

PARABLE THE FOG AND THE FLAME

A PARABLE OF DISCERNMENT, LIGHT,
AND THE VOICE THAT CUTS
THROUGH CONFUSION

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LANTERN
KEEPER

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THE FOG AND THE FLAME

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There was once a land where the sky had dimmed, and a gentle fog covered everything. It didn't come as a storm, nor as punishment — it simply arrived, like a veil no one noticed at first.

The people still lived, still worked, still prayed — but their eyes grew tired, and their hearts uncertain. They forgot how things used to feel when the sun warmed their skin and truth lit their path.

Some said, "This is just how it is now." Others whispered, "Maybe this is safer." Few remembered what clarity looked like.

But in the middle of that fog, there was one — a young man walking the edge of the fields — who still felt something burn in his chest. A warmth that didn't come from the world around him, but from within.

He paused one morning and said aloud:

And as he spoke, something broke.

Not with thunder. Not with wind.

But with *peace*.

A single flame lit before him — not of firewood or torch, but a holy light that didn't flicker. It was steady, alive, and kind. The fog around him didn't flee, but it *parted* — just enough for him to walk forward without fear.

A voice spoke from the flame:

The man didn't run. He didn't shout. He simply followed — flame by flame, step by step — until the path became clear again.

And everywhere he walked, others began to see too.

Interpretation:

This parable is for those who sense something is “off” in the world — not through fear, but through a holy ache to return to what is *real*. The fog represents confusion, false teaching, distorted spirituality, and voices that sound right but are not of Christ.

But the flame is Christ Himself — the Living Word, the Light that cannot be counterfeited.

The man represents you, and the call is simple:

Ask. Listen. Follow.

And the fog will part — not all at once, but enough to walk again

in clarity, authority, and love.