

# **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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## Part 1: Communications from October 2 - 23, 1915

October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1915

Your lives have now become so rich, and this is a great joy for us here.

Those closest to your earth are billions of average souls. The force of attraction the earth exerts on these souls is quite amazing, comparable only to a magnet. How infinitely much time must elapse yet before this effect on them ceases. It is the less developed part of the earth that still has such huge magnetic power over the soul world surrounding it. The earth must only attract those who through their development are forced to descend back into matter; it must reject the others.

I now am capable of an overview of this, because fortunately I no longer am torn into this magnetic maelstrom. Through the grace of God I was able to raise myself above it soon, from the moment when my higher supersensible life began. There is much to learn, always and everywhere!

I have been called to be a true help to you; give thanks to God for that.

October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1915

Today I experienced something indescribably beautiful. Grandiose impressions difficult for me to explain to you were translated into color tones. We understood the meaning right away, but it was a riddle to many here. These are a pleasure and at the same time a trial to test the degree to which one has comprehended these impressions, and they demand a high degree of concentration. I cannot explain the exact extent to which their effects incarnate, because your concepts are too distant from any proper understanding. Everything in our world diverges so completely from what you call logic and from the foundations people have laid out in their brains by means of the so-called sharp intellect. Here there is only understanding through feeling and sensation.

You see, this is a fully different notion, one of judging everything according to the receptive capacity of higher feelings. The higher developed a spirit is, the easier its soul element reacts to every outer impression. It is so rich and diverse. What bliss when one suddenly feels and reacts right to something one heedlessly passed by only shortly before.

This is my task at the moment. I need to make myself more sensitive and with these accomplishments be able to convince others by means of my own experience. Here as well, average people can only be converted through actual proof.

They too do not heed the inner voice speaking to them.

Blessed is he who believes without proof!

October 5<sup>th</sup>, 1915

If I so will, I can be with all of you at once. Here is a pictorial explanation to show you how you must understand this: I hold the spiritual threads of life of all of you in my hand; therefore I am equally closely connected with all of you. It is of course nicer for me if all of you are united in a single circle, then it takes no effort at all on my part.

All of you need to work diligently at the gardens of your lives, so that the new, bright flowers sprout everywhere. Go on tending them, for only through your love and faithful patience will the magnificent flower garden gradually bloom.

Live and perfect your lives in delicate motions of flight. Think of this in the course of your earth existence every time worry seeks to settle around your heads, and the worry will bow down before you.

Times will come when divine peace will take all of you in its arms and not give you back to the unrest of the earth.

October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1915

Now a different time is coming for you. You need to work on yourself a lot, so we can continue to remain in direct contact with one another. It is only granted me to stay in such direct contact with you because we are all so infinitely close to each other; but primarily because all of you meet me halfway.

You need only go on living as I mean it. Adhere to the hour of meditation, structure your day better, then you will make it to your goal easier. Do not forget that I suffer more under disharmonies in our circle today than formerly. I struggle together with you for peace in the great and the small. Only harmony, unity and love keep me in your midst. If these lack among you, I withdraw.

Whenever times come in which I am not allowed to communicate with you, they are trials to test whether you remain without doubt and think of me with the same great feelings. A lot depends on this, including how our further interaction unfolds.

October 10<sup>th</sup>, 1915

I was only allowed to influence all of you by standing at your side and always assuring you: "You must not mourn, I am next to you, I hear everything you say:

*I am alive!"*

And then it was up to you either to believe or not to believe *it was I* who was influencing you and who wanted to pass his feelings on to you. I was not allowed proofs of any other kind. This influence I was permitted though, and I exerted it to the extent that it lay within my powers. You have understood me, you feel and hear me, and for this reason we can work in an entirely different way. Do any of you believe I would be permitted to say so much about this place if you hadn't also developed yourselves? No, I couldn't say half of it.

A connection between the living and the dead such as ours occurs only seldom. You have no idea how privileged we are due to our close connection and your and my strong yearning for all that is exalted. But please ask me any time you want to talk with anyone else about our close union. Through an indiscretion on your parts it could come to pass that my permission ever to communicate with you again would be revoked. This will change later, though.

October 18<sup>th</sup>, 1915

Now I want to tell you a story:

“When God created the world, he also had me in mind. He spoke to me:

‘Little man, you are the greatest thing on this earth. Everything belongs to you; but you need to understand why:

I rest within your bodies, I, your God. You have such a diverse array of garments that I would like to clothe myself in them. You have the sun, which warms you. Your wings are so large that they reach all the way to my heaven. And their flapping rushes so silently that the ocean and the earth keep silence to listen to it. And a cloud surrounds you that is finer and brighter than the luminous blue of the spheres. This is why I was with you!

But how is it that after this long, long time that has passed you wings still rush and your cloud still glows, but you yourself sleep?

Who gave you the draught from Lethe’s waters?

Oh sleeping man-child, enfolded in the great, living spheres turning with the eternal cosmic wheel, you have forgotten yourself and hence me as well. For lo, you did not hold fast to your might, which is greater than the earth. But there is yet life within you, the connection still exists. Do not wrench yourself away, do not plunge, groggy with sleep, into the abyss of the eternal void.”

I feel your thoughts as waves emanating from you. The sublimest of great thoughts are the most luminous and most delicate-sounding ones. By contrast, indifferent thoughts cause opaque and meaningless waves. Worst – except for the most reprehensible ones, which you do not possess – are the disquieted thoughts, for these I feel like a tempestuous sea that rages and constantly crashes in on itself. If thoughts of this kind find their way into the spiritual spheres, this unrest is spread ever more. Whenever the resonant waves of light stream to me, I am immediately drawn to them

Bad thoughts create a spiritual force that then surrounds the person as a separate entity.

You permeate with your physical eyes and experiences your world only, which itself is a mere reflection of the true world. So can you be satisfied by what presents itself to you through the veil of material life?

Open the eyes of your souls and the gates of your faith. Therein lies the truth. Seek there and you will attain knowledge.

You know, after all, how sorely deceiving the things can be that you would content yourselves with as proof.

How poor is he who fathoms all the proofs of your world without knowing what lies above it. It is a sorry piecework and a far cry from bearing *the truth* within it.

So just accept and believe, as the tree believes in the light of the sun, which it does not see but only senses, and nevertheless raises its branches longingly to the sky, spreading its twigs like a net into which it would receive the blessings of its creator.

First believe – then see! First feel – then become the vessel of revelation in whose clear water the Creator can mirror Himself.

Even we still deceive ourselves in many things having to do with our current world, but we are endowed with the ability to investigate our errors immediately and to recognize them correctly, provided we seek with humility.

You are disappointed over my recently not having properly understood a question of yours right away. I always listen to you with complete devotion and help you with the full strength of my love, in order for us to be able to understand each other correctly. The inadequacy of communication that sometimes occurs, though, is caused by you, if your questioning thoughts are not strong enough to reach me as clear language.

Is it incomprehensible to you that we too can err sometimes, if we have to place ourselves into your world suddenly? Only through love, through the maximum exertion of strength, do we attain the ability to recognize what you are trying to say to us.

We are neither all-knowing nor perfect. We are liberated spirits who assimilate the knowledge of this world and become ever more withdrawn, the more we become adjusted to the realm in which we now belong.

You say “to err is human,” but I say to you: *everything* is subject to deception, to not immediately grasping – everything, that is, which still calls itself an “entity” and is not a “god.”

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

I was in attendance at the Parsifal declaration, and notwithstanding X’s correct interpretation of its depth, I do have a few things to criticize about it.

The basic thought has to do with the blood of Christ, which *actually altered* the astral substance of the earth. It was immediately following this process that the events occurred in the different layers surrounding the earth. *This* was the transformation of the physical masses.

Christ died for us, but *we* for him, as well.

The moment the drops of His blood fell upon the earth, the consciousness of human beings entered their “etheric bodies” in order for brief moments to behold the grandest thing ever given the earth to experience. Upon re-entry into their physical bodies, everyone had attained a certain high degree of knowledge. At first, they strongly sensed it as a physical experience, and later it passed over into an unconscious feeling of reverence and grandeur. Over the course of the centuries, this feeling is gradually fading, but its kernel is the power of the inner voice at rest in *everyone* and makes itself particularly noticeable in certain earnest life situations.

Since Christ’s appearance, this kernel is much more strongly present in every human being than in the preceding millennia.