

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

Mar 29-Aug 16, 1919

March 29th, 1919

... I wanted to say something about the eurythmy performance you saw, since through you I can now follow it in my feeling. It is a matter of something that is of deep mystical significance and that is in for a great future. When eurythmy is performed, things go on that call forth oscillations and waves of far-reaching effect. And this is what you felt. It draws on all the earthly and spiritual senses, and this is what evokes such a remarkably strong effect. You too should strive to profit from it, if only through what it does to you when you watch it and receive the inklings you do. Eurythmy is a performing art that is a kind of bridge leading from physical communication to supersensible perception. It will only come to its full development at a later time; only then will it work back on people in the proper manner.

April 25th, 1919

I am here, your old *Sigwart*.

You wish to know what I have to say about all the current political events. I am no longer able to say anything. I have lost the thread to the latest upheavals. I didn't want to go on attending to this highly displeasurable show in the long run. Earlier, I checked in voluntarily to help, but I'm not doing it anymore. Not because I condemn either of the two parties, no; rather, this never-ending waging of war on one another, the battling that is always being conjured up, displeases me immensely.

It is right that all of us who lived in this enormously powerful time were required to bring much and special sacrifice. But in this suffering in common there lies a certain consolation. We will be spared much else in its place.

June 4th, 1919

(Communication on Sigwart's birthday on June 2nd)

For most people it will hardly seem believable that I have been separated from you for four years now, that for a full four years I have moved within the spirit world, and can nevertheless still speak with you directly. It may seem long for you, but for me time no longer exists; here, *everything* is the *present*. Even the past is present. I am no longer subject to it; rather, it is subordinate to me. The moment this happens, everything you call the past falls away; all that exists is "constant", and this state of being is what Devachanic bliss chiefly consists in. No yearning back to time gone by, no wishing – nothing but experiencing! The living through of now and the living through of earlier; it makes no difference

Today I am with you. Today I am living through with you what once happened, but I am also enjoying with you what you call "memory", which for me, however, is not recollection, but rather pure experience.

With this joy in my heart I give you my greetings and my blessings.

Sigwart

June 6th, 1919

Since the last time I wrote you, I have entered a new world, which is the seventh level of Devachan. This level is usually attained after a time of the greatest isolation, and then it is a kind of reward for the phases of long isolation.

There are a total of just seven levels in this heavenly world, but precisely the last one has so many sub-levels that one can learn, work and create infinitely much before reaching the end of this entire Devachanic period. An eternal climbing despite immobile stasis, that is the fundamental principle of our life here. I now have become totally accustomed to the state of perfect bliss, and only wish the atmosphere of the earth would likewise become completely calm. The earth's unrest penetrates deeply into our spiritual worlds, and this disharmony and constant motion within the greatest of contrasts on the part of human thinking sounds like shrill dissonances in an otherwise perfect orchestra. These dissonances arise due to the multitudes of people without either a plan or a goal, who have become the plaything of dishonest elements. If for my part I am in the midst of the most avid creative activity, and out of just this period of creativity comes the richest blessing at a time when a frightening number of bad elements are spreading among men, which are seeking to gain the upper hand. But believe me: we still have much inside us in the way of immense and wholesome power.

The great world peace will come one day, and will appear as a teacher, but also as a taskmaster, who will both see through things more deeply and oversee them more broadly.

Your Sigwart

June 23rd, 1919

In these days of tribulation I want to send you greetings, so that you do not lack the strength you need to meet the demands these hard times are making on you. Be courageous and strong! You need to use the very courage ignited by your love toward me to unleash the thundering wave whose origin is pure and spiritual and which now, finally, is roaring against the stone gates of your dungeon. This tidal wave is born out of the spirit, and is now there before you. Let it roll past you until it has permeated the very deepest material within the heart of your earth. That is the second work of redemption, which this time is being offered you in such a different form. It is the redemption of your "I". This is the resurrection of the spirit which each one of us has helped bring about in the gargantuan struggle of the spirits where we men had to sacrifice our bodies precisely for the sake of freeing the spirit.

Then may the great song resound: "Praise the Lord, the mightiest king of honors!"

Today I have told you about something with which I am brimming, and which you should receive into your innermost being as something sacred.

August 11th, 1919

Today I would like to tell you not to forget that on earth it is extremely easy to succumb to the error of wanting to influence others' destinies. It cannot be done. Everything rolls along in its path, and even if one is called away it does not harm the others one bit. They must build their own destiny, no matter what adversity might arise from it.

August 13th, 1919

Today I sense a disruptive atmosphere surrounding you. Everything is flickering and oscillating in a peculiar chaos. Why can't you see to proper preparation when I go to the trouble of doing this for you? What is causing this unrest around you is by no means the room you are in; it is no more and no less than you yourselves. I admit that a new environment is more difficult than a surrounding where we have met a number of times before, but that oughtn't to be an insurmountable obstacle.

Be that as it may, there are now other things we want to discuss, once more concerning music. I have created a large number of spiritual tonal works, and now I can take a rest in my world. I stand in the midst of these works as their creator. The waves of these melodies rush around me in ever-changing garments. Their fundamental concept doesn't change, but the great variety of forms enveloping this tonal thought fills one with bliss.

Another way of forming an image of this diversity in sameness is by picturing someone who dresses up just for you in all different kinds of changing and beautiful clothes. This is what it is like with the spiritual essence of a melody that adorns itself for the joy of its creator. Now there is a wide variety of these independently active thought creations. With works of drama, it is quite different. Dramatic works carry right inside themselves the earnestness of their creative thought, and do not concern themselves with such childish and gleeful games. But their metamorphoses are all the more powerful. The power with which they work back on their creator is often surprising to him. In many cases, their influence is like the might of a storm or roaring thunder resounding a thousand times over, and the gigantic feeling they conjure forth in turn generates a plethora of upward and downward hovering harmonies all over again. Such are the pleasures of the gods! One hovers in one's own world, and yet it is an entirely new world, one which works back on us out of the world we once engendered.

August 16th, 1919

Today is a good day to connect with you, so I can give you a more extensive communication once again. It has to do with "I's" living in the spiritual world who find each other again at different levels of this world. You mustn't believe that those who were united during their lives on earth automatically meet or see each other here. Oh no; frequently, recently deceased persons have to search for a long time before finding the being they want to see. Astral space is so enormously large and has so few boundaries that it resembles infinity. This is also the reason why people with only distant connections on earth never or only extremely seldom find one another here.

The matter is different the moment to people have made an agreement with each other during life on earth. Say one person resolves on keeping something (something spiritual, not physical) for another person and giving it back to him, even if he dies. But the wish to return this "something" needs to be very intense, if it is to retain its potency over long years. That would be the one possibility. The other one is given if an astral being intervenes whose sole purpose in living at this level is to help the many souls entering the astral world. For after a time, once they have awoken, everyone searches for someone else.

So these are the two simple cases for those not especially connected by an intimate bond of love and who do not find each other immediately after death.

In higher spheres it is a matter of a connection between either master and master, or master and pupil. This takes place quite differently: a master sends out an eternal thought intended to meet the other person. To this end, he has to touch a kind of string on a great instrument – this is the way I have to express this for you – lying at rest in the cosmos in the hands of the masters. The moment these tones resound, the master they are intended for hearkens, for in this very moment he has sensed that the tone is for him. All the masters listen, and immediately the one it is meant for feels the message.

It is hard for one of us to hearken to the words of the masters, because we never see them as a manifestation, but rather only as an event.

So if a master enters into contact with one of us, we first must completely envelop ourselves in the atmosphere we need in order to understand him. It comes over us quite suddenly, and sometimes we are by no means prepared. How often it happens, then, that the connection passes us by without our noticing it, and the feeling that results is infinitely painful. But to be constantly open to these emanations, a person has to work on himself for a very long time and exclusively toward this single event. As these preparations are very arduous, though, the persons in question often neglect them and thus gradually lose contact with their respective masters, which means that they can only tread their further heavenly path with endless effort.

I'll close for today.

Your *Sigwart*