

## Why Seek Validation From Mortals?

### What's poppin', people?

It's Dante — just going for my morning walk here in what I like to call the Garden of Eden in Philadelphia.

Thinking today about something heavy:

**validation.**

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Why do we seek validation from mortals?

In this modern world, we chase approval from our peers. We post to Instagram hoping for likes and comments. We obsess over YouTube subscribers. We want our art to be in a gallery so it can be admired, praised, validated.

We search for some worldly stamp of approval — some signal that says,

***"You matter."***

But... matter to who? And for how long?

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I started thinking about Achilles this morning.

**Yeah, *that* Achilles.**

The warrior whose name echoes across time.

The Iliad, the poems, the stories — his archetype is embedded in every epic tale in Western civilization.

That kind of *earthly* Kleos — **fame** that spans generations — it's powerful.

*But what if we reframed it?  
What if we pursued **divine Kleos** instead?*

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Because every morning I wake up with a meditation:

***I remind myself that I will die.***

*I am flesh. I cut. I bleed. I lust. I hunger. I am not perfect — and that is what makes me human.*

And yet...

There's something freeing in that.

**Our imperfection is our perfection.**

The very fact that we're going to die — that we must die — is what makes everything beautiful.

So when that moment comes, ask yourself:

Are you going to be looking left and right at the people around you, begging for some last shred of attention?

Or are you going to be **looking up**, seeking **God**?

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That's what I'm chasing.

Not likes.

Not applause.

Not retweets or awards or gallery shows.

***I seek to appease God.***

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When you create — whether it's art, a good deed, a kind word —  
pause and ask yourself:

**Why am I sharing this?**

Is it just to feel seen? To be validated by your peers?

Look, I get it.

It's *normal* to want to leave a legacy.

It's *human* to seek success, wealth, and recognition.

But don't get caught in that trap.

Because **earthly treasures fade.**

They rust. They disappear. They're forgotten.

But the relationship you build with your Creator?

The treasures you store in the eternal?

***That lasts forever.***

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So yeah... when I think of Kleos — that ancient Greek idea of glory and renown —  
I don't want it from the world anymore.

***I want divine Kleos.***

***I want the kind of fame that lives in God's eyes.***

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Even if you're sitting alone in the woods, your mere existence leaves a ripple.

Maybe it's one person you helped.

Maybe it's a single conversation you had.

Maybe it's something no one ever sees but God.

And that's enough.

***That's eternal.***

So at the end of your life, when it's time...

Will you be looking around you?

Or will you be looking up?

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**Why seek validation from mere mortals?**

Just a thought this morning.

A beautiful day.

Sunlight, breeze, and peace here in Philly's Garden of Eden.

— Dante