

Why Man Never Stops Seeking

I heard about a couple not long ago. They loved each other deeply, and they both worked hard their entire lives. They had a list of places they wanted to visit, things they wanted to do, experiences they had been saving and planning for years. But they were practical people. They were going to do it right. They would wait until retirement, when there was time, when there was money, when there was nothing in the way.

They made it to retirement. And that year, her husband died.

She had spent decades building toward a future that never arrived. Not because she did anything wrong. Not because she was foolish. But because she had bought into the idea that life is something you get to eventually — something waiting for you on the other side of all your obligations, your work, your waiting.

It hit me hard when I heard it. Because I recognized it. That story isn't unique to that couple. It's the story of most people. Always waiting for the someday that the next thing will bring. Once this happens, then I can live. Once I have enough, then I'll be free. Once the kids are grown, once the house is paid off, once I retire, once...

Once never comes. And deep down, most people sense that it won't. But they keep chasing anyway. Not because they're foolish. Because something in them is aching for something real, and they don't know what it is or where to find it.

That ache has a name. And it's older than any of us.



EVERYONE IS CHASING THE SAME THING

I was watching a MrBeast video recently — the kind where someone can win a life-changing amount of money. He asks each contestant the same question: what would you do with the money if you won?

The answers are different every time. But underneath the words, they are always the same.

“My family would finally be free to do what we've always wanted.” “We'd be able to chase our dreams.” “This would change everything.” Person after person, different faces, different stories, different amounts — the same answer. Something is missing. This would fix it.

What strikes me isn't the greed. Most of those people aren't greedy. What strikes me is how universal it is. Every single one of them is carrying the same quiet weight — the sense that real life is somewhere slightly ahead of where they are right now. That they are not yet where they are supposed to be. That something is still missing.

Of all the ways people chase that void — money, relationships, experiences, comfort — the one I find most heartbreaking is the pursuit of fame. The desperate need to be known, to make a name for yourself, to matter in the eyes of people who don't actually know you. It is the loneliest possible substitution for the thing people are actually looking for. Because you can be known by millions and still feel completely unknown. You can fill every room and still feel completely alone.

The fame never fills it. The money never fills it. The relationship never fills it. The achievement never fills it. And yet people keep chasing, keep trying, keep hoping the next thing will be the thing.

They are not crazy. They are not broken in some unique way. They are human beings with a void that was never meant to be filled by anything this world has to offer.



THE THING EVOLUTION CANNOT EXPLAIN

Here is something worth sitting with.

If we are purely physical creatures — products of survival, evolution, biology and nothing more — then our minds should only store what helps us survive. Memory should be functional. A memory of danger keeps you alive. A memory of where food was found helps you eat. These things make sense for a creature whose only purpose is to survive and reproduce.

But that is not how human memory works.

Human beings carry memories that have no survival value whatsoever. The smell of a grandmother's kitchen. The feeling of a particular afternoon thirty years ago that can never be recovered. The sound of a voice that is gone. The ache of missing a season of life that passed before you knew it was passing. We don't just store these memories — we are moved by them. We grieve them. We return to them. We would give almost anything to live inside them one more time.

What possible survival advantage does that serve?

None. For a purely mortal creature, it serves no purpose at all. There is no evolutionary reason for nostalgia. There is no biological explanation for why a human being should ache over a moment that cannot be recovered and will never help them survive.

Unless.

Unless the creature wasn't designed to be purely mortal.

Unless the ache is not a malfunction but a memory — the faint echo of a design that was built for forever, pressing against the reality of a world where nothing lasts.

“He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the human heart; yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.” — Ecclesiastes 3:11 NIV

God set eternity in the human heart. Not in the mind of an animal. Not in the instinct of a creature built only to survive. In the heart of a being made in His image, made for relationship with Him, made to live forever.

The nostalgia isn't an accident. The ache isn't a glitch. It is the imprint of eternity on a soul that was never supposed to lose anything at all.



THE BROKEN SENSOR

Remember what happened at the fall. The circuit was severed... God's Spirit disconnected from the human spirit. The power source was cut off. And the spirit man — that eternal, image-bearing, authority-carrying part of every human being — went dark.

But he didn't disappear.

He is still in there. In every human being who has ever lived. Broken, disconnected, unable to lead, unable to see clearly — but present. And still picking up signals.

Think of it like a radio that has lost its power source but still has an antenna. It can't produce sound. It can't function the way it was designed. But the antenna is still there, still oriented, still picking up frequencies from a station it can no longer fully receive.

That is what the seeking is. Every human being who has ever chased something trying to fill the void — the broken spirit man inside them, antenna still up, still detecting the faint signal of what they were made for, still pointing toward home.

This is why the search is universal. Not just in religious people. Not just in those who have heard the gospel. Every culture in human history has reached upward toward something greater than itself. Every civilization has built temples, created rituals, searched the sky. The shapes are different. The direction is the same.

They are all feeling the tingling of sensors that used to work.



THE MOST HONEST SEEKERS

Some of the most honest seekers I have encountered are not in churches.

As mentioned earlier, Elon Musk has said publicly that the odds we are not living in a simulation are a billion to one. A billion to one. He is not being theatrical. He is a man who has built rockets and electric cars and studied the nature of reality more carefully than most people ever will. His conclusion is that this physical world is not the primary reality, that something else governs it, that what we see is not all there is.

He is right that this world is not the base layer. Where he is wrong is in what he thinks lies beyond it.

The physicists who talk about a mathematical universe. The philosophers who sense that consciousness cannot be reduced to neurons. The artists who know that beauty points somewhere beyond itself. The ordinary person who lies awake at night with the quiet, persistent feeling that their life was supposed to mean more than this — all of them are picking up the same signal.

They have sensed that this physical realm is subordinate to a greater reality governing it. They have felt the pull of eternity that God wove into the fabric of every human soul. They just don't know the name of what is pulling.

The broken spirit man is still inside every one of them, still pointing toward home.

“For what can be known about God is plain to them, because God has shown it to them. For his invisible attributes, namely, his eternal power and divine nature, have been clearly perceived, ever since the creation of the world, in the things that have been made.” — Romans 1:19–20 ESV

God is not hidden. He is the signal the broken sensors are still picking up. He is what the ache is pointing toward. He is what the seeking has always been about — even when the seeker doesn't know His name.



YOU WERE NEVER SUPPOSED TO LOSE ANYTHING

There is one more thing worth saying here — something that lands differently once you understand the original design.

The reason loss hurts the way it does is not just emotional. It is not simply that we loved something and now it is gone. It is that something deep in us — the eternal part, the image-bearing part — knows that loss was never supposed to exist.

We were designed to live forever. The people we love were designed to stay. The moments we cherish were designed to be ours permanently. Death is not the natural order. It is the consequence of a broken circuit — the result of a separation from the only source that sustains life.

This is why grief hits with such force. This is why the passing of time feels like a theft. This is why missing someone who is gone carries a weight that seems disproportionate to anything a purely physical creature should feel.

We grieve so deeply because something in us knows — we were never built for loss at all.

And that knowing — that deep, unshakeable sense that things are not the way they are supposed to be — is not despair. It is a compass. It is the spirit man inside you, broken but present, still oriented toward the One who designed him. Still seeking. Still pointing home.

The question is whether you will follow where it points.

“You will seek Me and find Me when you seek Me with all your heart.” — Jeremiah 29:13 NIV



WHAT SEEKING WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO FIND

The seeking doesn't have to end in frustration. It was never supposed to.

The ache is real. The void is real. The signal the broken spirit man is picking up is real. And the source of that signal — the one the ache has always been pointing toward — is not hidden, not distant, not indifferent.

He set eternity in your heart on purpose. He wired you to long for Him before you ever knew His name. Every ache you have ever felt for something more, every moment of nostalgia that hit harder than it should have, every quiet night where you sensed that your life was supposed to mean more than it currently does — all of it was pointing somewhere.

Not to the next achievement. Not to the right relationship. Not to enough money or enough fame or enough of anything this world offers. All of those things will do what they have always done — fill you temporarily and leave you emptier than before.

The void was God-shaped from the beginning. Only He fills it.

And the moment the circuit is restored — the moment God's Spirit reconnects to the human spirit and the power source comes back online — the seeking finally finds what it was always looking for.

Not someday. Not eventually. Now.

The ache wasn't a flaw. It was an invitation.