

# SUN and SHADOW

by Cheryl Lea



Illustrated by Fleur Ferri

Published by **The Power of Words**, an imprint of  
Kima Global Publishers,  
Kima Global House,  
11, Columbine Road,  
Rondebosch 7700  
P.O. Box 374,  
Rondebosch 7701  
South Africa

© 2005 Cheryl Lea  
© 2005 Fleur Ferri (illustrations)

ISBN 09584800-6-0

World rights Kima Global Publishers. With the exception of small passages quoted for review purposes, this edition may not be reproduced, translated, adapted, copied, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or through any means including mechanical, electronic, photocopying or otherwise without the permission of the publisher.

e-mail: [info@kimaglobal.co.za](mailto:info@kimaglobal.co.za)  
website: [www.kimaglobal.co.za](http://www.kimaglobal.co.za)

## Colour Illustrations

### 1. *Cover picture:*

The wise guru, Master Raddhi who lives in a monastery in Tibet whose life is endangered by the wicked Id Hak, who changes many lives by a spell cast on an ancient artifact, a flagon of copper, brass and silver.

Against the background of the ruins of the temple at Mahabalipuram: Professor John Hampshire Barnard in India with his two children, Jennifer and Peter; the wise old crow, Perkins; one of the many street sellers.

Numerous sketches are scattered throughout the book.

## Acknowledgements

I wish to record my gratitude to those who gave me the encouragement to write and complete this book:

*Fleur Ferri* – outstanding artist who challenged me to write “something *different*” for her to illustrate and who, with her faith in the manuscript and her extraordinary talent, has provided the beautiful, lively sketches and colour plates.

*Joy Niland* – loyal friend and dear companion who supplied me with the variety of research material of the land she loves – without which I could not have brought India so richly and vividly to life.

*Ann Fairweather* – dearest friend, secretary and general help, who uncomplainingly typed the heavily edited Manuscript.

*Anda Harley* – author of “The New Light, Esoteric Interpretation of the Bible”; cherished Mother and wise guide, who imbued our childhood with magic, and who, when reading the Manuscript, “couldn’t put the book down!” and so gave me encouragement and faith in this venture.

*Lori Lea* – a very special daughter, who created the final form of *Sun and Shadow*, through days and long tedious hours of formatting pages and artwork.

*Birthe Taylor* – a wonderful life-long friend, whose help has made all my spiritual work in the world possible for the upliftment of humanity.

## Acknowledgements

My grateful thanks to these above who have, in some way, been part of *"SUN AND SHADOW"*. To them I say, as Sana Jhwul might have worded it:

May the sun be ever in your face, and the shadow behind your back...

Spring awakens the tree in the shadow of the cloud's life-giving rain:

In Summer the tree blossoms in the sun and its perfume wreathes the air.

In Autumn the flower surrenders its life to the fruit, and is no more.

In Winter the fruit must yield its life to the seed, and is no more.

But the seed is the flower of destiny... and the tree is left to sigh in the wind.

Sana Jhwul



## Sun and Shadow

### Dedication

**T**HIS book is written for young people of every age who tread the path of sun and shadow and who live with magic in their hearts – for theirs is the promise of tomorrow. To quote one wiser than I, Sana Jhwul, who says:

Sun is the giver of light; it also causes the shadow to fall. Stand not in the shade of sorrow and weep, but move into the joy of eternity and, like the sun, give to all the warmth of your heart

And it is also dedicated to Lor, Birthe and Ann – whose sunshine has interlaced the shadows of my life...

And to the Members of the Group who have stood in the Light with me...

# Table of Contents

Acknowledgements . . . . .	4
Dedication . . . . .	6

## **PART I : MASTER RADDHI**

### **PART II : THE SHIP**

Chapter One: Peter and Jenny. . . . .	15
Chapter Two: Sana Jhwul . . . . .	19
Chapter Three: Perkins . . . . .	27
Chapter Four: Madras . . . . .	40
Chapter Five: The Fortune Teller. . . . .	61
Chapter Six: John Hampshire Barnard . . . . .	77

### **PART III : THE NILGIRI HILLS**

Chapter One: The Train . . . . .	89
Chapter Two: Ootacamund . . . . .	96
Chapter Three: Chelida . . . . .	107
Chapter Four: The Nilgiri Hills . . . . .	116
Chapter Five: The Shadow Falls. . . . .	147
Chapter Six: Darkness and Light . . . . .	152
Chapter Seven: To Fulfil a Dream. . . . .	169

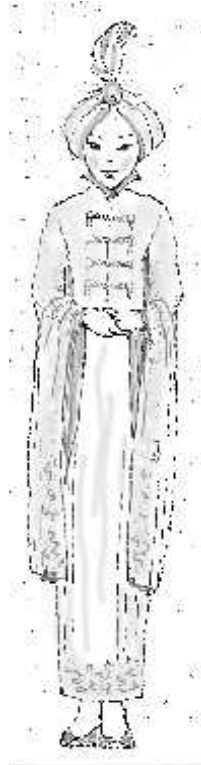
### **PART IV : PATH OF DESTINY**

Chapter One: Coimbatore to Hyderabad. . . . .	185
Chapter Two: The Indian Wedding . . . . .	199
Chapter Three :Calcutta. . . . .	214
Chapter Four : Kidnapped! . . . . .	229
Chapter Five: Kathmandu - Eyes of the Buddha . . .	259

## Sun and Shadow

### **PART V : THE HIMALAYAS**

Chapter One : The Start of the Expedition . . . . .	277
Chapter Two : The Search for the Bull . . . . .	289
Chapter Three : Leopard! . . . . .	310
Chapter Four: Nandi . . . . .	321
Chapter Five : Footsteps in the Snow . . . . .	332
Chapter Six : The Shadow . . . . .	334
Chapter Seven : The Sun . . . . .	343
Glossary . . . . .	357
About the author . . . . .	363





## PART I : MASTER RADDHI

**I**t all started in the beautiful Bon Lhümpo lamasery that clings to the great rocky southern slopes of the Himalayan Mountains in Tibet, the land of Buddhist monks. The graceful stupas of the temple and the hanging festoon flags proclaimed it as a sacred shrine of Buddhism.

Within its walls the lamas conducted their holy lives of religious prayers, punctuated by the beating of the drum or the sound of cymbals or ringing of a bell, and the waving of the incense burner for the expelling of evil spirits.

*Toc, toc, toc* – the stick of the gentle-faced Raddhi, head lama of Bon Lhümpo, was a familiar sound on the stone pavings, as he wandered in meditation through the lamasery grounds. Cowled and cloaked, with a face of great wisdom and a beard white as snow in the sun, his dark eyes glimmered like distant hills catching the last rays of light when shadows of night creep across the valley.

In the terraced garden sat a wicked lama under a tall deodar tree. His beard was as black as coal mined from the depths of the earth and his beady eyes were narrowed avariciously as he followed Rhaddi's movements. He sat

## Sun and Shadow

cross-legged, his fat fingers tapping his knees impatiently as he watched and waited. Raddhi, who wandered through the gardens in meditative mood or in conversation with his chela, understood and ignored him.

Now, Id Hak was waiting for an opportunity to sever Raddhi's soul from his body, so that he could assume Raddhi's place as head lama and so gain power over all the monks. Raddhi knew this, and had given instructions to his chela to keep contact with Id Hak and his wicked thoughts. Whenever Id Hak laid an evil plan, Raddhi would be informed of it at once. He would change his habit and walk along another path clear of a dangerous, taunted scorpion awaiting him. Or he would refrain from eating rice that day contaminated by a poisonous herb. Or he would change his sleeping place; instead of sleeping on his yak blanket in his bare sanctum, he would place it on the flagged stones and spend those few hours of night that he passed in sleep safe from a deadly arachnid that, from time to time, he knew awaited him in his sleeping sanctum.

Thus Raddhi's stick continued to make its *toc, toc, toc*, on the stones, while Id Hak grew angrier and more frustrated than ever. His eyes grew narrower and beadier as he became more determined in his scheming.

But who was Raddhi's chela?

*Sana Jhwul.*

Sana Jhwul protected his master, Raddhi, and loved him as all pupils love their teachers. But Sana Jhwul was different. No more than two hands high, slender and dignified – *he was invisible to the world of men!* He was a snow-sprite whom

## Part 1: Master Rhaddi

only Raddhi could see; one of the sprites who work in and with the snowflakes, grown wise in the aeons of time that he had dedicated himself to service of the Laws of Winter. Raddhi, in his deeply spiritual dedication to the Law of the World, realised that this little wise being – whom he immediately saw and loved – was ready to enter the world of men. So Raddhi blessed the beautiful little snowflake man and endowed him with a human heart, so that he could identify with human beings, even though he could not be seen by physical people who have no awareness of the other world. And he became Raddhi's chela – who, with a great and enduring mutual love, protected his Master from all harm.

But... Id Hak watched and waited. Then an idea came to him...

Raddhi owned nothing apart from his simple garments and the yak blanket on which he slept, excepting for one religious artefact, which he loved dearly. It was entitled to be used only by holy lamas; a beautifully proportioned flagon beaten in gold, silver and copper and shaped like a jug with a hinged lid. It stood nineteen centimetres high, with a decorative pouring spout embossed with the wheel of transmigration, the emblem of the Bhavacakramudra.<sup>1</sup> The domed lid fitted snugly in its cradle. The handle curved gracefully into the head of a dragon, the claws of its legs clutching the body of the artefact. Carved on both sides was the figure of

*1 The prayer wheel, a well-known religious article in the East widely used by the Tibetan monks who spin it in order to release the power of life held within its mantra, symbols and inscriptions.*

## Sun and Shadow

Bodhisattva Siddhârtha, the Buddha, seated in lotus position, blessing all who gazed upon him.

Raddhi, as a Buddhist holy lama, revered the Buddha and regarded the vessel as symbolic of the One who came to bring enlightenment to the world, to be poured from the spout in eternal beneficence for all humankind.

Id Hak cast his evil spell over the flagon.

He sat in dark meditation, directing thought forms of death into it. Then, whoever opened it would be engulfed by the evil magic.

Sana Jhwul saw these evil thoughts speeding their way towards his master and flew to his master to warn him. To his horror, Raddhi, in meditative mood, was already opening the flagon! Sana Jhwul rushed forward and, in order to save his revered master, leapt into the artefact first ... and knew no more.

And thus our story has its beginning...

Sana Jhwul fell into a deep sleep. Being a sprite of an evolutionary species different from human beings and, having no physical body, his sleep would be different from that which Id Hak had intended for Raddhi. A snow-sprite does not sleep; therefore his sleep is eternal. Such a sleep would be the end.

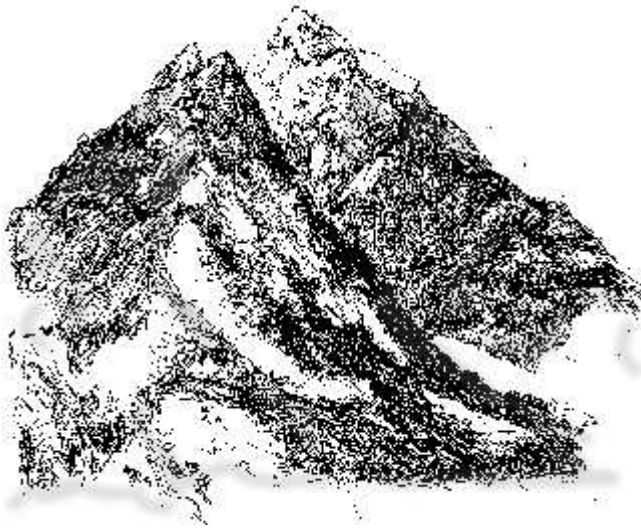
When Raddhi saw his beloved chela rush into the vessel and become lifeless, he wept. He knew then that his love for this one possession had been used as a weapon against him. Even though it was a religious and sacred artefact with power of its own, it had been desecrated by the power of evil.

Raddhi then cast his own spell of protection over the

## Part:1 Master Rhaddi

vessel so that no harm should befall his chela until the gods of the spirit world saw fit to grant him life again. He lifted it gently and placed it on his yak blanket next to the Rhododendron bush with its first blush of spring buds.

And so, time passed . . .



## About the author

Cheryl Lea Lives in South Africa and is Chairman of World Unity and Service., an international Trust working for the spiritual upliftment and expansion of consciousness of humanity. This work began over thirty years ago and is featured on the Internet at [www.wustrust.com](http://www.wustrust.com).



If you enjoyed this book (and naturally we hope that you did) we recommend the following titles for your further reading enjoyment under our imprint.

THE POWER OF WORDS



**Georgina** – and her Guardian Angels  
by Magdel Shackleton Ph.D

This full colour illustrated book is both a visual as well as an educational insight into the invisible world of the minds of children and adults alike. The concepts are universal in approach and are thus non-denominational.

ISBN: 09584261-9-8 (98 pages full colour illustrations 210 - 148)

**My Love We Are Going Home** – *Ingrid's journal* by Nadine May



By forecasting a possible future from the year 2006 onwards, where will the process of spiritual transformation lead us? This creative writing grips readers who enjoy journeying into possible futures, answering questions like: where do we come from, why are we born, and where can we find the answers.

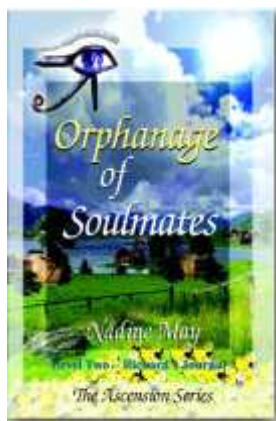
ISBN: 09584359-3-6

Category: Visionary Fiction

Pages: 376

Price: \$29.50 R145

**Orphanage of Soulmates** – *Richard's Journal* by Nadine May



Do the ancient texts on the walls of ancient temples foretell a future that seems to have happened in our past? Could the eye of Horus have been the star gate the 'god's' used to observe their creation? This novel takes a seamless leap from Ancient pre-History to a near future of awesome possibility for humankind.

ISBN: 0-9584493-2-5

Price: \$32.00 R160.00

Pages: 475

<http://www.kimaglobal.co.za>



**Kima Global Publishers,**  
is an independent publishing  
company based in Cape  
Town. We specialise in  
*Books that Make a Difference to  
People's Lives.*

We have a unique variety of  
Body, Mind and Spirit titles  
that are distributed through-  
out South Africa, the U.K.,  
Europe, Australia and the  
U.S.A.

Among our genres you will  
find non-fiction — healing,  
wellness, philosophy,  
parenting, business coach-  
ing, personal development,  
creative workbooks. Under  
the imprint THE POWER  
OF WORDS we publish.  
spiritual, fantasy, adventure  
and visionary fiction titles  
and poetry.