



Jesús María Herreros (1952-2018)

This day cannot be true

I want to return with you to the womb
and believe that you are not dead...partner
of attempts....apprentice of the nights
with its dreams

This day does not seem to be true. Suddenly, all the human imagination crashes against the existential reality, the one that tosses life to death. This September 10 took Jesús Herreros away. And here the words declare themselves a fraud of emotion. They can never chisel what is the consciousness of man in its attributes of affection, spirit, soul. Shall we continue measuring existence by the quantitative, what can be numbered? Shall we never have a strict assessment of affection, emotions, social and existential ethics, remove them from the darkness to which man who prefers to live in the imagination submits them?

Jesús Herreros achieved remarkable medical feats that would pale those who think that existence is a race of honors. To speak of his professional history would be to take the same pathway of positivism that disguises the qualitative. Let us only mention that he performed the first double heart-lung transplantation in Spain. Of solid medical and human background he practiced in Canada, Valladolid, Navarra, Santander, Madrid, Murcia. Heart failure led him through paths of creativity, from the biological aspect, with the treatment of stem cells, to all its surgical possibilities. He was the author of twenty books and hundreds of articles. For a decade, he belonged to the International Editorial Committee of the Argentine Journal of Cardiology.

Jesús Herreros never favored matter over spirit. He put all his effort in gathering men to potentiate his ideas and projects. Disinterested and noble he became

the indispensable link to achieve success based on co-operation beyond the divergencies established by this post-modern immediacy.

He believed in humanism representing the only hope man can embrace, despite the erected history has transformed it in impossible. Thus, we have only the love of despair to keep the utopia of humanism. If this were attained how many things would lose their sense? For example the very history of man subjected to untangle good from evil according to its more and more intricate interests. In this choice he feels justified at the expense of others' unhappiness. Would he lose the placidity of the daily struggle? Is this transformation possible in peace? Or would its planning crown new powers? Certainly the same ancestral actions of man would invalidate humanistic progress. This takes him closer to an aporia. Man cannot get away from his imagination converting it in a fusion of instinct and interested reasoning. These words condense the ideas and conversations with Jesús Herreros, he who transformed his profession and life into an excuse to come closer to the need of the anonymous man.

What is the sense of these feelings? Uplifting emotion despite its forging is the desperate loss of the friend. That torch and ashes are the communion of his step. This disobedient conscience and the heart, that still sheds particles of salt and sand, become pitiful expressions in the attempt to drain into darkness the most painful fact, the death of the friend. And the void remains. And the memory of the senses. Only can the grim imagination be happy again through the diabolic match between pleasure and the anguish to make me believe that this day cannot be true.

Jorge C. Trainini