THE HOUSE WHERE FACTS HAD TO KNOCK



FERDINANDO FREGA

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I brought the evidence.

Documents.

Dates.

Numbers.

He looked at them the way one looks at a stranger at the door.

Then he shut it.

At the beginning it was only an idea.

One possibility among many.

Something that could be discussed.

Then it became an opinion.

Then a conviction.

Finally an identity.

That was when he stopped looking for the truth.

He began to protect himself.

From that moment on, the facts changed roles.

They were no longer referees.

They were no longer tools.

They became unwanted guests.

Every piece of contrary evidence was turned away.

Every doubt was read as an attack.

Every confirmation became a victory.

It was no longer a search.

It was a defense.

Not of the truth.

Of the territory.

Many believe that ideas live in the mind.

It is not always so.

The strongest ideas relocate.

They take up rooms.

They build walls.

They choose their neighbors.

And in the end they become a house.

I understood then that the most stubborn beliefs are not those supported by evidence.

They are those supported by belonging.

People change their minds easily.

They change tribes far less easily.

And when a conviction becomes a house, reality has to knock for a long time.

Sometimes nobody opens.

And the facts stay outside.

On the threshold.

With the evidence in hand.

Ferdinando