

THE
SUN
SHARER

The First of the Sun Sharer Trilogy

JACK GEORGE
EDMUNSON

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Foreword

There's a beautiful place in Catalonia called Yapanc. It has beautiful people bathed in a beautiful light reflected from the beautiful sea and is tranquilo – quiet, fresh and alive.

The local Health Service actually works, the good schools are free to all and there's very little traffic so it is easy to park in the centre of the sleepy neighbouring town called Palafrio. When you shop, you go to Palafrio's markets for your locally caught fresh fish and other produce. Simple, loose and unpackaged food that you carry around in your hand-woven basket feeling relaxed, having spent time talking to your friends and eating breakfast together sitting outside one of the little cafes in the pretty square.

Then you go home refreshed and happy, feeling at one with a simple life built around real genuine people who share that simplicity.

When the sun goes down you can stand on the hill above Yapanc by El Far – The Lighthouse and watch the sun set behind the hills to the west of Palafrio that is spread far below you, feeling at one with the real world.

In my 'home' of Yapanc I have 'Real Life' where less is truly more.

★ ★ ★

There's a place I originally thought was beautiful in Cheshire called Tettenhill.

My friends were the beautiful people but are now forgotten acquaintances, which in fact they always were.

It constantly seemed to be grey and rainy but as I was always working away from 'home', I can't be totally sure, so maybe it was just dismal in my heart and mind.

You would wait days for a doctor's appointment and then see a locum; pay twelve thousand pounds a year for your child to be in the right school for the right 'friends' and always queue in traffic on the A51 at any time of the day. These queues stretched right into the Sainsbury's car park, even when we went in early or late to miss the stampede for processed and over-packaged food, taken away in a host of plastic bags.

It was a frustrating place. Overheating with people who were preoccupied with possessions like cars and TVs. There were always things to do and so it developed into a meaningless drive to nothingness for many individuals and not just me.

So this was not 'Real Life' and therefore many people were not truly happy.

There is also a hill above Tettenhill as in Yapanç. This is reached via a stunningly beautiful footpath through a valley called Dingle Dell where the trees form a natural tunnel as they lean into the sun. If you walked up this trail you reached a window on the west where you could turn and contemplate the same sunset as in Catalonia but behind the distant Welsh Hills. You could feel at one with the world and be a Sun sharer with a loved one in Yapanç – but of course it's England and there's no time to take spiritually uplifting strolls like that.

★ ★ ★

The places in this story don't matter but the people do.

Because people make life, not places, not possessions, not things.

There is no way you can avoid the highs and lows of life but you will see that 'Real Life' needs those lows to make the highs that much higher.

It's all about what you say and do and not what you think or propose to do.

Doing changes mundane and meaningless to a reality that is exciting and important.

You have to remember that it is down to you only and therefore you cannot blame anyone else for the life that you lead.

Someone said to me at work.

"Jack, why are you going to live in Yapanc?"

This was a question said with an incredulous voice and reinforced by a quizzical look, as if Yapanc was at the end of the world.

"Because, I can," and I left it at that.

Acknowledgements

To the real Joseph, this book is dedicated to you. You can now understand that I meant what I said and I did exactly what I told you I would do. I had to leave Mummy and I had to go and write my trilogy in Spain.

I'm so sorry that you temporarily lost your Daddy at nine years old.

I vividly remember sitting on an aeroplane rushing back from Hong Kong to see your Mum in hospital and I was terribly worried about you surviving if born eight weeks too early. Whilst looking out of the scratched plastic window and staring intently at the failing sun, I talked directly to you.

I told you about life and I wished it for you and I told you how you must fight.

So it is no surprise that you have proved yourself over the last two years. How you have showed me that you are spiritually strong and that you are aware of the deeper more important things in life.

Now you will realise that we can go on together far better than before with the past fading to nothing as we have forty-six more years ahead of us.

I will always be there for you and so will Nim because I know he is inside of you waiting to be played out to a greater audience.

Love from Dad, seven times as always. x x x x x x x.

Acknowledgements

Thank you to my trial readers who gave me encouragement to change the many drafts and the confidence to carry on when all seemed impossible. You were great.

Thank you John, Neal, Lulu, Elizabeth, Kate and especially Franny who never lost faith, when others judged us wrongly from a base of their own immorality.

Jack

*Written by
Jack George Edmunson.
March 2008.*

Exactly fifty-four years after the day I was born in 1954. Everything I do and say is preparing for my death and rebirth into the Collective in 2054. That is my fate and true path and therefore it cannot be changed.



Tettenhill

The beginning of the end

Each day when eight-year-old Jack arrived home from school he would squat in the window ledge of the modern semi-detached's lounge to be as far away as possible from the foot of the stairs and the ghost that haunted his imagination from somewhere above.

He would squint at any remaining sunlight, desperate to see his Mother returning from work as she strode expectantly up the road, anxious to receive a hug from her handsome little boy.

He was too young to be 'a latch key' kid living near Bewdley in Worcestershire but because of his youthful innocence he noticed things in his loneliness that adults would miss, but accepted his thoughts were never to be shared.

Sometimes, he would gather up all of his courage and quickly stamp up those seven stairs, counting upwards from zero until he leapt onto the top landing where he yelled in a panic stricken and tearful voice.

"Go away! Leave me alone whoever you are; you have no right to be in my Mummy's house!"

Was it a fantasy created by the fear of an imaginative little boy or was it the dawning of his awareness that he had a psychic gift? The fear as he felt unloved and alone needing his Mother to praise

him about the events of his day at school. The unknown gift pushed to one side like the child who needed the love.

But Nim was always there acting as his spirit guide; trying to protect him at that tender age and of course Nim never went away.

So an invisible Nim listened quietly, no matter how often a trembling Jack screamed whilst facing the closed bedroom doors, terrified in case one should open.

Then Nim would smile as he watched the mature child with the brown hair scramble back down the stairs, jumping the last few to resume his safe window perch and listen to his thumping heart.

Jack had been a sensitive and lonely child troubled by the spirit World and would experience those same feelings of insecurity when he became a man living in Catalonia and searching for his true path.

Only then would he understand the reality that knocked on his door just like his beloved Mother.

Inevitably, forty-one years later Jack George Edmunson was still watched by Nim as he pulled his silver Mercedes into the gravel drive of his home in Tettenhill.

It was a 'Cheshire Brick' cottage with a dark blue front door centralised between windows to create a smiling and symmetrical face that stared at the sun warming its south facing walls. Jack adored the mirrored smile when it regarded the summer across the most colourful cottage garden, complete with a living pond that was an inherent part of the beautiful spot.

But on a Friday evening in the winter, and after a gruelling weekly commute home, he was only watched by Nim who remained silent in Jack's mind, repulsed by those original childhood defences.

Jack stared intently to see if his six-year-old son Joseph was waiting for him, sitting in the front bedroom window, but turned away disappointed as he saw the curtains were drawn.

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