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Find out with 52 about her disease LGMD2a

I live every second, the diagnosis "limb belt dystrophy" 7 years ago, was a deep impact. Thank goodness I haven't been able to understand what happens this diagnosis with me. I couldn't – and still can't -

Imagine that one day I can't walk anymore.

Nevertheless, this bad news, made me by the doctor at the Friedrich-Baur-Institut so nonchalantly, made me incapable of reaction. Like a rock that cannot be moved stood this disease in space. Because there is no therapy.

The odyssey begins . In the beginning there are equilibrium-disorders or muscle weakness. Dubious stories. . .

I always thought I was so less sporty or untrained.

Muscle atrophy is very difficult to diagnose. Until the

assured statement I performed a ten-year odyssey

by many medical practices due to "ISG problems. " Mostly

This treacherous disease begins on the hull. The secured statement was then made to

the University Hospital Munich. What a day. The diagnosis of muscular dystrophy – a hereditary disease – shook me to the core. Although my doctor told me the nature of my illness,

but left me completely in the dark about the course of the disease. If it hadn't been for my partner and my present husband, I'd have slipped into mental chaos. Like a sword of Damocles

But even so, it's hard. Like a sword of Damocles, fear, despair, uncertainty and hopelessness hang over everyday life. A particular problem is that I can't adjust to a stable degree of disability. The disease progresses unstopably, the strength decreases more and more. From this point of view, it is very difficult to say "YES" to the disease. Supposedly, it helps to accept the disease or to consider it "as a way" (Kurt Tepperwein). Easier said than done. . . diseases are supposed to be signs that

we need to make a difference in our lives. The language of our soul. But

Why is my soul slamming a sledgehammer on my head?

I lost everything that gave my life meaning in one fell swoop. Right, that's – to put it bluntly – pretty shitty. For me it was dancing, in lining, Nordic walking and hiking. I was a wasp at all and always on my feet. And then the diagnosis – suddenly nothing is as it used to be and you don't know

more about who you really are; what you can still achieve in life. And in the darkest hours, whether this life is worth living at all. But that's it. But I am certainly not a wreck, I am an independent, active person who leads his life within the limits of his possibilities. I'm fine. Really good.



except muscles we are missing nothing.