

Data Submitted (UTC 11): 4/19/2025 10:47:29 PM

First name: Lindsey

Last name: Hefter

Organization:

Title:

Comments: To those who have the power to make this decision and to those who are in favor -

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful woman (one can also replace man....or mountain)... Her face was so stunning, people gasped when they saw her. One simply wanted to sit in her midst and stare. She was not perfect. Yet, in her imperfection, her beauty, taken in total...was, in fact perfect.

She lived with her father. He held her in high esteem, tending to her...caring for her...loving her as a god father does. He was a good steward to her...and wanted what was best for her. He also loved to gaze upon her. She reminded him of things lost, having lost his wife and missing her terribly. Innocence, peace, kindness, adventure, solitude...she reminded him of the soaring heights of love. He loved her smell. It was of sunshine. Untainted by anything of this world...of today. But mostly...he loved her face. Her bright, beautiful, natural smile. And he was at peace.

One day, a man, handsome, wealthy, ambitious...came to him. And asked for his daughter's hand in marriage, having seen her from afar. He courted the Father...ignoring the woman's wishes not only not to marry him, but, never to see him again. She sensed something underneath all the charm. Something greedy, ugly...a narcissism that cared not for anything but his own well-being, wealth...and security.

His father listened to his daughter's pleas....Unsure, but seeing the benefit of this union. But when the man pulled out a very large bag of gold and held it out to the Father...he agreed. How bad could it be, he thought to himself. Handsome, wealthy...charming? And the father decided his daughter was simply being dramatic.

His daughter, owned by her father, was stripped of her agency and given no choice. And was married to the man.

And the man had a secret. He was a masochist.

The first tortures started small. A pinch. A slap. A spank.

Then grew.

A plank to the back. A chain across the stomach. A match to the skin.

All hidden. So no one could see.

No one could see the bruises, the welts, the cuts...because they were hidden far, far away - under clothing. And so, no one really cared. She was so far removed that...no one could see the damage.

But one day...out came the knife.

A stab here...a stab there...until...

That blade swept across her beautiful face. The knife travelled diagonally from her lower left chin, across her nose, deforming her right eye, and well into her hairline. Nearly cleaving her face in two.

He laughed as she bled. "A little antidote for your vanity, dear!" He said.

When she healed, she hid. NO longer able to leave her home without coming up against the horrified gasps of those who had long known and reveled in her beauty. The scar, so significant, it could be seen by all - be seen everywhere. Not at all hideable. Out in full view. What all had so admired, loved to be in the presence of...gone in an instant. And gone forever. Some things cannot be changed back.

The idea of scaring the mountain is the same. We spend lives getting to this place. So that we can leave the incredibly hard world behind...if even for a moment. Once Mr. Gillett gets his hands on that land...he will do as the man above did. All for his own greed and ambition and

with no thought to the larger implications of what he has done to the rest of us. He will scar it forever. And we can never get that back. This is public land. This is sacred land. To allow one man's ambition to dictate the destruction of this country...this beautiful, back country - that so, so many come to - to feel...alive again...to be...in the pretense of something larger than themselves - to leave man behind...to allow it? Is to scar it. Which will forever be irreplaceable. There are so few places like this.

This is not a fairy tale. This is an existential issue.

Please. Do not let this happen. Mr. Gillett has plenty of ground to play with. Don't let him destroy one of the few, accessible places we have here...we have...left.

Thank you,
Lindsey Hefter