

Dear readers:

In this third issue of our Existencia magazine, we want to honor an aspect of life, perhaps the most painful, and that we often want to avoid... to make a shortcut so as not to go through it. However recently, as a country, we have witnessed that this part cannot be avoided: I am referring to the anguish, suffering and feeling of finitude that life often brings us, especially when we do not have the equipment required to go through it.

How intense these last few months have been! 40 years are commemorated from that fateful day when our beloved country broke. Forty years...quarantine. Have we been in quarantine all these years? Have we been disconnected from ourselves, from our fears, pains, anxieties, unbearable memories? Is it that we had to isolate ourselves from them?

And is it that now "we are out of quarantine"? I try to explain to myself what has been happening on TV, on the radio, in newspapers, in conversations, and this is the only way I can explain it to myself: in order to have the capacity to bear something (yes, it is a capacity) as tremendous as the stories we have heard about, we needed to feel strong and supported so that we could later say: Yes, that's how it was, that's how it happened. How brutal the impact... what heartbreaking and painful stories...

Those who suffered directly or indirectly, how could they bear something like this? And how can we as a country now accept it? I must clarify that "accept" does not mean that I like it or that I agree. Accepting is only the confirmation that this happened, that it was real. Only after accepting I can do something with it, change it, and apparently, we are doing that: tell (rather shout) to the four winds: Never Again!

However, in all this, there have also been other types of victims: victims of themselves. Or is it not so when we make mistakes – small or huge – and do not consider the consequences on others? It is very painful when we face ourselves against the pain we cause to another and, as I describe in the article "Repentance and Forgiveness, My Choice", it is a painful loss only recoverable through repentance and if possible, forgiveness. Only those who have themselves, very close to them, feel the suffering caused by acting in a way that is foreign to them, incorrect. In this case, repentance is a recovery, like a "return home", a re-appearance essentially in front of the other wounded.

These months that follow will continue to be very moving. We have an election ad-portas, where we must decide what we want for the next four years. In each election, I also choose something of my own. I choose what represents me most, even if it is only the fact of voting or not, because with that act I am also saying, making clear something of myself, in front of me and in front of others. ¡ Once again the "dialogic" appears to us! Nothing I

do is neutral, it always has consequences, it always affects both sides of existence (hence the dialogic): the personal, personal, internal, and the other side, the external, the world. I choose what represents me the most, even if it is only the fact of voting or not, because with that act I am also saying, revealing something about myself, in front of myself and in front of others. Once again, the dialogic appears to us! Nothing I do is neutral, it will always have consequences, it will always affect both sides of existence (hence the dialogic): my own, personal, internal side, and the side of the other, the external, the world.

Besides elections, the end of the year is coming, the end of a cycle.

Finitude, for the vast majority, can also be somewhat distressing. When it comes to facing a frightening diagnosis, for example, or when it is the year and its possibilities that ends. How do I get her to walk on that vital path? Damián offers us a moving account of his accompaniment in cancer patients ("Walking through Uncertainty"), where the humility of accompanying, patience and openness will be essential for this journey to be meaningful.

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But finitude also connects us to rituals. Constanza develops a very enriching re-look and re-signification of the rites that summon us so much on this date ("New Year's Eve and Rituals: A Pause on the Road"). Recovering the meaning of rituals (whatever they may be, shared or personal, pre-existing, or created by each one) I think it can help us end this year with a beautiful closing, necessary to be prepared for the new cycle that begins.

"Lovers and enemies", by Rosa Montero, is the book that Rita reviews, and that will help us end this year with the awareness of the meetings and farewells for this end of the year and beginning of 2014. How and what is that ritual that we carry many times autonomously, unconscious, which is to greet and say goodbye, congratulate or regret and with another, writes Rita.

Finally, I want to pay a humble tribute to those who were victims during the dictatorship, with this flower taken from the garden, which from its simplicity, every year reminds me that life is there, always waiting for me, always allowing me to reunite with you and myself.

Friends, I invite you to go through the pages of this magazine, and to prepare the body, the psyche and the spirit so that we can reach the end of the year without pending accounts, without dragged pains and with strengthened legs and clear forehead, of those who walk straight. Empty but fertile, prepared, open for what will surprise us 2014.