

The Pain and Anger

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I met my husband in 1972. We lived together until 1992 and then married. He worked in the shipyard and made tubes and was surrounded by asbestos. Because I was working, I saw nothing unusual in this.

We were both anticipating a serene and tranquil retirement where we would do things together. I retired in January 1994, my husband the October of the same year.

We were happy when he retired, but unfortunately a few days after this event, my husband found himself in hospital. In-fact for over a year he had chest pains, so we decided to see a specialist in Monfalcone Hospital. Tests were done on his lungs and these showed that fluid was present – TB was suspected and he was sent home.

His chest pains continued, so we decided to go to Udine Hospital for a more intensive investigation of his condition. They undertook a case history, particular as to where he had worked. After a CAT scan they said he had mesothelioma. The successive biopsy showed that things were pretty serious, indeed inoperable.

Following that his condition bit by bit deteriorate. To keep his spirits up, I thought a spell up in the mountains would do the trick; after only five days we needed to come back home.

After that things got worse. As he had had no operation, chemotherapy was pointless. Although he was gravely ill, I knew that he had lived a lot longer than others we had known, indeed reasonably well for two years.

My husband died in 1998.

Faced with a trader like this, all I can say is that the hurt inside is immense and never goes away, like the anger I have against those who could have prevented this outcome. I think that she should not die by simply working at a job and by the neglect of those supervising that job. Asbestos ruined whole families. These were massacres not simply natural deaths.

These were avoidable deaths if someone had acted properly.