

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 4: November 22nd, 1921- December 28th, 1949

Translation: Joseph Bailey

Content

June, 1927-January, 1931

June 2nd, 1927 (the anniversary of Sigwart's death)

I have absolved a large segment of my life, and a change in the form of my existence has taken place. It is from out of this changed form of existence that I bring you my greetings.

The span of time since I left you seems long to you, and yet it is a mere moment of eternity.

All of us have learned a lot in these twelve years that has made us richer, but we are a long way from having reached what we *resolved* on. So it is a matter of taking up ever and again, and with the greatest exertion of will, the task of working on ourselves, of becoming wiser, of looking things in the eye with greater serenity and tranquility. Each day is a new beginning that you should take up with the best of intentions; I ask that you not neglect doing so a single day!

I understand that for some of you it is often very hard. It is especially for you that my advice should be particularly helpful today. I know and see a lot more than you are aware of or even suspect. My life in its most inward aspect still runs its course entirely in the same circle; after all, this circle has been closed for many incarnations. If you would only live your way more deeply into this thought, everything would be easier for you. There is no such thing as "was"; nothing exists but "is".

Become milder, more tolerant, kinder; help each other wherever you can. In the end, love is the first thing laid on the scales. I swath you all in never-changing devotion, and to each single one of you I say the same words:

"Believe in fervent communion with me."

It alone will carry you and uplift you over and again. Call me whenever you need me, include me in your prayers, in your doing and thinking, let me, your *Sigwart*, have a part in everything; only then will our union and our community be consummate.

June 2nd, 1929 (the anniversary of Sigwart's death)

The new time has begun for you *all*: the new awakening after a long rest for some of you. Not that it was an idle rest – no way; but outwardly it almost seemed that way. Twice seven years it is now since I left you. In the course of the third cycle of seven your attitude, your conception of life, will now change. These are *laws*.

No doubt you would like to hear something about my life again, and so I will tell you a few things.

Everything has now completely reshaped itself for me here. The great assemblies are over. The exclusive activity of teaching and being taught has ceased for a long time to come. I am now working on a great new cosmic reform that needs to be brought about, and is to create the spiritual living conditions for a new humanity on the rise. These conditions come about and are worked out here in the spiritual sphere, and only then do they enter into manifestation on the physical plane. At the beginning, only isolated individuals will take up these reforms, though. These people will be "the cutting edge" of the new humanity.

There is no standing still and no going back. It is a big hindrance for some of you that you only ever look back and not forward.

My music has to rest now for a time. This is not painful to me, as I have created a great deal this whole time, and so my life in its new form consists of taking in new ideas. That is

what is so wonderful about this place: not a single “idea” gets lost or forgotten, not even the minutest one. They are all preserved. We also work with souls of enormous technological talent here. These souls’ original knowledge belongs to different fields than technology, but owing to the present time it can only manifest as technological talent. It will, however, revert to original knowledge here once again.

This shows how every creative activity, all talent, all knowledge and all genius is an *eternal* force; and blessed are they who make themselves more and more perfect within such force.

So don’t despair again and again if you detect that your creating is slumbering, invisible and unheard. It *is* alive, and you have undergone development at its hands. And *what* you have created stays with to this development of yours, refining you more each time.

This is how you must regard your creating activity: as a power that promotes your development.

May 14th, 1930

I now live in an unspeakably rarified and intensely devout life-stage. It is difficult to express this form of existence. But everything in the way of profoundest, most refined feelings, in the way of the noblest of images, tones and sensations – all that is the world in which I move as if in living water, and all these things brush against me in a way that fills me with elation and exultation. I live and hover within them, I blend together with them, and I gather ideas concerning the very sublimest art, ideas that can be transformed and implemented once this time of great rapture has passed. Oh blissful is anyone ever gains entry to this phase of life!

To come to you just now, I had to – change clothes. But this coarser garment does not bother me. It is no longer fashioned of dense astral material, but more refined.

Your *Sigwart*

May 29th, 1930

You don’t know the full meaning of your sessions of prayer and meditation, because you understand it *without* understanding it. The things that happen when you are guided by us are auspicious and holy. It was not only me who was in attendance, showing you what to do; no, there was a whole host of exalted beings likewise sunken in veneration during your hour of devotion, and that imparted a profound spiritualization to the entire hour, of which you have only a dim notion. Everyone who was blessed in our circle today has been richly endowed. The blessing surging into you is an elevated, sacred gift, be assured of that.

June 2nd, 1930 (the anniversary of Sigwart’s death)

You *all* sensed me as dwelling among you today, and *that is the way it was, too*. I have likely never been this near to you with my fullest being. The highest gift that can be granted a person on earth is to unite this closely and be so fully able to feel with a brother who went before him.

You all showed your God that you are worthy to possess this highest bond of soul to soul. Today I thank you for this from the bottom of my heart.

There is an oscillation around you, called forth by these holy hours and surging deep into the spiritual worlds, where sublime entities hear it. And even these are elated by such pure love and unity, which are very rare indeed.

It oscillates back to you and down into your hearts, bringing you salutations from out these exalted spheres that now enfold me and fill me with bliss, and which one day will also be your home.

Your *Sigwart*

June 15th, 1930

Such mighty waves of tones are streaming to me that I want to try to find the leitmotif in them and clothe it in words. I have been carrying a motif within me for days now for the sake of communicating it to you. In the spheres' harmony of light that are now home to me, this motif is closely linked with the feeling of thanks – of gratitude. It finds its way to you as tones and forms itself into the sounds of these words, which I feel deeply as a wave of light sprung forth from the primal being of my "I", and which I am now sending to you.

Days and years have passed during which I have held the light-spun threads of your souls in my hands. Now you come often, and through your collective and mutual remembrance of me, the waves stream to me like broad, luminous ribbons and land on the shores of my present home. There they resound in chords of the most resplendent harmony. It is an intoning, a resounding and reverberating that would be incomprehensible to you.

Thanks to all of you who are able to give such immense things to me! I envelop myself in these light-filled waves. They wash around me and when I emerge from them I retain their luminescence. It sticks like stardust to the delicately woven fabric of my present world. That is the blessing of your love, which has become my own and accompanies me. You are the bestowers of blessing on your Sigwart.

But you too have *my* blessing on your earthly paths, and *this too* is a gift, just as your offering to me is.

You often don't sense how this gift I give you from my world lifts you out and above the pale and dreary element that nearly everyone, yes, virtually all people are marked with. My gift is like a fabric of light from which you can spin a thread out to the higher spheres and back to me.

Today, for the first time after a lengthy period, I can once again give you a new, strength-bestowing meditation:

Holy stream,
wavelike floods your blessing-bringing light.
You transform everything into joy and strength.

Holy stream,
born of us,
become through us
eternal light!
Master of the forces,
bestower of suns,

helper of the wretched,
primal fount of the Whole.

Everything resonates with us,
everything connects,
everything unites us to highest commingling
with our God!

Your *Sigwart*

December 21st, 1930 (as Sigwart's sister Tora is playing his *Christmas Sonata*)

The Christmas sounds that once were intoned on your earth now sound on in our spheres and flow through the space surrounding you and us. These are the sounds that unite us, once created out of the spiritual element, then incarnated into matter and now wingéd as a luminous link spinning threads from you to us. These resonances form a net that delicately surrounds us, and this is how we celebrate Christmas with you and you with us, for the holy rites that beam through our spheres, they are now also to begin soon. The bells toll for the hearts of men, to draw them upward into the regions of the spirit and sanctify them, uplift them, purify them at the time of Holy Christmas. Hearken to the bells; they toll for you too!

January 10th, 1931

Yes, now it will work. I, your Sigwart, am here and speaking to you.

While you were gathered in the parlor earlier and saying so many things about me, my heart laughed, because I too went through all the events and hours of my time on earth all over again. I have to thank you for that, because you need to know that hours of this kind do me good; such hours are balsam for me. Does it not mean our reconnection in heartening, refreshing hours that we spend together?

Just those times when you talk frequently about when I was with you in my earthly garment – and when you do it *joyously* – are always something very special for me. Otherwise, painful thoughts mingle only too readily with such recollections.

And now come with me into my spheres, in which we began our soaring flight even this morning while congregated at the oak tree. Come with me and experience with me the wonders of the loftiest worlds: hosts of exalted beings pass before us, hail us with a smile and touch us with their wings as they fly past us.

We continue on our way; beneath us lie the different levels of light, out of whose atmospheres living figures take shape; by their color we can discern the degree of their capacity to live. They are thought-images of grand creators that populate this level of light.

But on we strive, leaving the realms of thought-pictures and nearing the realm of the true and ever-existing. We pass through landscapes and the most magnificent plays of color, sun-realms, embodiments of light, sublime communal sites of equal-minded souls – we hover through all that, our gaze ever directed to ever greater heights. Then we have reached our goal!

The very goldenmost heaven, the loveliest of music created by the most exalted of angels, thousands and thousands of singing, hovering, feeling, loving primal shapes of distant times, for whom this final goal was their consummation and who now bestow bliss on all granted entry here, as their reward for indescribable suffering on the earthly plane. These are often but brief moments, but they are enough to forget the entire enormous suffering on earth. The purpose here is to restore souls to health!

And this land is now about to receive you; here let us take in, reciprocally, what imbues us with deepest affinity to one another. These gifts create the highest, holiest vibration of a kind that occurs only very seldom within groups of people.

This is our love of one another, our love that permeates everything, that bursts chains and cuts through fog, knows no hindrance, heeds no barriers, because it stands above all laws and is a might of its own, neither now nor ever subject to any other power. And so it was possible for me to pass *with you* through the cosmic space that had long remained closed to others.

Thus we have made this soaring flight, jubilant and singing for the joy of our God, the God of love!

Sisters, Mother, brothers, friends, take each others' hands and allow the certainty to take root even in your earthly thinking that *you actually did* traverse regions with me that gave you a glimpse of the heavens.

Let jubilation be your motto for the times to come! For in *joy* lies the *greatest strength*, not in pain – that is what you must say to yourselves over and over.

And now give thanks to God that He allowed me to take my leave for the sake of preparing your paths, and while doing so to strew these paths the very paths you will tread one day – with the many roses I get from inside you.

Your *Sigwart*