

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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November 19th, 1915

What grace, what was in store for me has now taken place.

Oh joy, the blessing of the earthly sheath is finished! I felt a moment's pain of parting, though. These earthly remains still wanted something from me. But now I have bidden my old garment farewell *forever*. It was a pain that caused my spirit to quake for brief moments. But then I was free. Now I am as if released, and my earthly sheath has also begun its eternal sleep, which ends with dissolution.

All of you helped me let my body rest in peace; you destroyed its power of preservation. Today I had to check on that, because the time had come for me to separate from it *forever*. Then I saw your work. I don't believe you have any notion of what you've done there.

I was allowed to bless my body, because it was ripe to dissolve.

For that to become understandable to you, I would like to tell you all the following: we all separate ourselves from our earthly garment; then it becomes alienated from us and we no longer have a connection with it. But then the moment comes when we must take one more look into the material world before the body's complete dissolution. That is what these remains are.

Everyone goes to the body he or she once wore, and can now see whether the infinitely many thought bodies of those left behind have performed a good work or a bad one.

The thoughts preserve a body!

It is a matter of course that this visit with the old, long forgotten garment evokes a sensation of remembering the earthly life. But that is only a short moment.

I was completely separated from my body a mere few days after I left it. I no longer knew it. But what I experienced here *every one* of us must go through at one point. It is like a mere transitory reunion with someone one has not seen since one's childhood and had for this reason nearly forgotten.

Later: I took in everything you, dear brother, objected to regarding my last communication. You see, I said something to to all of you that stands in my spirit as a positive thing, but in your brains as something negative.

These are problems hardly translatable into a logical conception for human beings. It is far deeper than what you understand.

What continues is neither a physical connection, nor is it spiritual threads. It is waves that once issued from there, and which one now needs to retrieve – an essence of the experiences, which essence had still existed but was now annihilated.

If a body is cremated or destroyed in another manner, this essence – as we shall term it – remains. It is then in the place where the sudden transformation took place, and the spirit comes once again to check on what remained behind, seeing as the latter once came of this spirit. It is nothing physical, nor does it stand in direct connection with the body; nevertheless, it can be brought to life through many painful thoughts.

On this occasion, I saw – or much rather sensed – my earthly sheath for the first time. And now this site beneath the oak tree is empty once again, as it was before. Above spreads the dome of the magnificent temple of peace built by you, my dear ones.

Sigwart

November 20th, 1915

Life on earth is no life of joy. It is difficult and arduous. Everyone feels that; yet how many are those who clutch firmly to this earth.

I have already been allowed to say so much to all of you that your departure from the earth shouldn't call forth a single thought that would cause any of you to quake. This earthly life is only bearable if one looks on it as a short time of transition. No worry that comes has meaning, and we must not ascribe any to it.

You can compare being incarnated to an unpleasant trip you are forced to take. At your goal, that is, on earth, you are locked up into a courtyard enclosed by high walls. You see the heaven above you but you are firmly convinced that you cannot reach it. You stay there until you are picked up.

Some of you can get over the walls because of your spiritual development, though. For these people the imprisonment no longer means anything, because in spite of it they possess the freedom of the spirit.

This is where you should get, so that your lives become eternal pleasure and joy.

How sorry I feel for you sometimes when I have to look on at your petty worries, because they really are *petty* worries. Large worries are only the ones that pertain to the soul, such as the harm done the soul or the spirit whenever a person, always doubting, is angry with God that He has not strewn their path with roses.

These are, for us, big worries!

Note this well, those of you who are locked up in the courtyard. Note it and stay strong; you need to stand *above* these worries. God *is* with you, so do only what is best for you and your development.

November 21st, 1915

Last Sunday before Advent commemorating the dead

I was with you in the church. Through you I once again felt what I felt there before.

Christ's path of suffering which was read there calls forth remarkable vibrations. I was immersed in reverent contemplation – not because the priest's sermon gripped me, but because during it a second, much higher and more sublime religious service was going on around you. I was listening to the sublime communications. The singing you heard was carried on by us. How lovely the atmosphere was. A holy blessing issuing from luminous heights crowned the hour. I received it in humility, and this force found its way to you, as well.

What for you are only dimly divined experiences of the sensations and *feelings* during certain external events — is something *we live through*.

How rich I am that in this way I can sense so much more than is generally possible here, for where we are it is only *these* sensations that play a role.

Your spiritual experiences, which are comparable only to dull uncertain feelings, will later become strong, consciously experienced facts.

I can feel all of you, even when you are separated; then I divide myself and am in different places at the same time. I have only had this ability for a short time.

November 24th, 1915

Today we had a lesson. We were allowed to test how far our powers are adequate. Trials of this kind are otherwise under strict higher control. To be able to work with them once to the full extent was pure joy to me. We are not allowed yet to perform experiments with powers we have attained ourselves. Now, all we may ever do is “practice,” until such time – albeit a much later time – as we are left entirely to our own devices.

What took place today was a kind of demonstration in the presence of the masters. It was a great pleasure finally to be permitted to show these achievements. The demonstration concerned thought powers; more precisely, we were supposed to destroy and reconstruct thoughts and also create new living beings through the power of the will and make ourselves free of any and every influence, as well as from currents surrounding us. Moreover, we had to call colors forth out of feelings; colors that alter according to tonal delicacy. It was a proper lesson in the presence of the highest masters.

These tasks went hand in hand with the music and my spiritual interaction with you, which does take time and space. But I never squandered even a single minute with idleness, and I am far ahead of the others who have been here as long as I have.

Now the mountains that I have yet to scale lie bright and clear ahead of me in the purest sunlight, without danger, without any obstacles. It is splendid when one’s goal lies so beautifully and clearly before one. Therefore, you too please work on yourselves with the full energy of your wills.

November 26th, 1915

No matter how much research we are able to do on earth, we will never fully grasp what is spiritual as long as we are still connected with the physical body. The unconditional trust and self-evidence with which you take up and comprehend everything I tell you is the great thing that wafts through our present relationship. This makes my development a special and exceptional case, for which reason there are certain things you can only explain with difficulty. You also played a big part in the stripping off of my desires, as it is called, because thanks to your spiritual understanding and your having stayed with me they were no longer attracted by any physical sensations. Thank God I myself didn’t have any big material passions during my earthly life. But your worldly pain would have been able to preserve certain of my physical abilities, and this would have caused wishes to be awakened or preserved within me. You have, however, through your spiritual striving, made my current state much easier in a way you would hardly consider possible.

That is what I tell you time and again: I was able to just go ahead and shed my different bodies because you didn’t hold me back, and *this is why we stayed together*. No matter how highly developed I become, I will stay with you until you are ready to leave your bodies behind. But of course I must also expect of you that you go on striving in the same sense as you have so far, for then our task will go on being a joint one.

I am as fused with you as ivy with a white column of marble.

Our circle has a meaning that must not be underestimated. Be more quiet in the hour of your spiritual work, remain peaceful when you exchange opinions, control your thoughts at

this hour especially, speak only of uplifting things or spiritual matters. If you follow through on this, high spiritual beings can always be present. Always think: “We are purified through God’s enormous grace, and to be worthy of it we bring the sacrifice of living only for the spirit in this hour.”

November 27th, 1915

Today I want to tell you about the majestic luminous shape of our Redeemer *Christ Jesus*, who of his *own* will came to you on the poor, sin-laden earth. He still lives in the shine of loftiest holiness, but He is sad, because he pities you, you humans on the earth of terrors – as it is now called here.

From His luminous heights *He* heard the work of music, the healing opus. We did not know that He, too, was in attendance. But I now feel it in retrospect; His might – so powerful that one cannot but feel its blessing. I was allowed to experience it, and it fills me with unspeakable happiness and deepest gratitude.

Kneel in spirit along with me, give thanks with me out of your entire souls for this grace. In sublime sounds the thoughts of the hallowed event rush around me. I experience it over and over and can envelop myself in this stream of love that issued from Him, from Him, the Redeemer. He was present, my creations embraced His sacred Spirit.

I cannot write anymore today; it was too violently moving an experience. Allow me to rest in quiet thankfulness and to relive the happiness.

We thank Thee, Father of the light,
We pray jointly to Thy highest Godhead.
In humility we bend our knees,
For that we are unable to fathom the grace.
In love we embrace the ray
That issues from Thee and flows to Thee.
Our thoughts come to Thee
As quietly as the trembling of
A rose petal fresh with dew.
The wings carry us – yes *our*
Spirit aloft to Thee.
They bring Thee greetings from poor people
Who are rich in faith
But poor in knowledge.
Healing,
Blessing,
Heavenly unity,
Gratitude.
Help, holiest power!
Yours,
Mine,
Eternally.