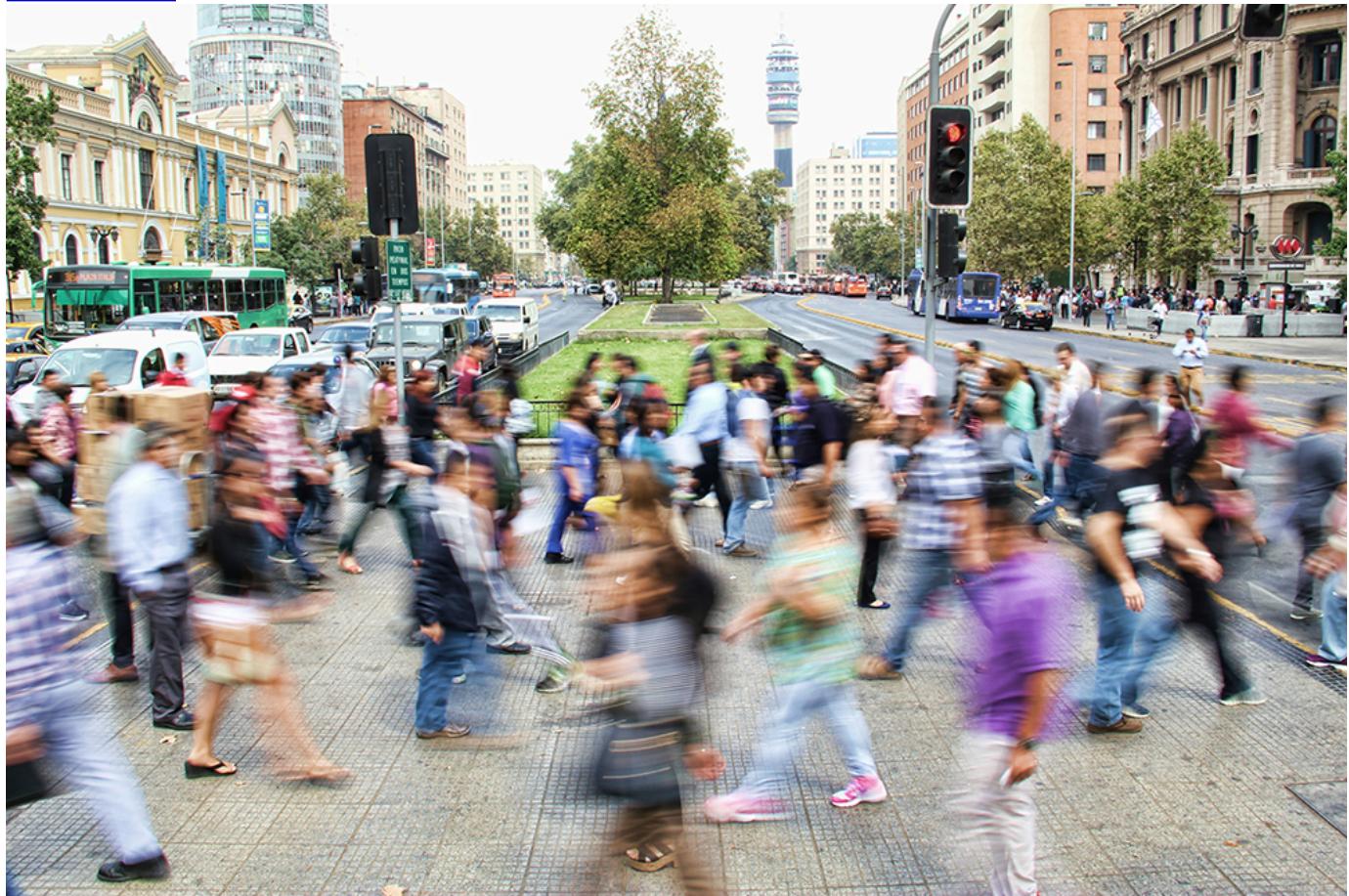


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What do people chase in our daily life?

We live in a time when the pace of life is like a constant run. When I go out on the city street early in the morning, I see people in a hurry — with phones in their hands, with mugs of coffee, staring at their watches. Time seems to be the greatest luxury of our times, and its lack is a constant cause for concern.

So what are we chasing? Professional success, recognition, financial security, new experiences? In a society that values self-fulfillment, it's easy to believe that happiness depends on achievement. That all it takes is one more promotion, one more investment, one more successful venture — and we will finally feel peace.

But does this happen? I see professionally fulfilled people who are internally burned out. They have everything, and yet they still feel an emptiness. Maybe it's because humans weren't created for chasing, but for relationships — with others and, above all, with God.

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I am a religious sister. I live among women who have chosen a different path — the path of community life, prayer and service. But does this mean that I don't know the world in which others live?

On the contrary, it is in our daily mission that I meet those who have stopped running. Sometimes forced by fate — by illness, loss of a loved one, unexpected difficulties. Then, when the world failed them, they began to ask questions for which there was no time before. Some found answers in faith; others in relationships they had previously neglected; still others in a simple gesture of kindness they experienced themselves.

Do we really have to rush somewhere? What if we try to stop? If only for a moment — to see another person, to notice the beauty of an ordinary day, to ask ourselves where we are really going.

Do we really have to rush somewhere? What if we try to stop?

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When Jesus walked the earth, he was never in a hurry. He met people on their way, listened to their stories and responded to their needs. Maybe that's where the key lies — instead of constantly rushing around, make the decision to consciously live each day.

I'm not suggesting quitting your job or renouncing ambition. I'm suggesting something simpler — to find a moment in the daily rush to stop. Maybe then we will discover that what we were so desperately looking for was right next door, in a heartfelt conversation, in a child's smile, in a prayer said in the silence of the heart.

Maybe real life begins not with the next success, but with the moment we stop chasing, and begin to truly live.