to me concerning phenomena in the astral world. He tried to present a number of things to me; it was baffling, but I have no affinity for such experiments.

You see what one is confronted with here sometimes. There is no avoiding it; I at least cannot always do so.

To conclude, a prayer for you:

Luminous waves flow through your life
Jesus mine.
Sweet heavenly melodies resound
Jesus, for you.
Into the dew of your love I enter,
Jesus mine.
Dream of the times, all is rapture
And you my sun,
Jesus!

This can be prayed by children, because they understand unconsciously the deeper sense that lies within it.

August 26th, 1915

If any of you are tired out after spiritual work, go by yourselves into nature, lie down on your backs and think of absolutely nothing. You must give yourselves over completely to the feeling: "Now I am no longer anything." To begin with, it will be hard for you not to think of anything, but you have to learn it.

I am now oftentimes very far away. Not all of your thoughts reach me; only the strong thoughts of love come to me.

Your dejectedness today came from elements seeking to push me away. God be praised that you prevailed over it. The more high spiritual things I give you, the more the adversaries of the exalted crowd in on you. They too feel the receptive ground for all that is spiritual, and want to exploit it.

August 31st, 1915

The following verse is given you by a dear friend from the spiritual world who is very close to me and feels your longing for me. He died in the war.

"Here I feel myself fully united with you.

Great God,
Holy Father Who gave me my strength,
How I do thank You!
All that is transitory keeps silence,
But what is great, immeasurable, holds watch;
I became strong through You.
You took him from me
So that I should believe.
You gave him back to me
So that I should fully feel
You, You omnipotence.
How he lives, he whom we love,
That is so great, so hallowed and so full of peace.
His resurrection was our awakening.
Brother, You who watch over us,
To You I dedicate my life, to You my death!
You remain always with me, until my hour tolls.
Brother, hero of the sun and the light;
You are love in eternity."

September, 1915

Sister, for your birthday I would like to give you something:

The oaks rustle on over your life,

Child you, born of love.
You died for the well-being of humanity.
Endless is your working, your weaving,
You spanned love's threads out over the earth.
You enfolded everything in the mantle of peace.
Your death healed wounds,
Mild recuperation slowly spreads its wings.
Everything blossomed to new life.
Child of love and miracles
Who keeps the whole world new!

September 5th, 1915

I would like to tell you a few things about my current life:

I have now attained a sphere where everything is easier; not so many of the things that confused me at the beginning cause disturbances now. An even oscillation surrounds me.

My tasks are much more beautiful here, too, because they are freer from the influences of your earth. The difference is as big as working by day is from working by night. At day it is bright and at night it is dark, and I am now working by day.

I am a bit further withdrawn from you inasmuch as I no longer share all your individual little sorrows like I did at the beginning, which was quite tormenting for me. Of course every strong sensation pertaining to me immediately finds its way to me, but I am no longer tortured by all the hundred little thoughts and concerns. I can now be much more to you than formerly, because I have greater powers at my disposal. Making myself understood to you also functions much better. At the beginning, I had a lot of learning to do.

From this place I no longer have complete disposal over myself, as I did earlier. The transitions between the individual levels can barely be felt at all; much less than people assume. We hardly sense any difference.

Believe in me, *please*; you are my entire help and support. This is why you must believe it is me, *Sigwart*, I who love you. I understand that you have doubtful thoughts sometimes in spite of everything. You see, my death came as such a surprise to me. If I had known in advance I was going to die, I definitely would have arranged with you to try everything it took to find possibilities to communicate with you somehow. Now I know how excruciatingly unhappy one is if one would like to speak with one's loved ones and they don't listen.

Seeing this matter as I do now, I urgently advise each of you to discuss everything with those closest to you on earth in advance, so that the one first called away does not also have to endure this agony of wanting to communicate and not finding any proper belief.

How much easier it would have been for me if I had said it myself beforehand; then it would definitely have seemed natural to you, and right from the start your faith in me would have been much firmer.

I have now nearly finished the seventh symphony. It has been hard but at the same time magnificent work. Everything is ready now for the big moment of the performance.

A new life is beginning for me, the life of "withdrawal into oneself." I see no one, stand outside the life around me, meditate and must immerse myself fully into my self. Nothing unrestful must be allowed to get to me. It is a contemplation that requires unconditional solitude.

This is why our interaction is different now; I have been granted permission to continue writing, but only about spiritual matters.

New gates are opening before me, I am allowed to behold splendid things. Don't I have a reason to be filled with joy? Now that we no longer can see each other physically, it is better to ascend as fast as possible and to explore all these magnificent things.

If only you could see! If only your eyes were not tied to matter! What all the beauty and perfection is here! Your earthly joys are for us like the joys of little children, who perceive nothing but a formless mass and reach out for it without grasping what it is. Children cannot think, cannot understand anything, and even if someone were to show them the most magnificent landscape they still would not see it.

I now see through all that and become perfectly aware of the spirit's imprisonment on the physical earth.

September 6th, 1915

I, Sigwart, also died for you, to show you the paths leading into the spiritual element. Here once more is a verse intended to help you. Immerse yourselves into it.

Yes, Father, I give You my spirit entirely.
Yes, Father, I fulfill entirely what You wish.
Take me to You, so I become strong,
To fulfill the holy task You have given me.

September 7th, 1915

I have learned a lot today. How hard it is to spend time so completely immersed within oneself; but it was my will. I have renounced further direct nearness to you because I saw an abyss before me out of which it would have been very difficult to find my way back. Now *you* must follow me; otherwise the space between us will grow too large. That is the wonderful thing about our love: all of you come toward me, not I toward you. You help me progress, and for that I thank you, you my beloved ones all. Normally it is the other way around: the deceased helps those left behind, and this naturally hinders his further development. But it was only in the beginning that I sent you great help, as far as it was in my power. You have been helping me for a long time now. This brings us toward our goal, for we are ascending together.

There is so much that goes on inside you that is not at all clear to you. You don't notice it, but I see it! It happens in a different way with each of you. Ah, my dear ones, if only we were reunited!

Mighty are the laws of the All-powerful. We must submit. They are laws. But if we follow them with strength and humility, they are mild and wonderful. The chain that holds everyone together is forged before the eyes of our Father. This must calm you; tarry in this humble waiting until the hour of our reunion tolls.

Your brother in complete love and gratitude.

September 8th, 1915

I have sensed the feelings with which you think of me.

You now no longer need to fear that your mourning might influence me in any adverse way. As long as we are human, thoughts of this kind will come as a matter of course. I am no longer as vulnerable to them as I was at the beginning. That is the beauty of continuing development. Gradually, all that reaches us is the purely spiritual, and then our development goes its way calmly, without being hampered over and over by disturbances.

You must also get a different sense of me, because I am completely different than before. All thoughts of love find their way to me nevertheless. When you think of me, you should also have your own development in sight. You must carry on, your eye always on the great objective. It is now up to you; I have done all I could. Without your cooperation it will not go on. But you all *will* follow me, won't you, even if the path is burdensome. Your love is so great and strong.

Give it to everyone to read, so they know that their work, too, must now begin. Up to now I was allowed to give *you* strength; now you have to muster it up from within yourselves. Be grateful that I am permitted to say this to you, for you were ignorant of it, and this way it might have come to pass that I could only stand by and watch you plunge back down from the high mountain I was given to lead you up with all my strength and love. Now you know my plight and must act accordingly.

I'm giving you another verse here, into which you are to immerse yourselves often:

I am – and You in me.

I was – and You with me.

I will – and *You are mine*.

September 12th, 1915

I have now overcome practically every difficulty; I have withstood a trial. It was not easy – but then, to be the victor is *magnificent*.

Great is the goodness and righteousness of our Father! Now I know why I died. I have so much to accomplish that is great: there is the mighty creation of music; and then it is my task to disseminate the heavenly teachings through you, within the closest circle to begin with, later beyond it. Furthermore, I am supposed to help you bear and understand your destiny in such manner that it can no longer be a source of any worry to you, because if you understand it, you suffer less. In the end, my departure was a new birth of our love.

Are these not wonderful reasons? Does this not comfort you entirely, my dear ones?

My period of self-immersion is over; a part of my "I" is still connected to it, but I am also allowed to enjoy the ecstasy of the higher life for brief hours.

The fetters of the earth have fallen away. You wonder at how fast it went. But it is no fairy tale that the way of dying you call "heroic death" contributed much to it. The warriors who give up their lives in selfless enthusiasm have it good in the hereafter. But when they march off to war they must be filled with one thought only: "I am doing my duty!" This is something great and is a wonderful preparation for the heavenly life.

May God protect all of you!

September 13th, 1915

Even though I get farther and farther, I am nevertheless still with you and know how you are doing.

We find each other in all that is exalted – whether in art, in the prayers, or in the beauty of nature: it's all the same. I still feel every great thought, even now. You must comprehend that I can stay in connection with you from every sphere, because what unites us is nothing but the sublimest, purest love, and it subsists eternally. You must believe me when I say this!

Be joyous with me whenever I tell you that I have advanced, because every shedding of sheaths is a festival!

While I was with you this last night, I saw how closely related falling asleep is with dying. Matter hangs from the spirit by a mere thread, and the spirit is so elated in being free. We interact with each other fully as we did in earthly life, and I tell you many things. But you mustn't pass up the moment when you have to return to your physical bodies. All this functions according to precise laws, which human beings follow automatically. Upon your awakening, the spirit is completely earthbound again, and you no longer know anything of our communion, even if every time you resolve to have a recollection of it. You will only be able to do that when you are ready to come together with me *consciously* in your sleep. I believe that some of you will attain this goal yet on earth.

I told you a lot about my living and dying last night. You were all gathered around me in a circle and we were happy about the extended period we spent together. Perhaps with time a sudden remembrance will return to you, if I tell you about it each time. At first, it will only seem like a dream to you, but it is always me myself who is with you in your sleep.

September 16th, 1915

Great is the omnipotence, and we bow in humility, because we have recognized the love in it.

Brother, you became great in your love toward me. You spread your wings over your house because you have found God within you.

Do you feel how I guide you, how I lovingly lay my arm around your shoulder if you mourn a lot? With open arms you called for me, and I gave you everything I could give you. Now there is no longer any separation. Now we mean more to each other than ever before, because we understand each other completely.

I surround you with the love of my world, which is also yours.

September 18th, 1915

Whenever I see how enclosed and dependent on a thousand things your lives are, I am most happy to have prevailed over everything; the more so, as you no longer cause me any distress at all when you have thoughts of pain or doubt.

The threads of our life are now becoming ever tighter and more beautiful; thus the delicate way we react to one another. Obviously, this is easier from my side because I no longer have a physical body; hence I sense every oscillation immediately. For you, everything

must always first pass through the many dense layers so you do not feel every slight sensation and every expression of feeling on my part.

Only the fewest people know that in the presence of great love an actual connection exists between the living and the dead.

September 20th, 1915

Today I am giving you a prayer that can be of great help to you:

I have the will to attain to the highest.
I want to attain *everything*.
You must forgive me,
For I have sinned and still do so.
But now I know that You are coming to me,
And thus the sin leaves me.
Help me, You sublimest, almightiest One!
Your will is my will,
I bow before You.

The decree of destiny willed that I depart from you for a time, because I could be more to you in my spiritual garment. I do not believe that any of you would have received permission to communicate the heavenly teachings. I owe it to my incarnation-before-last, in which I strove to investigate the spiritual worlds, but during which I only had little opportunity to do so.

Now, however, in my last life, these worlds lay open before me, that is, through this wish my faith had become so strong that I no longer needed to do much investigating at all. The final years of this earth life, I often had the feeling of a holy influence. I sensed a vague inkling of something godly flowing through me, and immersed myself into it fully because I hoped to sense ever more of this bliss. In those moments I longed for redemption, for freedom, because I divined how beautiful it would be, and I knew that I didn't have many more passions to overcome. I was never afraid of dying.

Now that my final remaining material part has been shed, I can go ahead and tell you that there are quite unpleasant moments after death. I had the good fortune to be able to collect myself in complete calm between these moments, for finding one's way out of the chaos is extraordinarily difficult. There were always helpers and many good friends supporting me by word and deed. That in turn gave me inner tranquility again and again.

September 21st, 1915

By the beautiful sea I can tell you a great deal today. The atmosphere is so pure. I now see the depths of the sea, everything within it and making it up. All these wonders above and below the earth are amazingly powerful and magnificent.

According to the hundreds of developmental levels, each one of us gets to see these things, for here, just like on earth, one has a strong impulse to "know," since every one of us feels that there is still much that is exalted and unknown.

You can gather a small notion of eternity if you imagine that in the face of the higher and more knowledgeable beings I – who really already know a great deal – feel like a small, shy child with a mere presentiment of something grand and for him unattainable.

Do you now grasp the feelings with which I think of you earthbound souls? When I draw comparisons and take into account all I have experienced, all I understand and have at my disposal, it is self-understood that I long to know you too to be liberated from the densest of all sheaths.

I am around you without feeling the slightest yearning for anything material. At this point our connection has become purely spiritual. At the beginning it was completely different; then I had the same feelings as during my lifetime. Every contact with you awakened in me a certain yearning for earthly life; after all, I was still young in years when I had to strip off my body. That makes a big difference. As a rule, dying as a child or an elderly person excludes these feelings.

I see you differently now: it is more a seeing and a feeling of everything exalted and spiritual in you. Every stirring of feelings causes oscillations that surround you, and then I sense you all and your love. This is also how it is with colors, which you unfortunately now no longer wear. White is good and beautiful, but I would prefer colors. Black is horrible! With your present spiritual attitude, it is beneath your dignity to wear it.

At the site of consecration, where I now often while, there are colors, and that is a joy to me, who love them so.

Here I frequently derive splendid pleasure from plays of color. If only you could witness them with me once! I don't believe you would forget that for the rest of your lives.

September 22nd, 1915

I would like to give a verse for those for whom it is difficult to believe:

The sun of the divine life,
Do you want to behold it, oh man?
Do you want to open the gates that lead to me?
Then first open *your* door.
How can you come to me
If I cannot come to you?

Man, put off all the torments born only of you!
For I gave you over to the earth in a pure state.
If you come to me, all sorrows recede,
And all sublime thoughts return to you.
Why the doubting, have I given you reason to do so?
Did I not also give you, oh man, a soul with which to behold?
But you throw it away,
For me to mourn for you, for your starving soul.
Only let me mourn, I have patience and wait. --
Now open your door for me!
Then I will bring you the golden key
That opens unto you my gates.
What bliss, my sun mild: takes you in her arms. --

Come, oh come, there is still time –
Open the door for me –
Are you ready?

I was so close to you now and felt your small and large worries along with you.
It all lies in God's hand!

There is *nothing* you can change in what has been determined. Believe me, I mean so well with you and want very much to help you, as far as it is within my power to do so.

The moment you feel afraid, think of the verse:

“God must know what it is good for.
I will not doubt His Goodness.”

Through this you gradually create a completely different thought world, and as you do so the many petty worries will surely disappear.

September 23rd, 1915

How everything has brightened up. The seas of your lives have left their former courses and are now flowing in a different direction.

How good it is that I left you. If I had returned from the war, you would not have changed. You had to endure this suffering. You still have long lives ahead of you, but the time for insight is only brief. I trembled for you at the beginning as to whether you would bear this pain properly, because if you had not overcome yourselves, the band of our love would have been rent. But now we no longer have anything to fear. Everything is taking its right course and the most splendid reunion is a certainty for us.

You will see how now a fabric is being spun around you that is of the purest, most sublime spirituality. You operate within this fine net and the outer world feels your closeness as a good deed.

People have no idea what mutually influences them. These so-called emanations are the effects of acquired spiritual traits that are communicated to those outside as sympathy or love – in an infinitely beneficial, correcting or stimulating way. You will notice that yourselves and over time you will attain considerable influence over your fellow men.

(Answer to a question:)

We are constantly enveloped in atmospheres of different colors visible to those with the spiritual eyes to see them.

September 25th, 1915

Death is not passing away; rather, it is resurrection, life is not becoming; rather, it is passing away. The buildings of matter must be dashed, in order to open unto the spirit the strength acquired. As long as the material is maintained, the strength stays anchored within

it. But when the material returns home to nature, *the strength remains*, for it is different in kind from the power intrinsic in nature, and cannot be dissolved in it. The spirit then looks for what earthly life left behind for it and finds the *strength!*

Strengthened by it, the spirit begins its ascent to the heights. Manifold and multi-formed is such strength. It occurs like a precipitate of crystals out of everything the human being has performed and accomplished in the way of work on earth. Spiritual currents flow through all work, even the most material, and the person must shape these currents in the sweat of his brow to become what he calls his work. And the soul that gives life to this work of his is the strength he has created, which survives his earthly body and becomes the ladder on which his liberated spirit pulls itself upward, rung by rung, to consummation.

At the site of consecration!

How lovely it is here! The peace, the quiet and the sublime world of thought already standing here as a temple of the finest fabric. If you could only read from my prayers here often, if you could only see how in such moments all great, pure and magnificent spiritual beings come to you and surround you. The great power is now extended farther already. In its center, the concentrated thoughts form the foundation of the temple. You have worked so completely in my sense for this that I thank all of you, over and over.

There is an unrest surrounding you today that is making it difficult to speak to you. I can only do so if you have perfect peace in and around you. If due to a lack of harmony I cannot find any resonance, I will only be allowed to tell half of what I have to say, because my masters will tell me "You are casting the sacred goods to the winds!"

The work belongs to all of you, each one of you, and is supposed to meet yet other purposes later.

Why the brooding and worries? The human being makes small decisions, but big decisions are made by *God alone!* And so I must say to you once more today:

It is all in God's hands!

A deep inner spiritual blossoming forth within one another requires much more than I thought during life on earth; I see that only now.

How good you have it that you are now preparing yourselves so thoroughly for the spiritual life.

I heard your discussions yesterday evening. How lovely it is whenever you are together and hold forth on spiritual matters. I answer you then – you oftentimes hear it, but unfortunately sometimes you also do not. I can see how tremendously informative this hour is for all of you, because I feel its effect in each single one of you. It is not just our circle that is gathered then; rather, a crowd of others join us, who also exchange their opinions and teach themselves, me and you.

If you go on always reading spiritual things and occupying yourselves with supersensible questions, an enormous power will be able to develop in the future, because ever higher beings will take part in it, who influence you and in this way resolve the most difficult questions for you.

I am always closest to you in this hour and can make myself more feelable by you over time, the greater the strength becomes that I have at my disposal. Even if you feel me bodily you must not think that I am dragged down by this; not anymore, because now I stand above that.

September 27th, 1915

I want to give you a few thoughts in prose:

“You ask after our life here, oh man. Everything around and in you is so tightly closed that you are unable to grasp it. But there is a way to behold the splendor and to find the world of the mysteries. Listen, then:

Every thought of God steps out of the circle, the tightly closed circle, and becomes free.

Every thought of the eternally existing wrenches itself free and breaks out of the dungeon of earth-enmantled matter.

Every thought of love receives wings and flies outward and upward, so high! Up there in the regions of light they see each other again, unite closely and ascend jointly.

They are not free yet, for below, out of the person’s heart grow three gold-spun threads, so brightened by the sun. They are spun ever longer by the power of conviction, which takes them under its wing. They do not break, they are firm, oh so firm. They are pulled through everything until ultimately the person’s heart can no longer remain below. It still struggles with itself, with the earthly life-force, but it takes but a fervent wish – and already it is free. Now the thoughts the person himself created draw him upward on the golden threads to the eternal sun!”

You see, so it is with faith. Over time, every really exalted thought that has its origin in the Godhead draws the human being out of the bodily sheath and gives him the strength and the wish to make himself free.

The human soul is lifted and drawn upward by the thought-threads one makes oneself. This is why it is always *thoughts* that are the most important, and not *actions*. Thoughts play a bigger role, with them one can attain everything; with deeds, though, only little. Remember this, then you will be able to progress so much easier.

You now have your doors open. The more your faith grows, the closer we are to each other. You still have a lot to learn, though. But that must never discourage you. You must reach your goal and achieve what you have been called to do.

September 29th, 1915

Tora, beloved sister, I have blessed you with the full fervor of my heart. How close we are to each other! With open arms I receive you here when you come to me. You are my mild sun, which makes its rays penetrate – oh, so far. The chains that connect us are so fine and so eternal.

You climbed atop the high mountains to seek me and found me completely alone on the lofty peaks and immersed in mute contemplation. I awakened, because – ever so softly – you touched my hand. You came to fetch me back into life, because you needed me. This was before my previous earth life.

So strong was your wish to be born with me once again, to spend the new life with me, that you succeeded in calling me back before my time. Thus you created this close relationship through the fervency of your wishes and prayers.