

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

September 1st through 28th, 1919 **Fehler! Textmarke nicht definiert.**

September 1st, 1919

Today is your birthday, dear Lycki, and now we want to observe it as we once did. However, the day of one's physical birth is less momentous for an individual than the day of his incarnation, for this, and not the act of birth, is the true birth. Physical birth is no more than a result of the real birth, that of the spirit into the body.

Why we celebrate birthdays we now no longer know: it is the day of incarnation that was celebrated in the very earliest times. But over time the ability to know when this moment took place was utterly lost, and so now all we celebrate any more is the day of the physical birth, the so-called delivery.

How different it is here with us! Here we celebrate the day of entry! This refers not to entry into the astral world, which is still too closely linked with the earthly sphere, but into the Devachan sphere. Entering the astral sphere is like shedding one garment, while entering this heavenly world means getting rid of them *all*, and that is what we celebrate here.

But today I'm observing this celebration with you like we used to, in the brightest joy in life. This remembrance is full of primal force out of which so much came about. Nothing is lost, and that is why this youthful force, once created by us on September 1st, remains intact as well. Preserve it for yourselves, because it lives on and will continue to live on, just as you and I will.

This is why you mustn't think of this day as if it were something having to do with the past. Because if you do, you will in time destroy the life of such strong days. Keep it young and strong!

People who have dealt earnestly with spiritual matters during their lives on earth will feel their death as something absolutely liberating, for over against physical existence, a higher astral life means "heaven". Thus, when I died, I also found redemption in the highest degree, and I was surprised over and again at all the magnificently beautiful, exhilarating things I saw, felt and experienced. Please don't *ever* worry about this. You will be indescribably happy here!

... September, 1919

Thanks to your wish and willingness to continue to be guided by me, I was granted permission to pass on some new meditations to you.

So listen: First thing in the morning, you say

I WILL!

Just these two words, but they contain everything you need for your daily duties. Immerse yourselves *deeply* and with all your strength into these two words.

Second, in the middle of the day, fold your hands together in prayerful attitude and, as you immerse yourselves into your inner soul in such a way that you can feel the circulation of your blood issuing from your heart, streaming throughout your entire body, and returning to your heart once more, you speak

Blood of your blood,
Strength of your strength, fully aware.
Primal image of all times,
Wholly through your power
I am.

The following, third meditation I ask you please to do before the sun sets, if at all possible, as it is connected with the power of the light and the sun. It goes like this:

Unchangeable, eternal light!
Unbroken Sun powers!
A thousandfold I draw your being's core
Into my soul.
Amen.

Finally, a further meditation for the evening, for you to take with you into sleep. It is meant to guide you across, so that your spirit, freed from your physical body, can continue working with it. Here is how it goes:

Never lose heart!
Today I was weak,
But for the last time.
Tomorrow I have reached my goal.

This little meditation might seem almost childish to you. But it is very healing, and easy to say before falling asleep.

These new meditations have a deeper power than the earlier ones.

This hour, in which I was able to pass this on to you, has been a great one for me.

With fervent love, your *Sigwart*

September 24th, 1919

Although it is hard to clothe an explanation of our connection in words, I wish nevertheless at least to hint at it, so that even those who do not feel it, but only take it in via the intellect, can also divine what I mean when I say that our connection is a purely *inward* one, and thus also a spiritually lofty one. If it were more external in nature, it would belong to the category of spiritism, which we all do not hold in esteem.

To attain to this inward understanding, this inward connection, it is necessary to make oneself absolutely *free* of all physical means of proof, and at first even to close oneself completely off from them. However, if one has a firm will to feel spiritually, one should open oneself up wide like a flower and suck this whole world up into oneself.

September 27th, 1919

Today I would also like to say something about that grove of the seven ancient oak trees on our father's property; for there are a number of things going on there, in your closest vicinity.

It is a site in which a high cult was brought to expression, a sacrificial grove dedicated to the god of the earth. Through the rituals that took place here, the forces of nature belonging to the earthly regions were also moved; or let us rather say strengthened, in order for the influence streaming forth from the rituals also to flow into these forces of nature. You sometimes feel this now in a way that burdens you. These are forces that were generated of yore, in high consecration, but which were also imparted to lower earth elements, and now these elements are demanding from you who live here that you maintain them. This is the reason for the at times burdensome feelings that often want to take over you. You can combat this if you keep strong and do not give them new life by wasting your strength. That way, these powers' own force will dwindle.

Now something concerning the lofty meaning and effect of this site. In its day, it was a center point that was quite comparable to such oracles and cultic sites as Delphi, and was great and powerful for this area. Priests held sway there who understood how to extract the forces of the earth and apply them toward exalted ends.

These circles still exist, since they were enormously strong. You need to imagine this like waves caused by dropping a stone into water and being frozen at certain distances from the center. Thus these are occult power circle waves. Since that time it has never recurred that a power center of similar nature sent out its circular waves, and so everything remained quiet.

But now your joint forces, revolving around me as its center, have by virtue of their vitality begun to touch and intersect these other rings, which has caused new life to stream into them. They have in a way reawakened and want to regain the power they once had. But that is a danger not to be underestimated, because as I mentioned above, although these were strong and noble forces, they also stood in very close connection with the forces of the earth.

But our union is a spiritual one *only*, striving solely for spiritual goals, and herein lies its purpose and its strength. It mustn't be allowed to unite with elements of the forces of nature, as otherwise our union would miss its path, along with its goal, utterly.

Our goal is a purely spiritual one that intends the separation and liberation of spirit from earth forces, and not connection with them. In earlier times such an intersection couldn't have caused any harm, since humanity was at a different level of development; human beings were fully incapable of lifting themselves out of their earthly influence in freedom and in a purely spiritual way. Now, though, they are *supposed* to do this.

I am and remain completely yours, *Sigwart*

September 28th, 1919

Today I would like to tell you something interesting I experienced here.

It was a farewell celebration for an individual who had reached sufficient maturity to incarnate. This spirit was quite highly developed. He stood fully aware at the threshold of descent and wanted to teach us by showing us how this process would also be taking place when we incarnated. I found it very interesting to listen to these explanations.

So listen:

first, the spirit starts extracting itself from the world of its rest and peace by making its own efforts to garb itself, as it were, with the substance of the spheres as they become

denser step by step. It can be compared with the way a caterpillar surrounds itself with its own cocoon. In its step-by-step descent into the denseness of the spheres, everything streams toward it and influences it for what could be beneficial to its further development, regardless of whether these influences are good or bad. The spirit needs some of each kind, since often it is precisely the bad influences that we ought to accept, in order to receive a battle object on which to endure a trial of strength.

Then it goes on, the layers become denser and denser, and this makes it increasingly more difficult to see and know clearly. Thus the spirit descends slowly, to the point at which it stands at the threshold of real matter, the threshold of the physical body, as you call it. And here is where the work I described to you recently begins.

The spirit who told us this had witnessed his immersion in a state of full wakefulness and imparted it to us as instruction. We only hear about these things very infrequently, as it is not very often that so conscious a descent occurs.

This spirit had taken all the rungs of the ladder and told it to us, who had placed ourselves on a level at which he would be able to communicate with us. We had made this arrangement before he began his descent. That is the way it was.

It is I, *Sigwart*, who have told it to you.