Fourty Years of Weather-Induced Pain

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After writing the article on weather-related pain and reviewing the opinions of various doctors—some supportive, others dismissive—I've come to a simple conclusion: my experience doesn't need their approval. While statistics acknowledge a link between migraines and weather changes, I've lived with chronic pain triggered by the weather for over forty years, and I couldn't care less if some doctors think I'm imagining it.

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The pain began after a summer relationship with a Swedish woman. I believe there's a direct connection. Months later, when she was back in Sweden and I was in Spain, I wrote to her describing the pain I was experiencing. She responded by sending me a full study that had been done on her former boyfriend in London—someone she had lived with for a couple of years—who had the same symptoms I did. His treatment involved algae and other marine products. What matters is that she recognized the similarity between my pain and his. And the only connection between the two of us was her. So yes, I believe it was a sexually transmitted illness.

I've suffered from this pain since I was 40. Now I'm 80. And I can say that during the ten years I lived in Madrid, with its drier climate compared to Barcelona, I felt much better. But I live on the coast now, and I'm not moving back. Ten years in Madrid was enough.

I remember a trip to England when a sudden drop in barometric pressure and a wave of bad weather hit. I felt terrible. My friends and business partners gave me ibuprofen, and it helped. Since then, whenever the pain strikes—a diffuse, full-body pain that I can't pinpoint—I take ibuprofen, paracetamol, or tramadol. It's not a localized pain. It's as if my entire body is protesting.

And if someone wants to call me crazy for believing in this pain, then fine—call me crazy. But I know what I feel. I don't need to lie to myself. I feel sorry for the doctors who deny any connection between weather and pain. They're wrong.

Complexity of Weather-Related Pain: A Systems Engineer's Perspective
The lack of scientific evidence surrounding weather-related pain may not mean the phenomenon is false —it may simply be too complex to measure. Doctors who dismiss it often do so because they haven't experienced it themselves. As a systems engineer, I'm reminded of a challenge I faced fifty years ago: connecting two serial ports without knowing the exact configuration of one side. Was it seven bits or eight? With parity or without? One start bit or two? One stop bit or two? The number of possible combinations made the task incredibly difficult —and that's precisely how I see the problem of weather-induced pain.

What if the cause isn't a single factor, but a convergence of multiple variables acting simultaneously? Barometric pressure, temperature, humidity, wind direction, even electromagnetic field influence—each might contribute a piece of the puzzle. Measuring them all at once, and isolating their combined effect on the human body, is a challenge that science hasn't fully solved. But those of us who live with this pain know it's real —even if the parameters remain elusive.

High-Voltage Shadows: A House I Didn’t Buy
Some truths take decades to reveal themselves. This one took twenty years.

In 1990, I was about to buy a casa adossada in Arenys de Mar —a charming town by the harbor and beach. The price was reasonable, around a hundred thousand euros, and I was ready to sign the contract. The sellers were a couple of national schoolteachers, well-paid professionals who had moved from Barcelona to Arenys just three years earlier. They had bought the house with enthusiasm, attracted by the sea and the quiet life.

But now, they were selling it. Not to upgrade, not for financial reasons —they had requested a transfer to a town 40 km inland, up in the hills. Why would two teachers abandon a beautiful coastal town and a newly purchased home after just three years? Something didn’t add up.

I didn’t sign the contract. Instead, I started investigating.

The house next door belonged to a friend, who let me visit. In her garden —partially inside, partially accessible from the street —stood a massive high-voltage transformer, possibly 100 or 200 kilowatts, supplying electricity to 20 or 30 homes in the area. It was large, loud, and far too close to the living spaces.

I bought a flat elsewhere.

Twenty years later, I returned to that same house —not as a buyer, but because the widow of the man who had eventually purchased it asked me to collect a transmitter. Her husband, a ham radio operator, had died of a heart attack. He had lived in the house beside the transformer.

Later on, another friend of mine —the one who had let me visit her garden all those years ago —also lost her husband. He had lived in the house adjacent to the same transformer. He too died of a heart attack.

That wasn’t the end of it.

I have two other friends in Arenys whose husbands lived within five meters of similar high-voltage transformers. Both men died of heart attacks after roughly twenty years of exposure.

Four cases. No scientific proof. No published study. But enough for me to say: I’m glad I didn’t buy that house.