

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

September 27th, 1941 – June 2nd, 1944

Translation: Joseph Bailey

September 27th, 1941 (Liebenberg, atelier, through Tora, revised October 11th in the chapel)

Today our work, which got off to a slow start, can begin.

Once before, the brother who was the first to make the strings resonate said:

“This song is the new Song of Songs, which was created by me for the progression of our mutual path to the heights.”

Question: Who is speaking? Is it Sigwart?

Answer: Yes, it is Sigwart, but was someone else first, from whom I took over in order to confirm what he was saying. He was speaking of a form that had taken on living shape here.

Question: What does he mean by that?

Answer: *He means my music*, which I created back then, when I shed my earthly body. I said to you then that music exerts an enormous, and potent healing force on people. We are now reaching back to the first creation of these works, for today the essence, the living essence of the harmonies of the world—all that arose from them is beginning to take on form, palpable form. This is my new song, which I, Sigwart, dedicate to you! You helped me create this song of love, which is now rushing around you with waves of love and is shuddering through your hearts.

Your new guideline is now *conscious experience* of this process, of this fact that the purpose of the music I created then is becoming manifest *now*. It is only now that the living being that came to be through this music is capable of effecting people the way our priests, or masters, as we called them then, intended in the first place.

If now you work toward listening to spiritual music you will sense the effect even without hearing the tones. But you should *love* this exalted entity, which from now on wants to become incorporated in our circles and yours. (T. couldn't help thinking vividly of Dagmar.)

Yes, Dagmar was also here. With the power of her light she assisted in the birth of this entity out of our creative power.

That's enough for today. Let us cheerfully conclude this hour, which has bestowed on us the brightest shine of joy.

Tomorrow we will finish up. A blessing rests on the work you carry out so lovingly, my dears. (M. wants to have a signature dictated; T. cannot hear.)

Answer: T. can hardly hear it. Of course it was mainly spoken by Sigwart, but since he always needs a few assistants now, T. can't distinguish his I-being clearly enough with her feeling. This is because his sphere is so elevated. For this reason *Papa* also came just now, in order to say Sigwart's name more clearly.

October 25th, 1942 (through Lycki)

Yes, I am here, it's me, your Sigwart.

I had to push my way through, my dears, so I could say many things to you that are of importance. It is all about your different attitudes. Each of you has his or her thoughts, wishes, viewpoints, and prayers. But none of you does it right, I mean so right that it would become a large force.

All of us here have been following your alternating afflictions and worries; we know you all seek refuge in prayer, and rightly so, because prayer is the only thing that can help you consistently. But you need to attune yourselves in a different manner, so that you *actually do* receive help. The powers now at work have become so tremendous and mighty, and you haven't forgotten, have you, that where there are spiritual centers, the opposing-forces are likewise at work, and *constantly*. Right next to where you are, where the light is shining so brightly, the shadow is so profoundly dark that you would take fright if you could behold it.

Everything you have now experienced in the way of grief and sorrow really did come about through the strength of the light and its even stronger shadow. Listen, then, to *the way* in which you can ban this shadow:

You must, for a time, *pray unceasingly*. Do so on the hour, as a point of orientation. That way it will become a chain that has only brief interruptions, and the spiritual thread will no longer break.

This is the *only* way you can repel the huge resistance accosting you from all sides.

We here have all kept track of the way this resistance has increasingly crowded out the light, the way it surges forward again after your prayer sessions and the shadows immediately become gigantic. But if you now pray hourly and send out exalted thoughts, there is no way the shadows *can* crowd away the light, my dear children, and it will ultimately become lighter and brighter around you.

It hurts me in my soul when I have to see and feel over and over all the things going on around you.

But now I entreat you all with the greatest urgency: follow my advice, because this matter is *serious*; there are elements at work over which otherwise you will not gain control.

I call on *all* of you to take these words as something holy and earnest to follow. For what I am giving you today is a tremendous gift, dear, dear children! And you *must* receive help now, so that you can destroy the intention of the very dark forces out to annihilate you.

If each one of you has firmed up his chain of hourly prayers, *the dark forces will no longer be able to do you any harm*.

And now I return to my work, which is arduous and harbors great responsibility at the moment.

I greet you all, my beloved, good children, and am in your midst.

Your ever faithful

Sigwart-brother

January 10th, 1944 (through Marie after playing Euripides at my home in the evening, Tora)

Tora, my dear sister, finally you have cleared me the way to you, and I was able to approach you just like in the times when no barriers had been erected yet between your world and mine.

Tora, you have born me once more on the wings of my tones! I stood with you as once before, my hand on your shoulder and my heart burning as I was connected to you through the world of music that has always been the iron ring uniting us.

My dear sister, this is a momentous and mighty hour, one that will give off its rays until the end of your life. For I, Sigwart, have come today to thank you out of the very depths of my soul, which has now become so large and encompasses you all so fully.

Of great meaning are the words I am allowed to say to you today. Your suffering (Tora's daughter Libertas had been executed by the Gestapo on December 22nd, 1942, as a member of the Red Chapel resistance group) has not been endured and struggled through in vain.

If you could see the golden trail left behind on the path of your life by every day and every hour of this past year, you would rejoice. Your every earthly sadness and all your suffering would dissolve at the sight of this vision.

But it is not only for you that this phase of your life has born such a rich harvest. Today I am permitted to say to you that you were an infinite help to me and presented me a gift such as one I hadn't dared to hope for.

It was a *deed* that flowed out of your suffering, one that gave not only yourself, but the entire circle an as yet invisible impulse forward. Everyone who belongs to it has received a drop from the chalice that was filled with bitterness.

Each individual member received a drop of the holy content – including your child. Her hands stretched out to you, and the drop you let fall into each of her palms became a germination point of purest light. In this same way, you also gave *me*, as the leader of this community, a rich gift. And I can thank you today, my eternal sister, for the happiness I felt was bigger than you can imagine.

And so I would like to bestow on you today the blessing of my worlds; may it envelop you in a cloud of peace and tranquility. Your suffering and the power that grew of it for you opened up inside you the ability to guide the earthly part of our community to me in new light.

I hold the hands of each one of you who has come across to me today. Thus we draw near each other today and celebrate a wonderful union. Be thanked and comforted! For all your suffering will be transformed into light, and all your tears will water the golden crop sprouting up. You all are protected, and in this awareness go your way with humility and in profound faith and trust.

We are with you and you with us. The place you live is a center of light deep in the darkness.

I am infinitely joyous to have been able to say all this today. I greet you – each individual in the circle – and entreat you:

Remain steadfast in your faith, firm in your confidence! And put everything in our Lord's hands, Who is with you every hour until the end of the world.

I, your *Sigwart*, greets you.

June 2nd, 1944 (through Lycki)

Yes, now I am entirely with you, beloved sisters.

I thank you from the bottom of my heart, I thank you from the spirit of my entire I. For it was only through the devoted love you gave me today that it was possible for me to unite myself in my full being with you dear ones, that you might hear my words. Receive my thanks!

Now follow me to where I currently live and create, follow me to my world, which lies far off from your field of activity – far away from all the darkness and the horrors. This is why such long preparation and the establishment of a connection with my entire being were required.

So let us bestow happiness on and give gifts to each other in our same old love and in deep understanding, as we did once.

My children, my dear sisters and brothers, I greet you and bless you. From my world I send you unceasingly all the angels and good friends whose task it is to protect and watch over you.

Each and every night, when the terrible things draw near, so do the living shapes of light from my world. They are always at hand, I charge them with your protection.

Do you really believe it is coincidence that all of you have remained unharmed by the demonic forces hovering over you and threatening you almost daily? No, my dear brothers and sisters! *My daily prayers of supplication* are what brings you this enormous help.

This is why I ask you today never to forget and always to call to mind that your protection is the result of this ardent and fervent prayer. I know of your woes and see the cramp-like contracting of your poor mothers' hearts.

Ah, the many times I have comforted you, the times I have touched your hearts and encouraged you in profound love and boundless compassion. But I couldn't say it to you; you were so often closed off, and the darkness so dense round you. Believe me: *nothing happens that is not the exertion of definite intentions*; God our Savior speaks to you in every deed.

If only you could understand Him, you poor human children!

The dark sky is already dawning. Everything awaits the end of this infinite torment. Why have so many turned away from their Savior? They have nothing coming to them.

You others, though, who carry our Savior on your banners, you are in for a more tranquil time. After many storms, this time will also come to you, but you need to pray much more. You still do so much too infrequently. Every day ask and pray with fervor for help and protection; they will be bestowed on you if you do.

The *great turning-point* of all events lies in human beings' *power of prayer*. You would long since have had peace if only the good powers, the center of which is Christ, would have gained the upper hand through your unceasing prayer.

The good powers must not decide of their own accord; not even our Savior determines the outcome. Human beings' prayer and love of Christ, that is the sole determining factor! Everything depends now on each individual.

And so I ask you to say it to everyone, to each person you meet. You mustn't be concerned about what people think of you. Meet your obligation, then you will have a large share in the raging on earth being stopped.

This is my heart's request to you today. Even your children and children's children need to know it. But haste is of the essence. There is still much that can be saved. The trumpets of God ought to proclaim it loudly:

"Pray, you human beings; then peace will come!"

Everyone should hear it, including those who have forgotten how to pray, so that their repentance does not come too late. The waves of love that received me into your midst grow pale.

I thank you for everything and embrace you, my brothers and sisters and friends.

In holy love, your

Sigwart