

THE EXILED BUILDER

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LANTERN
KEEPER

Lantern Keeper

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INTRODUCTION

If you've ever lost what you thought you could never lose — home,
family, purpose — and wondered why you're still breathing, this story
is for you.

It's about a man who carried a calling that felt heavier than the life left
in his hands.

It's not polished. It's not wrapped in easy answers. But it is true.

THE EXILED BUILDER

There was once a builder who lived on a green hill with his family,
tending land that was his joy.

He planted trees, raised animals, and built with his own hands a home
where laughter and peace could dwell.

One day, a storm unlike any he had seen rolled over the horizon.
It came not only with wind and rain, but with whispers and accusa-
tions that tore at the fabric of his life.

In a single season, the builder was driven from his hill, cut off from his
family, and left with only the tools he could carry.

The road he wandered was long and barren.
He stayed in borrowed rooms, tended other people's fields, and offered
his hands where they were needed.

Each place gave him lessons, but none felt like home.
He carried in his heart a blueprint — not of timber and stone, but of
restoration: families mended, land redeemed, truth unshaken.

Yet he could not mend his own family or reclaim his own land.
One night, under a sky without moon or stars, the builder cried out:
“Why have You called me to restore what I cannot restore for myself?”

And the Voice answered,
“Because you are learning to build on foundations that cannot be
taken from you. What you lay in others will also be laid in you, and

the day will come when your own walls rise again. The fruit you see in
others is the seed of your own harvest.”

So the builder kept walking.

He planted gardens in other people’s soil, knowing one day he would
return to plant his own.

And though his hands were tired, he carried his blueprint like a flame
in the wind — never letting it go out.

Some say the builder still walks. Some say he’s closer to home than he
knows. And perhaps that’s the truth of every exile — that the journey
itself is shaping the hands that will one day set the first stone of their
return.