

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 Nov. 29th - Dec. 19th, 1915

November 29th, 1915

It is a fine thread that connects the people who are close to one another. This thread becomes so unrendably strong over time that the same connection even remains intact later between the living and those who cross over. Such a connection always has great significance and force if a circle is closed in mutual thinking and feeling and with the same wishes.

How easy dying will be for you if you continue to be as assiduous as in the past months. Everything is so easy then. I quake when I think of people who are called away from the earth without faith. That is the worst.

As I was hovering in sentient regions today, I met an old man who seemed familiar to me. I was amazed at this encounter. What might he have been doing there? He said to me: "You see, my brother, I am an old man who actually no longer needs to dwell in these regions; however, I forgot something on earth: remainders that I need to look for and collect here. The work is not easy, nor is it pleasant. That is what happens when one is called away from earth without having brought one's spiritual fruits and experiences in order. They must lie at the ready, ordered and allotted in a way that we can cross over at any time without having to go back to these long-overcome regions for a longer period of time."

He was most grateful to me, because I helped him in his work, and I believe he will now soon be through with it.

This report is probably hard for you to understand, but I cannot clothe it in any other words. Perhaps you feel the meaning that lies in them nevertheless. That was an experience I was allowed to pass on to you as an aid along the path of your lives. You need to feel, each in his or her own way, what it means.

How difficult you people make your lives! Isn't it at all possible for your spirits to free themselves a little more from burdens and worries? It is not easy for us who live in the spiritual world to spend time in such distressing unrest. All these agitated currents, which resemble a roaring, raging sea, get to us. This is terrible, because you are completely devoured by it and I cannot find you then. We can only stay with you and influence you if harmony and tranquility of soul are around you.

December 7th, 1915

(We had shown the communications to Rudolf Steiner, the most significant spiritual scientist of the present day, who held on to them for several weeks and examined them earnestly and with great responsibility. He declared them to be completely authentic and of extraordinarily high quality. He was himself so interested in them that he asked to be kept up to date pertaining to them.)

How glad I am! Had you expected anything else? But now I hope that even for outsiders our connection is sealed forever. I can understand that you wanted to resort to the final means of proof. I would surely have done the same thing in your place. Now, however, you no longer need to ask anyone else for advice; now we are working together. You will see all

the things that come of our work. I properly feel your happiness, and that makes me happy in turn.

Once people have developed their spiritual senses more highly, the time will come when they will be able to interact with their previous incarnations as they do in life – but they aren't ready yet.

This happens as a mere dream image at first, although that is not what they are, since all these clear dreams are based on truth.

It all comes when the time has been fulfilled. God's clock never stops, its cogs never wear out. And so we all want to wait humbly until the clock chimes, ringing in the great hour when death is surmounted. And we want to give thanks for what our Father has granted us so far in the way of fulfillment of our wishes.

December 9th, 1915

All of your thoughts that now reach me are under higher inspection, based on which the decision is made whether or not to grant me permission to go on making myself understood in this way. It is not my decision. In the coming days I will be able to let you know for certain about this. It was all discussed today. Two masters conferred over the matter and then approached me.

My life is now simpler and without large events. I work a lot, but unfortunately I cannot think about the music now, as that would distract me from my other tasks. I am often alone and meditate. I have worked out a precise plan for the further development of our joint tasks. I believe we ought better to take it from the very beginning once again, with the very first rules for the development of supersensible abilities. There is no sense in achieving anything less than perfect here. I definitely want to bring you to the point where no big difference exists between our different forms of existence, where we can feel or see each other through any and everything, according to how your abilities develop.

In the course of the day you must think your thoughts contingent on an exact sequence. The uncontrolled swarming about must now cease.

I have students here as well, but you are obviously much more interesting to me. At first I was afraid this wonderful task would be taken from me. Monitor your thoughts *very* closely over the coming days, so that the masters let me keep my happiness.

December 11th, 1915

The masters have decided: I am allowed to go on speaking with you.

I was afraid I might experience a disappointment after all, as none of you were exactly free in the world of your thoughts relative to me these past few days. But the masters examined *everything*, not just the last unfortunate few days, as I had feared. So they saw the enormous force you have created, because everything you've done was still there. Now we have gotten past the stage of uncertainty and can start working.

(A mere few days later and with no knowledge of the previous communication, the sister living in a different country received the following confirmation):

Marie, my sister! (It is his sister-in-law.)

I am allowed to go on speaking to you all! You have prevailed, and we are allowed to take up our joint task. How elated I am over this wonderful certainty. I knew how cheered you would be, and this is why I came to inform you as well of the decision.

All of you are to concentrate on these prayers:

In the morning

I want to ordain this day for You, my Redeemer.
Nothing must reach me that does not proceed from You.
Great is my will, oh God, but greater my love to You.

Forenoon

I am and You in me.
I was and You with me.
I will and You are mine.

Midday

I have the will to attain to the Highest.
I will to achieve everything.
You must forgive me,
I have sinned
And go on sinning.
But now I know that You are coming to me
And therefore the sin leaves me.
Help me, you sublimest, almightiest One!
Your will is my will
I bow down before You.

Afternoon

Godhead of the world
You strength, love and eternity
In You are we to rest.
Everything repeats itself,
Eternal turning with development's wheel,
Until our path of worry
Has its end in the sea of light.
Then only may I rest
After the accomplished day –
In You.

To a mother.

Your child is stuck in a dense thought-layer of fear and worry. I was unable even to go to him at first; the thoughts of sorrow and anxiety are bundled around him in layers. All that must be done away with, for in our eyes it is impure and heavy like a thick mass. He can only

unfold inside that with great effort, the poor child! You have to keep him cleaner in the fluids proceeding from you and surrounding him. Only by completely overcoming your fear and treating him like a healthy, zesty, strong child can he be helped.

In the presence of strong love, every single thought the parents think embeds itself in the child, so do not forget that you can only help him by undergoing development of your own.

This will change later, but the time until age seven is the most crucial.

December 14th, 1915

I heard what you were saying and want to respond. For you my communications are the revelation of the holiest, the thing you were granted by virtue of your love to receive, which uplifted you into spheres where our interaction is possible. And now I want to guide you, to pull you upward along with me out of the fog of earthly burdens. You must learn to breathe freely and to see to the extent granted you!

It is my wish to elevate you, to develop the seeds lying within you and to show you how to bring the treasures inside you to maturity.

The fetters of the earthly life have not yet become foreign to me, because I can still feel myself as a human being. But it is precisely because I can that I feel sorry for you and want to show you the way to your liberation out of this clench.

It is *your* free will to follow my call. Each one will feel inside himself what is right. Never must you fear I might hold you back from your obligations: no, you are supposed to become stronger, more productive, so that you can face them as their masters and not as servants. You are supposed to feel how you can grow, how it can become green and blossom around you if you uplift your spirits regularly and learn to command your bodies.

We know how far each of you could get, and we mourn whenever we see fertile fields approaching the summer uncultivated. This is why I want to help you, so I can give you the happiness I enjoy and which to a certain degree you yourselves can likewise achieve yet while on earth. If you develop yourselves, your actions will also become inflamed and illuminated by your inner lives, and this will strengthen your powers so you learn to meet your obligations fully, which are sacred to me as well.

You do *not* live earthly life in order to tarry in the material element and to seek your circle of obligations *there*. The latter is uplifted to the degree in which you raise yourselves and learn – which you are supposed to do – to get an overview of what you are living for. The strength to fulfill your duties always comes from above, and by immersing yourselves into what is higher you learn to carry them out in the way the Creator wants it:

Judging, acting and fulfilling, and all the while standing above it all.

You must consider it an enormous grace that I am allowed to say such things to you, for it makes your earthly existence easier, through which you otherwise would have had to struggle to find your way. But promise me to follow my directions only when you feel the strength within you to do so – otherwise it would only do you harm.

Never forget that through a thoughtless untruth the temple of God, of which you are an effigy, is jolted or destroyed, causing deep cracks in it, like the effect of an earthquake. Control not only your thoughts, but your words as well.

The strength for your uplifting lies in your attitude and the purity of your paths in life. Hold fast to that.

December 16th, 1915

Today is a big festival, but we are only allowed to be present in our thoughts, and will only learn of the holy processes afterward. The highest masters are in attendance there. It is a festival of the sublimest divine beings. All the mysteries are being lived through from primeval times until the present, comprehending eons of years. All of this today constitutes a working together of the truest and purest facts that have taken place in the mysteries.

Everything ever celebrated and experienced in the way of sacred festivals since the earth began its development is being celebrated by the masters today as the very holiest office. Of course, only the smaller portion of every mystic or religious ceremony is really *true* and great, and it is only all of *these* portions that are gathered and used for you and the earth. The high degree of hallowed sensations and self-mastery they contain is a tremendous power impossible to depict in words.

I believe it will also soon be decided whether humanity will be allowed to rest again for a time, or whether the raging of the unbridled elements is to go on. Are these holy and sublimest feelings large enough to put down the weapons and the wild elements? I do not know. I heard all this from an exalted mediator who himself was not in attendance. I did not hear about everything, but it was granted to me to pass this much on to you. It is doubtless the highest thing given me to communicate to you thus far. Thus take it as an enormous gift.

Sister Marie, I want to thank you for granting me entry. Even within yourself you have erected a site that is luminous in its purity. Your love, which carries me aloft on wings, has been the force through which you summoned me to you.

Through these oscillations, which adjusted themselves fully to my own, you gave me the possibility to unite myself completely with you so that I could speak to you. You need to thank not me, but rather the Highest One in the luminous heights, Who showed you the way to become a dwelling place of my thoughts

Your *Sigwart*

December 17th, 1915

The great task I had to complete here is finished – and now I am *free*. I may now choose either to go on working in this direction, that is, to assimilate more and more powers and in this way further develop myself as swiftly as possible, or else once again to assume great and magnificent tasks in music. I will choose what brings me closer to you. For your sakes I will willingly renounce all too rapid a development. This is being decided today. Up to now everything proceeded according to precisely specified rules and laws. But I have now gotten to where one is allowed to choose his further path on his own. As a rule, this only occurs after many years by your time calculation. You see from this how diligently I have worked of late.

You have no idea how infinitely happy and thankful I am that I was granted to be your teacher and to initiate you into the spiritual truths that alone are of genuine value.

December 19th, 1915

Marie, my sister, so often have you asked me if there was anything you could do for me. I come to you today with a message of good cheer. I want to tell you what you can do for me of your own free will.

I have received permission to be in full attendance at the performance of my "Euripides," to see and hear how this work of mine effects the earthly world. But to this end I now need a mediating link that leaves me completely to my own devices. Are you willing to do this? Do you want to relinquish your earthly senses entirely to me, for me to see and hear in an earthly way through them the same as you do?

(later)

I thank you! I thought it would make you happy that I came to *you* to ask this favor. I feel it as a consecrational gift, as the best thing of yours you have to give me, that you want to grant this huge wish of mine. I thank you in the way we are able to give thanks from out of our realm.

Your Sigwart

You must hear and immerse yourselves into the reflected splendor of the True, the Exalted I created in my musical work on earth. But one day, when your spirits have become enlightened, what is enwoven with it as sacred power of sensation will manifest to you with even greater beauty.

The gates of my temple stand wide open, a sea of light flows forth from within it which connects your beings and me to form a union.

In the spirit we are united – and isolated from earthly sounds, your spirits will hear what lofty thing lies as fulfillment in what I was called to create.

I live more and with greater intensity than ever, and notice everything. Whenever sad thoughts about my departure resurface, you cannot hide it from me. My sensing is much greater in such moments than yours, as I feel with my highest "I" only, whereas for you everything is weakened by matter. We too have the feeling of weeping, but only in the presence of the grandeur of the moment.

I would like to ask you once again to seek my spirit, my core, and not my garment, for I no longer wear it. Think of a shape of light that resembles my earthly body.

* Sigwart's opera "Euripides," which he finished shortly before the war, was not premiered until after his passing.