

ORIGINAL



Lynwood (Woody) Hume
5819 North Cascabel Road
Benson, Arizona 85602
October 11, 2015

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2015 OCT 16 A 10:16

Power Plant and Transmission Line Siting Committee
Arizona Corporation Committee
1200 West Washington Street
Phoenix, Arizona 85007

ARIZONA CORPORATION COMMISSION
DOCKET CONTROL

Arizona Corporation Commission
DOCKETED

OCT 16 2015

RE: SunZia Transmission Towers in San Pedro Valley
Docket Number L-00000YY-15-0318-00171

DOCKETED BY

Dear Committee Members,

Some years ago when we in Cascabel had a meeting with the representatives of BLM New Mexico and the hacks & suits (only they were dressed down, so's to come across more as one of us I guess) of SunZia and the powers-that-beam, I was one of the people who stood up and gave forth on what we really thought of a double line of high tension towers being pushed through this valley of the Rio San Pedro. I had no time to change out of my ranch work clothes, didn't care much about how dusty I was, either SunZia has changed my mind about what I'll ask of the Almighty. When a horse has pitched me off his back and I start dropping back down to Earth from orbit, my thought has been, "No ... please ... later, maybe." When horses have reared straight up and then over backwards and taken me with them crashing as likely into the rocks as into the sand, I've thought, "No ... please ... later, maybe." I make the mistake of relaxing, and horses drop down for a nice roll to get me and that saddle off their backs or they just want to loll in the cool water of the stock tank we're standing in--again, "No ... please ... later, maybe." I'm leading my horse and another into a corral of a moonless cow camp night, he bumps a rotted beam and brings it down onto his back, and in the mayhem I'm pulled under all those sets of hooves invisible in the dark and they trample me from neck to ankle. "No ... please ... later, maybe." Or of an instant the world becomes naught but pink incandescence near impossible to bear as a finger of lightning lifts me out of the saddle. That Great Power that animates the Universe has really upped the ante this time--the usually more plaintive begging be spared, now it's time for an angry demand: "No! Not *now!* I have more to do!" No proof, of course, that it was why I was dropped back into that saddle as the last of the electricity jumped off the fingertips of my left hand. Such events can only kill the body. These powerlines will kill my *soul*. Their possibility has changed my mind about asking the Great Power to preserve my life a little longer. I don't write here to facts and figures or to suggest alternatives (and they do exist) to your alternative energy. No, I write here a prayer: *Oh Lord! Be Thou merciful! Don't let me live to see this greenwashed abomination, for I have no interest in walking upon Thy creation so desecrated. Amen.*

Sinceramente,
Lynwood (Woody) Hume
Working Vaquero and Foreman
(520) 212-7638
paniolowooddy@hotmail.com

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ARIZONA CORP. COMM
400 W CONGRESS STE 218 TUCSON AZ 85701