

THE PARABLE OF THE FORGOTTEN GARDEN

RECLAIMING THE EDEN DESIGN

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KEEPER

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THE PARABLE OF THE FORGOTTEN GARDEN

RECLAIMING THE EDEN DESIGN

There once was a Gardener who planted a garden at the center of the world.

It was not like any other garden, for He planted it with His breath, not just His hands. He spoke, and the wind stirred the soil. He sang, and rivers awakened from sleep. He whispered, and seeds hidden in the earth remembered who they were.

This garden was not a place of control, but communion. The Breath of the Gardener filled all things — wind, water, leaf, and limb — and everything pulsed with His life. Each plant grew according to its pattern. The trees rooted deep in memory, the waters danced in perfect rhythm, and light moved like a song between all things. Every part of the garden remembered its voice, and the garden was alive with glory.

But one day, the people who lived near the garden forgot who the Gardener was. They no longer listened for His breath or honored His flow. They cut the trees without remembering their roots. They built

towers from stone and fire, turning away from soil and seed. They poisoned the waters that once sang, and mocked the light that once healed. And when they looked upon their own bodies, they saw only dust — not temples.

In time, they fenced off the garden. They called it myth. They said it was buried, or lost, or never real at all.

But the Gardener never left.

He sent His Son to walk the borders of the forgotten place. The Son carried the same breath as the Gardener — and when He spoke, trees lifted their heads, waters ran clearer, and the soil began to stir. He touched the sick and they were made whole. He looked into the eyes of the broken and reminded them: “You are the garden. The Kingdom is within you.”

Some believed. They opened their hands, let go of their stones, and listened again for the sound of wind in the trees.

But others demanded a temple with walls, a king with a sword, and light they could control. So they tried to bury the Son the way they buried the garden — beneath stone, beneath silence, beneath fear.

But the Son could not be buried, for He had roots too deep. He rose with the morning dew. He rose like spring after endless winter. And with Him, the memory of the garden began to rise in those who remembered.

They started small — gathering seeds, blessing water, listening to the land. They tended the soil of their hearts. They spoke life instead of death. They looked at their bodies and saw sacred ground. And wherever they walked, the forgotten garden began to bloom again — not just around them, but within them.

Some say that garden is still hidden. But others know the truth.

It was never lost — only forgotten.

And to those with ears to hear, the Breath of the Gardener is still

moving, calling all creation back into harmony.

Reflection

“The garden is not just Eden. It is you.
And the Gardener’s breath still flows through your lungs.”