

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

Translation: Joseph Bailey

April 25th, 1932 – July 29th, 1934

April 25th, 1932

Today both of us come to you.* I, Sigwart am permitted to come to you with my teacher to master and discuss this matter, which is of the utmost importance for you, for us, and for many others. I relay the words of our teacher:

The time has come when the divine gifts we permitted your brother to bestow on you may be given into broader circles. What he has been allowed to say to you must now be passed on, in order that it may impart blessing, relieve suffering, uplift people, and show them the path to the light.

The time is at hand!

Under our guidance you did what you had to accomplish. You have taken on the task of making a review with us, and with us you will finish it. This is the way we wanted it, and in this way were you subjected to our will. Not Sigwart alone; no, we, his teachers and masters were at his side. It is a task that demands your full devotion to us, for what you have done we did through you!

However, the final portion of this work is yet to be accomplished. Even higher beings will be present at this last review, and you will be granted the time it takes to gather what you need for it. You stand in the service of this great helping task and will be given guidance. But take care that you fulfill this final task of yours with greater concentration, greater depth and freer from earthly bonds. We have been satisfied with your work so far, as we were able, with few exceptions, to work through you to the full extent.

It is our wish that this communication immediately be given our sister, through whom the greatest portion of this work of help came about.

We have chosen you because other powers are required than hers. She was the vessel into which it was given your brother to pour all the treasures, and she must keep these sacred relics untouched by the criticism and the standards of the world. But you are the completion necessary to round off the whole, and we call on you because we need you to create a connection that is suited to the degree of light possessed by the circle it will all be given to now.

I give you, Lycki, my blessings. We have taken over what up to now were your concern and responsibility, and will continue to guide it according to the laws prescribed us for the success we seek. Receive this conviction deeply into yourself, for we have taken these matters into our hands, and those persons who take them up are our instruments.

We create – they mediate!

Sigwart has not been acting of his own accord in this work and decision-making; rather, we are the ones who have been guiding him. What he has given and what is now to become a blessing for many is subject to our directive.

We greet you with Sigwart, whose teachers and masters we are.

* Translator's note: In the original German version of this entry, the plural form of "you" is used, so in this context "you" refers to more than one person.

The peace be with you!

January 5th, 1933

From afar a call resounds to you – he too, Euripides, was a liberator; thus he is related to me in his great willing. To free a people he set out and sang the song that burst the dungeon bars... I too set out to free you. Thus the figures and the times change. But the great goals remain, shining like the stars on the firmament, and wandering their orbits in inalterable regularity.

There are always individuals sent for love to make liberators of them, love of those who belong to them, love of their people – and the role model for all of them beams toward us in Christ.

Bear in mind that each one of you carries my burden on his or her shoulders and that in transforming this burden into creative strength you become liberators for me and redeemers of yourselves.

Helpers are to arise from you for me, helpers who support my work with united strength. Raise yourselves up to become pillars on which I can span the unifying bands of the bridge I ignite my fire on.

Become columns of light, then I will stretch my hands out to you and give each of you a holy matter, a task awaiting the work to be done on it whose fulfillment will be your most sacred obligation.

Thus I will wait for you and give a gift to everyone who lifts himself up.

It is I, Sigwart, who spoke these things to you, at the beginning of the New Year!

July 1st, 1934

All of you in my circle, each single one, I call you together for new spiritual work with me! This power is necessary in the raging of our times. May it spread and branch out through the dark clouds like a vein of light. Each one of you is to create in his own space, each in his own way, according to his own strength.

I, Sigwart, call you! No one faint-hearted who doubts destiny; only persons who walk upright, their eyes on the goal – that is how I need you! The matters being brought about are momentous; they amount to a transformation. Hold tight the sword of knowledge, we will need it. Let it shine afar and brighten the way for those who don't see yet. Many are treading dark paths because they are not striving toward the light of *knowledge*. Do you not feel how bright all paths become the moment this light falls on it?

Nothing is dark, let nothing alarm you ; there is nothing to fear. Everything is God-willed, good, healing.

Is there any room left for faint-hearted souls? They must become warriors strong in faith, and they will become healthy in the awareness of their collaboration.

You speak of conflicts. Don't you understand that they are only there as long as you want to act *against* the voice of your conscience? That is what creates schisms.

Sigwart

July 29th, 1934 (Communication for Dagmar one year before her death)

My sister, I, your Sigwart, stand before you today at this hour, which you are to impress upon your memory, because this hour bears decisions on its wings the significance of which will only be revealed to you much later.

You know how great my love is, how infinite the trust I have in you, and how strong the confidence with which I build my mission on your shoulders, stone by stone. I have come today to tell you that you have withstood the trials victoriously.

Today I am allowed to tell you that you have prevailed this time, and so doing reached a huge landmark in your life. My task today is another one, though!

Dagmar, my sister, listen to my words. Great is the work and the task before you. The building stones you bring me must be light-filled and immaculate. Your tasks in this life are manifold, they overlap, one bears up the other. You cannot accomplish the one and neglect the others, and vice-versa.

I don't want to tell you anything today about the great work with me, as it is only part of the other work I need to speak to you about today.

You are endowed with infinite values so that you can gift others, cast a ray of sunshine into them, which in turn heightens your own light. I see so few of these rays shine forth from you in a fruit-bearing manner. You are building *within yourself*, and that is good, *provided* you allow the essence of this building activity to radiate outward.

Where have you left *your giving*?*

Uncounted founts are welling out of your being's core, and nearly all of them are pouring back into your own depths, where the word gleams "I *will* give!" Does the future lie in your hands? Do you know whether or not you will be able and allowed to give later if you don't hold on to the present that is yours?

If you were to pass over into our world now the concentrated force of your work would come to meet you and you would shudder at its power – but if you looked at it more closely you would be disappointed in it. It is compacted like a gigantic cake of ice, heavy, clumped, jagged. The light breaks on its polished, smooth surfaces. But where is its inner radiance? Where the ray on which the letters are written "Give, and it will be given unto you"? And yet there *is* a potential radiant force in its core, one that could have the explosive effect it would take to burst the armor in which you have encased the prodigious structure that is your work.

Never, my sister, will you have the experience you dream of – *never ever*, as long as you allow the fruits of your work to be burnt up inside this iron cube. My words are severe and earnest and ponderous; do you hear: *never ever*!

You have an entirely wrong point of departure, because it is only out of "giving", *whatever form it may take*, that fruits will grow for the attainment of ideals and the radiant fulfillment we build up within ourselves.

How often have I said to you to "give, endow, emanate, and this wealth will be paid back to you a thousandfold"? You listened to me, but only briefly, and then you closed your doors once more, and once more today I see with alarm this whipped-up power arise that hounds you toward the goal you believe you will reach in that way, and from which at this same speed – you *distance* yourself!

* Sigwart is referring here to a soul-related pattern of behavior on Dagmar's part that led her to exhaust herself fully in practicing piano, in order to be able to give her best in her art. In so doing, she neglected the act of actually giving of her talent to her public.

Heed my words, my sister, stand still, let everything fall from you that constricts you; and in standing still, in a free, released standstill, behold the goal; not while running an insane race!

I would like to give you a picture:

You are like a person scurrying along a great street, carrying in your arms a horn of plenty. Your pace is so fast that you have to clutch your load firmly in your arms so as not to lose it, so that not so much as a single flower falls out. That is how tightly you clamp it to yourself.

How different the picture would be if you went your way buoyantly and swiftly and saw all the beauty, all the trees in blossom, all the fields *waiting* for your heart to give! It would be a sunny landscape, in which the flowers on the roadside would glow more intensely and the full ears of grain bend.

As it is, though, I see you going your way as if on a stormy autumn day and simply letting the forces dissipate and lie fallow that you could access in yourself a thousand times over.

For the job I have to do, for the accomplishment of my mission with you, I need not only your formative power, but your light-filled, *giving* power, as well. Let up from the goal you see before you – you're getting the path wrong that is set for you. Look beyond it and see how much more lustrous, infinitely more beautiful and perfect, infinitely more fulfilling the goal is that I show you, and the shining path leading *there*! Get out of your old clothes, which cut into you, are too tight and impede your movement; free yourself of everything that is a "must", of all "improper willing", and just give yourself up into *my hands*! Then and only then will I unfold you to a strength that has nothing to do with "will power", but out of which fountains arise of their own accord and the lights gleam by themselves; to a spirit of sound that resonates in multiple voices in immeasurably large domes.

Now once more you stand at a pulpit in this world-cathedral, which you ascended step by step. But above you there hangs a roof, crowning this pulpit like a lid. Do you understand how much richer and fuller the resonance born out of you can sound when it does so freely? When unhindered by a roof diverting its waves downward it resounds in all of the cathedral's domes and arches as a huge chord and even reverberates back to you as an infinitely large gift? Do you understand this comparison? I see and hear your nature's potential for the creation of musical sound, the infinite power of these waves, and at the same time I see how you hamper their free unfolding, muffle them and take false paths in your quest to complete the tasks that rest in you. You will *never* find them on these paths – *ever*! I am allowed to say this to you today. A severe word; and yet, if you change your course and recognize thoroughly that you can only make your way forward by other means, then it ought not to seem severe to you, but rather a mere cry of warning at the final hour. Turn around, there is still time!

Turn around and, right there where you turn, just drop the spasms you feel of needing to attain something, let everything that hounds you and cramps you in fall off, as if you were shedding dark garments!

My sister, I would like to help *you* and *me* and *us*, because you can *only* become the strength I need, the column bearing up my bridge, if you fulfill this task in an elastic, free and flexible way. This is the way I need to have you, and I know I haven't written this gravely important communication today in vain.

You must see that, measured in terms of earthly matter, excessive tension grinds down your strength, weakens the resistance, reduces your load capacity. You have no notion of all the things that are at stake when one of you does not *entirely* accomplish what we must demand. I can see it, though, because before me I behold even now, in all its light-filled grandeur, the *work of my accomplished mission*: "The Bridge".

I once told you I had assumed responsibility for you. But in the same way each one of you assumes responsibility for me and my work, which is to arise in *light* and power and sound.

My sister, develop all the resonance of your being by giving – and by “giving” I mean all forms thereof – and by fashioning out of this giving your own inner growth. Then it will become a cathedral of sparkling crystal that with its spires and peaks will reach from the earth’s regions up into our own. This cathedral will contain the steps on which we will descend. Together with you we will then achieve what you long for and strive after in your art and in your work: to help build *the bridge* from your world to ours.

I bless you, *Sigwart*