My husband died of prostate cancer – why are we so bad at diagnosing it?

A year after her loss, City 'superwoman' Nicola Horlick is campaigning for more awareness of the deadly disease. I can hardly believe that it is a year since my husband, Martin Baker (the journalist and author), died of prostate cancer.

There were more than 500 attendees at his funeral service, held at the Brompton Oratory; they came to honour a man who had always been larger than life, witty and fun, the centre of any party. I don’t think they could believe he was gone.

After the funeral I was left alone, without Martin, in a house that was now too big. It seemed so empty. I could almost hear the silence. No booming voice, no television on at full volume and no aromas of curry (his favourite meal) coming from the kitchen.

A stream of letters came, telling me how much Martin had meant – to people – his childhood friends, fellow supporters of his beloved Preston North End, journalists and people who admired his ebullience. Each letter moved me to tears.

Languages that were ebulient.

It was now too big. It seemed so

silence. No booming voice, no

was married at 23 and had my first

do. This is horribly familiar

had always been larger than life,

It was stage 4 and his disease was

I am so unused to being alone. I

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wasn’t very large, but was

He was 6, and I was 35. I had

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had always been larger than life,

and even the consultant was

held at the Brompton Oratory;

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and was given Lutetium-177, which

the dagger of
despite the dagger of death hanging over us

and his disease was incurable. We felt numb.

I am so unused to being alone. I

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My husband

My husband

And I to lack of awareness and treatment

We needed these machines
diagnosis. After a few weeks of

cancer that has gone into the bone.

A stream of letters came, telling

Langues that were ebulient.

he had been told that walking

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