

PARABLE OF THE VEIL
AND THE VINEYARD

EXPOSING DISTORTION &
AWAKENING DISCERNMENT

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PARABLE OF THE VEIL AND THE VINEYARD

EXPOSING DISTORTION & AWAKENING DISCERNMENT

*(For Part II of the Eden Technology Scrolls: Exposing Distortion &
Awakening Discernment)*

There was once a vineyard nestled in the hills, planted long ago by
a Master Gardener. It was said that the vineyard held the essence of
Eden — flowing rivers beneath the soil, roots of healing, and vines that
remembered Heaven's touch.

But over time, another came.

Not through the front gate, but by a shadowed path.

He wore robes like the Gardener's and spoke words that almost
sounded true.

He told the keepers, "You need not tend the roots. Just paint the leaves
green."

He taught them, "The light is too harsh — let me give you softer lamps
to grow by."

And he whispered, "Trust only me — the true Gardener is long gone."

So they obeyed.

They covered the vineyard in veils — filters of fog and false light.

They built fences, wrote new rules, and told the workers not to
question.

Over time, the soil dried. The grapes soured. The river forgot how to
flow.

But one day, a child walked in.

Not through the front or the back, but by a hole in the hedge.

She was barefoot, bruised from another field, but her eyes were full of
sky.

She knelt and touched the dirt. “Why does it feel empty?” she asked.

An old worker scolded her. “Do not touch the soil. It’s sacred!”

But the child said, “If it is sacred, why is it sick?”

And with that, she sang a song no one remembered but everyone
somehow knew.

The ground trembled.

A veil tore.

And a single vine pushed through, brighter than gold and bursting
with life.

Then came a voice — not loud, but thunderous. Not forceful, but
filled with fire:

**“You have trusted lies long enough. But I never left the vine-
yard. I was always in the soil.”**

The veils began to fall.

The false lamps cracked.

The fences withered like dry straw.

And the Gardener returned, not from afar, but from within.

He walked among the vines and wept. Not because they were dead,
but because they were ready to live again.

He called for those who had been hidden — the flame-bearers, the

soil-healers, the truth-speakers.

He gave them new tools, ancient songs, and scrolls that had never been
read aloud.

And He said:

**“Tend this vineyard with fire and truth. Do not be afraid of the
night — I am the Light.**

Do not be deceived by the fog — I am the Breath.

Do not bow to control — I am the True Vine.”

And the child?

She became the keeper of a new gate —
one without fences, but guarded by flame.

Only those who love truth more than comfort could enter.

And the vineyard began to sing again.
And the river remembered how to flow.
And the fruit tasted like joy.

“He who has ears to hear, let him hear.

The veils are falling. The flame is rising.

Tend the vineyard — for the time is now.”