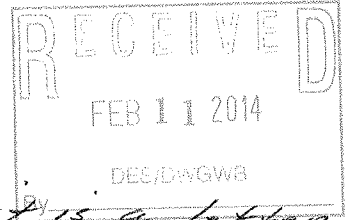


FEBRUARY 6, 2014

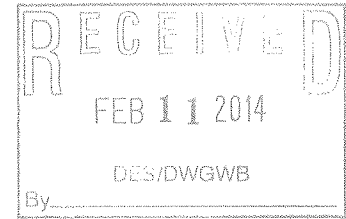
DEAR SEC MEMBERS,



Enclosed please find two items. The first is a letter from the New Hampshire Cycling Club. The other is a copy of a school project done by our grand daughter when she was quite young. Both truly reveal how much the beauty of our Area means to people. We would like to preserve this for future generations to come. Can you imagine how this God made phenomenon would be altered by multiple wind turbines, and how they would effect the people and the surrounding AREA?

Thank you for consideration in this matter.

Robert & Edna Piehler
Alexandria, N.H.



January 30, 2014

Mr. Robert Piehler
96 Grafton Road
Alexandria, NH 03222

Re: Wildmeadows Wind Farm, Alexandria, NH

Dear Bob:

As you know, the New Hampshire Cycling Club has used your farm for the last two years as a rest stop on the Kearsarge Classic dirt road ride. The ride goes through the rural areas surrounding Mt. Kearsarge and the Lake Sunapee area. We selected your farm and routed the ride up the long climb on Washburn Hill so riders could take in the impressive view at the end of the climb. The ride is intended to showcase the best that this part of New Hampshire has to offer. We have had very positive feedback from participants.

I have looked at the filings submitted by the applicant to build the Wildmeadows Wind Farm project. There is no question that the construction of this industrial facility will have a significant adverse impact not only directly in the Washburn Hill and Grafton Road area, but will be seen for long distances along the Cardigan Mountain Ridge line. I hope you are successful in your efforts to prevent this project from being built in such an inappropriate location.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "James E. Owers".

James E. Owers, Treasurer
New Hampshire Cycling Club

A Moment in My Paradise

By Amanda Piehler



On a small mountain, there sits a medium house and a large barn. The summers are cool and pleasant and the people are even more inviting. The woods beckon to be explored, the waters to be splashed in, the fields to be run through, and the serenity to be cherished. This is my paradise.



By the medium house there is a maple tree. By that grand old tree, a vast field spotted with wildflowers resides, tucked between an old dirt road and an even older stone wall. By that old road grows a magnificent row of wild blueberries, ripening in the summer sun and inviting friends to dine on their sweet delicacies.





Opposite the field, a grassy hill greets hot visitors with cool ponds (filled only by the natural springs of the mountain). Breezes blow carelessly, ruffling my hair as I leave my worries to the wind and take a deep breath.



On these warm summer days,
I find respite in the cool
waters, the golden retrievers
bouncing around me.

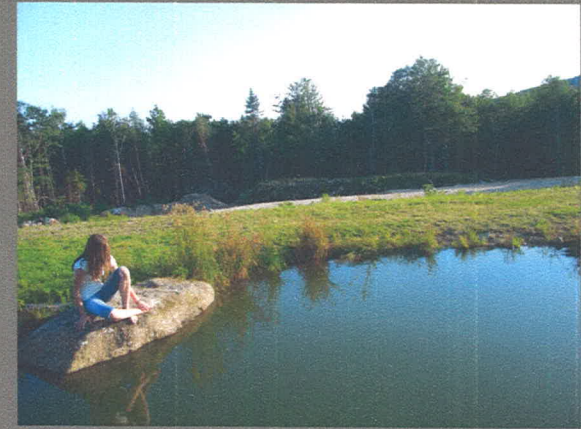
Throwing the ball often
becomes an endless game
when a dog like Holly is
the only player. She
dominates the water,
fearlessly jumping in
before her three
companions get a chance.





From the waters, I can look up to see the barn, standing guard like a red giant over the property. To its left are gardens, carefully tended by my grandparents. Each year they grow fresh produce like no other. Before dinner, my job is to go pick the night's vegetables: perhaps spinach for a salad, maybe potatoes to be served hot and fresh, or, if we are lucky, maybe even some yellow summer squash to go in my grandpa's famous seafood pilaf.





After dinner, I love to go back outside to squeeze the last precious seconds out of the perfect day. The frogs come out to sing to me as I jump from boulder to boulder around the pond. The horses across the road whinny to me as I take a last walk down the row of blueberry bushes. Perhaps tomorrow I will go for a hike in some of the hundred acres over the stone wall.



Soon I will enjoy a night's rest on an open screen porch, piled with blankets as the cold night air wafts through. But before I retire, I take one last look at the view. It is almost completely dark and millions of stars are sprinkling the sky with diamonds. I breath the night air and lay down to sleep. This is my paradise.