

Feel the warmth.

I am sitting in her room. It is late afternoon. The soft golden light of the sun slowly enters through the window, touching the bed and the quiet walls. The curtain sways slightly in the still air, as if the room itself is breathing slowly with her. She lies there, fragile, breathing slowly, each breath a delicate thread connecting her to this world. I hold her hand. I speak softly, though I do not know if she can hear me.

My mind drifts back. I remember a few weeks ago, she asked me:

‘Where do you find the strength to do this?’

I smiled softly and said to her,

‘My strength comes from my love for people.’

When we give care and kindness to others, something returns quietly to us.

Their fragile smiles, their calm eyes, their silent gratitude become like small flames in the dim evening, keeping our own hearts warm.

I want to ask you a question.

Do you know how to truly love people?

Why do we love people?

For what reason?

How deeply?

Perhaps these questions sound unusual. But I ask them not without reason.

Because the work I do has taught me how fragile human life can be. Working in care, you see life very closely. You see illness, loneliness, fear. You see people who once had full lives; families, dreams, memories, and yet sometimes they face the final moments of their lives almost alone.

I have also met people with high qualifications, impressive titles and strong reputations. They came to work, but without heart, their souls were like cold blocks of ice, leaving no warmth behind. They worked for money, not for people.

And in those moments, I realized even more clearly, skill alone is not enough. It is love, compassion and mercy that make the work meaningful.

Jesus Christ taught us: “Love your neighbour as yourself.”

The philosopher Immanuel Kant once said: “Act only according to that maxim whereby you can at the same time will that it should become a universal law.”

These words sound simple, but in real life they are not always easy to follow.

I believe I know how to love people. To love them openly and selflessly,

sincerely and wholeheartedly, with warmth, tenderness and generosity of spirit.

My life has not been easy. There have been many trials on my path, but they did not break me. Instead, they taught me something very important.

Mercy is the most important thing of all. Without mercy, nothing truly matters.

Can we love people this way?

Can we find the strength within ourselves to care for another human being without expecting anything in return?

To give so much of ourselves and yet never call it a sacrifice, but instead understand that living such a life can be a true happiness. Because the most valuable things in life are not paintings on the walls or wealth we surround ourselves with. We all leave this world one day. But the smiles in people's eyes, their health, their happiness and their gratitude, these are the true joys of life.

Evening is coming. Go inside her room, make sure that your eyes feel the warmth of the evening sun. The air feels heavy with the gentle sorrow of a life nearing its last breath. Every shadow seems to lean closer, every shaft of light clings to what remains and the room itself feels suspended between two worlds: the warmth of life and the hush of goodbye. And yet, even in the fading light, I feel a quiet brilliance lingering in the room, like the heart of someone who has lived and been loved.

Her breathing slows. I squeeze her hand gently. Her eyes are closed.

She is gone.

And yet she is not really gone.

Because in her passing, I remember what this work truly means.

It is mercy. It is love. It is staying with someone when no one else will.

And perhaps this is where true strength and resilience live. In ordinary people with very big hearts.

People who simply choose to care.