

Why Do People Go On Holiday ?



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At first it looks simple: to feel something different, to escape, to reconnect, to find meaning, to prove something, to quiet restlessness. Movement as relief. Movement as possibility.

But as you peel it back, something more unsettling appears.

No place can hold aliveness for long.

Even the most beautiful place, the most perfect fit, if such a place existed, would eventually become invisible. The human mind normalises everything. What once felt alive becomes background. What once felt meaningful becomes ordinary. So the “never wanting to leave” feeling isn’t really about the place. It’s about the moment a person feels met.

Met by their environment.

Met by time.

Or more rarely—met by themselves.

And that’s where the tension deepens.

Because being met by environment or time is fragile. It can't be held. It slips. It depends on alignment you can't control. But being met by yourself, that seems like the more stable answer.

So you go further.

If no place can sustain aliveness, then what we're chasing isn't location at all it's a way of perceiving. A state of attention that keeps reopening the world, even when nothing changes.

And so travel is exposed, gently, not as the solution but as a kind of lighting adjustment. It changes inputs, but not the system itself. Underneath, the real issue remains: An anxious, scanning mind. Or a numbed, shut-down one.

Different expressions of the same overwhelmed system.
"This is too much for me to process."

So the work shifts inward. Regulation, not relocation.
Attention, not geography.

And if someone could fully stabilise that if they could truly regulate themselves what then?

They would still travel.

Not to escape, but to explore. Not to fix themselves, but to express curiosity. To grow, to mark transitions, to step into new narratives.

But even then, another layer waits.

What if you no longer needed to know what's over the hill? What if curiosity remained, but the pressure disappeared?

Then something loosens.

You are no longer driven by the sense that "something essential is elsewhere." You are no longer chasing completion.

You can live, instead, in a kind of peaceful incompleteness.

And yet this is where the limit of the whole structure quietly appears.

Because even if you master attention. Even if you regulate perfectly. Even if you can generate freshness in repetition.

You are still the one doing it. You are still responsible for keeping the world alive. You are still sustaining your own sense of meaning.

And that is a subtle, exhausting burden.

Because it means aliveness depends on you never slipping. Meaning depends on your ability to keep perceiving. Freshness depends on your effort to renew it.

And beneath that effort is a quieter question:

Why must I be the one who keeps everything alive?

This is where the need for God begins, not as an idea, but as a relief.

Because what you are really longing for is not just better regulation, or better perception, or even a settled mind. You are longing to be met in a way that does not fade.

Not a place that becomes ordinary. Not a state you have to maintain. Not an experience that depends on your effort.

But something or Someone that holds you in aliveness even when your attention fails.

A presence that does not normalise. A meaning that does not thin out. A gaze that does not turn you into background.

Travel reveals the problem. Self-awareness refines it. But neither can solve the final tension:

You cannot, by yourself, become the source of the aliveness you're seeking. At best, you can manage it. At best, you can revisit it. But you cannot secure it.

So the deeper layer of the onion might sound like this:

"I don't just want to feel alive for a moment. I don't just want to generate meaning through effort. I want to be met by something that does not fade when I do."

In that sense, the "perfect place" you imagined does exist, but it isn't a location.

It's what happens when aliveness is no longer something you have to create or chase, but something you receive.

And that's why, underneath travel, underneath curiosity, underneath even self-mastery there can be a quiet, persistent need:

Not just to see more. But to be seen.

Not just to find meaning. But to be held within it.

To be held by God.