

Data Submitted (UTC 11): 3/7/2025 5:00:00 AM

First name: Ashleigh

Last name: Smith

Organization:

Title:

Comments: I am writing because my family spends every Sunday in the second and Old Growth forests of the Olympic Peninsula. Not just Sundays, as I homeschool my son and often these forests are our classroom. We live in Port Angeles, having moved here from the East Coast to live amid these forests. On Sundays, my husband, 7 yo and I meander the old growth, mushrooming, marveling, and frankly expressing our religion as millions of Americans do on Sunday. Except for us, the cathedral of the Forest, on a carpet of moss in Olympic National Forest is our church.

We, like our tribal neighbors, collect food and medicine. My son loves

Collecting chanterelles for the table and reishi to make into immunity supporting tea. We snack on huckleberry, blue and red. And doing this, we feel connected to the Earth and grateful.

Have you been here? The air is so clean because of these trees. Have you smelled it? The air is spicy, piquant with fir, cedar and spruce, rich and sweet like dirt. We need it. If not to store carbon, or make oxygen, for the human soul.

ATTACHMENT-Figure/Picture: IMG_1437.jpeg; Photograph of young person walking in the forest

ATTACHMENT-Figure/Picture: IMG_1399.jpeg; Photograph of young person leaning hands on cut end of old log

ATTACHMENT-Figure/Picture: IMG_1456.jpeg; Photograph of young person holding hat full of mushrooms

ATTACHMENT-Figure/Picture: IMG_0064.jpeg; Photograph of young person on a forested trail

ATTACHMENT-Figure/Picture: IMG_8802.jpeg; Photograph of young person on a forested trail

Please defend and protect the NWFP.