

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

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January 1, 1916

I, Sigwart, would like to tell you more about my world: I have been told what was decided in the highest spheres. Everything (involving the war) is now about to begin quieting down. The enormous powers of the mystery rites and religious celebrations have found the power to subdue everything else. The terrible struggling up here has ended. But there is still a nightmarish chaos of feelings and forces towering mountain-high – metaphorically speaking, of course.

To get rid of all this chaos is a very tormenting task. God willing, I will not be called to assist in this ordeal, but even that I would bear with humility, if He imposed it on me. Now all that chaos will be silenced, and whiteness and luminosity will shine on high. It will take a certain amount of time for it all to die out entirely and become mute, but it *has* been resolved on and the end will come. How, you can't imagine; that's how different everything will become.

How happy I'll be when I know that the bloodshed on your earth has ended. Even though the war looks quite different when seen from here and everyone you lament will be received *here* with open arms and jubilation, the spiritual suffering we feel here is the harder part, after all; this is the torment I've spoken of before.

Otherwise, I have been told nothing more detailed concerning the great and glorious alliance of the Most High Ones. The very fact that I was permitted to hear anything about it at all is a huge grace in itself. There is little that I am forbidden to tell you, and you are now capable of fully honoring the greatness of what I *may* tell you, and will protect and cherish it like a sacred treasure.

The musical task I spoke of recently is nearly finished. I have divided it into four parts. The first two parts mean coming into being and transforming, and the other two parts mean the eternally existing. It is a work about development. You would be able to understand the first two parts, because what is coming into being and undergoing transformation could still have to do with earthly matter. But there is no way for you to understand the other two parts, because they are supposed to embody eternity. What these latter two parts express is not any kind of force, but rather the love that is supposed to symbolize eternity, love in all its eternal, never-ending power. What I need to do now is make the connection between all the parts, and that may be the most difficult task of all, because there is no fundamental theme or idea, no explicit feeling. Thus the connection must come about purely out of my imagination, without any concrete points of orientation, and must nevertheless be every bit as unnoticeable as it is clear.

I am still waiting before I begin, waiting for an entirely new idea to come over me; it will not work unless and until that happens. I can't force it, that would flaw the entire work.

January 2, 1916

...Nothing I say depends on me. I first must direct every word of any significance to the spiritual leaders, and they then either grant me permission or not. That is always a bit of an agitation for me. Of course later, when we are more advanced, that will no longer be necessary. Then I myself will feel exactly what I am and am not allowed to say. But all of you will need to be further along, too. Last night I once again got a proper sense of how different you have become, and that made me very happy. *Please* do the new meditations most conscientiously, so that you make faster progress. I for my part am already filled with the blissful expectation of being able to give you new help.

More later. In great love, your brother
Sigwart

Early January, 1916

I heard what Papa was saying. I am glad you put such careful thought into how the resting-place for my earthly sheath should be, and that it has become a place of devotion for you.

But always keep the purpose in mind. What needs to guide you when you follow through on your creative deeds is not the outward effect they have, but rather the *inward* impression they make! I was present because I was interested in knowing what your intentions were, and now I have understood.

Please ask me! There are forms and certain contours that enhance the mystical power and increase its strength. If a setting is no longer a purely natural one, it must have a definite and deeply-sensed unity, and this unity must be coordinated with our knowledge of forms and contours, in order for the power to be strengthened.

This is the way you should do it, if you want to have a loving formation of the place in mind. And I would like to give signs for your thinking that can bring the work to true completion, as my view is farther reaching and able to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries than yours can.

Greetings to you once more, my dear ones!
Sigwart

January 10, 1916

(Celebration of Sigwart's first birthday since his death.)

Today was another hard day for me. I suffered along with you, I didn't have the strength to withdraw from your strong moods, so I sensed all your feelings along with you, and today these feelings were more feelings of pain than of greatness. It must be particularly difficult on days like today to stand above such feelings the way you usually do. I can't be cross with you about it, either; would I have been any different?

But now the day is drawing to a close, and tomorrow we want to rejoice once more over the victories we have won, the victories around you and within you, for those are victories of the biggest kind. Here we call them victories over the coarse mass of the body, over separation. You are supposed to become "one", just as humanity will one day become asexual. That will be the pinnacle of physical development and the last goal to attain on this earth.

And now as concerns me: I have made yet another step forward and my teachers are very pleased with me. I have also gained command over many powers whose effects would seem totally miraculous to you as “phenomena”. How many things I could tell you, even show you out of my *own power*. But you understand that I will only be able to do that once you have reached a certain level. Not until then, believe me. The punishment for violations along these lines is unimaginable. I wanted to tell you this clearly, to let you know how easily I could do it and how difficult it would make things for you. What prevents it is *my iron commandment* and the development *you* still need to undergo. It would be demanding the impossible of you.

Now I wanted to tell you about some other things: today I took part in a grand celebration. In attendance were also some departed souls who were once close to our parents. I had to tell them a lot about you all, because almost all of them have passed on into higher spheres, causing them to lose all contact to you. But in spite of that they are still attached to you, my dear parents, with the same love as ever. They are clearing paths for you and are happy about the spiritual turning-point your lives have taken. Naturally, that is a much stronger connecting force for them, and that is why they were all very grateful to me. I was exceedingly glad to have done them such a favor. Now they will be very closely attached to you once again, because through your love to me you received the power to raise yourselves still higher above matter. That is the kind of progress we do not underestimate here. I showed them all of your various developments, and this was cause for great joy on their part.

You are often bewildered that I sometimes remain silent for a long time about things I had begun talking about. But that always has a definite reason. I never say anything that doesn't have to or isn't permitted to come entirely from within. Everything comes to light, provided the time is right for it.

Today I was also allowed to do a retrospect of the past.

You know, for a spirit wanting to incarnate birth is an immeasurably tormenting ordeal. By contrast, stripping off the sheath of the body is an indescribable relief. I wanted to tell you this for you to be able to assess properly what a birthday is. It should not only be celebrated with jubilation and singing; that is totally wrong.

God with you and me. Always, your
Sigwart

Mid-January, 1916

Now you have the serenity to write. Through your prayer you have managed to allay everything that could have disturbed us. That's the way you should always do it, then I can talk to you without any problems and tell you what I have in mind for you.

These are difficult days you are going through. But you have become strong in your love to me and I am now no longer the least bit worried but that this trial, too, will find you prepared. Through your love, you have overcome the terrors of death and you have learned with your thoughts to seek me where I always stand by you lovingly and willing to help. In your exaltation lies the strength you need to be able to feel me, to feel how close I am to you all and how I lovingly embrace you. Your souls are now open toward the images of my world; you are gathering eternal strength and bliss from it. Keep opening your hearts to me, so that I can make you happy through the power of my nearness. But do *not* open your

hearts to the *pain* that makes your beings contract as if in a cramp. This pain bars my entry when I want to come near and bring you comfort and relief. It is the portal that closes and leaves your beings lonely – inaccessible to our influences, our blessings.

Call me! How longingly will I listen for this call from your souls and with what feeling of gladness will I come to you with all my love, which is so strong and just waiting to be able to give itself to you fully!

Would you be sad if in a dream you were in my little house and saw me standing next to you, inclined to you so full of love? Believe me: to live is to dream, for you sojourn the earth in a dream and do not know what truly surrounds you.

It is *this* life that you do not see, and what *you* live is a dream! But I have woken up and am watching over you in the brightness of true day. Be happy, and you bestow on me your happiness, just as I give you mine. I bless you, my dear parents, and you all, my dear ones! Thank you for all your loving greetings today. Every single one of them was a gift to me – a dear, precious gift. Sunny days of recollection passed before me today, filled with the joy of your love then and now. I have become rich through this love. How much more of it you are able to give me now!

Good-bye – I send you greetings from my world.

Your *Sigwart*

January 16, 1916

Oh, how lovely it is to be together with the group of you today! I feel such rest and such strong currents finding their way to me; they have utterly enveloped me in love and faith. You see, these are moments in which I am so close to you all and can feel my way into you fully. Because you have the strength to chase away the other elements that always want to get to you. But now you are all free; I can move in your midst like I could before. I lay my hand on your dear heads. Be cheerful, I beg you; I would so like to be cheerful along with you, because here cheerfulness is greatness. You need to know this.

Blessed are those who trudge through the deep swamps of the earth *cheerful* in mind and soul, for here they will have their cheerfulness returned to them as a great gift, magnified and all-encompassing.

God with you!