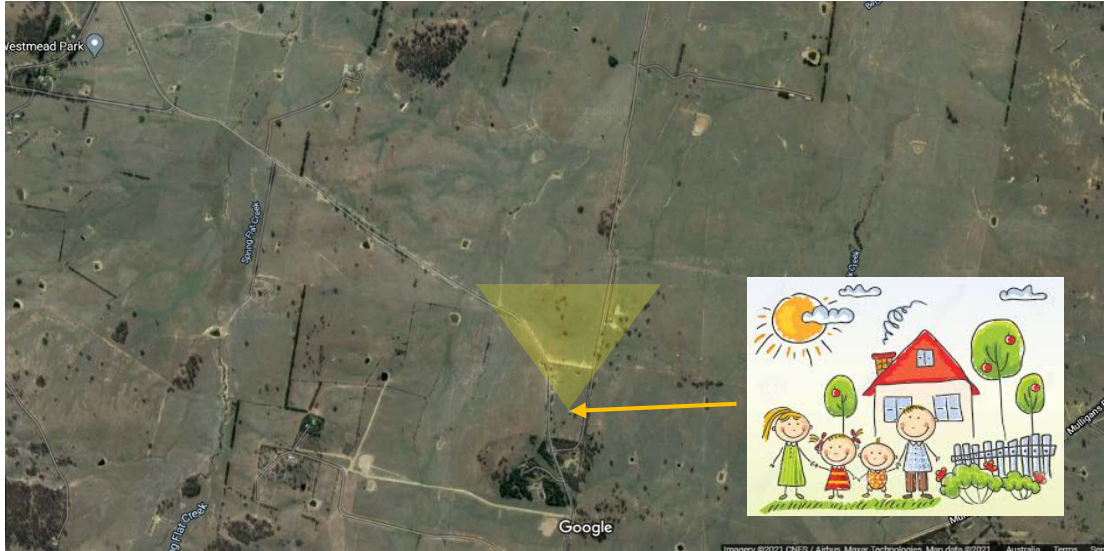


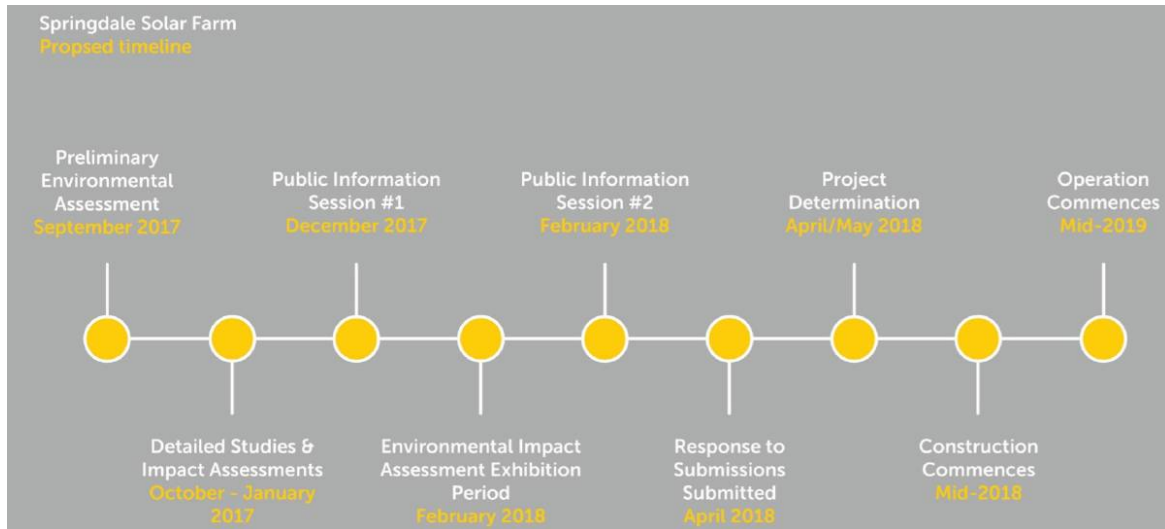
Sutton Springs. The name for our house. Our dream house. On the farm where I grew up. Where my siblings grew up. Where my cousins grew up. Generational land that provided hours of adventure. Endless space and unobstructed views. Now is the time for my kids. To share the same priceless experience. To develop the same understanding of the land. To appreciate the land. To farm the land.



Springdale Solar Farm. The name for the solar farm. Next door to the farm where I grew up. Next door to where I currently reside. Next door to my future dream house. Obstructing views. Degrading the land. 11,000 times the size of my dream house.



To build or not to build? 2 years, 3 months and 30 days of living in a shed. A proposed solar development in its 4<sup>th</sup> year. A proposed solar development that continues to threaten. That continues to torment neighbours. That continues to put strain on families. A proposed development that should not have gone on this long. That should have admitted that the site selection was not correct. That should have honoured its commitment to the Best Practice Charter.



Graham. The school bus driver. The bus driver that drove me to Sutton Primary School. The bus driver that now drives my children to Sutton Primary School. The bus driver that has raised concerns about safety with trucks on the unsealed country roads. The bus driver that can only imagine the danger posed by construction on this scale.

