

# **Bridge Across the River**

**Communications from the life after death  
by a young artist killed in the First World War**

**In 4 Parts**

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December 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1915

The Christmas festival is the holiest festival, because it was when the entity “Jesus” beheld the earth the very first time. That was the preparation for all the greatness that was to come.

*“Christ” was there.*

He himself received the little child. He blessed the child, for He felt how it would later become His own flesh and blood.

All the phenomena that took place on the occasion of Jesus’s birth were called forth by the exalted spirit “Christ Jesus,” Who drew near and touched the child. The wonderful aspect was not due to the birth; *no*: the birth took place like any birth – except that the mother was a perfect virgin, pure in body and spirit. What precipitated great things in nature was much rather the nearness of this Son of God, this very highest of beings.

And it is this event that we want to celebrate tomorrow: the *drawing nigh* of Christ.

All of you who have celebrated this appearance so often with me, only now do I know what it means! Yes, you are right to celebrate this day. We celebrate it even here, although not on the same date.

The whole of cosmic space is flooded, all the way down to the beings of the spheres of the deep. Even they – by way of exception – are allowed to feel and to take something of it into their often doubting hearts. Many of them receive the faith then, and for as many as do it is a festival of birth – the birth of their faith.

I have already taken in a lot, but tomorrow I will hear even more, for tomorrow a large portion of the earth will for a matter of hours be receptive for GOD. This is like a drawing in of all the deepest of sensations, and hence it is an unspeakable joy for us guides and teachers. This is because then we will for once be able to give ourselves over impartially to the earth without fear or dread of all the horrors attached to it. To come close to humanity is no joyful matter in general, since it is almost never a successful undertaking. It is very thankless work. So can you comprehend what a source of joy your devoted love, your pleasure in progressing and your understanding are to me?

December 24<sup>th</sup>, 1915

Christmas Eve!

Unfathomable are the things I have been granted to witness. I already told you about the wonderful sounds that pour down even to the innermost layers of the earth. But now I have beheld something different, something much higher and much deeper than all songs. I was *allowed to feel my Redeemer!* My Redeemer “Christ Jesus.” Waves issuing from him flowed through me, and I received them with the holiest knowledge: waves *from Him, from Him!*

I had to keep utterly still; nothing was explained to me beforehand. Then a river of love flowed past me, and I knew immediately: this was GOD, it came from Him! But I lost consciousness in the most blissful intoxication. He came by, only to rush on and fill others with ecstasy, with bliss.

The current continued to flow past me; only a minute thought of the heart had adhered to me from this mighty thing racing through the plain to sweep even past me. I want to tend and care for this thought of the heart as if it were an extremely rare plant born exclusively of

love and capable of staying alive through love alone. This is how I sense this thought of my heart.

How many beautiful and loving thoughts from you have reached me today. Each moment they came flying to me like lovely white doves. I received every one of these thoughts as a gift.

Never before have I experienced such a beautiful Christmas celebration!

I now have my will free and can create whatever causes me joy. What that means here you cannot possibly imagine: free of the chains of the earth, free of all material worries, free of the longing to own an earthly garment again, and free of the mourning of those I left behind. It is an indescribably good fortune. Now I will be able to process everything I carry within me in the way of thoughts.

Here one must constantly have the greatest patience. Even helping others through the art one has created oneself – no matter how holy it may be – is prohibited for the time being, and only allowed once one has passed all trials and attained a certain level. I wanted to say this to you so you would know that even work on what gives one the greatest joy is only permitted much later.

I have decided to stay with music, with my beloved music. Through this decision I also remain especially close to you.

This has been a wonderful Christmas Eve beneath the tree with the seven candles.

Your Sigwart greets you from his world, which is yours as well.

#### New Years Eve, 1915

I am praying with you, for even I must struggle through to ever greater heights, just as you do.

Even we need a lot of help here and must not lose heart. I thank all of you for all the love you have given me this past year. How rich you have made me, how you have helped me.

Thanks, and thanks evermore!

Jointly we enter into the new life, and want to become worthy of *Christ*, Who is our helper!

Father, You Ruler of the worlds, we want to thank You together. In the dust of the earth we lie and lift up our yearning spirits to Your heights of light.

So great is Your grace, so immeasurable your blessing that rays out over us, that we are incapable of fathoming it. Impart to our inadequate understanding the wings of love able to reach You!

Above us hovers the time you rule.  
We bow before Your Greatness, oh God.  
We believe in Your holy might.  
We feel the river of Your love  
And our entire being glows in ardent gratitude to You,  
You Father of the eternal light!  
Believe and pray,  
Thank and stride  
across the threshold of the earth

to the altar of light!

Now be blessed by me, your Sigwart, who was taken from you only to be given back to you in the hallowed truth of faith, and to remain *yours forever*.