

From: webmaster@puc.state.oh.us
To: PUCO ContactThePUCO
Subject: PUCO CONTACT FORM: 107303
Received: 6/7/2016 11:34:56 AM
Message:
WEB ID: 107303 AT:06-07-2016 at 11:34 AM

Related Case Number: 16-0253

TYPE: Comment

NAME: Ms. Jordan Overly

CONTACT SENDER ? No

MAILING ADDRESS:

- *(NO CITY?) , Ohio (NO ZIP??)*
- USA

PHONE INFORMATION:

- Home: *(no home phone provided?)*
- Alternative: *(no alternative phone provided?)*
- Fax: *(no fax number provided?)*

E-MAIL: *(no e-mail address provided)*

INDUSTRY:Gas

ACCOUNT INFORMATION:

- *(no utility company name provided?)*
- *(no account name provided?)*
- *(no service address provided?)*
- *(no service phone number provided?)*
- *(no account number provided?)*

COMMENT DESCRIPTION:

In reference to Duke Energy Proposal 16-0253-GA-BTX Pipeline Dear Ohio Power Sitting Board, I am a 16 year old girl writing this in reference to some disheartening news I received the other day; when I was writing in my daily journal and everything seemed to be going well. Yet, from afar as I clicked my pen I noticed a faint cry echoing in the hallways of my childhood home that I have lived in for as long as I can remember. At first I was not able to recognize it, yet soon after, identified it as belonging to my mother. As a mother is attentive to her baby's cry, of course I felt compelled to tend to her and provide whatever comfort was necessary to mend her heartache. Upon sitting next to her, after entering her room, I asked what had caused her sadness, and she told me that everything I had ever know, everything we had ever known could change. Within the blink of an eye. Gone. She explained to me that my home, which I know like the back of my hand, was one of three locations selected for a natural gas line to be placed right across our yard and home. Being only sixteen, you see I wasn't quite sure what placing a natural gas line in our yard would entail; but from the horrified lifeless look on my mother's face as she spoke to me in words I am not yet able to fully understand, I could tell that it posed a real threat. The danger of a possible explosion would pose such a serious harm to my family and anyone in a three mile radius including my friends which I have all grown up with in the neighborhood that I would have to leave behind the house, the one thing where all my memories had derived and move

elsewhere. Not only this, but also the knowledge of a natural gas line would throw my family into a terrible financial situation in not even being able to sell the house so we could start fresh after you destroyed everything if my location is selected. My home. The news of this shocked me at the very core, and I once again became inevitably aware of the sentimental value of everything that was around me. Walking back to my room and through our hallway in a confused and dizzied state, I outstretched my arms far enough so that my fingertips could lightly caress the walls on the sides of me. As I did all of the memories came flooding back. The memories of my first steps in the door way of my parents bed room behind me, of the sight of the early morning light shining through the hallway windows, and the sounds of my parents returning home from work in the evenings when we were younger and my brother and I would run to them with identical childlike grins attached to our faces. Gazing through the farthest window in the hall and into my back yard, I smiled as I peered to the deck that had been the center of it all. Of a majority of the memories. I had visions of myself; of my family, of dancing and laughing, and crying with them. Of it all. I never want to leave. No matter where I go, no matter what I do this is the place that my mind goes back to. This is the place where I feel like I belong. My home, my house is my safe haven. When I was much younger, two or three maybe and my dad spoke of one day leaving or asked me if I would ever want to move, I told my father, eyes wide and full of angst that if we ever left, I would return one day, purchase my house again, and carry on things as they always had been. When I was 13 and cared to do nothing but rebel, and my lively and wild cousin whom I share many memories with in this very house had asked me if I wanted a tattoo when I was older, I replied promising that I would get one of the coordinates of my house on my wrist. I meant it when I said it. I still do. When the world feels too full, when my head feels too crowded with racing thoughts, and I don't know what to do or perhaps where to go, I sit on our porch and my father and I would sing a sweet tune or I would swing on a yellow swing outside of my house under a familiar tree I had made friends with over the years, and forget all of my troubles. I love my home, we all do. And I hope, we love our home with so much love that there is enough love for all of us. Enough love for all of you reading this letter to step into our shoes and to see that this house and yard is not just some walls, some tile and some brick, it's our life. It's who we are, this house is what makes me who I am. When I write in my journal tonight I will write of one lesson from that day that I received the news and one lesson only, and that is to be grateful. I am grateful for my home, am grateful to the gifts that fate, that God, that whatever you believe in has given to me, and I always will be. This experience has opened my heart and the hearts of all of my whole family, and inspired us to petition, to beg, to at least put up a fight for the sparing of our house, our trees, our yard. This is because, people fight for the things, the people, and in this case the places, and the memories that they love. Please, consider other routes or locations for the placing of the natural gas line in an area where people don't live. Please think of this letter and put yourself into the shoes of my family and me, whom all care very much. Thank you for your time and efforts, and I appreciate this opportunity to write to you in the hope of possibly changing our fates. Sincerely, Jordan Overly

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in

Case No(s). 16-0253-GA-BTX

Summary: Public Comment in opposition filed on behalf of concerned consumer, J. Overly electronically filed by Ms. Donielle M Hunter on behalf of PUCO Staff