

# **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**

Translation: Joseph Bailey

**June 7<sup>th</sup>-July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935**

June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1935 (communication to Marie pertaining to the impending death of Dagmar)

Finally – finally. Hail and blessing be unto this hour in which you so completely turn to us again, beloved sister.

I want to say a great deal to you today, for in these days and at this hour there is so much in need of being said.

One of our circle is soon going to the eternal homeland. One has finished her life. This one so faithfully devoted to me will now become the new connecting link between you all and me, for she grew forth out of the union of our community and unfolded herself in this circle, which encompasses all of us.

Silent peace rests upon her now that she has born out her bodily suffering. Her soul has since turned toward the light and stands out over the limited circle that surrounds her. For you this process is still something nearly enigmatic, despite the fact that you stand before your sister's departure with such magnanimity and awe and knowledge. "He who dies in this way dies well!" The sun-permeated veil you envelop her in through your prayers, through your rays is a tremendous grace for the poor patient. Only a single small cloudy place adheres to her yet, and I ask that you wipe this spot away, as well: it is everything having to do with her bodily suffering, with *your* oh so understandable pain and *your* wishes, which at times do occur. To be sure, the patient herself is unconscious of this, but I *do* see it and I ask that you keep it in mind. *How full of light everything lies before her!* Be assured, I am watching over her, over my faithful sister, who has given me so infinitely much in her life. From now on be constantly aware that I am very near to her. There will be a wonderful reunion between her and me, and all the brothers will accompany us. And there will be no separation between you and her, ever again. So I thank *each one of you* for everything you give her in the way of love, care, prayers, help and strength. I stand by her myself with the luminous brothers of her community as her and your teacher, and guide both here and there.

Be blessed by me and feel me as assurance and light next to the patient.

Our God and Father blesses her through me, and I bless her poor, ill sheath through you.

Your eternal Brother

*Sigwart*

June 9<sup>th</sup>/10<sup>th</sup>, 1937 (Liebenberg, at Dagmar's death bed)

Grace be unto you and your house! Thus I once spoke when in immeasurable abundance streams of bliss flowed through you, your homeland [Liebenberg], and your house. At that time *light, power and oneness* undulated down from out of the highest heights. Your spirit grew upward to the Infinite, and our home became a center of spiritual activity and creating. That's how it was back when our circle was firmly formed and our sisters took up old bonds anew.

You all were – each one of you was – a flame, and these flames blazed exhilaration and elation into my creative field, from where it flooded back in waves of light and ensouled by the forces of the higher powers. Thus the happiness grew, and through it you forged yourselves ever more tightly together.

But where there is light, shadow crowds in as well. It was good that you avoided these counter-streams. This caused them to lose power and ebb away.

Your overcoming of her suffering and all other disturbances that tormented you have made the last grey cloud now drift away from you and your homeland. Her hovering over into our homeland is the resurrection of all of you, for her suffering was linked with your destiny. Great is the hour of her resurrection! Even now she feels a thousandfold the blessing with which your prayers illumine her sickbed.

Yet rests her spirit in slumbering silence, but she *clearly* feels the soft waves of your love and knows with certainty where they come from, for her spirit is in the state of *knowing*.

I stand next to her and watch over her sleep, so that nothing can get at her, and that way I will be the first one she looks upon in her first moments of light! My will is her complete happiness, and that she gain her waking consciousness undisturbed and unclouded. That way, when she enters the homeland of light she herself will be in the fullest of light, and she will be born by the harmonies of her art and surrounded by your love. It is in *this* way that you ought now to hold her in your thoughts: a child asleep and sweetly dreaming – guarded over by her angels and myself.

I thank all of you, each single one of you for the light-filled, enormous strength you have bestowed on our sister in the hours of her deepest need. One day she will thank you herself, once her oscillation begins and her holy life becomes an abundance of joyous strength for all those who seek, and salvation for all who are weak.

And so I return to her and greet all of you – and greet her from you all.

Your eternal brother, your elated

*Sigwart*

June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1935 (Dagmar's awakening in the spiritual world)

Once more I would like to tell you so much that is moving my heart.

Wave upon wave comes to me sent by your hearts and born of your love, wave after wave of strong life. You have stepped out of your daily habitual human orbit and send us – *Dagmar and me* – your love.

Aroused from her deep sleep today, she was, for brief moments, completely *with you*. She *knew* that today her earthly sheath was being put to eternal rest. She smiled, because she knew every one of the cultic acts, and was content that you carried out everything according to her wish. She does not know anything yet about her painful sickbed; her spirit hasn't begun dealing with what was. *All she lives, all she understands, is the present! No mourning* issuing from you causes the painful memories to be re-enlivened. No, your love is able to promote this state of consciousness for her, and her unclouded spirit will now daily be able to gain more and more clarity about everything.

She has called my name many times, and she feels me around her all the closer, the more she regains her memory. Already she has spoken to me often, and the sublimest moments of bliss flowed through her when she heard sounds or lofty words from you. But a veil of forgetfulness still covers her; and *that is the way it must be!*

Much must fall away from her, and that is so much more blessed in a state of sleep than if her spirit is aware of it as it happens. This is why I watch over her sleep like one guarding the sleep of a cherished child and keeping all noises away from her so she does not awaken with a fright.

In this sleep she experiences infinitely much, and *mighty* are the waves of energy issuing from her. Even in life the so-called "thought of death" was so current a concept for her that

she was not flustered a single time when the fact entered her consciousness. So often we hold hands, and as if she were experiencing a miracle she runs her hands over the surface of mine. She presses them tenderly and with such fervency. But she still does not see me; it is as if a fog lay between us, for it is not in my power to endow her now with the clarity of vision. Nevertheless, it is so beautiful, so indescribable for me to receive a greeting and a breath from my former earthly homeland! This hand, which only very recently touched all of you, my dears, / am now holding it in unspeakable gratitude! How clearly I feel you all through this hand. Yes, your Sigwart kneels before this hand in humility and holiest love, for it holds you and it holds me, she extended it to each one of you in farewell, and it now holds me in greeting!

Thanks to all of you! Thanks to you, Dagmar, you precious mediator, thanks for you life, for your death!

*Sigwart*

July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1935 (to Marie)

I, Sigwart, am speaking to you!

You sensed rightly that Dagmar was here. She wanted to speak with you, but since you weren't immediately ready to hear, veils enwrapped her wakefulness and now she is sleeping again. Her zeal and vigor, combined with a certain agitation when she assumes the attitude of wanting to speak, are so great and still consume so much of her strength that she immediately falls asleep when you are not ready right away.

She will now say the one thing and the other to you in your sleep when she wakes up; only you won't be able to take it into your waking consciousness the same as when it is written down. She engaged with me in long and earnest considerations pertaining to you today, and really positively and actively thought over her work with you for the both of you. In the process she came up with any number of thoughts that she wants to share with you.

I am getting to know her just splendidly now. When the forms of existence two people live in are different and it is not possible for them to merge fully with one another during a temporary meeting at a common level, one does miss a lot of nuances. Her gushing energy, some of which I always did feel, makes me downright enthusiastic! Hardly has she awakened, but that her energy and ecstasy for a new field of work are already present. Even during her rest she thinks through plans for such work. This happens when she is passing from sleep into her waking state, and it means a great deal. Most souls lose themselves in dream fantasies, but with her this phase lasted only until her waking state began. I observed this extraordinarily fiery and passionate unfolding of her full potential, much of which did not manifest at all during this past life on earth. Much of what neither I nor she nor you had any inkling of was hidden and covered over and is now coming to light. I am often astonished when once again a new leaflet comes forth and unfolds! This falling away of sheaths from achievements of hers in much earlier incarnations that until now have lain dormant is the fruit of her spiritual work on earth.

Your *Sigwart* greets you all!

July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935 (first communication from Dagmar, through Marie)

During the final weeks I was still connected to my physical body, I couldn't really be of any true value to you. I sometimes had wishful thoughts that I could, but I had to leave their implementation to higher powers; I was too weak. How different that is now, though. I am now genuinely beginning to be able to work with all my powers. And once I am *fully* situated in this matter and have full command over the technique of communication, only then will you see how I am able to live and work with you.

It is infinitely easier for me than it was for Sigwart; back then you were utterly inexperienced in all these matters, and he first had to awaken and educate you. You owe all that to him!

I am only now able to gauge properly what enormous work that must have been, now that I have found the whole field prepared, and realize that I need only to sow it. If Sigwart had not undergone this preparatory work with you and me, it would have been a long time, if ever, before I would have been able to communicate with you. The fact I can remain in such direct contact with each one of you and help you – and that you can help me – is a gift to be handled with the greatest of reverence, like something sacred.

The way I see you is quite remarkable. It is a seeing that consists in large part of sensation in a kind of rhythm. Hence I see most clearly those beings or people the rhythms of whose emanations are most similar to my own, and the more theirs diverge from mine, the more blurred the picture becomes. Everything is so transparent, best compared with bodies of glass that sparkle dazzlingly in the greatest variety of hues and nuances. Every sensation, every strong thought gives a color, which in turn causes the whole either to brighten up or become dark and cloudy. I am much preoccupied with and interested in observing this. In this way I get to know many people better, and some differently.

For me, you are like an open book, or like crystal made up not of hard, but of porous material. I see you fully and I also understand every shade of color that arises within you. That is only natural because we are, after all, so one with each other – even as we were in life. So nothing is hidden to me, but for my being to flow into you I need to be patient yet, and that I am. It won't be all that easy though, because my wish to be fully and utterly with you is huge, and – what makes it even harder – because our togetherness can now be more absolute. But again it's beautiful to await that moment and to know that it will once come.\*

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\* All further communications from Dagmar by herself have been removed from this book. Instead, to date unpublished communications from Sigwart have been added. A separate publication of Dagmar's communications is in planning.