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 8th, 1915

The suffering, the melancholy, the mourning – these are garments that enwrap you all, enclose and oppress you all in their weighty clutches. They feel at one with you, they draw life from your life, strength from your strength. And they enshroud the light of your eyes with their veils.

You no longer see the luminescence of the sun, no longer the sparkling of the stars. A world of torment have you become, closed off from the godly nature that brings blessing. Burst the bonds! Rise up to the freedom of *willing*!

The shattered sheath falls to your feet and you blissfully breathe – freedom!

Now begin the grand days for me. The symphonic work is being performed for the benefit of humankind and for the highest bliss of us all.

G. (a comrade in arms) is also present, the good lad. He is finally coming to me. It took a long time, but he didn't want to take on reason and understand that he no longer has a physical body. What use was all the talking – so I just left him alone. But today he came to me in bliss. I am genuinely cheered; now he will presumably be with me a lot.

I have also called the others who are close to me, so that they too can lift themselves up with this great work. My thoughts will be with all of you above all, because it would only be half the pleasure for me if you, my so beloved, were missing.

The structure is fundamentally different from performances on your earth. First the tones come in sequence, then one constructs the consonance, and immediately the symphony resounds from a thousand spiritual entities taking on different dimensions through the strength of each individual.

After that come the grandiose vocal parts, many of which I created. Songs without words, without throats, and yet sung with the perfection of the very loftiest experience.

What that means I can only explain to you with difficulty. Imagine, for example, a thousand magnificent tenors singing one and the same song and this song in turn sounding downward from the highest mountains into the quiet valleys with the most manifold changes and emphases. In this way you might possibly get an approximate notion.

At the conclusion everything works together: thoughts, sensations, tones and colors, and even these in turn distributed into enormous groups, all streaming their art or their power forth with a might to be compared only with an earthquake demolishing a large portion of the earth. By your standards, these performances last for days.

I am happy also to have created a portion of it. Only those with the corresponding gift and talent can give birth to these creations. It is exactly like on earth. Along with two others, I was entrusted with a huge task, and even now I must work a lot during the performances.

The preparations begin today, but that is long from being the beginning. The moment we begin, I will let you know.

You see, my dear sister, your strong feeling for everything having to do with me carries you on wings upward to the light-filled heights of eternal truth.

The fundamental tone in everything consists of the Truth. On earth, it is unfortunately enshrouded in a dense layer of untruth and slander of all that is exalted. But you have strong wings, which bear within them the hidden power to attain to the very highest.

Father, God of eternity!
Heaven, the earth glows in love of you!
And we kneel here,
Remorse in our bodies,
And in our hearts the wish,
Our souls full of fire,
Our spirits full of fervency,
Three times love,
Three times blessing,
Three times trinity,
Life and bliss!
Amen – Amen and Amen.

This prayer symbolizes the trinity that bears the deepest of depths within. Through its meaning and sound your environment is shaken, so that everything that is not of the purest nature must keep its distance.

Say this verse aloud often, individually and together.

November 10th, 1915

Leave your doubting and brooding – it hinders your flight. Not until you have lifted yourselves above the dense fog of your earth can you understand and grasp what today I would try in vain to explain to you.

Have trust – it is I who is guiding you, I, your brother. Do not search for explanations; rather, look only for the reverberation within you that brings everything true and exalted inside you to resonance. Once you have found it, bow your heads in humility before the incomprehensible.

I went before you and am smoothing your paths.
I hold my hands in blessing over you in hours of worry.

I pray for you in hours of doubt.
I help you up with my love whenever you threaten to stumble, and hold your hands to guide you firmly toward eternity, the peace of victory.

Our Father is waiting! The garland that is to embellish the portal of eternity once the path to splendor is opened unto you, this garland is braided from the blossoms of your prayers and your love.

November 11th, 1915

All of you are the strings of my lute; I play a different tone on every one, and the waves of sound oscillate in beautiful, tranquil streams upward into the spheres above you. They fill our halls with their clear, pure melodies and unite with our songs to make a magnificent shape of power.

I am the one who plays the strings of your sound through the might of my love, and your tone reverberates its way upward on waves of eternal love and longing! I am the musician. Through you I can create great things. I need you, each one of you, my dear ones, because the bright voices of your souls are the forces that build up my work. You are to become like a rushing, splendid chord and the waves of your songs will wash around the steps of the heavenly spheres.

I need you, the resounding tone of your spiritual elevation. Let yourselves be guided in alternating harmonies and chords, through dissonances that in ardent desire await their resolution. Wait!

The great sound in which all tones find themselves in heavenly unity *will* resound and fill you with profound ecstasy.

The time has not come yet. *Practice*!

So that one and all may have the strength to vibrate his way to eternity. Then you, wonderful tones of my lute, will be brought to meet the Highest by me, a singer who dedicates his best song to Him.

It is a splendid thing that I would give you! Dedicate to me the tones of your souls, that I may give them the *heavenly* sound that lends wings to your flight into eternity.

The music performances have just begun. I am filled entirely with what I have experienced. It is impossible to give a description of them. I never thought I would completely grasp everything so soon and comprehend the right meaning. Almost everyone can listen, but only few understand.

I was also allowed to bring all of you along – of course only your highest “I’s”; this “I” you yourselves hardly know, but which is the core of your entire being.

My divining on earth was likely connected with this exalted spiritual enjoyment. This divining has now become fulfillment. The part of these sounds that find their way to your earth is their clearest essence, and it is now supposed to influence human beings. Much will be healed by it, soul pain will be soothed and good seed stimulated to blossom forth. Time is flying. I must return, they are waiting for me, the creator of the three spherical songs is being summoned. The name I bear here is hard to clothe in words – it means something like "scaled off from the sun." This is what I am called, this is the way many of the spiritual beings here see me. Not all of them, though, for here as well the undeveloped ones never see the higher ones.

The performances are continuing; I have learned infinitely much during them. Tomorrow they will gradually fade out, but even that takes a longer period of time, because it is an extremely slow fading and outbreathing of the music and the sensations.

God with you all, with whom I am the more closely united, the more *you* work.

I am *in* you.

Your brother.

November 15th, 1915

The performances are over now. A row dance was the finale, the union of the most radiant spirits. All of them had to hover through space in groups to crown the greatest experience. Now everything has dispersed and I come to you to share my impressions.

Is there anything, my dears, to compare with it? Ah no, we all are still poor human beings, you and I alike. I have experienced that now quite soundly, for the highest entities were in attendance at this experience. Beheld by the fewest, of course, because here too the higher beings are never seen by the less developed ones. But I was allowed to behold them for a moment through a kind of fog, and that was the high-point of these magnificent hours. One feels then what the divinity actually is that we always hear so much about here, and which is the destination of our prayers. What I lived through was a moment of the most powerful sensation.

You contributed to this experience, inasmuch as you promoted my spiritual development and made it easier. Without your help it probably wouldn't have been permitted me. So you see that everything around you blossoms and bears fruit.

How the different paths of your lives are now becoming brighter! What formerly was murky and often linked with great hindrances has become bright, clear and open. You have outstepped the barriers of your prescribed karma; you yourselves have created for yourselves a *new* karma through the power of your love.

It will become more light around you, believe me, your brother, who sacrificed his body for you, his country, for humanity and for himself.

Now I must get back to my friends, whom I left to impart to you this communication that is so relevant to the consummation of our work. They are waiting for me so we can exchange our thoughts concerning the splendid experiences. This as well is exactly the same as on your earth. After all, if you have heard something beautiful, you also speak with your friends about it afterward.

November 16th, 1915

… Never regret – only want to improve and to transform your will into deeds. If a person concentrates his thoughts daily at exactly the same time and on the same thing, he generates not only spiritual powers, but also ones that school his character. If one forgets – as you did today – the hour of contemplation, one harms oneself, because it creates a gap in the series. But if this forgetfulness strengthens one's intention to do better in the future and one then indeed does do better, it will no longer be harmful, but useful.

Learn to *will* and to subject your full being to this willing, then you are masters over your own selves. Practice and practice, over and over again.

Dream – you wandering soul,
Slowly you glide through the night.
Let mine eye gaze but once
To the primal font of all being.
In quiet nights I prayed to you –
Ever only groping, searching, yearning – tears.
Give me understanding that brightens the night.
Let me dissolve in the bliss of understanding!
I will to give all – to You my God,
A series of lives I gladly relinquish to you,
To live through but a single night fully and *knowing*. –
Above the trees' crowns shines the moon,
Above the seas' glitter twinkles a star.
All is primeval power and eternity.
Thus let me be knowing just one night –
I pray you!