
THANK YOU,
WORLD

THRESHOLD 11

THANK YOU, WORLD

I have come to the end of these thresholds in the same way I have come to many places in my life.

Not following a perfect map.

Following a thread.

Sometimes visible.

Sometimes invisible.

Sometimes strong enough to guide me.

Sometimes thin as a memory.

When I began this path I was not building a saga.

I was not designing a system.

I was not trying to leave a trace.

I was simply trying to understand.

To understand why some people continue to live inside us.

To understand why certain experiences do not abandon us.

To understand why some wounds become teachings.

To understand why time carries away many things but not all.

Every threshold you have crossed tells a part of this search.

Not a theory.

Not a philosophy.

A search.

Because life has never handed me definitive truths.

It has handed me encounters.

People.

Responsibilities.

Losses.

Travels.

Illnesses.

Rebirths.

And from each of them I have tried to extract a meaning.

I did not always succeed.

But I kept trying.

With the passing of the years I understood that THE PEOPLE WHO STAYED is not born from a brand.

It is not born from a company.

It is not even born from a family.

It is born from a question.

How can a life cross eras, countries, cultures, and people without losing its own identity?

I did not find the answer in the results.

I found it in the relationships.

Because every human being is the product of a dialogue.

No one builds himself alone.

No one grows alone.

No one saves himself alone.

Behind every path there exists an invisible multitude.

And having arrived here, I want to recognize it at last.

I want to thank all the people who have left a trace on my journey.

Those who remained.

And those who passed by only for a stretch of the road.

Those who taught me.

And those who put me to the test.

Those who loved me.

And those who contradicted me.

Those who gave me opportunities.

And those who taught me to build them myself.

I thank my grandfather.

My father.

My mother.

For what they passed on without needing to explain it.

I thank my family.

For having shared with me not only the easy days but above all the difficult ones.

I thank the women who crossed my life.

Many times they saw before I did what was happening.

Many times they handed me back a truth I could not have seen alone.

I thank the colleagues met along the way.

The people I worked for, and the people who worked with me.

Because all of them, in different ways, taught me something.

I thank the countries that welcomed me.

The cities that hosted me.

The cultures that showed me different perspectives.

They reminded me that the world is far vaster than our convictions.

I thank the people who suffered beside me.

Because shared pain teaches lessons that success does not know.

I also thank those who have gone away.

Their absences shaped the man I became as much as the presences did.

I thank the trials.

The falls.

The illnesses.

The failures.

The fears.

The difficult nights.

The questions without an answer.

Because every time something broke, something more authentic emerged.

Today I no longer believe that a life is measured by what it conquers.

I believe it is measured by what it passes on.

By what it leaves in others.

By what it makes possible.

By what continues to live when its author is no longer at the center of the scene.

If I have become what I am, it is not down to a single decision.

Not to a single quality.

Not to a single person.

It is the result of thousands of contributions.

Of encounters.

Of gestures.

Of words.

Of examples.

Of presences.

This work bears my name.

But it does not belong only to me.

It also belongs to all those who, consciously or unconsciously, have left an imprint along the way.

Perhaps this is the final meaning of THE PEOPLE WHO STAYED.

Not a tale, but a recognition.

The recognition that every human being is a collective construction.

A sum of relationships.

A geography of influences.

A memory in motion.

And if in these pages you have found something that belongs to you, then this story is no longer only mine.

It has become a little yours as well.

This is why I do not close with a farewell.

I close with gratitude.

For all those who helped me become what I am.

For all those who walked beside me.

And for all those who will continue the journey.