

GILLETTE NEUROLOGY

(seen by a patient)

“A clinic cures the patients. A caring community supports the people.”

I. Neurological Pathology

Everyone was afraid of losing their heart.

For centuries, the heart was considered the center of life, the seat of feelings, strength, and courage. When the heart stopped, everything ended.

Then humanity slowly began to understand that there was another ruler.

Silent.

Invisible.

Absolute.

The brain.

It was enough to observe families, friends, acquaintances, the passing of generations and the arrival of disease to understand a simple truth: the brain governs everything.

Every movement.

Every word.

Every memory.

Every hope.

When the brain is altered, it is not just one part of the body that suffers. The entire human system suffers.

For a long time, the answer was fear.

People affected by neurological conditions were isolated, hidden, often little understood, and helped even less. Families faced an enormous burden alone. Medical knowledge was limited, and dedicated facilities were almost nonexistent.

It seemed like a battle destined to be lost.

Then came the time of understanding.

Humanity understood that it was not faced with isolated cases, but with one of the great challenges of its own existence.

Parkinson’s.

Alzheimer’s.

Degenerative diseases.

Neurological injuries.

Traumas.

Rare diseases.

Congenital conditions.

Different names for the same reality: the fragility of that organ that governs every function of our lives.

From that moment on, neurology ceased to be merely a medical discipline.

It became a collective responsibility.

Neurological pathology does not knock at the door.

It enters people’s lives and changes the rules of the game.

II. Why?

To explain what it means to live with a neurological condition:

the body that does not respond;

the limits;

dependence;

the loss of autonomy;

the redefinition of normality.

Not the disease.

Life around illness. Life around others.

The one who bears the burden is almost never the patient. The patient often fights without fully understanding the battlefield. The one who stays close, instead, sees time change shape, learning that each day won is worth more than the grand promises.

Pathology can alter the path. It cannot erase the value of the person.

Love is the essential part of it, beyond any mere conquest — and no one will ever know what will happen to him.

I have been there: bipolar disorder, of an undefined degree, which in the end turned out to be nothing more than a childhood hypervigilance caused by my mother who, following the old saying “beatings and fritters make beautiful children,” filled me with slaps and switched on the equalizer in my brain.

To understand things before they happen — but I am neither a magician nor a holy man, nor a miracle-worker.

Yet close to those who suffer — after losing both my mother and my father to Alzheimer’s, and asking: but who is this? I do not know him.

III. Epilogue

A clinic is a building.

A caring community is something more.

It is the daily encounter between people who suffer, people who accompany, people who care, and people who have chosen to take on the responsibility of building a place where hope can be transformed into method, commitment, and possibility.

These pages do not tell of a building.

They tell of the people who pass through it.

Every day.

IV. Author Page

This work was not commissioned.

It was not sold.

It was not made for commercial purposes.

It was written to bear witness to the value of rehabilitation, of human dignity, and of the relationship between people.

The only fee requested is a symbolic dollar — not as payment for the work, but as a testament to a shared commitment to a culture of care, hope, and responsibility.

Ferdinando