

It is *perfectly legitimate* to ask this question. Whether it is to yourself, to God or the image you have of Him, or to your loved-ones.

A question, naturally, that has no answer. So I think we can meditate about the double meaning of the word “**why**”.

The meaning of the why we find in “How come?”; and the meaning of the why we discover in “What purpose?”

Why is there salt in the ocean? We can interpret this question in 2 different ways. How come this ocean happened to be salted? I can't answer that question. The second interpretation, for what purpose is there salt in the ocean? I'm not an oceanographer but I suppose that if it wasn't, with all the animals who die in it, it'd start stinking.

Since this is the case, it's better to focus yourself on the utility of the illness than trying to give a meaning to something that we cannot grasp.

But what benefits can we get from one of the most terrible disease there is? On this particular point lies the interest of the question “Why me?” Pulling the positive out of a difficult situation. It's harsh-yet possible.

I'm a believer; for me it's unimaginable that God commands us such an ordeal without any benefit or a happy ending; because if not that would mean that He is unjust, and that's impossible in the conception I have of the Supreme Being.

I don't make any proselytism, everyone lives the way he/she wants; and I respect each belief and disbelief. This is how I see things.

When the illness had reached an advanced state in me, I thought that... whether I was dead or in that state, it would be equal. I was dead wrong. And the people who love me, and that I do love too, made me understand that I still have a role to play in their lives. Not a secondary role—a main role.

This disease is a chance to exist for the purpose of the true value of human beings: love. And how good, it doesn't affect *the heart of the soul*. On the contrary, it gives back its central position.

Thanks to the disease, I had the immense privilege to know infinite love. Formerly it should have already been there, but it was scrambled, concealed by everything else. ALS has sorted everything for me, it has left me with the essentials: my head and my heart.

To some it may sound insane, I know that, but this is the way I see the glass half-full. Ordeals are there to make us into better beings; and I would never miss this chance for anything.

Today I envision the disease like a new adventure, and even if I don't wish it to happen to anyone, it sure is worth living.

My name is **Guilhem Gallart**, I'm **45 years old**, I have **2 little daughters and a marvelous wife**; I am happy, at peace, and I now consider ALS as a blessing.

Partager l'article !

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