

The Stonemason

By Tammy Boling

Snow began to fall as the Stonemason rushed through the forest to make his delivery. A slight rustle came from the basket he carried. He paused and laid his hand on the small bundle inside. The rustling ceased at his touch. He smiled and moved on into the night until he came to a small house in a clearing. He was to leave the basket on the doorstep. It was a difficult thing for him to do, as he knew the turmoil the small bundle would face. The pain was necessary for growth, so he obediently placed the basket at the door. "Blessings sweet Marisol," he said as he knocked on the door and quickly backed away into the night. He would keep watch over her from afar until the time was right.

The Tinker and his wife opened the door. They looked surprised and slightly annoyed as their eyes landed on the squirming, cooing package on their stoop. The Tinker grumbled and went back inside. His wife took hold of the basket, sighing as she brought it inside. She unwrapped the bundle of blankets, revealing a precious baby girl. The infant gurgled and grinned as she gazed into the woman's face. The Tinker's wife turned away as Marisol reached her arms toward her. There was too much to do, many responsibilities. There was no time for cuddling.

As Marisol grew, she learned to take care of her needs and find ways to amuse and entertain herself in solitude. It didn't take long for her to observe other families in the village, realizing her family was different. Other families were smiling, happy, holding hands...hugging each other and laughing. That never occurred in her home. She began forming a skewed view of what she thought a perfect home should be, determined to have it for herself one day.

The Stonemason always watched over Marisol, as he does with all humanity. In physical form, he would catch her eye and smile when they passed in the village, nod as she went down the path on the way to her house, or catch her when she stumbled. When unseen, he would capture her attention with pictures in the clouds, displaying his handiwork. She loved to lay on top of a rock and gaze into the sky finding animals in the wispy puffs. He never spoke, but watched in a kindly, warm way. Marisol couldn't figure it out, but always felt a small rush of joy flood her heart when she encountered him.

One day, while observing Marisol, the Stonemason felt a heaviness permeate the air so thickly that it turned his stomach. As a cloaked figure appeared on the path, the Stonemason could already feel the suffocating chaos that surrounded it. Maelstrom made his presence felt wherever he ventured. This Maelstrom wreaked havoc everywhere he went. His Tempests would be nearby awaiting orders from their overlord to perform mayhem at a moment's notice.

Marisol was oblivious to the Stonemason and Maelstrom, yet felt a chill and uneasiness as the wind picked up around her. Although the sun was shining brightly, it was as if a storm was brewing. She picked up her pace toward the house.

Maelstrom loved to interfere with The Stonemason's work. He found sick pleasure in misleading those entrusted to the Stonemason. The Stonemason was a gentleman, always present and available, but allowed those he watched to make their own decisions. Maelstrom had this way of twisting their minds against The Stonemason. But Maelstrom could only go so far. The Master Mason had drawn a line and Maelstrom knew it was never to be crossed.

The Stonemason approached Maelstrom. "You won't get this child."

Maelstrom just snickered. "I may not get her, but I can certainly do my best to break her!!"

"You may try, but I'm always near. When she needs me and cries out, I will be there and you will fail." the Stonemason stated confidently. Maelstrom smirked as he quickly retreated into the forest line, leaving the Stonemason with thoughts about Marisol and her difficult future.

Maelstrom reappeared so swiftly and quietly ahead of Marisol on the path that she never saw him. He laid a beautiful stone where Marisol could not miss it. The rock immediately caught her eye. It was like nothing she had ever seen before. It glittered in the sunlight, mesmerizing her. She would build something extra special with this gem.

Maelstrom gleefully observed from behind a group of trees as the girl picked up the stone and pocketed it. This was the first of Maelstrom's many stones that she would collect and use to build things of her own making in hopes of being loved and accepted.

As the years passed, the Tinker got bored with mundane village life and began traveling to sell his wares. He stayed gone for longer and longer amounts of time with each journey. When he did arrive back in town unannounced, he would spend his time calling Marisol names, berating or humiliating her in the village and at home, criticizing everything she would design or create. The wife would beg Marisol to behave and stay out of the way, but Marisol desperately wanted to make the Tinker proud. She used the glittering stones she had found on the path to build a special tribute specifically for the Tinker. This would make him want to stay so they could be a happy, loving family like those she saw in the village. Her heart's desire was to belong in such family. She just knew this masterpiece would win the Tinker's heart and all her dreams would come true. He would be proud and she would be loved.

One afternoon, the Tinker was packing his wagon to leave again. Marisol was beside herself, eager to show him the magnificent piece she had made for him. He rolled his eyes and begrudgingly went to see it.

He laughed haughtily as he kicked the flimsy creation causing the glittering stones to disintegrate upon contact. "That would look perfect...on a garbage heap!!"

"What a waste of good rocks! You will never create anything beautiful. You are worthless!"

She threw herself on the Tinker's leg as he turned toward the wagon. Holding on for dear life, Marisol begged him to stay so they could be a family like others in the village. She promised to work harder, to behave better, whatever it took for him to stay. The Tinker looked down with utter disgust and revulsion on his face. He kicked Marisol off his leg.

As she landed in the dust pile that was once her art work, he spat out, "Work is more important than you! You are not worth my time."

Marisol sat stunned for a moment. It wasn't as much what was said, he was usually short with her, but that look in his eyes that accompanied the brutal verbal assault. His eyes revealed that she meant absolutely nothing to The Tinker. She was an unwanted burden.

Something in her heart clicked as she stood and went inside to her small room. She watched through her window as he climbed the wagon and left. No tears would come. There was only emptiness where hope had once resided.

As Marisol gazed out her window, she saw Maelstrom's formidable form step out of the forest and approach her. As menacing as he appeared, Marisol was so empty she didn't even fear him. She simply watched as he came to her window and took a heavy metal lock out of his cloak and handed it to her. "You are the only one you can rely on anymore, Marisol. Put this lock on the door to your heart. It will prevent anyone from hurting you. Lock it up tight, Dear. This will stop the pain."

Marisol desperately grabbed at the lock and quickly locked up her heart. She turned to thank him, but he was gone. That wasn't the only lock Maelstrom brought to Marisol for her heart. As people waltzed in and out of Marisol's life, she would continue to build things on her own with more of Maelstrom's golden, glitzy stones. Her hope was that people would admire them and stay, giving her the love and acceptance she desperately desired. They would temporarily supply a place where she would feel safe and loved. Yet, in the end, each person would walk away, demolishing the stones of her creations, leaving a wake of destruction and pain. For each heartbreak, there was always a new, heavy lock to add to her heart's door.

As Marisol began building walls from the ruins of her creations for protection, the Stonemason decided to pay a visit to Marisol. It was time to introduce himself to her personally. She was wary as he entered the clearing. People always brought pain, but she remembered him from the village and on the path. He always had warmth and kindness in his eyes. There was a peace in his presence that she hadn't felt from others before. Yet, she stood stoically, with her favorite wall of distrust in front of her for protection. She always felt the safest behind it. Still, as he smiled at her, she felt compelled to invite him to sit and stay.

She was tentative at first, making certain to sit far from him and appear disinterested. He had never spoken to her before, and his gentle, calm voice allowed curiosity to bring her guard down. Who was this man? Why did he seem different from others? As the Stonemason spoke, she quickly became enraptured with what he was sharing with her. As he shared, she found herself scooting closer to him to take in every word.

The Stonemason began, "Marisol, pain and struggles were not in the original design for this world. There is a Master Mason that created everything you see and much you do not. He wants to commune with his creation as he did in the beginning. But evil entered the world and lured mankind away. The Master Mason is pure and can not be in the presence of anything tainted or flawed with sin and rebellion. Thus, when mankind made its choice, a chasm opened between them and the Master Mason. He knew from the beginning that this would happen, causing man to become flawed, thus separating us from him. Because of his great love for us, he had included a plan to save mankind and bring them back into relationship with him.

He sent his son out to share the plan. This very son was the answer to an eternity of peace, to reconciliation. His son was a seasoned storyteller. He opened the eyes of people and provided simple answers for life's hardest situations through his tales. He would fix broken down houses and walls along his path, helping those whose lives had been shattered. He taught of history past, showing how it related to the present, pointing to him coming to save mankind. He shared how he would have to die one day soon, betrayed by those he loved, to be able to overcome death and evil by dying and coming

back to life. Only then would the way be paved for humanity to have their relationship restored with the Master Mason and one day, enter his estate once their time on earth was finished. The evil that was a part of them since birth had to be paid for with a final, pure blood sacrifice. That was the only thing that could bridge that divide and make humanity flawless in the Master Mason's presence.

Many people believed his teachings and followed the son. Eventually, a significant part of the population wanted to make him king of the land. When he did not accept that role, because that wasn't why he had been sent, some of the followers became disgruntled and left him. Others got angry and bitter in disappointment. Some stayed with him, but ran away in cowardice when things turned upside down. The day came when one of his closest friends accepted a cheap payoff to turn him over to guards in the cover of night.

The son often went up on a secluded hillside to meet and talk with his father, the Master Mason. The evening before his arrest, he lingered on the hillside, knowing the pain of rejection and death would be coming to him very soon. In that process, he would be temporarily separated from communion with the Master Mason. The son would have all the evil and ugliness of all humanity past, present, and future, put on him. His Father would have to turn his back from him until the sacrifice was complete and his son's death was accomplished. This coming separation was something he had never experienced and it brought great despair to both of them. But speaking with his Father strengthened him to be able to face his darkest hours.

He came down the hill and was quickly arrested, given a mock trial, and killed in the most painful and humiliating way. His body lay in death for 3 days. Since he had stated he would be coming back to life after his death, guards were posted so nobody could move the body, claiming he had risen.

On that third morning, the son's lungs filled with air, his fingers and toes twitched to life, he sat up in the tomb his body had been put into, stood, and walked out victorious. He had defeated death. Humanity now was provided a path back to the Master Mason, if they chose to take it.

Marisol, those that believe he died for their flawed and sinful humanity, confess and repent of their sins, and trust him to lead and guide them the rest of their lives, are given a peace and joy that never leaves despite trials and tribulations. Each receive a cornerstone and a guide book to build the houses of their hearts and lives upon. The son will guide them, stone by stone, as they build together. One day these followers will be called to the Master Mason's estate where he has built them their very own rooms in his personal manor. They will be one big happy, loving family."

Marisol was on the edge of her seat. She yearned for a love like that! She suddenly looked down at the ground, remembering that she was nothing. She couldn't offer anything to receive it. She didn't deserve that kind of love. There was no way it was for her.

The Stone Mason smiled down at her as he read her mind. "Marisol, I am that son. My father is the Master Mason. I came and experienced all of that to rescue humanity. To save YOU!! You are included in that, if you want to accept my invitation. You can't earn it. It's free for you, my Dear, a gift from me to you. I love you, Marisol, and want you to be part of my family. It won't be easy. There is still a long, treacherous road to travel before you get to my Father's estate. But if you will let me, I will lovingly guide you through the valleys and mountaintops to the front door of the manor personally. What do you think?"

Marisol fell into his arms sobbing. He did all of that for her. To give her a home. A family. A place where she was wanted. A place where she belonged. One of the locks on her heart opened and fell to the ground.

“We can unlock the rest of those too, Marisol” he lovingly said to her while putting a stone and manual in her open arms.

“This is a cornerstone. One of my own, crafted special for you. Everything you build in your life, build it on this stone. I will guide you as you build, if you listen for my voice.”

She cradled the cornerstone in her arms. It was light, much lighter than the locks on her heart, yet she could sense its power.

Marisol waved at the Stonemason as he went on his way. She quickly took her new gift inside, putting it in a safe place out of fear she would damage it. She tried to read the manual, but didn't understand it well and was too ashamed to ask the Stonemason to help her understand. Maelstrom's Tempests began to swarm, taunting her with “Stupid girl! Moron! Idiot!” She decided she must be an imbecile not to comprehend what she was reading. Marisol decided that she needed to prove to the Stonemason that she was worthy of the gift he had given her. Unfortunately, Maelstrom wasted no time using this thought process to hinder her growth. He figured it was only a matter of time before all the locks still binding her heart became too heavy a load to carry.

Once he entered the forest, the Stonemason saw Maelstrom in the middle of the path in a challenging stance. “So, you gave Marisol one of your special stones! No concern of mine! She may be one of yours now, but I have ways to work around that. She's damaged goods. And damaged goods are easy to manipulate. She has to rely on that stone...to actually use it. I can combat that, no problem. As a matter of fact, my Tempests are already at work!!!” With that Maelstrom turned and disappeared in the whirl of his cloak.

The Stonemason sighed. He rejoiced that Marisol was now his, yet he knew the battles had only begun. He had observed Marisol setting the stone aside. He was aware that she was too proud to ask him for help. Still, he watched, whispered encouragement to her, and waited.

Maelstrom continued his assault. He had his Tempests bombard Marisol with voices of her past, reinforcing old lies and implanting new ones. “You need to protect your rock...hide it...don't use it, you may break it.” “You can manage on your own. You don't need to bother the Stonemason. He has bigger things to take care of...more important people than you.” “You don't deserve that stone...it surely was a mistake for him to give it to you.” The guilt and shame of failing on her own allowed Marisol to continue ignoring the cornerstone & build with the familiar shiny stones Maelstrom and his Tempests would leave for her.

The cornerstone and manual were always there, available, but she decided to stow them away in her closet until the Stonemason returned. Then she would explain that it had all been a mistake and give it back to him. This saddened the Stonemason a great deal. She was tuning out his still, small voice of truth.

Villagers would come to Marisol when they needed help. But when Marisol needed aid or encouragement, only the crickets responded, playing a sad lonely tune. Despite the locks on her heart,

she would desperately let people in, only to have her heart trampled again and again...adding even MORE locks. She became so buried in her loneliness and shame that she opened her closet and covered her cornerstone with all the blankets in the house. Maelstrom would warp her mind into hearing the cornerstone mocking her any time she thought of reaching for it. Help was so near to her, yet in her mind it felt beyond her reach.

One dismal evening Marisol felt she wasn't even worthy to be in the same house as the cornerstone. She walked for several hours into the night until she reached the king's bridge. She looked down at the swirling waters and jagged rocks below. Her heart screamed, "Would anyone even realize I was gone??"

Maelstrom whispered in her ear, "Just jump and all the pain will be over. No one will miss you. Actually, everyone will be relieved if you jump. It will make life so much easier on everyone if you disappeared. You would be doing the world a favor."

At that moment, The Stonemason appeared. There was fire in his eyes as he stared down Maelstrom. The Stonemason whispered in Marisol's other ear, "Precious child, you are loved. You are not forgotten. You are not garbage. You are a unique treasure. You will be sorely missed. Please take my hand and trust me. Let me carry your cares and burdens. You were never intended to carry the weight you bear."

Marisol wasn't sure which way to turn. Death felt welcoming, but she saw the hope in the Stonemason's eyes. Hope he had for her. She finally reached out and grasped the Stonemason's hand. At the same time, Maelstrom clawed for her other arm. A tug of war began for Marisol. She heard both Maelstrom and the Stonemason screaming, shouting reasons why she should trust them and not the other. She felt a surge of strength flow through her as she looked into the Stonemason's eyes. She took a deep breath and yanked her arm free of Maelstrom's clutches.

"We aren't done here. I'll be back!" Maelstrom screeched as he dissipated into thin air.

Marisol crumpled into the Stonemason. She was battle worn, but the victory was the Stonemason's. He had fought for her, reminding her of truth. She asked forgiveness for her distance and distrust, for believing the lies spinning in her mind. From that day forward she promised to seek the Stonemason and build on his cornerstone. She rushed home, uncovered the stone, dusted it off, and began to read the manual. She listened to the Stonemason's voice and began to understand the truths that were within its covers. These truths would help prepare her for when Maelstrom would make his next stand against her. Unfortunately, Maelstrom decided to be subtle with his next attack and Marisol didn't see it coming.

The majority of the maidens in Marisol's village had gotten married several years before and were beginning to build families of their own. This left Marisol wondering what was wrong with her. There had to be something wrong with her. She wanted to begin a family of her own. One she could mold into the ideal family she had always dreamed about.

About this time a traveling troubadour, with the voice of an angel, came to town. Marisol was entranced. She approached the troubadour and they quickly discovered they had many things in common. He, too, knew the Stonemason, and they talked about how he had been there for them at

different times in their lives. Marisol was convinced that the troubadour was the one for her. They quickly planned to be married.

She was gleefully pondering her upcoming nuptials when the Stonemason appeared. He smiled at Marisol, but she saw a seriousness in his eyes as he asked, "May we sit for a spell? I have something important to discuss with you." She peered anxiously at the Stonemason. "I hear you are planning to wed the troubadour?"

Marisol beamed as she told him all about her troubadour and how perfect he was and how their lives were going to be fantastic. She paused as she noticed the Stonemason's brow furrow. "Is something wrong?" she cautiously asked.

"It would be best not to marry the troubadour, your path is a different direction. He is a good man, but this is not the plan for you."

Marisol was indignant. "What do you mean I shouldn't marry him?! He loves and worships you. He is a good man, from a good family. Not to mention he is the only man interested in me and I'm not getting any younger here!!!"

The Stonemason looked down. "Marisol, you need to trust me on this. Don't go through with this. There is a better plan."

Marisol responded defiantly, "You don't know what you are talking about. I am going to marry him and it's all going to be wonderful. I will make it so. You will see!"

The Stonemason winced at her words. He knew it was not going to go well. Maelstrom had outdone himself on this one. He had adorned this false path with fairy lights, butterflies, and promises of true love. Unfortunately, it was going to end in a flaming pit of despair for Marisol. Over Marisol's shoulder he saw Maelstrom beaming in victory.

The Stonemason, being a gentleman, hugged Marisol and wished her well as he reminded her that he was always nearby. She brushed his comment aside. She had all she needed in her troubadour. She moved the stonemason's cornerstone out of the way, and reset her house on her own new, shiny cornerstone. She would control her own destiny. The Stonemason would have to give his blessing on it, because it was going to be perfection. The young couple both loved the Stonemason, but on their terms. The Stonemason shook his head as he walked away, saddened by the fact that Marisol thought she had it all figured out.

Marriage was blissful for only a short while. Soon they began arguing with each other about how the other wasn't meeting expectations and needs. They quickly realized they had married hoping the other would fix a broken part of their own lives, which neither had the capacity to do. Resentment then apathy set in. A friendship remained, but the partnership marriage intended was nonexistent. They each lived their own lives under the same roof.

They had a child in hopes of meeting their needs of happiness, but it didn't. Nothing filled the holes they both had in their hearts. The house they had built looked strong and resilient on the outside, but inside it was quickly becoming a pile of rubble. Maelstrom was relishing his success.

As Marisol settled into a life of monotony, keeping up a facade of an ideal life, she began to tire from performing constantly. Maelstrom saw his opportunity. First he took away financial security. Friends then turned against her. He capped it off in celebration as he took one of her children away, knocking Marisol to her knees. She was beginning to see that she should have listened to the Stonemason. Much to Maelstrom's dismay, Marisol cried out to the Stonemason, remembering he was near. She would repeat one of the teachings in the book he had given her that he was whispering to her in her grief – "He gives and takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord." That became her mantra. Maelstrom was beside himself that this didn't completely destroy her. What was it going to take to break her?

Another child soon came to the family, but at great cost to Marisol. As she was rejoicing in her new baby, Maelstrom played a dirty card. He brought a darkness that was so bleak and suffocating into her mind that Marisol shattered as Maelstrom threw her into a chasm of despair within herself. In her mind, she found herself at the bottom of a dark, slimy, cold pit. She couldn't see her hand in front of her face. There was no way to climb out, not that she didn't try. Her hands and feet were bloodied by trying to grasp the wall and climb out by herself to sanity. With every effort, she would get just high enough that when her hand or foot would slip, she would fall back through the thick, sinister abyss, landing in a heap back at the bottom. Exhausted and bruised, she finally gave up, accepting that she was broken and beyond repair. She curled herself into a ball on the cold, slimy rock floor of the pit and sobbed, moaning for the sweet release of death. She couldn't fight any more. Maelstrom was jubilant in victory! He had done it! He was so smug, he didn't notice the Stonemason sitting quietly in the corner watching over Marisol. His lips were moving silently in prayer for Marisol, interceding for her to the Master Mason. Maelstrom left, convinced his work was done.

In the quiet that followed, the Stonemason rolled a small pebble to Marisol. Her hand brushed it as she shifted her position. She paused, picked it up, then held the pebble in her hand. As she cradled it, she was reminded of the cornerstone and the Stonemason. Oh, if only he was here to rescue her, but she was really messed up this time. But, maybe...she had nothing left to lose. He had promised he was always near. She quietly whimpered, "Stonemason? If you can hear me, please help."

A warm glow began to come from a far corner of the pit. Marisol opened her eyes and saw the Stonemason slowly approaching her. He began to sing a sweet lullaby over her as he brushed the hair and dirt off of her face. He wiped her tears with his calloused hands as he held her and wept with her.

She refused to take her eyes off of him, afraid he would disappear, that he was an illusion. "Why? How? I am nothing. I am such a disappointment to you. Why are you even here? You should leave me, I'm not worth your time."

The Stonemason could tangibly feel the weight of shame and guilt from all the locks on her heart's door, latched in place with the lies told over her since birth that Maelstrom used repeatedly against her. A righteous anger came over him, "You are one of mine. I never give up on my little lambs. Nothing will take my love for you away. I am here for you always. You were made for so much more than this, Marisol. Let me carry you out of this pit. You don't belong here. We need to start unlocking those locks on your heart together. They are weighing you down."

Marisol nodded with tears streaming down her cheeks. The Stonemason picked her up and carried her back to the surface of her mind and sanity. She slowly gained her strength back, working

with the Stonemason to lay down some of her locks. Maelstrom was incensed. He knew where to throw his next punch, and he didn't hold back.

As the Stonemason was helping Marisol, he also helped heal her relationship with her Troubadour. They were growing closer as they each sought out the Stonemason to heal the holes in their hearts. Then the day came, when the Stonemason came to lead the Troubadour down a road Marisol could not follow...yet. After a sweet goodbye, he was headed to the Master Mason's forever home.

Left spinning, lost, and shocked, Marisol was tempted to pick back up some of the locks that the Stonemason had helped her remove. Maelstrom was waving them in her face and tempting her with his best lies. Yet, as she started to reach for one, she paused as she recalled how the Stonemason had always been with her and was still with her now. Truth from his manual flooded into her mind and heart. Much to Maelstrom's chagrin, she knelt upon the Cornerstone and thanked the Stonemason for carrying her and giving her strength. She asked for guidance, wisdom, and protection as she went forward in life, raising her children without their father. She took that cornerstone and asked the Stonemason where to place it and which stone to place next...and the next...and the next. As she did this, her trust in the Stonemason grew and she began to see how much easier it was to rely on him instead of herself. More locks were removed and she started to breathe easier as they built a house to withstand anything Maelstrom could hurl at it.

Life was still a struggle for Marisol. Maelstrom detested and abhorred how Marisol was trusting the Stonemason. He became obsessed with bringing her down. He would continue to whisper lies from her past into her ears and lay snares on her path. Some days they would take root, others she would use the words the Stonemason was teaching her to slash the lies to shreds with the sword of truth. There were many dark valleys to walk through and mountains to scale, but she had the Stonemason to light the way, guiding her safely.

Her children grew strong and thrived as the Stonemason introduced himself to them. They listened to him and let him lead them down his chosen paths for them. Marisol continued to build her house one stone at a time as directed. Every now and then she would put her own stone in the works. That would always cause a setback. But with every mistake, the Stonemason would lovingly teach Marisol something new as he helped her remove her stone and put the correct one in its place, further strengthening her trust in him.

As Marisol entered her final years, she and the Stonemason would talk more about the Master Mason and reminisce about the good and the bad times in Marisol's life. She thanked him often for being with her through both the ups and downs. She had realized that she wouldn't be who she was without the trust that grew through the building, tearing down, and rebuilding. She wished she hadn't been so hardheaded and listened to the Stonemason more often. Every time she repented of her stubbornness the Stonemason would simply smile, "You are forgiven, but within that stubbornness was also the gift of tenacity the Master Mason bestowed upon you that allowed you to bend and be molded, but not break." Marisol would smile and her heart would be at peace once more.

One evening, as a glorious sunset filled the sky, Marisol was walking around her house. She was seeing the chinks in the stones, remembering the barrages of Maelstrom. She was thankful for the Stonemason guiding her in building a house that held firm in the storms. She remembered the times the

walls she had built had crumbled to dust, yet the Stonemason was always there to lovingly dust her off as he pulled her back up. Gratefulness filled her heart.

She turned as she heard footsteps. The Stonemason approached Marisol. "It is time to leave this house behind and go home, Marisol." Her face glowed as she took his hand and let him lead her down this final road. They talked quietly as they traveled with the Stonemason telling her stories about the Master Mason and all the family that she would be meeting soon. As they crested the final hill, Marisol gasped as her eyes fell upon the Master Mason's estate. It was glorious. There were no words to describe it. An ultimate feeling of peace enveloped her as she neared the gates. Such joy she had only dreamed about was filling every part of her.

As the gates opened in welcome to Marisol, she heard the sounds of a celebration. The Stonemason ushered her through the gates and the sounds suddenly ceased. She saw a man running from the house in her direction. A crowd was gathered with everyone smiling in anticipation. Marisol, immediately knew who was running toward her and fell on her knees. She shyly lifted her face until her eyes met his. His face shone and enveloped Marisol with a love she had never known before. The crowd cheered in jubilation as he reached her, picked her up, and swung her around in the biggest hug the Master Mason could give. "Welcome home my child! Welcome home!"

Marisol was finally home.