



In 1769, my ancestors, Enoch and Abrigail Brown made their home on Middle Road. That homestead was birthplace to my Grandmother Grace Brown Sanborn Wares, my Father George Towle Sanborn and his brothers Robert Brown and William Edson Sanborn. I grew up in Deerfield. My children grew up in Deerfield; and, now my grandchildren – 10 generations later – call Deerfield home.

My name is Meredith Briggs. I live at 12 South Road. I am here in support of the Northern Pass Project. Since 1769, the Brown, Evans, Towle, Sanborn and now Briggs roots have grown very deep in Deerfield. Family members have long played active, well respected roles in their community. They served as selectmen, town clerk, school board members, volunteer firemen and legislators. My great great grandfather, Doctor George H. Towle was Deerfield's doctor; and had his own love/hate relationship with change. My family served proudly in the military.

Growing up on Birch Road, I played under power lines that ran across my Uncles farm land. The same power lines under which his cows grazed. Winter months the cousins went sliding in the fields (and occasionally right down the middle of Birch Road). We skated on the mill pond located under the power lines. Except for the prerequisite post Deerfield Fair annual cold, I enjoy good health. I don't glow in the dark, I live free of brain tumors or other life threatening illness. Eighteen months ago, I almost turned up my toes from Salmonella poisoning . The CDC report said it was a tomato not radiation emitting from power lines.

Many in this hall against the Northern Pass Project cite a desire to retain Deerfield's New England small town charm. THAT SHIP SAILED DECADES AGO. In the early 70's someone in Concord looked at New Hampshire's rolling hills and open fields. Instead of farm land with grazing animals, he pictured houses. Deerfield's selectmen began taxing property accordingly. People who owned land for years realized it was no longer economically advantageous. Growing houses was far more profitable. Farmers went out in the buy out. People sold their land. Deerfield's rural charm turned into cookie cutter houses every two hundred feet. Sadly, we lost huge chunks of wildlife habitat.

People have long enjoyed power line rights-of-way for recreational pursuits. We ride snowmobiles and ATV's. We cross-country ski, hike and pick blueberries under power lines. When the first transformer came to Deerfield, we were practically dancing in the street at the possibility of potential tax relief. PSNH rebuilt Parade Road, parts of Nottingham Road and Cate Road. The installation of the second transformer was met with an equal circus atmosphere. Again PSNH rebuilt town roads to accommodate the payload of the new transformer.

Recent news reports indicate a number of New England power sources are going off line. Seabrook Station is aging and coming up for license renewal. I believe clean Hydro Power from Quebec will fill a needed niche. In 1985, I was told the life expectancy of my <sup>then</sup> 1 year old child was between 9 and 15 years, certainly not beyond

adolescence. The good Lord willing and the creeks don't rise, my child will turn 42 this year.

I don't need electricity to run Nintendo or X-boxes. I need electricity to operate life sustaining medically necessary equipment. I don't need electricity to charge I-Phones or kindles. I need electricity to operate the lift the brings a wheel chair into and out of my home. I need electricity to run an air conditioner to counteract the heat medically necessary equipment throws off which makes an already hot room even more uncomfortable. I need electricity to use a CD player and microwave. The microwave warmed beanbag provides comfort to cramping limbs; and gospel music gives <sup>Calm and</sup> comfort to an otherwise bad night.

People have voiced concern about pole height. Growing up the power lines were easily visible from my home. Today, tree growth makes them barely visible. Many have climbed aboard the solar band wagon this year. That is their right; however, I do not find poles and power lines any more of an eyesore than driving through Deerfield and seeing solar panels mounted on a Popsicle stick following the sun around the yard. I am, however, incensed at those who chose to install solar, then tried an end run on tax payers by seeking an avenue which amounts to a tax abatement. The tax dollars you save are additional tax dollars I will pay to make up for lost revenue. My Dad would say the "all for me to heck with you" mentality is alive and well. I say you have more brass than a foundry.

I take issue with individuals moving into Deerfield; and, before the doors of the U-Haul are closed, they set about imposing their will and opinions. I strongly believe people serving in either an elected or appointed position – be it local, county or state have taken an oath, expressed or implied, to serve ALL people. Having taken that oath, they are duty bound to maintain a neutral position. They must have no “official” opinion in matters which affect ALL THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

At the September informational session, someone stated a hypothetical \$3 per month savings on an electric bill was not enough. In one year the potential savings would be \$36. Personally, I think \$36 in my pocket is more appealing than \$36 in Eversources pocket. There ARE people who DO come and DO make Deerfield home. Judging by the For Sale signs, many stop only for a while. As Deerfield fades in their rear-view mirror, my family will be here working the land with passion and purpose. They will continue to farm in some capacity. Wildlife will have habitat. Young Fox will frolic in the windrows of new mowed hay. Wild Turkeys will wander through the yard. At dusk Deer will supper at the crab apple tree. Occasionally, Bullwinkle will come out and stare at us.

I believe in this project: the potential jobs, tax relief and electricity it will provide. I believe Eversource has demonstrated a willingness to compromise in order to arrive at a workable plan. If we ALL work together, am sure we can arrive at a plan we can all live with. However, we must stop sucking our thumbs and stomping our feet. We must

treat one another with respect, find value in everyone's opinion and work together like  
we intended to accomplish something. Thank you.