

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 (January - April, 1931)

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Content

January – April, 1931

January 26th, 1931 (communication to Dagmar)

What do you call perfect at all? Perfection is a concept that remains foreign even to our spheres. We too strive for it, but the realm where it is realized is on a much higher plane. Every level of development has a different standard for perfection; and for all their differences, each standard is adapted to the understanding of those located at the corresponding level.

If you give something higher than is the standard for your level, it rushes by, unable to be grasped either by earth consciousness or the soul, and reaches only the “exalted I” of the entity, and this entity keeps the essence for itself as an eternal value. But it is possible for you to feed the starving souls out of the horn of plenty of your music with gifts that are far less perfect. What for you is still enshrouded in many veils of inferiority is *something perfect for them*.

And so, *give*. Do it often and fully aware that your giving is a gift from God. The giver is not you. You are a mere mediator; still, you should spread these gifts by the handful, which leave millions of sparkling traces in the bodies-of-light of the people who listen to your music.

Your music does not belong to you alone! It is the property of your brothers and sisters, and it is precisely in giving that you will become richer and richer, because you will get gifts in return and will grow, through your *giving*.

It is all too earthly a notion always to want to give your best in terms of technique. Don't you know that you put your *soul* into it, and that your soul then *gives of itself*? Why do you hamper yourself through criticism and trivialities, when it is the spiritual world, in its waves and currents, that it is your calling to give?

I believe you now feel how for personal reasons you have been keeping a lot shut up within you that wants to stream forth, willing to find open vessels. You have committed a number of sins of omission out of a false sense of artist's pride. We artists feel within us what perfection *can be*, and on the earthly plane we want in vain to force this into imperfect means of expression. It can't be done! We have to learn to understand this, and not break the wings intended to carry us upward in highest flight into the realm of spiritual art. These wings need to be able to bear us into the spheres of the light, and when we come back down we need to allow them to undergo their silent development.

Every realm has its own height, hence so does the small realm represented by each individual person; and in each case the exalted element seeking to uplift and carry a person needs to be individually adapted to this person. This holds just as well for art as it does for concrete means of awakening a person's spirit.

That was the essence of what I told you when we went our way together.

Dagmar, my beloved sister, give: you are so rich. Abandon all your misgivings when it comes to being a vessel for distributing the rays of our world over the poor earth. These rays burn bright traces of light, traces that remain eternally.

February 17th, 1931

Now I can finally address you and tell you what my heart is positively brimming with. While Tora was playing my sonata* just now, all the moments I went through as I was composing it resurfaced. As I was creating this work, the most intensely sacred experiences went on

* The sonata mentioned is the one Sigwart finished in the trenches shortly before his death.

within me – in spite of the magnitude of the task. These experiences consisted in light-filled feelings of elation – not what people call “happiness”; no. Something utterly different took hold of me. I can say this to now, now that you have become my sisters and brothers in wisdom.

At the time, I knew full well that this music was my Swan Song, and that is why it was granted to me to sense, to savor, to live through the very highest a human being is allowed to in the course of a lifetime, something that is absolute release and projection over into the higher worlds. Believe me, my own tears flowed too, when I had to create the adagio. The unmediated experience of my impending departure from this world, still so sunny for me, was a pain that made my heart quake. I nearly wanted to flee, wanted out of the spell of this compulsion to create, out of the slowly arising threnody. But it held me fast in its iron strength, and a higher directive compelled me to persevere and finish this last work crafted with my heart’s own blood. I’ve never wanted to tell you this, because I can’t bear seeing you suffer, but now I believe you are strong and can hear it.

The suffering and departure from everything dear to me had difficult hours in store for me. I often loved my life so unspeakably much because, after all, it had shown me nothing but heaven on earth. I had such an infinite capacity to enjoy, and the “rejoicing to heaven” was a far more frequent companion to me than “dejection to death”.

You need to know this, so that you understand just what it meant to me to feel the kind of compulsion I suffered in order to create this last work. With magic threads it attracts me ever and again and connects me with you and with everything that was dear to me.

Let’s not speak of anything else today; this communication has gripped me too deeply.

In fervent love,

Sigwart

February 23rd, 1931 (tidings from the Master)

Today someone wants to speak to you in this hour who has not spoken before. I, Sigwart, remain silent.

I want to proclaim to you today the great sacrifice of love that has been made for you.

Once you stood together on the thorny path of your earth; then, one of you withdrew from your midst and left you. Woven round by the rays of your love, this spirit of light came to us, glowing with the wish endow the flames springing forth from his heart with a goal, a holy objective. So great was this wish, that from out of the most light-filled of worlds – worlds his spirit had never even touched – a divine beam of blessing fell on him. He knelt deeply in his good fortune, for insight and knowledge came of this ray. A knowledge that in its omnipotence at first forced him to his knees in humility. But radiant knowledge of an almighty, sacred, God-imbued task raised him up to full awareness.

A grand, all-encompassing “yes”, rushing through all the spheres, resounded throughout our heavenly space. Thus the great work was begun, which is to include you and, later, many. A wave from out of the most exalted of spheres stormed through his being-become-love. It streamed through him with so lofty a power that the brightest and finest parts were loosened from him and found their way to your souls, to the garments of your spirits. In this way, he streamed through you with his entity, which now became a portion of your own selves; and so he has chained himself to you as a flame that has an igniting effect within you.

Sublime laws hold sway over deeds of this kind, and he must not be loosened from you before such time as this work of redemption has been consummated. Thus you can consider him whom you call your own to be embodied in you in reality and in full truth.

It is a work of redeeming love, one you can never esteem highly enough. Take the certainty up into yourselves that it is grace for you to be granted to experience something of this kind. But your gratitude must not be love alone; it must carry the mighty impulse within it that you yourselves, through your ascending and growing, are allowed to redeem this redeemer. In the holy hour in which he, united with you, will have pulled you up to his heights, to the luminous, glowing peaks, and you are ripe to unite yourselves with him and his being: in that hour of consecration he is free – free to make a magnificent, god-like ascent! And your work, your love, your creating will be the foundation of his then-liberated soaring into infinite heavenly distance.

This I was able to communicate to you, for now that you have proven that you can ascend even without being sage, you are allowed to receive this holy mystery into yourselves.

Show that you are worthy of my having been granted to open your eyes!

I am connected with Sigwart, your guide, and will remain so until his mission is fulfilled. This is how you must remember this sublime hour. We will see each other again the day the light inundates you in the sacred flowing-together in never-dreamt-of oneness with him, your Sigwart.

I greet you, each one of you, as you tread the path to consummation.

I am Sigwart's and your teacher and master. Amen!

April 8th, 1931 (Easter)

Yes, I am here; it is I, Sigwart!

I would have liked to send you greetings during these past days of highest ceremonies and rituals in our world, but it was too difficult.

Our rites here pervade us so utterly that we had neither the time nor the rest for anything else. Unfortunately, I can only say little to you about it, because it would all belong to the exalted field of processes still incomprehensible to you.

It was one single almighty celebratory act, in which the *essential core* of the past processes back then was formed into an extract of the highest nature. This distillate bore within itself everything in the way of sensing, sacrificial offering, deed, love, in the way of colors, tones, forms and movement. We were allowed to receive of this highest extract and of everything that came to life during Eastertide.

Your *Sigwart*

April 11th, 1931

There have been so many things lately that have preoccupied such a great deal, and that I would be very glad to tell you about.

The days following our last act of consecration were very demanding for me. Something occurred here that has called for the utmost work, consisting in us once again having to calm strong currents.

It involved rebellious forces that needed to be restrained, in order to prevent great harm from being done. We attained our goal, and this success fills us all with such happiness that I had to tell you about it. Even if you are unable to form a definite notion of it, you only need to imagine vanquishing a state of chaos lumbering toward us that sought to inundate everything, and which otherwise could not have been held back. It was the very greatest

threat, but we were called on at the right time; hence we managed to disperse the waves, and the onslaught was broken. Now there will be quiet for a long time to come, and you as well can be without any worry.

Bear in mind that you too were preserved from great harm by your

Sigwart.

April 19th, 1931

(A question has been put to Sigwart as to whether worrisome thoughts can be seen from the spiritual world.)

We see the worries that every person carries around inside as a kind of shadowy shield. If this shield also has a staff, it is a sign that the thoughts of worry can still be dissolved easily. The staff, which also projects into the sublimated world like a shadow, is the point at which the denser layers are absorbed. If the worry shield a person carries *in front of* himself no longer has a staff, this layer of worry has already densified to the extent that it has absorbed the staff. Then the possibility to dissolve this densification is much more minute, or rather much more difficult, as there no longer exists any docking point for the spiritual powers of dissolution to intervene.

There are even people whose bodies have been fully enclosed by this layer, who look as if they were being suffocated by this suit of armor because their arms and head are all that protrude from it.

Question: *Does optimism help dissolve the shield of worry?*)

Yes – after all, you help yourself when you believe. Let's imagine it in the following way: each person is surrounded by layers, like an onion. The spiritual work you perform fills one layer after the other with light, from the outer layers inward. The darkness that had permeated *all* the layers now becomes more and more concentrated in the ones at the core. Since the light offensive occurs over the entire surface, the darkness is increasingly absorbed, but at the same time increasingly concentrated in the center, to the point where all at once out of just this black core, the light is ignited, which in turn inundates everything. Hence the light is wedded with the light. Take heart and continue your struggle with courage. Obviously, the turning point is always the place where the greatest tension builds up.