

# **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 11<sup>th</sup> 1917 - September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1919)

Translation: Joseph Bailey

## May 23<sup>rd</sup>-June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1931

May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931 (Saturday before Whitsun)

Yes, Sigwart is still here and waiting joyfully to be able finally to say something to you again.

You once saw me on earth in a black fool's costume either despising the world or else singing thousandfold praises of it. Life, rejoicing, sang to me. Now, everything has been transformed: I stand here in a white garment, singing of the love of the sacred communities that hold sway here and provide a power of light that has infinitely more force than all brooding and learning, all the thinking and dissecting. For it is the primal power, the one and only one, which was and ever will be, that is "Love"! This love, which flows forth from the sacred communities, is by virtue of its harmonizing frequencies so strong that it is capable of everything. And it is in this love of souls who are of like mind and like feeling that I create, clothed in a white garment. Very, very often my thoughts hasten into the past, to the years of my youth, and I shudder when I recall the strength of my capacity to feel at that time, which seemed to me to be the highest there was – and yet: it was only Lucifer, the one who blinds and numbs, holding me firm in his clutches. But I needed all that, for I have learned to refine to the utmost this ability of mine to feel, learned to heighten and gain mastery over it. Thus I was able to create and to struggle my way through to a sublime physical and metaphysical unfolding, and was then able to rework all this into creative spirit and creative soul power. In this way the fool clad in black became the brother dressed in white.

And this brother sends you loving greetings and eternal joy for life.

All yours, *Sigwart*

May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1931, in the evening (Imaginative Wanderings part 1)

I, Sigwart, am here. I summoned you away from where you were sitting because the moonlight bothered me. The moon gives off waves that do not match yours. I only noticed this when I surrounded myself with your fluids, which wrapped themselves around me like light, delicate colors.

Now we are a soul and spirit unity again, my dear sisters, and so we want to begin today's flight.

Before you there lies a large snow-covered field at the beginning of this wandering. Your ardent striving must act like the sun's rays and make the masses of snow melt. Then the path leads on over gravel and rock debris that have collected from millennia of slag – you need to get through that, too, onward... upward... forward.

Now you are standing at the lower edge of a great rock wall hanging over you ominously. How will we get past this cliff? you think. But even as you are thinking this, you see a narrow footpath seamed with flowers and winding upward to the height of this rock. Then come meadows shadowed by trees, and ever higher leads the path. But you mustn't tarry at these shadowy, inviting mountain meadows on which springs splash and flowers grow. "Onward, onward" calls your guide Sigwart.

Thus it goes upward, soon valleys and mountain hills lie beneath us, which we left behind as we climbed. The trees become thinner, the view freer, it becomes so bright and fair!

A man comes toward us. His eyes are dark, around his head is a bright luminescence, he is glad we have gotten to this height and now invites us to leave the mountain peaks, which are the earth's highest. He takes our hands, and straight away we are gliding higher, lightward, into immeasurable distances of the "All".

Our further journey I will describe to you another time. Make an effort to immerse yourselves fully into this first part of it; then you will be able to take in with greater understanding the flight that surpasses earthly spheres.

There are a total of three journeys I will describe to you over time. Their mystical symbolic meaning must be *entirely clear* to you, so that you can derive the source of strength from it that I have hidden in it.

Your *Sigwart*

May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1931 (Imaginative Wanderings part 2)

I, Sigwart, am here and would like to tell you the continuation from yesterday. So listen well!

The guide takes our hands and now we are gliding away out of the physical area of the earth. At first, it is two layers of light, of which I spoke once before, and the bundled thought images. But this guide shows us a different path, one I haven't described to you yet.

It appears to go downward over cliffs and terrifying rock chasms whose peaks spread their crags ominously in our direction. Wads of fog hang onto them similar to the fog on earth. Out of the deep there is sound, but it is not resonance; only sound without the mellowness of tone. The cosmic cloud structures become dark and more threatening, darker the chasm we are approaching.

Then you hear how the terrifying, chaotic element withdraws at the same rate of speed as we approach. The distance between it and us remains the same. We have reached the sphere of influence of a different Creation, and remain separated from it by the same distance until the threads have been spun that enable our approach. That takes a while, since we have advanced, even if in a different way than on earth, into layers where certain restrictions are still in force, similarly to the way time and space are restrictions on the physical earth.

But now the distance is reduced, the ominous crags lose some of their fearsome appearance; it is as if they were divided, dispersed, and as if we would submerge ourselves in this darkly smoldering sea of clouds, as if in a cosmic funnel. Then it gets brighter – space expands – we glide into a different level, which to begin with is filled with nothing but light of a yellowish hue and permeated by fog-like formations of haze. We alight and linger in silence. But soon our eyes become seeing. In front of us, below us, above us there stretches *the "All" – immeasurable, unfathomable, inconceivable!*

You shudder as you feel the emptiness of this void, which must be the foundation of all sublime creating.

In this emptiness lies the primal homeland of silence, timelessness, endlessness. It is the workshop of the very act of formation – nothing holds sway here save *the grandiose, invisible thought of God!*

I too, my dears, am shaken right into my innermost core, for this overwhelming impression has an influence even on my sublimated spirit-body, as an experience of the most enormous, most elemental kind.

The primeval keeping of silence, the primal quiet expands around us! Then we see how before our eyes a perfectly round disk the size of a sun becomes vivid in the void of cosmic space. We wait,... within this circle remarkable forms arise, which at first are dull and then gradually become brighter and more definite, according to the intensity of our understanding; then they change in color and form, their plasticity, the intensity of their depth and color increases, and they take on motion and emanation of their own. These are things impossible for you to comprehend: cosmic occurrences not understandable in their details even to me.

Then the light divides, penetrates imbues these forms and withdraws from them again. All this we experience in mute astonishment, in open receiving of the infinite magnitude of this occurrence.

Then your strength is exhausted.

What has occurred becomes blurry – the impressions become shallow – your spirit is no longer able to assimilate anymore – and we, accompanied by our guide, return home to the worlds we call our own.

I will now close for today.

*Sigwart*

### May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1931 (Imaginative Wanderings, part 3)

I have gone through our last entry; everything is correct. These were processes that are difficult to communicate; you have rendered the images properly. I want to show you how the apparent downward gliding is a symbolic occurrence. It is the resistance in you, the God-distant parts of your being, which you need to permeate in order to get to the worlds we can then enter jointly.

I now want to try to describe the third sojourn to you...

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It is the journey to the primal homeland of resonance, of music – the “intoning world”, as we call it, which sends its subtle and subtlest vibrations out through all of heavenly space.

This is a sphere out of which all great inventors and composers create. Strange as it may seem, *both* inventors *and* composers immerse themselves into this sphere in order to attain the ability to create within their spirit a resonating or functional mode, which on the physical plane goes from the status of thoughts to that of deeds and actions, and in this way inaugurates its own vibrant existence.

For this journey we must enter into sublimated worlds, spheres of a completely different kind than those of the other journeys. We advance through all the resonance-filled worlds fed from there, until we get to the center of resonance. It shows itself to us as a world of light and color. The finest, most subtle layers oscillate within one another, surging together like mist and the sparkling of stars – flowing, atomizing, glittering as they conjoin. There you see their warm and glowing, and in other places cold and misty waves, a muting without end, an inexhaustible abundance, a depth never to be fathomed. Gleaming, glistening light, whose sparks, as they are given off, give birth to tones that join with other tones of identical origin the moment they are engendered. The tone trembles on into other realms, taking on their characteristics and frequencies. Gradually, the more it sinks into matter, the coarser and more lumbering it becomes, losing its luminescence and vibrancy. Using our own yearning thoughts which we have sent to the highest spheres, we too garner the brightest of

tones and link them to the world-shaking harmonies out of our realms into your world. And this is how everyone does it, including those in earthly garments with the ability to feel their way into this world of primal sound. It often occurs that the very mentality of the musician exerts an influence in the world of resonance and there creates connections that far surpass his capacity and what his spirit is able even to conceive of. That is what you call transcendental. In such case, the musician has not then created the opus; rather, the impulse has caused a mental replica of his own soul to be produced, without his having had a part in it.

Your *Sigwart*

June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1931, in the evening

Yes, it's Sigwart speaking. Yes, now it will work. Often the very most delicate oscillations I need in order to transmit the words are interrupted by thoughts, and then I have to wait.

I would like to give you all a communication yet today, the way I always have on the anniversary of the day I was called away and had to leave you alone.

The prophesy from earlier times when we were on earth together has been fulfilled. But we didn't live just as a family of biological brothers, sisters and parents; but rather as a community. Then came other times when we had a lot of infighting, when our mutual love burned hot. All this we had to experience and suffer through, to learn and emerge from it with greater maturity.

And then came the holy promise, the sacrifice I made for you. *At the highest hour* I spoke these words, with the great love in mind. It was an hour that spans thousands of years through the power of holy will.

Now what is so far past is *fulfilled*. But know that such wishes to do the highest of deeds have the power to exist for thousands of years.

It was not last incarnation that I made this promise to you, this much I am allowed to tell you today; no: it lies in the *much* more distant past. Magical powers were much more strongly developed back then, and these powers' glowing passion for holy ideas had the primal force of the gods.

So look back today and sense, even if only darkly, this mighty experience of the time when one who belonged to you created a karma for himself through sacrificial deed and will. Throughout the incarnations, this will never flagged in its joy and holy strength. Yes, joy and sublimest happiness were the result of this intentional sacrifice. Never could an earthly life ever be such a setback for me that I would feel it as a burden and a torment. No, *that is over*. Your Sigwart is free from the suffering and heaviness that hang on most people.

Was this sacrifice worth it? Say it for yourselves.

It took millennia for the will to get to its goal. But it remained upright until its fulfillment. And now *finally* the blossom has unfolded out of this bud. In this life, at this time, in the union and the configuration in which we stand to one another this time.

Today, on the anniversary of the fulfillment of my millennia-old will, I wanted and was permitted to say all this to you, now that our sublime master has told you about it (cf. communication of February 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931).

Today, the day that my sacrifice has finally been fulfilled, you too should remember. Even if for very brief moments, *all* of you should try, because it is a gift for you that I am allowed to say this to you today. Immerse yourselves entirely into my words and keep silence – let it

oscillate around you; then the memory will emerge, and you will see images that brought forth the great day.

Sun gold –  
Then scarlet blazes –  
Rise up in the night –  
A thousand enrobed ones swaying in ritual dance  
and always igniting new fires. –  
A stone, heated, on whose flat the fragrance was poured...

A grand moment of silence. –  
Then spoke I! – first alone, then murmuring choir...  
Lightening bolted down and sealed  
my vow. –

What ensued is unspeakable love and the greatest of devotion *from you all*. Yes, you all gave yourselves over to me in the greatest of love and the most profoundly fervid gratitude. That was the pact, the *eternal* pact!

Believe everything I have been allowed to tell you, my beloved, since you have gained the *maturity* to hear such things, and the *greatness* to understand them.

I myself am so deeply shaken because through my dictating it, this whole experience so moves me that I nearly wither in the renewed experiences of this ardent wish and this all-upsetting deed. Forgive my weakness, but I still feel as a human being with the deepest movement of soul, and I am so indescribably elated that I was allowed to give you this gift today.

Read the communication together and hold silence as you continue recollecting, then you will sense something you have not sensed before now.

I, your glad brother,  
Your bringer of sacrifice and joy  
Send you greetings a thousand times over.