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

Excerpt from Part 3 (January 11th 1917 - September 28th, 1919)

Translation: Joseph Bailey

Content

September 7th, 1918 - March 28th, 1918

September 7th, 1918

We still have a lot ahead of us! Don't let up working on yourselves, so that the eyes of your souls continue to open to the light of the world.

Didn't I tell you once that earthly duties will seem easy to you as long as you don't forget the spiritual ones you have taken upon yourselves?

You have formed a wreath of good and fruitful thoughts around you – and even before now this wreath formed the foundation of our union; but today it is held together with even stronger bonds. It is you yourselves who forged the links of this chain.

I am yours, and remain yours, because our love has grown. It has ascended to the steps of the holy altars of God, where it was consecrated.

This love of ours carries within itself the glow of God and receives the life of eternity.

Christ-love, the great-all-love has flowed in so blessed a way into human hearts and ignited an inextinguishable fire in the depths of human souls. This fire rests there as a seed of the Good, as conscience. In this way the bond that will never be rent was forged between the Savior and the redeemed Children of humanity.

In this way love, which oversteps its own boundaries, is consecrated and made a portion of the all-love issuing forth directly from the current of God's love. Thus your love as well – *our* love – became a portion of the great Redeemer-love, for it burst the fetters of matter and lifted itself, relieved of its burden, to the heights of the earth-freed spirit.

The love you ignited was embraided into my current life and is a part of my self, has become "I-Myself"!

Thanks to you all for this happiness! Your *Sigwart*

December 24th, 1918

It took me a long time to unite with you, because the disquieted world of your thought completely enveloped me, and that makes union with you quite impossible for me in my current state of being. I require absolute purity, clarity and self-discipline in your thoughts. Trust more in God! Be more tranquil!

I too was given so much that is great, that I could never complain about the considerable obstacles that have often been laid in my way. Mustn't *we* be able to be victors over this kind of thing? This is why you also should act without rearing up against your destiny.

Acting oneself or letting others do so are two entirely opposing concepts. Both of them must be realized, the one just as well as the other, but always at the right moment. You need to sense yourselves when to apply the one, when the other.

The bells are ringing: Christmas!

The most blissful of all festivals!

Now let us rise to the higher spheres of light:

All-outshining light! You, who ascended out of ether streams of the highest regions and came to be active among us, to forgive and to exalt the lowest existence of the cosmic age! You, the sole Redeemer! More mighty than heaven's sublimest power is the glorious emanation of Your love, which enfolds You and out of which You speak.

Everything you human beings have now experienced in the way of chaos – do you believe the Redeemer would suffer it the blessing of heaven were not even now slumbering as a seed above the tortured, pain-gouged earth? One tragedy follows the other, one wave of

dread comes in where the previous one ebbs, but the Lord, Who is placed above everything, is everywhere – *everywhere* – *Jesus Christ*, Whose birth we now celebrate. He wears the crown of martyrdom in the same sense now as He did back then when He tasted thoroughly of it with His own body. His suffering is being repeated even now! The sacrificial death of His physical body is being symbolized again now in the spiritual sphere. *The crucifixion is the rebirth of the spiritualized human being*.

In the war, the Savior's crucifixion was reenacted. Once more He lived and died for humanity, visible and able to be felt only for the individual already mature enough to sense this sacrificial deed for what it is. So regard the war as the repetition of the act of sacrifice once consecrated through pain, which act through death is now entering a new life (understood ever and again only by the few who are mature enough to construe the real facts rightly). Hence out of the crucifixion (the war) a new level of spiritual progress has developed, which in a deeper spiritual regard will awaken the Gospel to a new consciousness in Man.

For this reason you may all take a more tranquil view. After all, the sufferings of the Crucified One have all been endured by all of you. And so lift your hands and think of the new power in your working. Your thoughts should have a promoting effect on what is going on. Within these goings-on you behold events with the feeling of having withstood death – the feeling of the light's birth out of the darkness. Then you will feel how everything to come is not so incomprehensible and arduous.

Once more: the crucifixion *has* taken place; *thus it is over!*

This is my Christmas message to you, my dear ones. It would be so nice if you could understand how logically and obviously everything in the events of the world around you is unfolding. I myself frequently witnessed these disquieting times first-hand, for my death engraved my interest in these events deeply into the consciousness of my soul. If only you all knew just how very often I am preoccupied with you, I believe you would have many hours of good cheer. What rich gifts you too have bestowed on me through your love!

Your *Sigwart*

<u>January 10th, 1919</u> (Sigwart's birthday)

I want to send you greetings yet today, as I feel how through your thoughts you all enfolded me so utterly in your profound love. Never think that I have changed in such a brief span of time (which you, however, consider to have been ever so long). No, my dears, I have only removed my earthly garment and in the process become much more "Sigwart" than when I had these dense sheaths on.

I no longer wear this garment. You still do, and that is the only difference. I greet you and point you to the golden path that once will reunite us.

I, your S*igwart*, am with you.

<u>March 6th, 1919</u>

I am here, your *Sigwart*!

Today I would like to speak to you again of the great Gospel of Love as passed on by the apostles and disciples of Christ. It says:

"Love one another as I have loved you!"

This is the core of all wisdom and of everything we ought to know. Understand that this is the love you lack – the love that sends out rays and receives them back a hundredfold, the love that warms and is enveloped by a cloak of even more exalted love emanating forth in turn from our loving.

Love is the great and mighty power that outmasters everything, that commands even death and builds the bridge from this earthly life over to the realm of the spirit. It is the love that carries you over the barriers of time to eternity; it is the love that out of you brings the spark of God to development. Love – love – all love, and in the midst of this world, which breathes love and bestows love, He Himself stands, our Savior, with outstretched arms, calling:

"Oh come to me, all you who travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you!"

To Him, yes to Him we should go and unburden our suffering and our worries on Him. Is there any more beautiful thought, any consciousness that can cause more joy?

Yes, jointly we want to go and step up to Him, to our Savior, to Him Who redeemed us, and fall to our knees before Him.

"Christ – Savior – Redeemer!
Take us into Your arms, us feeble human children!"

Then He will raise His holy, blessing hands and place them on our mourning souls, speaking:

You are consecrated in suffering,
You have grown through misery,
You are purified through affliction,
You have matured through trials,
You are tried through deeds,
Your faith has helped you –
Enter into the Kingdom of Heaven!"

Thus He speaks to us, to you and me, who stand like children longing for Him in indescribable yearning.

He speaks: "Let the little children come to me and do not forbid them. I fight for their entry."

Then the iron portal of heaven opens, and before us eternity spreads the infinite breadth of its wings over a magnificent land! Love – unfathomable love!

It is with this pure, immeasurable, profound love you gave me, that I embrace you today! Blessings on you!

Your brother and protector
Sigwart

March 25th, 1919 in the evening

I continue to live in the world of highest revel. Naturally, over this lengthy period of time a lot has changed in my life, as well. It is no longer the intensive taking in from all sides of everything new that brushes up against or passes through one; no: it is my deeply taking in via my soul organs everything that I experience. It is an "experiencing", a living through, in the true sense of the word. A profound living through, a quaking of my I, an opening up inside of others, a dissolving into the world around one.

At certain intervals one encounters this profoundly meaningful state of being – of course only those who strive to attain the very highest and who do not resist these laws. I have experienced this state a few times; but it feels different each time.

Imagine a flower opening up and breathing in the beams of the sun and the coolness of the moon, taking whatever it requires to meet its life's needs at a given time. Like such a flower, I have grown a bit more each year through this blessing from without and through my own will for the Good. And it is in this way that this feeling of tranquility and joy comes over one. For happiness lies only in becoming, in developing, and not in standing still! Now you will ask: how can this be reconciled with recollection, with longing, with the repetition of a joyfully lived past? The great striving onward also presses inward through these ever-static wishes and memories; it recasts, as it were, those wishes into a different form, in which they no longer cause either harm or torment, in which they much rather give these feelings life, albeit a life that is different from the life of ordinary memory.

And this is what the life I spend together with you is like. I live in it entirely, but it is a somewhat different picture than the one you have of it. *My* picture is permeated with the large force of "*yet existing*", of experience eternally identical to itself. *Your* picture, by contrast, is "*past*", a piece of former life which, as you conceive it, will never return, and which for this reason is contorted by pain.

Now I ask you from the bottom of my heart *also* to consider this life gone by as something that *exists*. Give it the radiant glory of joyful thinking and refrain from hanging the armor of mourning on its shoulders.

Believe me, my dear ones, that in these for you so difficult times I have born and gone through your tribulation for you. I have consoled you often. Didn't you notice how in precisely the darkest of your hours help, calm, luminous beholding came to you? That was me giving you of the help that was given me as well. I dried your tears myself; I showed you as you slept why it all had to come about as it did; I gave you insights that put you into states of deep wonderment and that you promised me you would remember during the day. You forgot them, to some extent, but you became calm and that was the most important thing. You have no grounds for concern, come what may!

Banish all pain and bring the strings of your love once more to resonance of pleasure and joy, just as I joyously drink from the font you created; for this love bestows strength on me, strength to act, strength to continued becoming.

There is no past that could make you sad; there is only the present – eternal presence!