

# **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 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1949 – February 7<sup>th</sup>, 1950**

Translation: Joseph Bailey

November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1949 (Starnberg, through Tora)

We have been yearning for this hour of consecration for a long time. May it unite you once more with us, to whom you have penetrated with the innermost wishing of your hearts, my dear sisters.

I *myself* will speak to you, I, your brother, who now am allowed to call myself your master.

I *have come* to you with many, many from the host of our friends. They greet you all and kneel with you on the consecrated ground of your – our home: Liebenberg!

How peaceful and untampered-with stand the foundations of the spiritual temple you have built over many years. This fortress will endure for centuries, and what human hands have erected around it is only a small part, which in its temporary destruction must not frighten you. You have eyes to see, don't you, what has blossomed forth out of your actions! Do not forget the foundation once blessed by Christ your Lord. I am waiting for your help for the reconstruction of this shrine. You need to know that your/our work was not in vain, even if everything bears the appearance and the signs of destruction.

(Later:)

Everything is still atremble with the tones you just sang (the old drinking song) with your dear voices. Through your singing you have stridden through the sphere that yet separated us. You have firmly tied our former bond of love and now you can hover through the ether with the buoyant clapping of wings.

The earth and the stars are listening intently to our song, which crystallized out of the rivers of love. Let me embrace you now. I enclose your souls as of yore, but much more strongly and with the earnest of devotedness to God.

Yes, that was a hymn of love, but now I need to go on with what I was saying before. So listen: Above all, do not be faint-hearted. When the great days of decision come, arm yourselves with the shield and the armor that I, Sigwart, will give you!

Once again a transformation will occur on the soil of your homeland, which now, after the infliction of bloody wounds on it, will heal slowly but steadily. It will take a great deal of time yet until the field is plowed, and it will be very burdensome for the plow to take hold of the earth. But even now there is sprouting going on beneath it, and it wants to be renewed to a more beautiful state than ever before, because a new time of flourishing wants to – and will – unfold beneath the rays of the sun of Christ, once human beings, having matured through deep suffering, take part in this turning-point with their devoted labor.

Thus you especially will be called on once again to care for and cultivate this holy good bestowed on you as Liebenberg. The work will be done in the spirit first, but it will then work down into the physical earth in order for stone by stone and pillar by pillar to be rebuilt, just as your father, our dear Papa, erected the chapel.

Tora, you have accomplished a great deed through your devotedness and your activity in music and prayer for our home and our chapel. And now you need to finish what you began back then.

You are the bearers of the dome of this consecrated temple building. One day you will move into it, rejoicing and united with us, and you need even now to begin putting on the lights on the altar using the candle consecrated by us. Every day, yes, even every hour and with all

fervency and firm belief, become light bearers, until such time as the great and holy lamp made of hundreds of lights from our circle shoots up there once more, united to a single flame.

Now I will give you the instructions, assisted by Libertas: *Mama, do not be afraid, our big brother Sigwart is standing by me and holding my hand, so that, illuminated by the light of his being, I can speak to you singly and to all of you. Now both of us will relay this message with double strength.*

Yes, something concrete will occur with our Liebenberg. You, my Tora; *you, my Mama*; are bidden to gather the other brothers and sisters and friends and to be the ones to make the start, in the way we will bid you through Lycki.

We need you and all the others to complete our work, which for a short time has lain fallow on account of the separation from Liebenberg. Now the chain of our circle will once again be forged in the fire of our united flames, so that nothing will be able to sunder its links ever again.

I, your brother, now take into my hands and carry each heart to the altar you left in the turmoil of the times and which you are now to find again in all its glory.

I bless you now and take my leave of you. My obligations call me to higher tasks and my assistant, my sister Libertas, will now go on with performing the task on you, my Tora. She thanks you both for the great work done today.

*Sigwart and Libertas*

December 28<sup>th</sup>, 1949 (Starnberg, through Lycki, next to the lit Christmas tree)

Today we can finally come to you to give you an account of high celebrations now washing around the space of your earth like holy water from heaven. These ceremonies will touch you as well, if you open your hearts.

The candles of all the Christmas trees radiate something that can be seen as a gift from Christ. For through this mild fire, connected with the unconscious yearning of men, forces are set free, among them forces of a hard and cruel nature, which are freed in order to be transformed and become strong and bright in the direction of tenderness and mercy. So now you know that the uncounted lights in the Holy Nights become a gift for Christ.

Only few people feel this remarkable might that lies in a burning candle. It is like back when the Eleusinian torch became the bearer of the holy celebrations and thus of the huge force worshipped by priests. And so through all the millennia light has increasingly come to bear the stamp of a personality with the ability to act and to help.

This Christmas, the incarnation of light was shown to us, born as it was of a million little candles in the Holy Night. We all tarried worshipfully and in the awareness of the "Christ gift".

Your candles, too, dear sister, and your candles, you dear ones in the circle, are a part of this gift to Christ. Believe in the living element born out of this sea of candles for the joy of our Savior.

Moreover, we want to tell you of things hard to clothe in words. But an inkling of them has been laid into your souls

The Word, the great and holy Word, "the annunciation of the birth of Christ", this very word has redeemed infinitely many souls wandering in darkness. It has always broken through like a

bolt of lightning through the clouds, and woe on him whose being is not turned toward the Lord even then. For our lightening (the Word of the Holy Gospel) shoots down past the Devil's claws crouched in waiting each year to break this igniting fire of love. These holy words ignite ever more and ever stronger, and soon there will be an end to the Devil's hoping and wishing.

The great turning point to the Good has already begun, born of the deepest suffering that came over the earth. The deepest point *has been passed*. This we may say to you today on the threshold to the New Year, my dears all. What is to come are mere offshoots of a colossal event occurring here and pulling a small part of the earth along with it, but which does not impinge on you. The awful struggles of the war, which destroyed entire cities with fire, they were the judgment of God, which could not be eluded. But what is now to come as a conclusion of this arduous trial is a battle against black forces that is going on partly here and partly on earth.

You must, however, never lose your faith, not even if you are unable to survey some things with your human concepts. Thus you must always retain your composure, for in such calm lies wisdom and the power of faith.

My dear ones, I'll now close this Christmas message addressed to you all.

I press you to my brotherly heart and include you in my daily prayer, so that the blessing of our Savior can encompass you and fill you with His love and His light.

In eternity, your

*Sigwart*

February 7<sup>th</sup>, 1950

Out of the strength of your blood, Christ,  
may the earthly sheath's transforméd image  
ray into Your space's middle.  
Out of human willing and faith  
arose the new vision,  
in order, now united with God's divine power,  
to flow into the womb  
of His holy source.  
Christ our light!  
*Sigwart*

*This verse was given to protect the chapel of Liebenberg. We all spoke it daily at the same time, imagining ourselves as the community of the chapel. We did so for decades! (W. v. E.)*