
THE LAST
PERSON
STILL
THERE

THRESHOLD 8

The Last Person Still There

There is a word that our time loves little.

Permanence.

It seems an old word.

Out of fashion.

Almost suspect.

We live in an age that celebrates movement, speed, continuous change. Everything must transform rapidly. Everything must be replaced. Everything must evolve.

And yet, observing my life, the people who left the deepest mark were not those who ran the fastest.

They were those who stayed.

Not stayed in the same place.

Not stayed in the same position.

Not stayed in the same habit.

Stayed faithful to something.

To a principle.

To a responsibility.

To a promise.

To a person.

To an authentic part of themselves.

For a long time I confused success with movement.

The more I traveled, the more I worked, the more I accumulated experiences, the more I had the impression of advancing.

In part it was true.

But it was only a part of the truth.

The other part I discovered much later.

To advance does not necessarily mean to move away.

Sometimes it means to stay.

I remember many moments in which the simplest choice would have been to abandon.

Not because alternatives were lacking.

On the contrary.

The alternatives were numerous.

New opportunities.

New directions.

New beginnings.

The world always offers new departures.

Much more rarely it offers continuity.

Continuity has to be built.

Day after day.

Without applause.

Without titles.

Without an audience.

In the invisible part of life.

The one that almost no one sees.

With time I realized that every person passes through different seasons.

There are seasons of conquest.

Seasons of discovery.

Seasons of growth.

And then come the seasons of resistance.

Those in which the question is not:

"How far can you go?"

But:

"How long can you remain present?"

They are difficult seasons.

Because they do not produce immediately visible results.

They do not allow heroic photographs.

They do not generate spectacular stories.

But they form character.

Much more than victories.

I have known people who built extraordinary careers and did not manage to build a

relationship.

People capable of leading immense organizations but incapable of facing a difficult conversation.

People who conquered the world and lost themselves.

Observing them I learned something.

To stay is not a geographical question.

It is a moral question.

You can change country ten times and remain faithful to what matters.

You can live your whole life on the same street and betray every principle you possess.

The difference does not lie in the distance traveled.

It lies in the faithfulness.

Faithfulness is a word often misunderstood.

Many associate it with immobility.

I associate it with consistency.

Faithfulness does not prevent you from changing.

It prevents you from losing yourself.

And this distinction is fundamental.

Over the years I have gone through many

transformations.

Professional.

Personal.

Inner.

Some choices were voluntary.

Others were imposed on me by life.

Not all were pleasant.

Not all were right.

But I tried to keep one thing.

The continuity between what I declared and what I did.

I did not always succeed.

No one always succeeds.

But I tried.

And often life measures exactly this.

The attempt.

Not perfection.

One of the most widespread illusions is that strength shows itself in exceptional moments.

I discovered the opposite.

Strength shows itself in repetition.

In getting up every morning.

In doing what has to be done.

In continuing to be present when no one notices.

In not abandoning what deserves to be guarded.

It is a silent heroism.

Almost invisible.

And perhaps precisely for this it is authentic.

I often think of the bonds that have crossed my existence.

Family.

Friends.

Collaborators.

Loved ones.

Many of those bonds survived because someone stayed.

Not perfect.

Not invincible.

Simply present.

When difficulties arrive, you quickly discover who is willing to stay.

When everything goes well, we are surrounded by people.

When everything becomes difficult, the

crowd thins out.

And it is in that moment that the authentic presences emerge.

They are few.

But they are enough.

The quality of a life rarely depends on the number of people you meet.

It depends on the number of people who stay when the road becomes complicated.

With the passing of the years I began to consider permanence as a form of courage.

Much more difficult than flight.

Much more difficult than the initial enthusiasm.

Much more difficult than promises.

Because promises are pronounced in an instant.

Permanence requires years.

It requires sacrifices.

It requires patience.

It requires character.

Many begin.

Few continue.

Even fewer stay.

Looking back, I am not proud of all my decisions.

No one should be.

But there is one thing I recognize.

In the situations that really mattered, I tried to be there.

For my family.

For the people I loved.

For the responsibilities I had accepted.

For the word I had given.

Not always in the perfect way.

But in the most sincere way possible.

In the end, perhaps life will not ask us how many places we have crossed.

How many titles we have accumulated.

How many successes we have collected.

Perhaps it will ask us a much simpler question.

"When it was the moment to stay, where were you?"

My answer is not perfect.

But it is honest.

I stayed.