

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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October 24th, 1915

Do not be afraid that your interaction with me could harm me. It is self-understood that I would make faster progress if I did not maintain such direct contact with you. But I *want* it this way. And my will is my command.

I already said I have a great mission to accomplish with you all.

I received permission to continue my interaction with you, as long as you follow me. The point in time will come when I can no longer remain in this contact with you. I only hope you will be advanced enough by then not to need my help any longer.

Christ's appearance on earth was a sacrifice of the greatest kind, for nothing of this sort had ever occurred as long as the earth existed. The totality of humanity is *even now fully* under the influence of this almightiest of events.

God's Son was betrothed to the human race and will only be redeemed from these bands when humanity no longer needs *Him* and releases *Him* once again. Only then will His work really be consummated and the God of Righteousness also hold sway on earth, for then everyone will understand Christ's sacrifice and set out on the path of perfection so abundant in grace.

I wanted to say something to you today that you should take properly to heart: keep the hour for the prayers!

Whenever you begin the new day, your soul must lift itself up to the Father of the Light and pray! In this way, you will attain spiritual and bodily strength for the entire day. The times for spiritual work should be set in advance, so that in the meantime the spirit can be entirely devoted to its earthly obligations and meet them thoroughly. Plan and method are necessary to coordinate physical and spiritual work.

October 26th, 1915

I tarry among you with the sun in my heart. The warm rays penetrate you and bring you peace. You have prevailed over your lives, over death, for in forgetting the earth there lies a holy power that lightens your wings for the sake of knowledge of the spiritual.

The great final decision was today, when my brother[□] set foot on the home and the site of my final rest. He was strong, I was able to approach him so that the pain over my earthly

* Friedrich-Wendt

existence did not strike his heart with the force of a spear. My higher ego – my Self – closed around him in a cloud of love and peace. From now on no moment will ever come that makes me tremble, no separation that could part us. This was the final trial for me, *you* have passed it, and thus *I* am free! I close my eyes in humility over the fulfillment of my wishes, which were yours as well.

All of you now seek me nowhere save in the heights of the light, in yonder spacious halls of peace, through which you stride in divining understanding whenever you dwell upon me at the site of consecration.

“Hail to you, eternal God, we thank You, You almightyest One, Who gave us peace through eternal love. Grace! Holy dawn of revelation. The holiness that surrounds You casts its light on our heads. Radiated into the widths, Your spirit holds sway everywhere – and our hearts bow down before You in humility. – Amen.”

Yours am I from now on, ever and eternally.

Sigwart

October 31st, 1915

The further one progresses spiritually, the greater the circle of beings becomes on whom one bestows one's love. After all, human beings are not the only ones one loves in the world. Just this is the wondrous thing, for then the great harmony works like a magnificently coordinated chord. Every tone sounds for itself, but the perfection lies in the symphony.

Thou God, You Who would redeem me,
For Your love's sake must I follow You.
Show Thou me the way
And I will follow, since You preceded me.
For Jesus Christ, Your son,
Suffering me, led me along the Redeemer's path.
He suffered death for me,
And for us bloomed the young red of dawn!

November 1st, 1915

The strings are resounding so brightly, but you do not hear them, because you do not react to these tonal vibrations yet. All of us now surrounding you hear this shining, pure music. You, however, are deaf and blind for all that surrounds you. But be patient and always exercise your spiritual senses until one day the scales fall from your eyes.

The human being must ask for everything, and we too want to pray for it. Only through *supplication* does one attain what one wants. You all still believe that everything comes of its own accord: *nothing* comes of its own accord; not for you, not for us.

There are winged and unwinged souls passing through space. Winged are we who freed ourselves out of the chaos of the grey masses, and behold the sunlit peak of the sacred mountain.

Everything is one gigantic process of becoming – nowhere is there standstill. However, for us to intervene in the wheels of the process of becoming while at the same time staying in step with them, a tiny spark of the divinity lying hidden in us must glow within us. This spark

is the mainspring for the upturn, for within *it* lies the yearning for union with the primeval shore it once left. Within *it* lies the will to return one day, great and strong, to the community it flew away from like a wish flying from our lips and returning home as an accomplished deed to fill us with joy.

Within *it* weaves the strength that receives its life from the breath of God. It creates through the nearness of the power of the almighty a new entity which – making itself more and more free – becomes what is called an autonomous existence or individuality.

Born aloft by the will to flow into the heavenly domains, carried by the rays of light and warmth emanating like threads of life from the primal spirit, this little spark illuminates more and more with its divine force the garments in which it is enfolded, that it may fulfill the course of its development.

Thus we wander too and separate ourselves increasingly from those burdened by the earth, to whom the path would show itself, if only they sought it with the eyes of humility and entreated it with hands willingly folded to pray.

Three treetops tower with their crowns into the ether's blue.
Three paths lead upward to their sunshone heads:
The path of love or devotion.
The path of faith or humility.
The path of suffering or renunciation.

You may all freely choose and set out on the path whose powers you sense as related to your own:

Love's thorn-grown, upward and downward-leading path is trodden by many.

Faith's broad and far-flung street by some.

But the third, the path of suffering and renunciation, is taken by only a few. Its steeply excavated, narrow swath goes straight upward. Not heeding the roughs to the right, the chasms to the left, the lonely souls scale the steps upward, and climbing swiftly, carried by the power of overcoming. They grow beyond themselves, beyond the earthly sheath become their beast of burden and which they mount as victors.

Not even all of you are on the same path, but you are *all* climbing. Aloft, promise beckons. Look upward to the peak's highest, most towering point.

Ensheathed in clouds, immersed in light, climb upward in majestic grandeur and strength:
the temple of initiation.

Enter – and your souls will shudder at the spirit's divine power of knowledge.

November 2nd, 1915 – All Souls' Day

All the bells rang today and the people on earth went to their dead. You do not do this, because to you I have not died.

How terrible this word sounds to me. What does "dying," what does "passing away" mean? Have I passed away? Fortunately, you only use this word seldom, for it is the annihilation of your strength too. Didn't you feel yourselves how untrue this word is when it crosses your lips? First you speak of "having died," then you hear and feel me! How good we have it in this respect, because we have overcome what people call "dying."

It is indeed correct that something I once owned has died, but what is that over against my real “I”? My physical life was, after all, a mere experience of the briefest kind with respect to eternity. How quickly my physical remains have now deteriorated, through your strength and your having overcome yourselves, and to my benefit.

As long as one lives on earth, though, one must think of one’s body. The greatest masters also loved and cultivated their physical bodies during their earthly existence, because they were the bearers of their higher aspect, worthy of enclosing these spirits. That is why the human being is under obligation to take care of the physical body, for if it is diseased, unattractive and frail, the spirit feels unhappy, and the time it must live out on earth waxes too long and becomes a torture. If the spirit is to feel entirely well, it must remember to tend to the body accordingly. Not to luxuriate out of love of the body, not to enjoy out of pleasure in the material; *that is wrong*. Only to take care of oneself, so that the *spirit* is content with its sheath.

The soul of the human being is so fine and so delicate. It reacts to every single thought, changing in color. It is so easy to harm a soul. The very thought of displeasure hurts its subtle tissue. So now you probably understand what a pleasant effect people have who carry only sun, joy, hope and love within themselves.

November 4th, 1915

To a friend

The storms raging around your life have settled, and a quiet that is bigger than youthful courage has entered you. Thus the years come and go that seem so short to me now, until such time as your gates too will open and you will be free – free from the dungeons of matter!

At the portal of death I stand and greet you, my cherished old friend, be certain of that. Let me shake your hand in spirit.

I suffered through you all in the early phase. The many bands held me back and were not willing to give me up, bands of love! That had to be transformed into a different feeling and, because this happened with all of you, this band is now connected for eternity. Nothing can separate us anymore, not life, not death. Our love is eternal!

Sister, last night you felt the torments of the initial phase. It was unlimited loneliness without you all. *All* of you who were close to me remained behind. Then I found new friends here, with whom I feel well and content.

But *I was alone*, because I was attached to all of you with all my life forces, and that was why my departure was such pain. But now I no longer suffer under it a bit, this you must believe.

I could hardly imagine being together with you in my physical garment anymore – I wouldn’t trade. If God the Almighty were to say to me “You may descend to those you belong to in the earthly sheath you have shed,” I would reply: “No, my God, I am free, I have everything my heart desires, I have got those back who belong to me, *more* than ever, and I am living through things here that are eternal and magnificent.”

Here is a prayer I am giving you:

You human being, I would like to help you in your enormous, empty loneliness – eternal suffering in the strong yearning within you for the highest – and in your love toward me.

Come, oh come! How gladly I extend my hands to you, you lonely child – but your longing lacks its wings. Time will heal your suffering, though.

It is not I who am permitted to pull you upward to me, to the hallowed heights of eternity. You must remain *alone, alone* must you attain bliss. Then your wings will grow and you will come to me in all-forgetting, blissful flight.

Turn your gaze at the threshold of eternity back once more to the island of constant suffering. Nevermore will you be lonesome, because you ascended to splendor, to the Lord over eternity, on your *own* strength.

You see, *you yourselves* must raise yourselves up; then you will overcome the greatest thing on earth – death.