

EI-21010

ATTN: Rini Gosh

Fax: 202-565-9000

received
1/11/05

Dear Rini,

My name is Richard Fournier. I live in Quihi, Texas approx. 2 miles from the proposed Quarry site. I am writing to you today to ask you, no...to beg to you to please reconsider plans for this quarry.

If you would please take just a few minutes, I would like to share with you my reasons for not wanting my home surrounded by this quarry.

In 1958 my Parents brought my two brothers and one sister to Quihi because San Antonio was not the environment they wanted us to be raised in. They felt that a country upbringing was better. I feel they were correct in this decision.

In Quihi, my entire family grew up in an 800 square foot home (still standing on the property) built in 1890. This home has been remodeled several times along the way...but the core and sentimental value of this home cannot be found anywhere else on earth for me. I have lived in this home since I was 1 year old. The walls, the floors, the ceilings have watched and listened to my entire family grow up. This home has heard the joys as well as the sorrows of my family for almost 50 years.

The memories of my childhood are preserved in this home. I remember my Mother (in her bathrobe) on Easter Sunday, before Church, singing as she made breakfast for my brothers, my sister and my Dad. I remember my Dad sitting in his recliner after a hard days work watching a black and white television.

I remember how my two brothers would scramble for the back door as my Dad would come in the house...knowing that they should be outside on a tractor or repairing fence. And my sister always cleaning or washing something to help with the endless list of chores.

I remember standing by the chicken house as my Mother came out of the house...and screamed to my Dad that President Kennedy had been shot and how she cried that entire day. My Dad would not leave her for one minute and he hugged her most of the day trying to console her.

I remember my brother Frank...showing me how to drive tractors and trucks when I was only 7 years old (and I remember this often as I have never had a wreck that has been my fault in my life)

I remember my brother Ben ...how we used to go back into the pasture to hunt. Many of my hunting skills are still alive today because of him.

And there ...always close to me is my sister....and I will never forget how she taught me to swim in the cattle troughs.

You see Rini...this is not just my home....this is a part of me. I have just returned from Northern Colorado from a 7 year employment with Hewlett Packard. Not even a year ago...I purchased most of my Parent's property, not as an investment but for the happiness and memories that it brings me. It's the quiet, the deer that come up to the earth tank in the back. One day many years from now...I dream of walking down the driveway, barefooted, just as I did when I was 5 years old. Also, you can see that my Parent's were right...a country upbringing was the correct choice. I have come from

working with cattle, horses and tractors to the high tech industry as an Enterprise Storage Engineer. My work now is moving Terabytes of data from hundreds of Server Silos to Storage Arrays that are smaller than a phone booth. One day...I would like to come back to the cattle, horses and tractors.

Rini, please just for a moment...put yourself in my shoes. Maybe you did walk a similar path.... where every waking moment of your childhood was sheer happiness because of the family that you grew up in??

What if God blessed you with "that home ...that place" that you shared some of the happiest times in your life?

Would you do it ?

What kind of decision would you make?

Would you just shrug it off as a possible bad investment ...or would you attempt it?

Would you purchase this property that everytime you set foot on it...you would be instantly catapulted back into those times and to those people that you hold so deep and dear in your heart...and then you find it impossible to hold back the smiles, the laughter, the tears...

I can honestly say that I don't know how your childhood was....but I can tell you that mine was nothing short of divinely inspired by God. Grandparents, Parents, brothers and sisters that all loved you. These memories....these times....these families are what we all in Quihi are trying to preserve...please help us.



Rich Fournier

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