

On Migraines

Who would I be without my migraines, without bouts of intense helpless pain that began before I could tell people what was going on? I empathize with end of life decisions, because I have experienced a state in which death would be a mercy. I glimpse the anguish of a bombed child or a burn victim. I understand hell, viscerally. Would I be as compassionate as I am? Would I have chosen to be a healer? Would I still believe in the self-indulgent absurdity of a perfect loving god who slotted most of humanity for unending torture?

-- Valerie T

Tradition: Universal Ethics

Region: North America

