

# **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 12<sup>th</sup>, 1939 – January 10th, 1941**

Translation: Joseph Bailey

November 12<sup>th</sup>, 1939

I am a messenger from your brother Sigwart, the leader of your circle.

He knows that you yearn for clarity regarding many questions and he wants to say to you that a real, direct connection is not possible now. It is possible if, as recently, he communicates something via very many levels of connection, for which reason the coloration is much altered by the time it reaches you. He wants me to tell you this, so that you receive what is said in this way.

Sigwart and Dagmar cannot speak directly now. Lycki also needs to know this. There are always relayers in between; they have charged me to say the following in just these words;

*We are watching over the circle as guardian spirits and every single link that forms the chain! It is out of our awareness of just this responsibility that we may now not enter into contact directly, but through mediators only. You need to be fully aware of this, until other times take the place of these!*

These words have been relayed faithfully and in accordance with the truth!

I would like to ask you to read aloud once more what I have dictated.

...

I thank you, I have heard it, it is correct.

March 10<sup>th</sup>, 1940 (Heroes' Memorial Day, Starnberg)

Yes, both of us are here, Sigwart and Papa, as we told you yesterday. Both of us wanted to speak today, since we both would like to tell you very, very much. I am speaking to you first, my dear children. So much has happened here since the last time I dictated words to you. The terrible anguish of soul that tormented me so has changed. It had reached a point where I could not go on, and so I called the great helpers in need and placed myself at their disposal. Only through working and experiencing along with them did I find my way out of the crushing torment. Now I am standing fully in the middle and working on the gigantic political turn, as I also did during my life on earth. Work is being done here on this huge matter with such vehemence that one forgets one's own suffering completely. Praise be to God that now a large portion of the main task has already been accomplished.

It is utterly peculiar to see how rough the core of humanity still is. The matter has become an entirely different one from top to bottom. Instead of building up, they have destroyed, love and understanding have become hate and violence, and faith turned into megalomania. Where have all the ideals gone? Where love and pity? Do you really believe that something like this will be tolerated by our masters, by these God-fearing entities so mighty in their life of worship of the Highest, whose entire living and striving is a depiction of devoted obedience before the Godhead and His Son?

Fearsome will be the outcome one day, when the effects of these once-enacted causes ensue. Our Savior walks between them on the narrow path that separates these two humanities, seen and felt unconsciously by both parts. His still-forgiving benevolence continues to outshine everything like a great sun; because for the time being he is still granting them time. Ever and again he wanders back and forth on the separating path with the same patience as he had back on Golgotha. He still hopes for insight, for a sudden awakening of these darkened and oh so blinded masses.

(Later)

Sigwart now wants to give the dictation...

Everything our dear Papa has just said was deeply moving for me, as well. Are these not truths of the profoundest tragedy as are only possible in times during which materialism with all its hardness and cruelty has taken root so deeply? In everyone and everything a spiritual person feels with what lightning-speed these Ahriman chasers, who are honored by most people, are multiplying.

Our Savior has taken up His cross for the second time, ridiculed, mocked, scorned! Good Friday lies before us! Must our Savior once more endure the unspeakable suffering of death on the cross?

None of us knows yet how long His infinite love will last, none of us knows yet whether or not He will forgive once more. But the deep earnest and the enormous mourning He emanates arouse the fear that He will not be willing to forgive this time. If back then it was foolish, anxious people who entered the ranks of His opponents, now it is smart, enlightened people of far too strong self-conviction.

Christ, our Savior! From Him we are charged with thanking everyone who stands by Him now in this great battle! To Him each one of us and you, in heaven and on earth, is a drop of blood flowing to his heart.

You and we give Him life, without us His life will now be benumbed. Help Him! Give Him your blood as a gift, as He once gave His to you. Now you can, and we can repay Him for the greatest act of love ever performed by any being, and in all eternity lay the foundations of an era during which He once more will walk the earth among humanity and press everyone to His unfathomably kind heart.

This is what I was supposed to say to you today, in His charge. Tell it to everyone who believes and who wants to help Him through their blood. Blessed are those who hearken to His entreaty. He has spoken to you! Amen!

March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1940 (Good Friday, Starnberg)

It is good that we unite today, dear Lycki, dear sister and friend.

Does not the full holiness of the event that once occurred on this earth lie hidden within this one word? This great middle point that divides this planetary epoch of ours is this day. The period of time that lies before this day of the death on the cross is the same as the time that follows it. When this time is over, our current epoch will also have been consummated, and this planet will go into its decline. The

formation of a new planet has already begun, and the preparation of the new earth is under development. Great spirits have incarnated for the sake of this work of love. Yes, it is a work of love, since it exits from the cycle of regular, rightful incorporations.

Christ's death shines atop a high mountain; on the one side lies the past, on the other the future, this future that has now been going on for almost 2,000 years! His reappearance at precisely this time, when over the whole earth the severest of battles and oppositions are going on, has its deep meaning. His present Coming just now releases fetters that were still attached and that had a boundless curse in their wake that is only now being freed. The seed sown back then by each individual who had a part in and was guilty of His death has sprouted to become a gigantic, cruel, hate-filled standing crop, which now is pitting itself in battle against Him, against our Savior. Today, on Good Friday, which in this year has much deeper meaning than otherwise, He has released the fetters so that they themselves may decide which path they take, the path of salvation or the path of demise. Believe me, your old brother, this day is the highest Good Friday the earth has experienced since the day of the original crucifixion; and that is why every one of you is under obligation to give up what is dearest to himself for this battle. It depends on everyone; even each person's every thought is a drop of blood for the Lord which is supposed to strengthen Him for the Great Battle.

I know it will be hard for many to understand this, but I ask you to give yourself over fully to the thought: "We want to help Christ!" – even if you can't plumb its depths. This day was chosen because the many pious, delicate thoughts flowing over to this side loosen the hard earth somewhat. Please believe me, each one of you can contribute to building the holy bastion that will stand out forever beyond the earth, unchallengeably large and mighty. And then eternal victory will be His.

Christ! May the most holy event of Your death on the cross  
descend like holy shoots of grain  
creating, growing in the eternal deed of becoming.  
Take the cross like torchbearers brightly carrying their lights,  
Bringing sacrifice to him who is worthy of sacrifice.  
Christ! May the most holy event of Your death on the cross  
Descend deeply into the eternal being of the primal ground.

January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1941 (Liebenberg, through Lycki)

Yes, I am still here and I am waiting, my dear Lycki. Oh, what blissful hours those have been for me! I stand with you in profound gratitude and bless you and these days and hours. Didn't they give me more than a brother and teacher normally deserves?... My holy office, which now crowns our connection, is an indirect effect of your deep love for me, my sisters and brothers, my friends and my mother. All of you

stand before me today and your love and your faith in me shine forth from you like purest crystals. It is such an indescribable source of joy for me when I now see the chain of all the events before me that your love and your sacrifice for me have brought forth. It has taken on ever more form throughout all this time, these years.

At the end of this blissful day, I now want to show you my whole enormous love toward you. everything, everything the exalted circle of priests is now charging us with – this is what I have to say to you – is for me, just as it is for you, good fortune of the *profoundest* kind. Every time it is like a holy religious service that we go through together, and in deep piety we thank all of you who bestow this bliss upon us.

So I'll close today with the most grateful of hearts. I am and remain your eternal brother

*Sigwart*

January 10<sup>th</sup>, 1941 (Liebenberg, through Tora; Sigwart's birthday)

Yes, my dear sisters, you have given me much, *very* much today, and I want to thank you for it whole heartedly. *We too* observe commemoration of days that have had an incisive effect on our existence. Thus physical birth and the crossing over into the higher worlds are the two most decisive days for us human beings. I was around you so much today, and my gratitude for everything we have experienced together of late knows no boundaries. Our immersion into my world of "Euripides"\* has entered so deeply into my innermost being that I thought I was experiencing it myself directly. It was such an infinitely happy feeling for me, and I give you, my beloved Tora, most fervent thanks for it.

Your intentions and wishes for the time to come *are to be blessed*, this I am allowed to tell you from the Exalted Ones who have now completed their office with you. They greet you once more through me and are now returning to the lofty worlds from which they were dispatched by the One who stands above everyone, so that you can be admitted to the discipleship. They have given you a powerful circle of light and it is now up to you to maintain it so that you can grow toward your fulfillment unconfused by the storms raging around, and become great and strong for the holy battle.

They have asked for a connecting bridge, and – that bridge is me! For they too will be in attendance at the sacred ceremonies and festivals you hold; therefore remember them as well whenever you unite to observe the holy hours.

And now we conclude this dear day of commemoration so totally interwoven with my earthly life and with you and our parents, and bless you for new creating and action.

I waft around you all with the holy love of your brother, son and friend.

I, Your *Sigwart*

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\* Sigwart had composed the opera *The Songs of Euripides* (German: *Die Lieder des Euripides*), which premiered in December 1915.