A Life That Ends at the Grave?

We come into the world, we grow up, we learn, we work, we start a family, we enjoy life to a greater or lesser degree, and in the end everything seems to close at the grave. For many people, this is simply the natural shape of existence: live in the present, aim for the best standard of living you can, and avoid pain as much as possible. But when we look more closely, we notice how rarely we stop to truly ask: what is the point?

The prevailing mindset of the world pushes us toward immediate experiences. It teaches us to chase quick results, comfort, approval, and a "happiness" measured in things, achievements and sensations. In this race, questions about death and about what might lie beyond it are pushed into the shadows, as though they were awkward or pointless. Why think about the end when you still have so much to do?

And yet, if we reflect honestly, questions arise that no amount of distraction can cover up: Why do we grow old? Why do we get sick? Why is death inevitable? Are we nothing more than consumers of time? If life comes down to a few decades and then everything is wiped away, what is the meaning of our sacrifices, our struggles, our hopes? What is the point of seeking happiness if in the end we will be forgotten?

These questions weigh even more heavily when we think about God. If He exists and created us, what was His purpose? Was man made only for a short span, and then for oblivion? If there is eternal life, why must we pass through death to reach it? Is death a transition or a final tragedy? Who set the "rules" of this existence?

A moral problem arises here as well: why is there such a vast gap between the ideal of a pure, heavenly world and the reality of our own, where lying and compromise show up from childhood? From an early age we learn to "get by," to get what we want by going around the rules, to accept the idea that "the end justifies the means." Then, as we grow older, these tactics become more sophisticated: cunning, corruption, theft, anger.

If this is what passes for normal, then what does it mean "to live in the presence of God"? Is there a standard? Is there a measure? Or is everything left to chance?

That is exactly why the purpose of life cannot be reduced to survival and comfort. True meaning demands answers to real questions, not just postponements. And the first step is to admit that we cannot be content with a life lived on autopilot.

Source: *A Life That Ends at the Grave?* — Purpose of Life
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