

To whom it may concern,

My husband and I bought our Millsboro home over twenty years ago as a place to enjoy on weekends away from running our small business, and ultimately to retire to.

My husband passed away on April 28, 2011, from two aggressive forms of cancer. He never got a chance to retire. I cry about him every day.

As soon as we purchased our home, I immediately started developing horrible skin problems and urinary tract infections and we were only here part-time, on weekends. Doctors never saw anything like it and couldn't figure out what was causing the problems. When I moved here full-time after my husband passed, my already terrible skin problems got worse, and my health deteriorated.

We could never enjoy our come because every time we came to visit, I would get sick and have to leave to go to the doctors back in New Jersey. We didn't know why.

Did I enjoy itching all over my body every day? No. It was horrible.

Did I enjoy the hundreds of sores I have had over my body? No. I was so ashamed of myself.

Did I enjoy the endless diarrhea? No.

Did I enjoy so many urinary tract infections? No? I didn't even drink the water!

Do I enjoy coughing so hard sometimes I cannot catch my breath? One time it was so bad my friend ran across the room to keep me from falling over.

I developed skin cancer twice. This winter it was on my nose and had to be cut out.

I had an aneurism that left me with permanent bouts of vertigo. Do I enjoy laying on the floor in pain and bleeding for hours because I fell from vertigo in the middle of the night? Absolutely not.

One of our neighbors had three strokes and cannot even talk now. Another had rings on her skin before dying. Her neighbor, a retired judge, died of cancer. So many people in our community got sick and died of cancer, and others were covered with bumps and sores.

No one will help us. I even called and wrote a letter to the EPA showing pictures of my body trying to get help and they didn't dare. What else are we supposed to do?

I finally saved enough money to install water treatment system in 2020 from Culligan. Even with the system and a shower filter it still itched all day, especially right after showering. Nothing helped and my skin kept getting worse.

This winter was the worst. The itching was terrible. Every day I would wash my sheets and clothes because they were covered with blood. I would start bleeding just sitting in my chair. I pray every day and thank God for my community. Without them I truly don't think I would have survived. They have cleaned blood from my carpet for me. One neighbor, a man no less, had to rub petroleum jelly on my back every day because I couldn't reach those sores. That is no way to live.

Once again, I had to save \$6,750 on a fixed income and finally had enough to purchase a system from Orbitz. It felt like Christmas. It was like having my life back. My black and blue arms and legs are doing much better, and the terrible wounds have finally healed, but I am still covered with scars.

The county engineer's story about snow geese eating all of the crops is the most childish thing I have ever heard. My neighbors and I went to look at the fields together. They were spraying in the rain, and it was nothing but weeds as far as the eye could see.

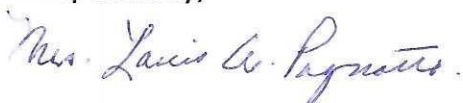
These are our lives. No one has the right to knowingly harm another person. Especially the government. It is supposed to be your job to protect us. To allow a corporation to pollute on a public wastewater facility and then knowingly operate it in failure and lie about it is quite frankly terrifying. Especially since the government knew since 2010 and didn't even both to warn us.

After all of that, now the county wants to double the size?

Please do not allow this permit or expansion project to proceed. Delaware needs to realize that Sussex County has grown to the point that the old way is no longer the right way of doing things. Even though I am 81 years old, I can see we need to use modern technology, so others don't have to go through what my community and I have endured. I wouldn't wish what happened to me on my worst enemy.

These are pictures of what it was like. Would you want to live like this?

Respectfully,



Mrs. Louis A. Pagnotto













